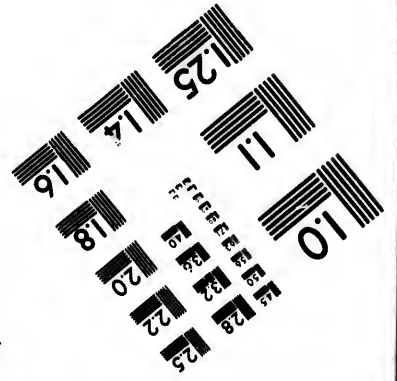
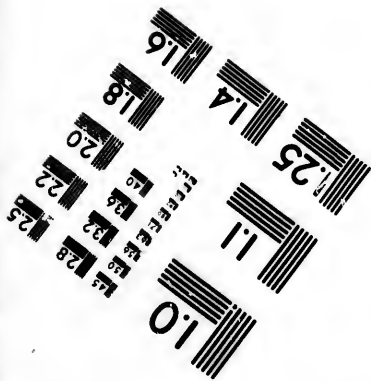
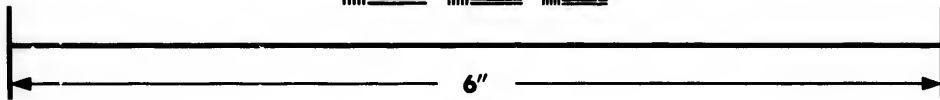
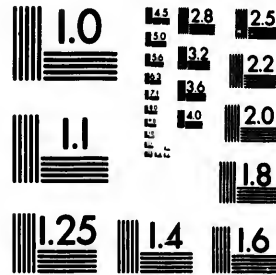


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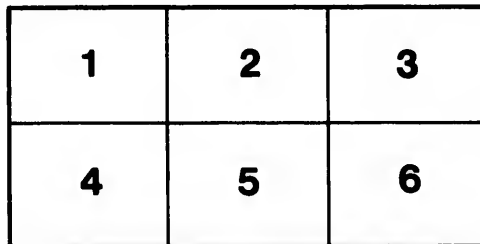
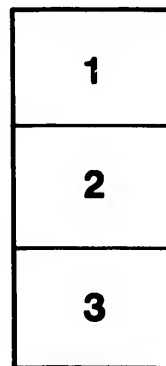
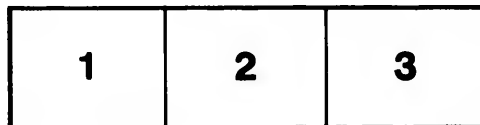
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THE

BEAUTIES

OF

BELLEVILLE:

A POEM,

BY

T. J. BREEZE, (i.e. J.T.)

PICTON, C. W.

BELLEVILLE:

1864.

LP PS 8403 R44 B4

DEDICATION.

TO THE
HON'BLE B. FLINT, M. C. L.

HON'BLE SIR:—

It is with feelings of the highest regard that I take the liberty of dedicating the following Poem on "The Beauties of Belleville" to you; inasmuch that you have been one of its chief ornaments and active instruments in raising it to that respectable position it now holds in this Province. Your indomitable zeal, brilliant talents, and great wealth, have ever been conducive to its highest and best interests. Hoping that the bright example your honor will have left to its inhabitants will be emulated through all future generations of its history,

I have the honor to remain,

Your humble servant,

J. T. BREEZE.

BELLEVILLE, August 21st, 1864.

THE BEAUTIES OF BELLEVILLE.

Its Scenery.

Transferred from the shade of affection and love,
I wander where instinct dictates me to rove,
Having drank of its goblet, in a City, whose towers
Had claims on the Poet's high wrought mental powers,
Demanding that homage, that genius to art,
Should render, in viewing her wonders apart,
Thy shadow, kind City remains on the soul,
With many dear object it there may enroll ;
I left thee, and waved thee a happy adieu,
To print my proud footsteps in Belleville anow.
Sweet Ville, I hail thee with heart of no guile,
I ask but to court thy fair beauties awhile.
And should, peradventure, some theme round thy shore
Perchance touch the lyre, or move its strings o'er,
My heart, the great store-house of music and love,
Would bid them in power and melody move,
And stamp immortality on my proud song,
Which all thy wild beauty would aid to prolong.
Sweet Ville, thou art but a youth in thy pride,
Just leaving thy boyhood round this sweet silver tide ;
The laurels of battle adorn not thy brow,
No glories enwreath it with amarinths now,
No ancient pedestals do rear on high,
Their head proudly pillowing its front in the sky ;
No castles that wear the deep stamp of proud time
Arc here, claiming a place in my rhyme,
Thou hast shaken the shaggy old dress thou did'st wear,
Which the wolves of thy forest did aid oft to tear ;
Unbearing that beauty which nature bestrew,
And clouds of the heaven bend to kiss with their dew ;

And art in her chasest ideas doth raise
 Her monuments here aloft to thy praise,
 Thy life and thy muscles expanding in strength
 Will raise in their giant proportions at length,
 That beauty imprinted upon thy mild face,
 Alluring thousands to court thy deep grace.
 A few fleeting years have fled on before,
 Since Indians did ramble around thy green shore;
 Frail man in his rudest form rambled thy wood,
 Then thirsting to bathe his fierce spear in blood;
 The bones of whom linger in mounds to declare
 The desperate terrors of heathenish war.
 The white man ennobled by science and art,
 Has raised on their ashes these bright scenes apart,
 And glory in bringing to honor and power,
 Their land of adoption to bliss every hour.
 The Author of Nature long favored thy shore,
 And lavish'd upon thee her plenteous store.
 A beautiful sheet of pure water she gave,
 Where all its proud surges so plentifully lave,
 And beauty is printed in lines of thy face,
 Adorned by art's power, in loveliest grace.
 Old Quinte's proud bosom doth heave up in pride,
 To bear on her surface, and move with the tide
 The beautiful vessels that furrow her cheek,
 Oft wafted by breezes so gentle and meek;
 These strengthen thy commerce and add to thy bliss,
 What more can'st thou covet in a world such as this?
 And Moira's mild River comes singing along,
 Engaging the spirit with her gentle song,
 She longs in the distant to fall on the breast,
 And pillow her laboring billows for rest;
 Burying her murmurs on Quinte's deep wave,
 Where all her proud surges cease ever to lave.
 O beautiful Ville, how blissful thy seat,
 Above these sweet waters that dance at thy feet,
 How lovely and healthy as fann'd by its breeze,

And wet by the dews that do bless thy green trees,
 That wave in rich beauty adorning thy brow,
 And learned in obedience to wild winds to bow,
 How wondrous these buildings that fall on my eye,
 That raise their proud summits aloft in the sky;
 How few are the years since it was a wood,
 Oft stained by the Indians in life's purple blood.
 The dust of thy fathers have scarcely grown cold,
 Who fell thy proud forests mid sufferings untold;
 The brave pioneer had to breast the deep snow,
 That fell in deep layers long years ago.
 The names of thy Meyers and Taylor are here,
 Around them entwined associations so dear;
 Yea, Meachem, and Leavins, and Simpson, are gone,
 And left their friend Petrie to struggle alone.
 The dust of thy Harris, and McIntosh too,
 Do sleep by thy River, with memories true.
 These giant minds labored around thy green shore,
 Their axes will sound on thy timber no more;
 They left happy homes for their sons to enjoy,
 Who reap of their labor, none dare them annoy;
 They fought with the lion and conquered the bear,
 (Like David in Israel) that threat them to tear.
 Rest, rest, peaceful ashes; how sweet such a sleep,
 Where love's gentle dew-drops bend o'er you to weep.
 The sound of the rifle may break o'er your grave,
 Where beautiful flowers o'er your ashes may wave;
 The axe of the woodman may sound through the grove,
 Where intrepid sinews once eager did rove;
 But sleep ye, unheeding its clamor and roar,
 Its sounds fails disturb you, your labors are o'er.
 The voice of the angel alone bids you rise
 To meet your Redeemer in bliss 'bove the skies.

THE HON. BILLIA FLINT.

Thy beauties, sweet Belleville, were courted before,
 By minds of rich lustre, who loved thy bright shore ;
 Those souls early labored to raise thy rich name
 To dignity, honor, to wealth, and to fame.
 Nor least was that spirit, whose name in my song
 Will grace it while claiming chaste words from my tongue ;
 B. Flint, thy dear name will fall sweet on the mind
 Of hundreds who know its affections so kind,
 And know that heroic and resolute soul,
 From whence mighty purposes ever did roll,
 Thy faith in the plans of thy own mighty mind
 Has led thee to daring bright deeds of all kind,
 And under the blessing of heaven's bright throne,
 Those deeds were successful through years now gone,
 And now while the blows on the almond doth grow,
 And scatter their silver threads o'er thee below,
 And time stamping deeper her furrows of power,
 Deep lining thy countenance here every hour ;
 Thy soul's able power hath still bright resolve
 Where thoughts of thy youth so oft did revolve,
 Beside the deep interest in thy country's good,
 Thou seekest the honor, and glory of God.
 Let those mighty walls that do tower on high,
 Raising their breastworks aloft to the sky,
 Declare thy affection and love to that cause,
 Whose most precious treasure are God's sacred laws.
 When Death, King of Terror, shall bow low thy head,
 It rests on the pillow of earth's dusty bed,
 The clods of the valley enclosing it o'er,
 And thou seen among them in Belleville no more,
 Thy memory will bless, and fall like the dew
 Upon our deep heart-strings to touch them anew.
 A tear of affection from Belleville will fall,
 Where slumber the ashes of Flint's relics all,
 Bedewing the flowers so gay that may wave,
 In their gentle beauty then, over thy grave.

THE HON. LEWIS WALLBRIDGE.

Yea, Belleville may e'er proudly boast of a son,
 Who honors her precincts by victories won.
 She need not solicit from Europe's great light,
 An agent to raise her to glory so bright,
 But geniuses nurtured upon her own breast,
 May raise her to glory and honor the best.
 His being is woven in one with thine own ;
 Yea, by deep affection and interest one.
 He's made of the elements that have made thee,
 His heart is entwined with thy high destiny.
 It soon learned to love thee, in youth's gentle hour,
 And rose with thy greatness to knowledge and power.
 Thy atmosphere fann'd him in life's early dawn,
 He bathed in thy waters, and roamed in thy lawn,
 He rose by industry, his high mental powers,
 To dignity, knowledge, from life's early hours.
 He grew with the increase by effort and worth,
 And early sent shadows of true greatness forth.
 The eye of the country may now turn in pride
 To his home on the shores by Quinte's sweet tide,
 Where Wallbridge was nurtured on Canada soil,
 And raised to high honor by talent and toil.
 Is it true that all nations partake in their mind
 The attributes round them in scenes of all kind?
 Do the mountains of *Cymru* inspire their soul
 With wildest conceptions they fail to control?
 Did the hills of old Scotia contribute, the more,
 Deep, deep, inspiration to Byron's great power?
 Did they blaze on the soul of the noble young bard,
 Baptizing with fire a heart getting hard?
 Did his spirit partake its proportions so grand,
 And move him to sing of its hills through the land?
 Thus Canada's various great emblems of power
 May enter thy genius and move it this hour.
 Thus, thus, may all cities on Canada's shore
 E'er labor to raise her own talent to power.

The bard may be valued did he sing from afar
 The glory and lustre of Canada's star
 Why not when he prints his mild feet round the home
 Of Wallbridge in Belleville when he chanced to come?

THE HON. ROBERT READ.

Thou stand'st an example of industry and power,
 To raise us to honor through life's changing hour.
 The principle in us that makes man excel,
 Should ever be lauded to aid us do well.
 The weight of thy character often doth fall
 In deeds of rare kindness to thy neighbors all.
 Thy wealth is devoted to aid the distressed,
 Whose lips thy pure actions of kindness have blessed.
 The heart of the country do harmonize well
 In sending thy popular name to the poll—
 To raise thee to stations of honor and power,
 From whence thou'lt defend them in each trying hour.
 The workman who labors with hands for his bread
 Will bless thy remembrance when death bows thy head.
 But live thou to bless them through long, distant years,
 Dispensing oppression and chasing their fears.
 May Belleville be proud of her adopted son
 Who'll aid e'er to bring her to wealth and renown;
 Nor blame the poor poet for swelling his song
 On themes that are known to the old and the young.
 His brush may be dipp'd in the light of some soul
 Whose powers may mould our destinies all.
 Perchance he'll give life to those scenes that do fade,
 'Fore the eye of your spirits yea bloomless and dead.
 But touched by the magic wand from his own soul,
 Deep shadows of life may creep over them all.
 Then gaze on the beauties of Belleville and see
 Has he shadowed its glories with true poetry;
 And call now the cold world to list to his song,
 And cadence that fall in mild grace from his tongue.

Book of T. C. WALLBRIDGE, ESQ., M. P.

The noble and bright youthful spirit should dwell
 Awhile on the lyre to list to its spell.
 My heart can well sympathise with the deep fire
 That burns in his bosom and touches my lyre.
 There dwells the ambition for honor and fame,
 There live vast desires to gain a proud name ;
 And there dwell the motives that'll raise him to power,
 And to brightest glory in life's future hour ;
 And there dwells the knowledge within his bright mind,
 To cause him to bless us with truths of all kind.
 The blossoms of youth do yet hang round his brow,
 And grace from his lips may cause hundreds to bow,
 To own the bright powers that break in his soul,
 With passionate eloquence that from it may roll.
 May he gain those high honors his soul doth desire,
 That nations may list to the sound of his lyre,
 And own him, like others on Canada's soil,
 That have raised to high power by labor and toil.

Its Religion.

The Gospel of Jesus was welcomed by thee,
 Thou loved'st its precepts and deep purity.
 Its heralds were hailed on thy bright shores to bless
 Thy mind with its peace and its pure righteousness,
 Which shed mildest lustre all over thy heart,
 To purify all its vast passions apart.
 Thy wealth was devoted to raise up on high
 Pure altars to worship the God of the sky.
 How mild are thy Sabbaths, in contrast with lands
 Who feel not the power of Heaven's high commands.

But thou drink'st of pleasures that flow through the blood,
 Which ever do "gladden the city of God."
 Proud talents from lands far away are combined
 To nourish thy spirit and strengthen thy mind,
 Imbuing thy soul with salvation's strong power
 To face the dread terrors of death's fatal hour.
 Yea, minds that were cast in various moulds are
 Adorning thy churches God's truth to declare,
 To guide to that city of glory and light
 Those hearts that kind Heaven succeeds to make right.
 The Church that first dandled the bard on her knee,
 And fed him with manna gratuitously,
 And watched him in childhood, on England's green shore,
 Doth here unfold him the Gospel's deep store.
 The sons of that spirit—immortal his name—
 Whose heart was e'er radiant of seraphic flame—
 Thou, Wesley, whose labors of spiritual power
 Are felt in the nations of earth to this hour—
 Thou rescuest doctrines from darkness and death,
 Unfolding how sinners are pardoned by faith.
 And here thy children, fraught with deepest grace,
 Do follow the footsteps which thou didst retrace.

REV. MR. ROSE.

Not thou like the beautiful rose of the vale,
 In humble proportion oft bowed by the gale.
 Thy noble brow towers aloft like the oak,
 Well able to brave the proud thunderstorm's stroke.
 Thou seemest a "Bunting," whose mind had a clause,
 For the wide dimensions of Methodist Laws.
 With that Evangelical vein in his soul,
 And eloquent only when mighty thoughts roll.
 Those truths of thy fathers entwined round thy heart,
 No power can bid them from thither depart.
 And HALL, whose rich classical mind is imbued
 With the grace of the Gospel which Heaven bedewed,

Can sway like a bulrush his audience below,
 While streams of pure mental and moral truths flow,—
 They feel their souls going in one with his own,
 To view God's effulgence that breaks from His throne,—
 Go on till thy soul like a Summerfield flies,
 To bask in the glory and bliss of the skies.
 Then, then, may thy spirit in raptures there fall,
 To crown thy Redeemer through grace "Lord of all."
 That Church's dimensions that towers on high,
 Attempting to stay the proud clouds of the sky,
 Can find in the Province no mightier wall
 Where Methodist eloquence ever will fall.
 May Rose's deep knowledge of the Gospel truth
 Break forth like the lightning on the heart of the youth.
 And bow them in penitence before their just God,
 Who'll grant them remission of sins through "the blood."
 And live may the sons of the Wesleys e'er more,
 From England's green island to earth-distant shore.

EPISCOPAL METHODIST.

The graceful lips of the Reverend Mr. Groves,
 Can pour chaste language and deep thoughts that move ;
 Correct his diction, and his thoughts concise,
 He shews the beauty of the pearl of price,
 Unfolds the glory of the gospel grace,
 As it doth shine from his Redeemer's face.
 Stamped by the power of those bright veteran minds,
 That braved Columbia's most infuriate winds,
 To spread the knowledge of their Savior's name,
 Throughout the earth with more than mortal fame,
 He's here alike, their son, by gospel light
 Shedding its lustre, and its glory bright :
 To point the poor sinner to that purple fount,
 That's op'd for sin on Calvary's sacred mount.
 May those aged veteran's holiness and power
 Be taught by thee, and practiced through life's hour.

Thy church be fed by pasture from that grove
 Whence flows the streams of christian "perfect love."
 May Beulah's light break on their heart so pure,
 And heaven's own bliss be theirs each to secure.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

REV. MR. GREIR AND REV. MR. JONES.

Our graceful aged mother, the church, has a son
 Reflecting deep lustre upon her renown,
 His eloquent language doth move the deep heart
 Of Belleville who judges his powers apart,
 And deem him thus worthy to raise new church walls
 Where all his bright powers of eloquence falls.
 How graceful the old church aloft on the hill,
 Which Belleville's inhabitants do each Sabbath fill,
 And list to the eloquence from his deep soul
 When floods of its power do constantly fall,
 Enriching the spirit with knowledge and truth,
 Refreshing the aged and guiding the youth.
 The rever'd gray hairs of the Reveren'd GREIR,
 Do linger among us in reverence here ;
 Though tottering on the deep brink of the grave,
 Where soon the gay flowers may over him wave.
 He served them through distant long years afar,
 And faithful did always God's pure word declare.
 Soon, soon, he will hear the welcome "well done,
 Come up, my dear servant, and sit on a throne,"
 And reap the reward of thy toil evermore,
 Where all this world's labors and sorrows are o'er.
 There gaze on those wounds that were purple with blood,
 To bring us poor rebels to glory and God ;
 And there evermore, in the light of His throne
 Thou'lt cast the deep lustre that hangs round thy own,
 And crown him with all the vast millions that fall,
 And shout "he is worthy of the crowns of you all."

PRESBYTERIAN

Old Scotia may boast of proud sons on this soil
 Who labor to equal her deep mental toil,
 McLAREN, thy name would be hailed on that shore
 Through which thy dear parents in youth traversed o'er,
 They'd read in thine image those features of power
 Betray'd in her history in each distant hour.
 I know of these faithful deep preaching of truth,
 I know her deep students and illustrious youth,
 I hung on their eloquence that captured my soul
 While waves of seraphic truth on it did roll,
 And felt my young genius then early allied
 With minds of such power long tested and tried,
 And now in thy presence I feel a kin mind
 Break light on my spirit of seraphic kind.
 Yea, blessed are the people that feed on the fruit
 Of thy meditations with mind so acute.
 So chaste is thy language, and noble thy thought,
 Of spirituality always is fraught,
 Long live throwing lustre around the bright cause
 Of Jesus who governed thy heart with his laws
 And guide the poor sinner for peace to the blood
 That well'd in compassion from the heart of his God.

And WALKER, whose genius has similar power
 To chain his neat audience in the sweet Sabbath hour,
 His portly exterior bears in it a mind
 Fraught with deepest knowledge and truth of all kind,
 Once gathered by labor from sources afar,
 Now shedding its light as the bright evening star.
 He rightly divineth the word of God's truth
 To fill the deep wants of both aged and youth.
 He guides them in danger to the rock from the storm,
 Where all their deep fears will cease to alarm.
 May he and his people yet land on that shore
 Where storms and temptations will reach them no more.

And as the church militant needs every grade
 Of talent and power none equal are made,
 But one may be strong in deep morals and grace,
 Another by genius that beams in his face.
 Dear CLIMIE, thy power proceeds from thy heart,
 From there thy great energies ever do start,
 'Tis the seat where mild graces abundantly flow
 To imitate Jesus thy Saviour below ;
 There zeal in her fervent devotion doth dwell,
 E'er warning the sinner whose path leads to hell.
 Thou standest between him and its awful flame
 To point him for mercy in Jesu's dear name,
 Thou lovest to gather the lambs of his fold
 To hide them forever safe in his stronghold,
 And sheep that have stray'd from the fold thou hast brought
 Back home on thy shoulder as a good shepherd ought,
 They'll bless thee when heaven's bright stars cease to shine,
 When they'll stand by thy side 'fore the white throne divine,
 And shine as the stars in the crown on thy brow.
 Though often enamored by poverty now,
 That bliss, dear CLIMIE, be ever thine own,
 When called by the Saviour to face his bright throne.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

The Church of old Rome has here found her a place,
 Here towers her spires in beauty and grace,
 And would were its morals as beautiful too ;
 The bard would be faithful and praise them as true.
 But fearing a quarrel, I pledge her my song
 Will not of unkindness attempt do her wrong.
 She has her own traits of high excellency,
 That claim from some pencils a rich eulogy ;
 But as we do differ, we calmly agree
 To fight our own battles and gain victory.
 The bard would be silent and limit his pen,
 Until he has reason to sway it again.

WIDOW OF THE REV. WM. CASE, A.D.
FIFTY YEARS AN ITINERANT MINISTER IN THE WESLEYAN BODY
IN THIS COUNTRY.

My heart is not dead to the tender and true,
 For the holy and pure affects it anew,
 As I gaze on mild features, all furrowed with care,
 Who followed God's servant his truth to declare,
 And bore his vast sorrows on her deep heart of love,
 'Till he winged his bright pinion to seraphs above.
 Through long fifty years of labor and toil,
 He preach'd the pure gospel on Canada soil.
 His heart of compassion led him to proclaim
 To poor blind Indians the Saviour's dear name.
 That heart of deep grace bore him up under all
 The dangers and trials incident to his call.
 His labors are ended, no more will he tell
 Of glories and fullness that in Jesus dwell,
 No more will his beautiful language of love
 Direct the soul doubting, to glories above.
 O Belleville! I ask one kind favor from thee,
 I ask as a Poet, deep, passionately !
 If granted, I'll honor thy name evermore,
 And throw deeper lustre around thy bright shore :
 I ask for the bones and the dust of dear CASE,
 From Alwrick church yard, to thy lovely place.
 They are there, with no marble stone over his head,
 There lieth God's servant, yet speaking, though dead.
 He roamed thy sweet suburbs when thou were a child,
 He offered thee Jesus in language so mild,
 His widow has thrown her late years for rest
 In confidence freely on thy loving breast.
 O then let them both sleep in peace in one grave,
 Where Quinte's proud waters so beautiful lave ;
 And rise in the Judgment from 'neath the same stone,
 To meet their Redeemer upon his white throne.

MAJOR LEVESCONTE.—LADY FRANKLIN.

The Brother dear of that immortal man,
 (The friend of Franklin, who the world would span,
 And break a passage through the northern pole,
 With desperate powers from out his noble soul,
 Is here to weep his Brother's solemn fate,
 Who's learn'd, too true, the sacred news of late.
 Ah, furious winds how cruel was that blast,
 That hush'd not then, when Franklin breathed his last.
 The breathless angels gazed upon his brow,
 Stop'd in their flight to drop a tear so low.
 But ye too proud, would bow the pride of man,
 Nor deign'd in mildness, his dying brow to fan.
 No, no, he in fury pass'd the hero by,
 Took on your wing his last deathly sigh,
 And bore it on, to lands to us unknown,
 Where nature's birds of foreign wings have flown.
 O, hush my muse ! or else my song of fire
 May thaw the iceberg, falling from my lyre,
 Where all the bones of Franklin and his men,
 May meet the vision and engage thy pen,
 Thy muse be tempted to chant on that wave,
 That gave to Franklin a cold icy grave.
 Forgetting Belleville, and her glories too,
 To whom thou pledgest songs of beauty true,
 His mournful Widow pressed thy beauteous soil,
 True to the instincts of her heart of toil,
 And kiss the friends, of those who're ever dear
 To her fond heart, that perished with him there.
 I love her virtues, and the bard would dwell
 In happy strains and of their wonders tell,
 Till hearts grow warm beneath his thought of fire,
 That chanced to fall from his proud native lyre.
 Belleville, forgive this wandering of my song,
 It may not to thee strictly here belong ;
 But my heart is relieved of its deep debt of pain
 And turns now to sing of " thy beauties" again.

Its Literature.

It cannot yet boast of that great giant power
 Displayed throughout Europe that heavenward doth tower,
 But yet it bids fair in its bright days of youth
 To grow into power by knowledge and truth.
 Its neat purple building that stands by its side,
 Augments its deep beauty, and graces its pride,
 There minds of rare power do eagerly seize
 The germs of what knowledge and learning they please,
 They feed on the manna that makes the souls grow,
 They thirst for the deep streams that murmur below,
 Their mind gathers power their labor to love
 While they soar on the pinions of knowledge above,
 Support it, O Belleville, and it will adorn
 The youth and the manhood of thy sons yet unborn,
 And send them to honor thy history far,
 As they'll pour out their lustre like some burning star.
 The Press flings three papers to give them the news,
 Or knowledge of politics that they may choose,
 The lofty INTELLIGENCER sends its sheets forth,
 Each current with articles of moral worth;
 And true to the country that gives it its life
 No feelings disloyal, no passions of strife.

THE HASTINGS DIRECTORY.

Let labors unknown of thy powers ever tell,
 In the work that thy mind has accomplished so well;
 Of thy power in issuing, four years ago,
 A book that the county at large should all know.
 There labor and toil of deep value are seen
 With maps to shew all the fine world they live in.
 May the county be forward to honor thy pen
 For another such volume will soon come again.

The CHRONICLE labors to treasure the truth
 And sways the young passions of Belleville's bright youth.

The country doth sympathize with it afar,
And hails the deep raylights that fall from this star.

And thou INDEPENDENT, in mind and in heart,
Can'st gaze on the powers that labor apart,
And smile on the contests, thy judgment thine own,
Thine Editor loyal to the old British throne,
Who roamed round her shadow, in youth's gentle hour,
And now in her Province displaying thy power.

MRS. MOODY, AUTHORESS.

The birds of thy forests may fold their bright wing,
The nightingale music may cease here to sing,
The skylark that whistles above the proud storm
May fall 'neath its power in beautiful form,
Its music that charmed us may hush its sweet song,
No more may its melody be heard to prolong;
But yet is one songster left thee to adorn,
To chirp in the evening and sing in the morn;
She skirts the wild forests there often to swell
Her song where the nightingale warbled so well,
And out of her spirit flows music and love,
She knows the Canadian's deep heart how to move.
She knows of the passions that burn in its breast,
Can sway them to peace and can lull them to rest,
And early awake them by the sound of her song,
Enchanting their spirit as she doth prolong.
We'll hail the rich product of thy lustrous mind,
From whence flow emotions of infinite kind,
To bend our powers, as the rush 'fore the storm,
To strengthen the spirit and keep its life warm.
Long live to adorn the dear land of thy youth,
And that of adoption, with thy ripest truth.
May human life's forms take their stamp from thy soul,
And tell us what meaneth its deep shadows all.
Thy mind must be mellow with the fruit on its bough,
Each cause to thee known. Haste, haste, tell us how,

That we may be taught the deep lessons of life,
 And learn to survive yet this dark world of strife,
 And governed by righteousness, equity, truth,
 May we bloom in rich beauty in these bright days of youth,
 And follow thy spirit at last to the Throne
 Where thousands of earth's brightest spirits have gone;
 There smiling at tempests that broke on their soul,
 Deep wave of bright glory now over them roll.
 May that blessed portion, dear Spirit, be thine,
 And ours when we fall 'fore its lustre divine.

Its Military.

The proud sword of Briton cause thousands to dread
 And bow 'fore its lustre in terror as dead.
 The loftiest Monarch has homaged its power,
 It forced him to own it in the dread battle hour.
 The cave in St. Helen has long closed the foe
 That fain would eclipse its effulgence below.
 Let that little Island where proud billows roar,
 Tell nations of Briton's great valor and power,
 It bowed there, the mightiest Monarch that slew
 The nations around, with the sword that he drew.
 And why was he conquered? Let Britain's great heart
 Of valor and power, each answer apart.
 Deep love to their country inspired their soul,
 Though thunders in battle may over them roll,
 They smile at their terrors, and front the proud foe
 To death or to victory, in valor they go.
 Thus Belleville, not least in that deep loyal power,
 Do welcome their foemen, or death's fatal hour,

To keep that rich lustre unmar'd round the throne ;
 That loyalty to her can do it alone.
 Here's LeVesconte's spirit, imbued with that power
 By which his ancestry to glory did tower ;
 And Colonel Campbell, whose fine discipline
 Would keep them through fire, each strict in their line.
 Six Companies linger around this bright shore,
 Each waiting the fates that may thee linger o'er.
 Brave, brave volunteers, should danger appear
 Your rifles would reach from the front to the rear,
 And proud would the Town of young Belleville then own
 Her country protected by your renown.

The muse fondly lingers around this green shore,
 And is loathe now to silence its harp-strings all o'er.
 But prudence dictates her no longer to sing,
 Then, hush my fond harp to the last tender string.
 I ask those bright stars that roam in the sky
 To deepen their lustre as they pass this scene by.
 And ye, mighty winds, through the forests that roar,
 Let silence become you as you pass Belleville shore.
 Sweet breezes of summer, bring health on your gale,
 To flushen the cheek that long sickness makes pale.
 Proud Nature, I ask in obedience to God,
 O shower thy mercies on this land abroad.
 The beauty of holiness stamp every heart,
 Is the last prayer the poet sends up as he'll part,
 In hope in its lustre himself to yet rise,
 To meet his Redeemer in bliss 'bove the skies.

