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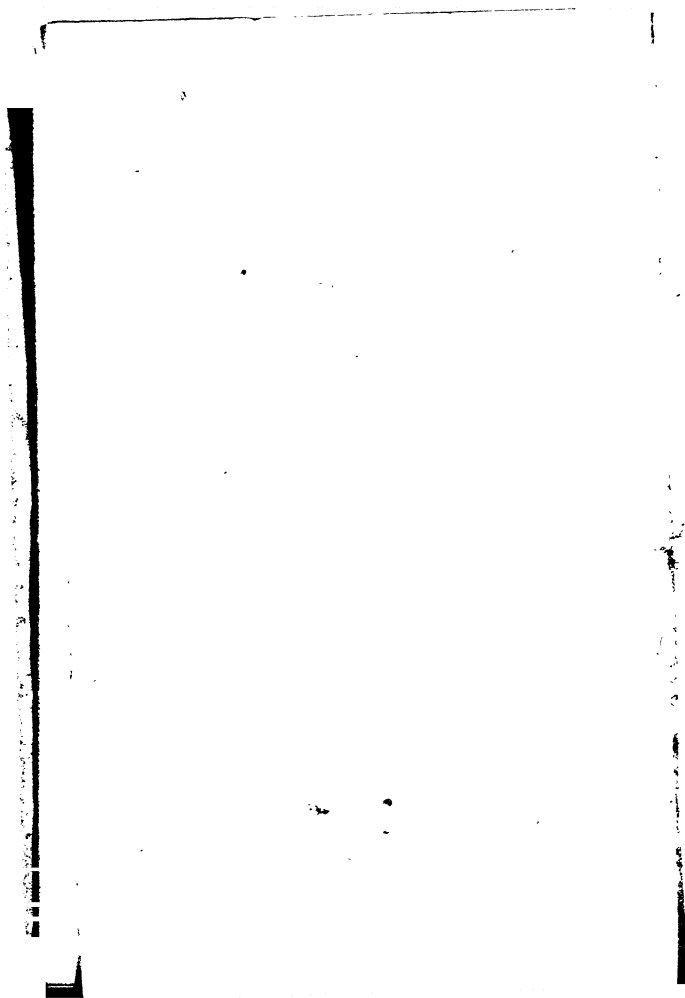
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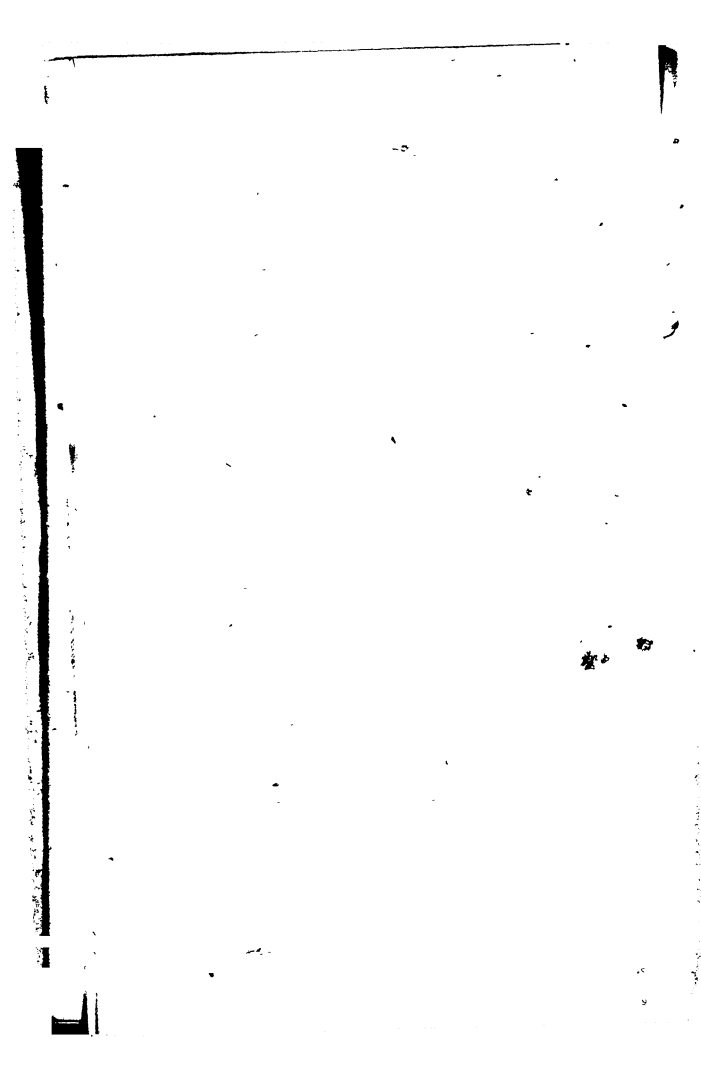
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THE  
**RISING VILLAGE,**  
WITH  
OTHER POEMS.



6

THE 

**RISING VILLAGE,**

WITH

**OTHER POEMS.**

---

BY

**OLIVER GOLDSMITH,**

A DESCENDANT OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

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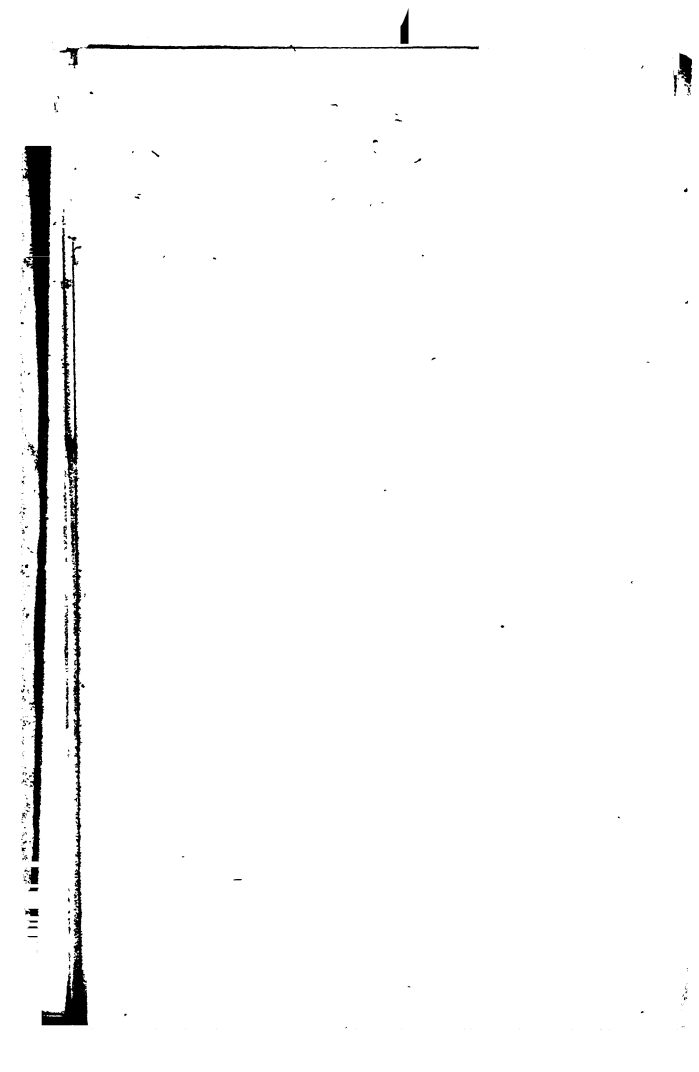
**SAINT JOHN, N. B.**

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY

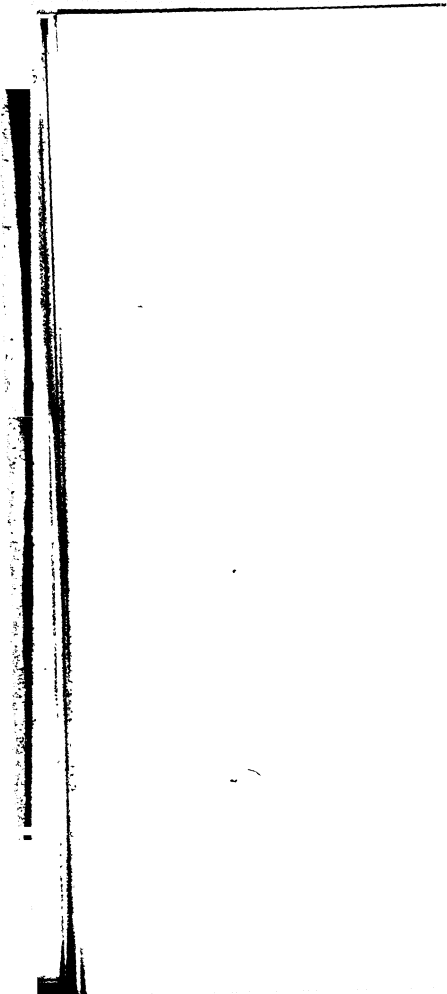
**JOHN M' MILLAN.**

PRINTED BY HENRY CHUBB, MARKET-SQUARE.

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TO THE  
INHABITANTS  
OF  
NOVA-SCOTIA AND NEW-BRUNSWICK,  
THIS  
LITTLE VOLUME OF POEMS  
IS INSCRIBED,  
BY THEIR VERY GRATEFUL  
AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.





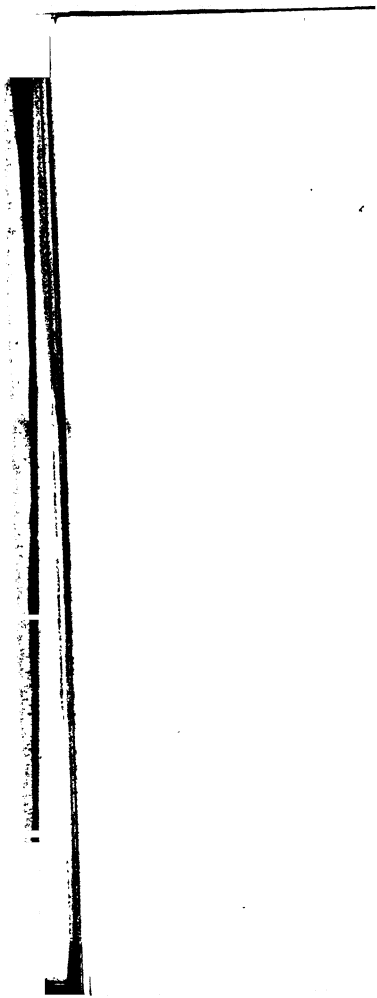
## PREFACE.

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IN presenting this little volume of Poems to the notice of his Countrymen, and the Public in general, the Author is not without hope that it will merit their approbation, and receive, at their hands, a reasonable share of favor and encouragement; and while he avails himself of the present opportunity to return his thanks to those friends, who, in the first instance, aided by their advice and assistance his poetical efforts; he begs also to offer his kindest acknowledgments to those who have taken so lively an interest in this publication; and to the expression of his warmest hopes for their individual happiness and comfort, he would add, at the same time, his sincere and ardent wishes for the prosperity and welfare of the Inhabitants of Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick.

SAINT JOHN,

*October 1, 1834.*



TO  
HENRY GOLDSMITH, ESQ.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

---

MY DEAR HENRY,

ALLOW me to address this Poem to your notice, that in so doing I may gratify the feelings of affection which a fond Brother entertains for you.

The celebrated Author of the "DESERTED VILLAGE" has pathetically displayed the anguish of his Countrymen, on being forced, from various causes, to quit their native plains, endeared to them by so many delightful recollections; and to seek a refuge in regions at that time unknown, or but little heard of. It would, perhaps, have been a subject of astonishment to him, could he have known, that, in the course of events, some of his

own relations were to be natives of such distant countries, and that a grandson of his brother Henry, to whom he dedicated his "Traveller," would first draw his breath at no great distance from the spot where

" Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
" And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

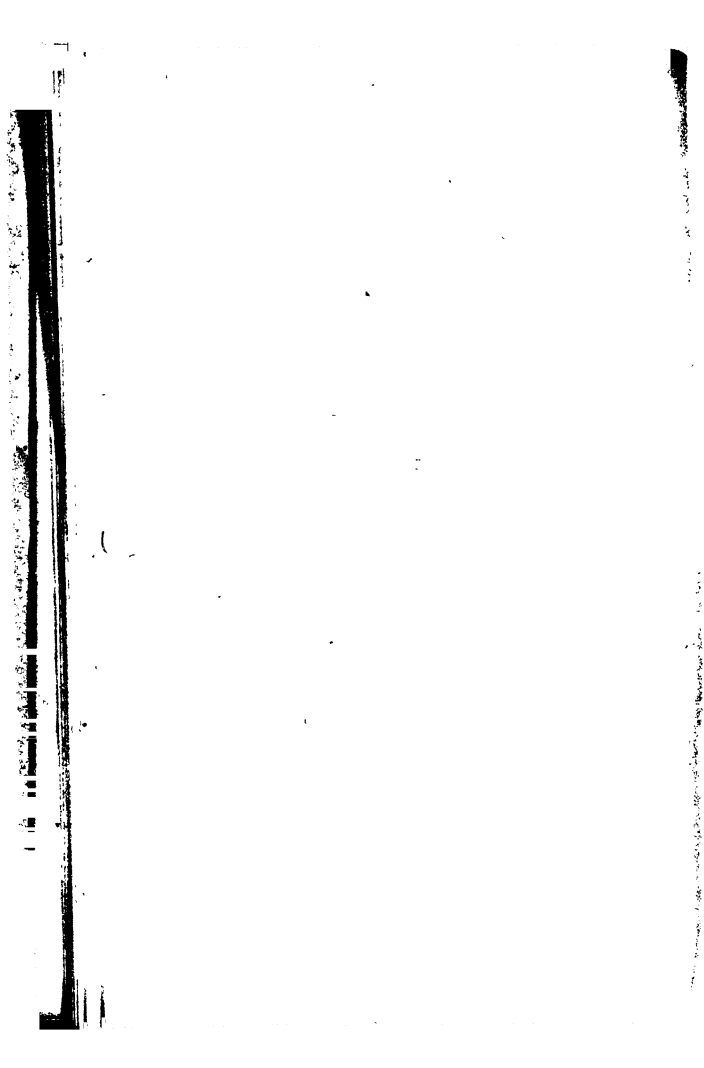
In the RISING VILLAGE I have endeavoured to describe the sufferings which the early settlers experienced, the difficulties which they surmounted, the rise and progress of a young country, and the prospects which promise happiness to its future possessors. You, my dear Brother, were born in this portion of the globe, and no person can form a better opinion how far I have succeeded in the attempt which I have made, or judge more correctly of the truth of the descriptions.

I remain, my dear HENRY,

Your affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE  
RISING VILLAGE.



THE  
RISING VILLAGE.

---

THOU dear companion of my early years,  
Partner of all my boyish hopes and fears,  
To whom I oft addressed the youthful strain,  
And sought no other praise than thine to gain ;  
Who oft hast bid me emulate his fame  
Whose genius formed the glory of our name ;  
Say, when thou canst, in manhood's ripened age,  
With judgment scan the more aspiring page,  
Wilt thou accept this tribute of my lay,  
By far too small thy fondness to repay ?  
Say, dearest Brother, wilt thou now excuse  
This bolder flight of my adventurous muse ?

B

If, then, adown your cheek a tear should flow  
For Auburn's Village, and its speechless woe ;  
If, while you weep, you think the "lowly train"  
Their early joys can never more regain,  
Come, turn with me where happier prospects rise,  
Beneath the sternness of Acadian skies.  
And thou, dear spirit ! whose harmonious lay  
Didst lovely Auburn's piercing woes display,  
Do thou to thy fond relative impart  
Some portion of thy sweet poetic art ;  
Like thine, Oh ! let my verse as gently flow,  
While truth and virtue in my numbers glow :  
And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand,  
To paint the Rising Village of the land.

How chaste and splendid are the scenes that lie  
Beneath the circle of Britannia's sky !  
What charming prospects there arrest the view,  
How bright, how varied, and how boundless too !  
Cities and plains extending far and wide,  
The merchant's glory, and the farmer's pride.



Majestic palaces in pomp display  
The wealth and splendour of the regal sway ;  
While the low hamlet and the shepherd's cot,  
In peace and freedom mark the peasant's lot.  
There nature's vernal bloom adorns the field,  
And Autumn's fruits their rich luxuriance yield.  
There men, in busy crowds, with men combine,  
That arts may flourish, and fair science shine ;  
And thence, to distant climes their labours send,  
As o'er the world their widening views extend.  
Compar'd with scenes like these, how lone and drear  
Did once Acadia's woods and wilds appear ;  
Where wandering savages, and beasts of prey,  
Displayed, by turns, the fury of their sway.  
What noble courage must their hearts have fired,  
How great the ardour which their souls inspired,  
Who leaving far behind their native plain,  
Have sought a home beyond the Western main ;  
And braved the perils of the stormy seas,  
In search of wealth, of freedom, and of ease!

Oh! none can tell but they who sadly share  
The bosom's anguish, and its wild despair,  
What dire distress awaits the hardy bands,  
That venture first on bleak and desert lands.  
How great the pain, the danger, and the toil,  
Which mark the first rude culture of the soil.  
When, looking round, the lonely settler sees  
His home amid a wilderness of trees:  
How sinks his heart in those deep solitudes,  
Where not a voice upon his ear intrudes ;  
Where solemn silence all the waste pervades,  
Heightening the horror of its gloomy shades ;  
Save where the sturdy woodman's strokes resound,  
That strew the fallen forest on the ground.  
See! from their heights the lofty pines descend,  
And crackling, down their pond'rous lengths extend.  
Soon from their boughs the curling flames arise,  
Mount into air, and redden all the skies ;  
And where the forest once its foliage spread,  
The golden corn triumphant waves its head. (1)

How blest, did nature's ruggedness appear  
The only source of trouble or of fear ;  
How happy, did no hardship meet his view,  
No other care his anxious steps pursue ;  
But, while his labour gains a short repose,  
And hope presents a solace for his woes,  
New ills arise, new fears his peace annoy,  
And other dangers all his hopes destroy.  
Behold the savage tribes in wildest strain,  
Approach with death and terror in their train ;  
No longer silence o'er the forest reigns,  
No longer stillness now her power retains ;  
But hideous yells announce the murderous band,  
Whose bloody footsteps desolate the land ;  
He hears them oft in sternest mood maintain,  
Their right to rule the mountain and the plain ;  
He hears them doom the *white man's* instant death,  
Shrinks from the sentence, while he gasps for breath,  
Then, rousing with one effort all his might,  
Darts from his hut, and saves himself by flight.

Yet, what a refuge! Here a host of foes,  
On every side, his trembling steps oppose ;  
Here savage beasts around his cottage howl,  
As through the gloomy wood they nightly prowl,  
Till morning comes, and then is heard no more  
The shouts of man, or beast's appalling roar ;  
The wandering Indian turns another way,  
And brutes avoid the first approach of day.

Yet, tho' these threat'ning dangers round him roll,  
Perplex his thoughts, and agitate his soul,  
By patient firmness and industrious toil,  
He still retains possession of the soil ;  
Around his dwelling scattered huts extend,  
Whilst every hut affords another friend.  
And now, behold! his bold aggressors fly,  
To seek their prey beneath some other sky ;  
Resign the haunts they can maintain no more,  
And safety in far distant wilds explore.  
His perils vanished, and his fears o'ercome,  
Sweet hope portrays a happy peaceful home.

On every side fair prospects charm his eyes,  
And future joys in every thought arise.  
His humble cot, built from the neighbouring trees,  
Affords protection from each chilling breeze ;  
His rising crops, with rich luxuriance crowned,  
In waving softness shed their freshness round ;  
By nature nourished, by her bounty blest,  
He looks to Heaven, and lulls his cares to rest.

The arts of culture now extend their sway,  
And many a charm of rural life display.  
Where once the pine upreared its lofty head,  
The settlers' humble cottages are spread ;  
Where the broad firs once sheltered from the storm,  
By slow degrees a neighbourhood they form ;  
And, as it bounds, each circling year, increase  
In social life, prosperity, and peace,  
New prospects rise, new objects too appear,  
To add more comfort to its lowly sphere.  
Where some rude sign or post the spot betrays,  
The tavern first its useful front displays.

Here, oft the weary traveller at the close  
Of evening, finds a snug and safe repose.  
The passing stranger here, a welcome guest,  
From all his toil enjoys a peaceful rest ;  
Unless the host, solicitous to please,  
With care officious mar his hope of ease,  
With flippancy questions to no end confined,  
Exhaust his patience, and perplex his mind.

Yet, let no one condemn with thoughtless haste,  
The hardy settler of the dreary waste,  
Who, far removed from every busy throng,  
And social pleasures that to life belong,  
Whene'er a stranger comes within his reach,  
Will sigh to learn whatever he can teach.  
To this, must be ascribed in great degree,  
That ceaseless, idle curiosity,  
Which over all the Western world prevails,  
And every breast, or more or less, assails ;  
Till, by indulgence, so o'erpowering grown,  
It seeks to know all business but its own.

Here, oft when winter's dreary terrors reign,  
And cold, and snow, and storm, pervade the plain,  
Around the birch-wood blaze the settlers draw,  
"To tell of all they felt, and all they saw."  
When, thus in peace are met a happy few,  
Sweet are the social pleasures that ensue.  
What lively joy each honest bosom feels,  
As o'er the past events his memory steals,  
And to the listeners paints the dire distress,  
That marked his progress in the wilderness ;  
The danger, trouble, hardship, toil, and strife,  
Which chased each effort of his struggling life.

In some lone spot of consecrated ground,  
Whose silence spreads a holy gloom around,  
The village church in unadorned array,  
Now lifts its turret to the opening day.  
How sweet to see the villagers repair  
In groups to pay their adoration there ;  
To view, in homespun dress, each sacred morn,  
The old and young its hallowed seats adorn,

While, grateful for each blessing God has given,  
In pious strains, they waft their thanks to Heaven.

Oh, heaven-born faith! sure solace of our woes,  
How lost is he who ne'er thy influence knows,  
How cold the heart thy charity ne'er fires,  
How dead the soul thy spirit ne'er inspires!  
When troubles vex and agitate the mind,  
By gracious Heaven for wisest ends designed,  
When dangers threaten, or when fears invade,  
Man flies to thee for comfort and for aid ;  
The soul, impelled by thy all-powerful laws,  
Seeks safety, only, in a Great First Cause!  
If, then, amid the busy scene of life,  
Its joy and pleasure, care, distrust, and strife ;  
Man, to his God for help and succour fly,  
And on his mighty power to save, rely ;  
If, then, his thoughts can force him to confess  
His errors, wants, and utter helplessness ;  
How strong must be those feelings which impart  
A sense of all his weakness to the heart,



Where not a friend in solitude is nigh,  
His home the wild, his canopy the sky ;  
And, far removed from every human arm,  
His God alone can shelter him from harm.

While now the Rising Village claims a name,  
Its limits still increase, and still its fame.  
The wandering Pedlar, who undaunted traced  
His lonely footsteps o'er the silent waste;  
Who traversed once the cold and snow-clad plain,  
Reckless of danger, trouble, or of pain, —  
To find a market for his little wares,  
The source of all his hopes, and all his cares,  
Established here, his settled home maintains,  
And soon a merchant's higher title gains.  
Around his store, on spacious shelves arrayed,  
Behold his great and various stock in trade.  
Here, nails and blankets, side by side, are seen,  
There, horses' collars, and a large tureen ;  
Buttons and tumblers, fish-hooks, spoons and knives,  
Shawls for young damsels, flannel for old wives ;

Woolcards and stockings, hats for men and boys,  
Mill-saws and fenders, silks, and children's toys ;  
All useful things, and joined with many more,  
Compose the well-assorted country store. (2)

The half-bred Doctor next then settles down,  
And hopes the village soon will prove a town.  
No rival here disputes his doubtful skill,  
He cures, by chance, or ends each human ill ;  
By turns he physics, or his patient bleeds,  
Uncertain in what case each best succeeds.  
And if, from friends untimely snatched away,  
Some beauty fall a victim to decay ;  
If some fine youth, his parents' fond delight,  
Be early hurried to the shades of night,  
Death bears the blame, 'tis his envenomed dart  
That strikes the suffering mortal to the heart.

Beneath the shelter of a log-built shed  
The country school-house next erects its head.  
No "man severe," with learning's bright display,  
Here leads the opening blossoms into day ;

No master here, in every art refined,  
Through fields of science guides the aspiring mind ;  
But some poor wanderer of the human race,  
Unequal to the task, supplies his place,  
Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill  
Consists in reading, and in writing ill ;  
Whose efforts can no higher merit claim,  
Than spreading Dilworth's great scholastic fame.  
No modest youths surround his awful chair,  
His frowns to deprecate, or smiles to share,  
But all the terrors of his lawful sway  
The proud despise, the fearless disobey ;  
The rugged urchins spurn at all control,  
Which cramps the movements of the free-born soul,  
Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown,  
They think their knowledge far exceeds his own.

As thus the village each successive year  
Presents new prospects, and extends its sphere,  
While all around its smiling charms expand,  
And rural beauties decorate the land.

The humble tenants, who were taught to know,  
By years of suffering, all the weight of woe ;  
Who felt each hardship nature could endure,  
Such pains as time alone could ease or cure,  
Relieved from want, in sportive pleasures find  
A balm to soften and relax the mind ;  
And now, forgetful of their former care,  
Enjoy each sport, and every pastime share.  
Beneath some spreading tree's expanded shade  
Here many a manly youth and gentle maid,  
With festive dances or with sprightly song  
The summer's evening hours in joy prolong,  
And as the young their simple sports renew,  
The aged witness, and approve them too.  
And when the Summer's bloomy charms are fled,  
When Autumn's fallen leaves around are spread,  
When Winter rules the sad inverted year,  
And ice and snow alternately appear,  
Sports not less welcome lightly they essay,  
To chase the long and tedious hours away.

Here, ranged in joyous groups around the fire,  
Gambols and freaks each honest heart inspire ;  
And if some venturous youth obtain a kiss,  
The game's reward, and summit of its bliss,  
Applauding shouts the victor's prize proclaim,  
And every tongue augments his well-earned fame ;  
While all the modest fair one's blushes tell  
Success had crowned his fondest hopes too well. \*  
Dear humble sports, Oh! long may you impart  
A guileless pleasure to the youthful heart,  
Still may your joys from year to year increase,  
And fill each breast with happiness and peace.

Yet, tho' these simple pleasures crown the year,  
Relieve its cares, and every bosom cheer,  
As life's gay scenes in quick succession rise,  
To lure the heart and captivate the eyes ;  
Soon vice steals on, in thoughtless pleasure's train,  
And spreads her miseries o'er the village plain.  
Her baneful arts some happy home invade,  
Some bashful lover, or some tender maid ;

Until, at length, repressed by no control,  
They sink, debase, and overwhelm the soul.  
How many aching breasts now live to know  
The shame, the anguish, misery and woe,  
That heedless passions, by no laws confined,  
Entail forever on the human mind.

Oh, Virtue! that thy powerful charms could bind  
Each rising impulse of the erring mind.  
That every heart might own thy sovereign sway,  
And every bosom fear to disobey ;  
No father's heart would then in anguish trace  
The sad remembrance of a son's disgrace ;  
No mother's tears for some dear child undone  
Would then in streams of poignant sorrow run,  
Nor could my verse the hapless story tell  
Of one poor maid who loved—and loved too well.

Among the youths that graced their native plain,  
Albert was foremost of the village train ;  
The hand of nature had profusely shed  
Her choicest blessings on his youthful head ;

His heart seemed generous, noble, kind, and free,  
Just bursting into manhood's energy.  
Flora was fair, and blooming as that flower  
Which spreads its blossom to the April shower; (3)  
Her gentle manners and unstudied grace  
Still added lustre to her beaming face,  
While every look, by parity refined,  
Displayed the lovelier beauties of her mind.

Sweet was the hour, and peaceful was the scene  
When Albert first met Flora on the green ;  
Her modest looks, in youthful bloom displayed,  
Then touched his heart, and there a conquest made  
Nor long he sighed, by love and rapture fired,  
He soon declared the passion she inspired.  
In silence, blushing sweetly, Flora heard  
His vows of love and constancy preferred ;  
And, as his soft and tender suit he pressed,  
The maid, at length, a mutual flame confessed.  
Love now had shed, with visions light as air,  
His golden prospects on this happy pair ;

Those moments soon rolled rapidly away,  
Those hours of joy and bliss that gently play  
Around young hearts, ere yet they learn to know  
Life's care or trouble, or to feel its woe.  
The day was fixed, the bridal dress was made,  
And time alone their happiness delayed,  
The anxious moment that, in joy begun,  
Would join their fond and faithful hearts in one.  
'Twas now at evening's hour, about the time  
When in Acadia's cold and northern clime  
The setting sun, with pale and cheerless glow,  
Extends his beams o'er trackless fields of snow,  
That Flora felt her throbbing heart oppressed  
By thoughts, till then, a stranger to her breast.  
Albert had promised that his bosom's pride  
That very morning should become his bride ;  
Yet morn had come and passed ; and not one vow  
Of his had e'er been broken until now.  
But, hark ! a hurried step advances near,  
'Tis Albert's breaks upon her listening ear ;



Albert's, ah, no ! a ruder footstep bore,  
With eager haste, a letter to the door ;  
Flora received it, and could scarce conceal  
Her rapture, as she kissed her lover's seal.  
Yet, anxious tears were gathered in her eye,  
As on the note it rested wistfully ;  
Her trembling hands unclosed the folded page,  
That soon she hoped would every fear assuage,  
And while intently o'er the lines she ran,  
In broken half breathed tones she thus began :  
    “ Dear Flora, I have left my native plain,  
And fate forbids that we shall meet again :  
'Twere vain to tell, nor can I now impart  
The sudden motive to this change of heart.  
The vows so oft repeated to thine ear  
As tales of cruel falsehood must appear.  
Forgive the hand that deals this treacherous blow,  
Forget the heart that can afflict this woe ;  
Farewell! and think no more of Albert's name,  
His weakness pity, now involved in shame.”

Ah! who can paint her features as, amazed,  
In breathless agony, she stood and gazed!  
Oh, Albert, cruel Albert! she exclaimed,  
Albert was all her faltering accents named.  
A deadly feeling seized upon her frame,  
Her pulse throbb'd quick, her colour went and came;  
A darting pain shot through her frenzied head,  
And from that fatal hour her reason fled!

The sun had set; his lingering beams of light  
From western hills had vanished into night.  
The northern blast along the valley rolled,  
Keen was that blast, and piercing was the cold,  
When, urged by frenzy, and by love inspired,  
For what but madness could her breast have fired!  
Flora, with one slight mantle round her waved,  
Forsook her home, and all the tempest braved.  
Her lover's falsehood wrung her gentle breast,  
His broken vows her tortured mind possessed;  
Heedless of danger, on she bent her way  
Through drifts of snow, where Albert's dwelling lay,

With frantic haste her tottering steps pursued  
Amid the long night's darkness unsubdued ;  
Until, benumbed, her fair and fragile form  
Yielded beneath the fury of the storm ;  
Exhausted nature could no further go,  
And, senseless, down she sank amid the snow.

Now as the morn had streaked the eastern sky  
With dawning light, a passing stranger's eye,  
By chance directed, glanced upon the spot  
Where lay the lovely sufferer : To his cot  
The peasant bore her, and with anxious care  
Tried every art, till hope became despair.  
With kind solicitude his tender wife  
Long vainly strove to call her back to life ;  
At length her gentle bosom throbs again,  
Her torpid limbs their wonted power obtain ;  
The loitering current now begins to flow,  
And hapless Flora wakes once more to woe :  
But all their friendly efforts could not find  
A balm to heal the anguish of her mind.

Come hither, wretch, and see what thou hast done,  
Behold the heart thou hast so falsely won,  
Behold it, wounded, broken, crushed and riven,  
By thy unmanly arts to ruin driven;  
Hear Flora calling on thy much loved name,  
Which, e'en in madness, she forbears to blame.  
Not all thy sighs and tears can now restore  
One hour of pleasure that she knew before ;  
Not all thy prayers can now remove the pain,  
That floats and revels o'er her maddened brain.  
Oh, shame of manhood! that could thus betray  
A maiden's hopes, and lead her heart away ;  
Oh, shame of manhood! that could blast her joy,  
And one so fair, so lovely, could destroy.

Yet, think not oft such tales of real woe  
Degrade the land, and round the village flow.  
Here virtue's charms appear in bright array,  
And all their pleasing influence display ;  
Here modest youths, impressed in beauty's train,  
Or captive led by love's endearing chain,

And fairest girls whom vows have ne'er betrayed,  
Vows that are broken oft as soon as made,  
Unite their hopes, and join their lives in one,  
In bliss pursue them, as at first begun.  
Then, as life's current onward gently flows,  
With scarce one fault to ruffle its repose,  
With minds prepared, they sink in peace to rest,  
To meet on high, the spirits of the blest.

While time thus rolls his rapid years away,  
The Village rises gently into day.  
How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,  
Before the silvery dew has left the lawn,  
When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,  
Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,  
To gain some easy hill's ascending height,  
Where all the landscape brightens with delight,  
And boundless prospects stretched on every side,  
Proclaim the country's industry and pride.  
Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,  
Until its limits touch the distant main ;

There verdant meads along the uplands spring,  
And grateful odours to the breezes fling ;  
Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise,  
And wave their golden riches to the skies ;  
There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,  
Or gardens bounded by some fence of green ;  
The farmer's cottage, bosomed 'mong the trees,  
Whose spreading branches shelter from the  
breeze ;

The winding stream that turns the busy mill,  
Whose clacking echos o'er the distant hill ;  
The neat white church, beside whose walls are  
spread

The grass-clod hillocks of the sacred dead,  
Where rude cut stones or painted tablets tell,  
In laboured verse, how youth and beauty fell ;  
How worth and hope were hurried to the grave,  
And torn from those who had no power to save.

Or, when the Summer's dry and sultry sun  
Adown the West his fiery course has run ;

When o'er the vale his parting rays of light  
Just linger, ere they vanish into night,  
How sweet to wander round the wood-bound lake,  
Whose glassy stillness scarce the zephyrs wake;  
How sweet to hear the murmuring of the rill,  
As down it gurgles from the distant hill ;  
The note of Whip-poor-Will how sweet to hear, (4)  
When sadly slow it breaks upon the ear,  
And tells each night, to all the silent vale,  
The hopeless sorrows of its mournful tale.  
Dear lovely spot! Oh may such charms as these,  
Sweet tranquil charms, that cannot fail to please,  
Forever reign around thee, and impart  
Joy, peace, and comfort to each native heart.

Happy Acadia! though around thy shore (5)  
Is heard the stormy wind's terrific roar;  
Though round thee Winter binds his icy chain,  
And his rude tempests sweep along thy plain,  
Still Summer comes, and decorates thy land  
With fruits and flowers from her luxuriant hand ;  
D

Still Autumn's gifts repay the labourer's toil  
With richest products from thy fertile soil ;  
With bounteous store his varied wants supply,  
And scarce the plants of other suns deny.  
How pleasing, and how glowing with delight  
Are now thy budding hopes! How sweetly bright  
They rise to view! How full of joy appear  
The expectations of each future year!  
Not fifty Summers yet have blessed thy clime,  
How short a period in the page of time!  
Since savage tribes, with terror in their train,  
Rushed o'er thy fields, and ravaged all thy plain.  
But some few years have rolled in haste away  
Since, through thy vales, the fearless beast of prey,  
With dismal yell and loud appalling cry,  
Proclaimed his midnight reign of terror nigh.  
And now how changed the scene! the first, afar,  
Have fled to wilds beneath the northern star ;  
The last has learned to shun man's dreaded eye,  
And, in his turn, to distant regions fly.



While the poor peasant, whose laborious care  
Scarce from the soil could wring his scanty fare ;  
Now in the peaceful arts of culture skilled,  
Sees his wide barn with ample treasures filled ;  
Now finds his dwelling, as the year goes round.  
Beyond his hopes, with joy and plenty crowned.

Nor culture's arts, a nation's noblest friend,  
Alone o'er Scotia's fields their power extend ;  
From all her shores, with every gentle gale,  
Commerce expands her free and swelling sail ;  
And all the land, luxuriant, rich, and gay,  
Exulting owns the splendour of their sway.  
These are thy blessings, Scotia, and for these,  
For wealth, for freedom, happiness, and ease,  
Thy grateful thanks to Britain's care are due,  
Her power protects, her smiles past hopes renew,  
Her valour guards thee, and her councils guide,  
Then, may thy parent ever be thy pride!

Happy Britannia! though thy history's page  
In darkest ignorance shrouds thine infant age,

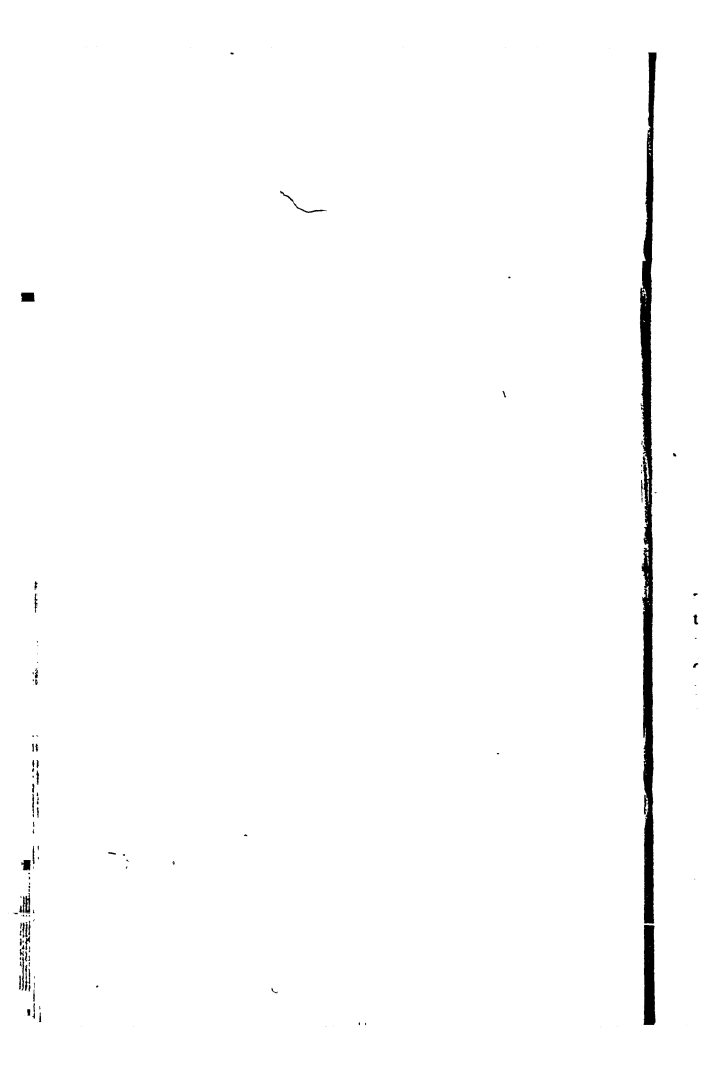
Though long thy childhood's years in error strayed,  
And long in superstition's bands delayed ;  
Matur'd and strong, thou shin'st in manhood's prime,  
The first and brightest star of Europe's clime.  
The nurse of science, and the seat of arts,  
The home of fairest forms and gentlest hearts ;  
The land of heroes, generous, free, and brave,  
The noblest conquerors of the field and wave ;  
Thy flag, on every sea and shore unfurled,  
Has spread thy glory, and thy thunder hurled.  
When, o'er the earth, a tyrant would have thrown  
His iron chain, and called the world his own,  
Thine arm preserved it, in its darkest hour,  
Destroyed his hopes, and crushed his dreaded power,  
To sinking nations life and freedom gave,  
'Twas thine to conquer, as 'twas thine to save.

Then blest Acadia! ever may thy name,  
Like hers, be graven on the rolls of fame ;  
May all thy sons, like hers, be brave and free,  
Possessors of her laws and liberty ;

Heirs of her splendour, science, power, and skill,  
And through succeeding years her children still.  
And as the sun, with gentle dawning ray,  
From night's dull bosom wakes, and leads the day,  
His course majestic keeps, till in the height  
He glows one blaze of pure exhaustless light ;  
So may thy years increase, thy glories rise,  
To be the wonder of the Western skies ;  
And bliss and peace encircle all thy shore,  
Till empires rise and sink, on earth, no more.



**NOTES.**



## NOTES.

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NOTE 1, Page 16.

*The golden corn triumphant waves its head.*

The process of clearing land, though simple, is attended with a great deal of labour. The trees are all felled, so as to lie in the same direction; and after the fire has passed over them in that state, whatever may be left is collected into heaps, and reduced to ashes. The grain is then sown between the stumps of the trees, which remain, until the lapse of time, from ten to fifteen years, reduces them to decay.

NOTE 2d, Page 24.

*Compose the well-assorted country Store.*

Every shop in America, whether in city or village, in which the most trifling articles are sold, is dignified with the title of a store.

## NOTE 3d, Page 29.

*Which spreads its blossom to the April shower;*

The May-flower (*Epigæa repens*) is indigenous to the wilds of Acadia, and is in bloom from the middle of April to the end of May. Its leaves are white, faintly tinged with red, and it possesses a delightful fragrance.

## NOTE 4, Page 37.

*The note of Whip-poor-Will how sweet to hear.*

The Whip-poor-Will (*Caprimulgus vociferus*) is a native of America. On a summer's evening the wild and mournful cadence of its note is heard at a great distance; and the traveller listens with delight to the repeated tale of its sorrows.

## NOTE 5, Page 37.

*Happy Acadia! though around thy shore.*

The Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick now comprehend that part of British North America, which was formerly denominated Acadia, or L'Acadie, by the French, and Nova Scotia by the English.



**THE KISS;**

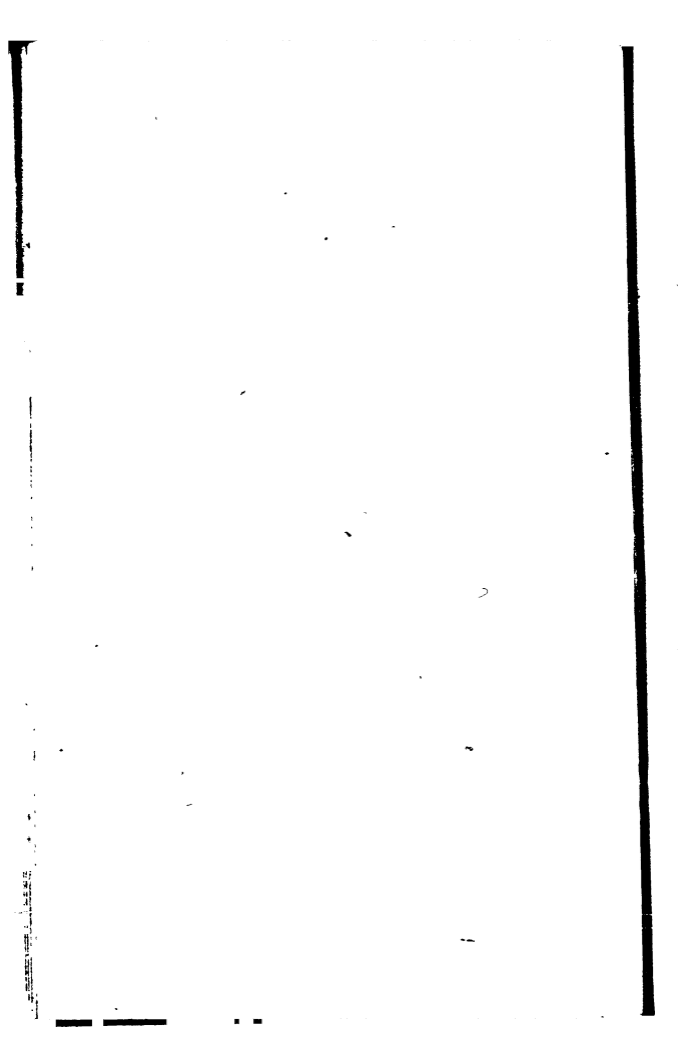
OR,

**THE FREAKS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.**



**CANTO FIRST.**

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# THE KISS;

OR,

THE FREAKS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

---

CANTO FIRST.

---

SINCE war can raise no more the Poet's song,  
Nor tales of battle to his verse belong ;  
Since glory's cause no longer leads the fight,  
Nor heroes' deeds heroic strains excite ;  
An humbler theme now animates the lay,  
And numbers wake ' *The Freaks of Christmas Day,*'  
Those freaks which can or youth or age inspire,  
And bid alike each care and grief retire.

E

In that famed town where chilling blasts and snow  
Create, in wintry days, its greatest woe,  
And drizzling fogs that creep along the main,  
In June's declining day its only pain ;  
A house, erected by a skilful hand,  
Denotes the pride and riches of the land.  
This noble mansion, built for men of state,  
And destined only for the rich and great,  
In turn, was by a gallant knight possessed,  
Who fought and bled to set the world at rest.

In joyous seasons, such as Christmas time,  
Gambols and freaks are known in every clime.  
To please the knight, a gay selected few  
Here met together for an hour or two,  
On Christmas night, each anxious to impart  
Those simple pleasures that engage the heart.  
Two or three ladies here those charms displayed,  
That ever are by chastest minds portrayed :  
Three or four Colonels, men of high degree,  
Now mixed in social bonds of unity ;

Captains and doctors kindly figured here,  
And sons of nobles of the highest sphere.

In pleasing converse fast the moments flew,  
While different stories different joys renew ;  
Till tired of talking, Richmond's heir proposed,  
By Christmas gambols that the year be closed.  
Agreed, agreed, cry all with loud acclaim,  
And Blind-man's-buff shall be the sportive game.  
Yet now distracting thoughts perplexed each mind,  
Whose eyes should first to darkness be resigned.  
Nor long this doubt to mar the sport remained,  
For soon a willing victim was obtained.  
"Behold in me!" the great Mercator cries,  
While shouts of joy and laughter shook the skies,  
"In me, behold a candidate for fame,  
Nor doubt my knowledge of this youthful game.  
In childhood's season many a happy day  
I've passed in this diverting noisy play,  
My power shall then your wishes realize,  
My arms encircle, and obtain the prize."

And now, behold, a gay bandanna bound  
Mercator's eyes, and darkness spread around.  
By Richmond's heir in solemn silence placed,  
The circle's centre soon his presence graced ;  
There stood attentive to those known commands  
Which Blind-Man's-buff in every age demands.  
" Come, pick up pins !" his noble leader cries,  
" There are none here," he readily replies ;  
" Then pick up needles !" " them I cannot find,  
Can men see pins and needles when they're blind ?"  
" How many horses does your father own ?"  
" Two white, two black, and one a handsome  
    roan ;"  
" Then black, or brown, red, sorrel, white, or grey,  
Turn round three times, and catch whom e'er you  
    may."

As thus Mercator turned three times his head,  
Ladies and lords in each direction fled.  
With arms extended now he groped his way,  
Like one whose optics ne'er beheld the day ;

From side to side his wandering steps retraced,  
And gently tables, chairs, or doors embraced ;  
While titter, laugh, and joke on every side,  
Increased the sport which his mistakes supplied.  
Now fate determined and Mercator's will,  
Whose bad success had argued want of skill,  
No longer should his prowess be delayed,  
No more his hopes by doors or chairs betrayed.  
Some guardian angel whispered in his ear,  
Turn to the right, be quick, the sofa's near,  
He turned, and lo ! 'mid laughter, roar, and fun,  
He seized the daughter of the brave O'Dunn ;  
And while in struggling attitudes he pressed  
Her graceful form with rapture to his breast,  
Imprinted on her cheek his lips obtained  
The great reward his deeds of darkness gained.  
" Oh ! Albyn, Albyn," as he snatched the kiss,  
Exclaimed the fair one, " can you suffer this ?  
My lord, my life," and tears suffused her eyes,  
" By yon bright Heaven, no," her husband cries.

“ The man who dares insult a virtuous wife,  
Must meet that insult with his forfeit life.  
Come, come, my love, no longer here remain,  
Assauge your sorrow and your grief restrain.”

How shall the muse describe or how impart,  
The sudden change that overwhelmed each heart.  
In speechless silence here Mercator gazed,  
There colonels, lords, and captains stood amazed!  
For dire dismay each anxious heart oppressed,  
And dreadful horrors every mind possessed.  
The knight, at length, the fearful silence broke,  
While all attentive listened as he spoke:  
“ Stay, Albyn, stay, allow me to explain,  
And thus remove the cause of all your pain;  
In every clime where Christmas freaks are played,  
And childish games the sports of men are made;  
When Blind-Man's-Buff each joyous heart inspires,  
The same success the same reward acquires.  
I'm grieved to think that any thing to night  
Could cause the least repression of delight,



My friend Mercator, I must truly say,  
Has been the cause of this unhappy fray,  
Yet have I known him long, and dare assert  
His worst of thoughts would never harm or hurt,  
Possessed of honour and of soundest sense,  
His manly soul would scorn to give offence ;  
His heart ne'er felt, I can with truth declare,  
A wish to injure or insult the fair.

Come then, forgive him, and let friendship cast  
Oblivion's sacred mantle o'er the past."

He ceased,—the modest fair one then addressed  
The astonished crowd, and thus her thoughts expressed :

" Dear to my heart is an unblemished name,  
And dearer still a virtuous woman's fame ;  
My heart in every case a wish could feel,  
Each fault to pardon, and each wrong conceal,  
But, since I met affront in other's view,  
Be that affront appeased in public too :

To-morrow's sun shall see assembled here,  
A court of ladies, who my case shall hear,  
Their justice then, and wisdom shall decide,  
What's due to an offended woman's pride."

Mercator heard unmoved his hapless fate,  
Then sadly slow retired disconsolate,  
While lords and captains to their beds repair,  
And lose in sleep the weight of every care.

**THE KISS;**

OR,

**THE FREAKS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.**

---

**CANTO SECOND.**

3

# **THE KISS;**

OR,

**THE FREAKS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.**

---

**CANTO SECOND.**

---

THE sun now rose in splendid brightness o'er  
The snow-clad heights of Nova Scotia's shore,  
With wintery lustre ushered in the day,  
To guilty mortals pregnant with dismay.  
Behold a court of married ladies held,  
In youth and beauty's charms by none excelled,  
To try the merits of a lady's case,  
And seal Mercator's credit or disgrace.

To rule their actions and their conduct guide,  
See, Maida, first elected to preside.  
The beauteous Maida, whose sweet tempered mind,  
Some angel fashioned, or some god designed ;  
Whose gentle manners, unaffected grace,  
Still added lustre to her beaming face.  
Xariffa, next in youthful bloom appears,  
The fair and lovely mover of our tears ;  
Whose winning smiles unconsciously impart  
The truth and goodness of a virtuous heart.  
By charming looks and native virtue graced,  
On her right side the pretty May was placed,  
And next, sweet Leila, in herself displayed  
The charms of many a fair and tender maid.  
To take the left, see graceful Thais named,  
Thais, for youth and beauty highly famed.  
Close to her side in roseate bloom was seen,  
Divinely bright, the "vexed Bermoothes" Queen.  
Another seat to Bella was assigned,  
Whose generous heart to kindest deeds inclined,

Still laboured for the humble poor's repose,  
Their wants relieved and solaced all their woes.  
Myra, the fair, the last left seat obtained,  
While Chloe's graceful form the right maintained.  
To guard the rights of every prisoner's cause,  
A claim admitted by their wholesome laws,  
Hinda, the wise Judge Advocate became,  
And fitter none in all the rolls of fame.

With anxious fear and trembling hope oppressed,  
The fair accuser thus the court addressed :  
" Ye honored ladies, who this court compose.  
Permit my humble efforts to disclose  
The painful reasons that have led me here,  
And bid me in your presence now appear :  
Last night were met a gay selected few,  
To please the knight, and waste an hour or two,  
When all proposed a game of Blind-Man's-Buff,  
For children's play a pretty game enough,  
As I and Hallie on the sofa sat,  
Engaged in converse and familiar chat,

The odious prisoner thinking it no harm,  
Came slyly up, and caught me by the arm,  
And while I tried and struggled to get free,  
Oh! matchless deed! he snatched a kiss from me.  
Dear to my heart is an unblemished name,  
And dearer still a virtuous woman's fame,  
To your great justice, therefore, I appeal,  
And trust your judgment will this insult heal ;  
Then let your power and wisdom now decide  
What's due to an offended female's pride.  
To prove my charge let Hallie here repair,  
She saw it all, and can its truth declare.

Before the court the pretty Hallie rose,  
While modest softness in each feature glows,  
And said; " she could not certainly declare .  
Whether or not the prisoner kissed the fair ;  
She thought that in the bustle of the throng  
Mercator's lips,—but still she might be wrong ;  
For in the midst of so much joy and fun,  
She hardly knew herself what deed was done.



She only saw if she retained her place,  
She'd soon be subject to his kind embrace,  
To cheat his hopes she therefore turned away,  
And then her friend became Mercator's prey."

The court, amazed, in solemn silence heard  
This charge against the prisoner preferred,  
With deep regret they heard the witness too,  
Declare the accusation just and true,

"Oh, all ye ladies, who this court compose,"  
Exclaimed the lovely Maida as she rose,  
"And please to speak one only at a time,  
What punishment is due to this great crime?"  
"Hold, hold," the grave Judge Advocate replied,  
"In haste condemn not, nor unheard decide ;  
First, let the court the prisoner's story hear,  
That claims in justice your attentive ear ;  
Perhaps, he may, when placed on his defence,  
Refute the charge or palliate the offence."

Beneath the pressure of a thousand fears.  
The sad dejected prisoner now appears,

Before this great august tribunal stands,  
And trembling, listens to its high commands.

“ Mercator, hear! and learn it undismayed,  
Against you here a dreadful charge is laid.  
Our gentle Albyn has declared that you,  
And which our lovely Hallie swears is true,  
Unmindful of our modest female laws,  
And careless of our high and chaste applause,  
Last night embraced her in your hateful arms,  
And robbed her cheek of all its fairest charms.  
Could you, forgetful of your rank in life,  
Thus injure and insult a virtuous wife?  
Could you, regardless of our high decree,  
Thus overwhelm the pride of modesty?  
Speak out, let manly truth your accents guide,  
Impartial justice shall your cause decide.”

A graceful bow the attentive silence broke,  
And thus in faltering terms Mercator spoke:  
“ Far from my heart be every low pretence,  
To prove or render doubtful this offence.

No, lovely fair ones, whose august decree  
This awful day condemns or sets me free,  
By all my hopes of earthly bliss I swear,  
I ne'er intended to insult the fair.

In boyish hours, and manhood's brighter days,  
I've oft indulged in Christmas freaks and plays,  
When Blind-Man's-Buff our Scottish girls inspired,  
The same success the same reward acquired ;  
And when, last night, I snatched the struggling kiss,  
I felt unconscious that I did amiss ;  
But since my youthful deeds such pain impart,  
And cause such anguish to a tender heart,  
Oh, could this fault your pardon once obtain,  
My lips should ne'er solicit it again :  
Then in your wisdom I repose my cause,  
May justice govern, mercy guide your laws."

The court was clear'd, unscen the Muse remain'd.  
And thus their grave proceedings she obtained.  
" Oh, all ye ladies! who this court compose."  
Exclaimed the lovely Maida as she rose.

“ And please to speak one only at a time,  
What punishment is due to this great crime ?  
How vile a deed it is to kiss the fair,  
And married too, you must be well aware.  
Mercator has declared with manly sense,  
He did not mean to give the least offence,  
And though I feel in every way inclined  
This fault to pardon with a willing mind,  
We should, I think, some strong example make,  
That forward men may learn by this mistake,  
If they infringe our sacred female laws,  
And act unmindful of our chaste applause,  
Our power unbounded and our high decree  
Can plunge their hearts in endless misery.  
Then let each member in her turn decide,  
What’s due in justice to our injured pride,  
- Speak first, thou lovely mover of our tears,  
What punishment to you most fit appears ?”  
“ Suppose,” Xariffa cried, mild, meek, and sage,  
“ We black his face, and send him on the stage.”

“ Oh, dear me, no !” exclaimed the pretty May,  
“ What ? let him come before us in a play !  
Believe me, ladies, if I had my will,  
His presence soon should grace a Treading Mill.”  
“ There is,” said Leila, “ in the Artillery Park,  
A great, big mortar, monstrous black and dark,  
I’d put him in it for a week or two,”  
“ Oh, yes,” said Bella, “ that indeed will do.”  
“ I think,” replied the ‘ vexed Bermoothes’ Queen,  
“ At balls and plays he should no more be seen,  
Beneath my roof he never shall appear,  
With my consent at least for half a year.”  
“ If,” Myra said, “ his fate were in my hand,  
I’d send him to some rocky barren land,  
To dig and delve ;” “ Yes,” Chloe soon replied,  
“ And eat the roots which nature has supplied.”  
“ Though last of all in this fair band of fame,  
Let me,” cried Thais, “ your attention claim :  
Though young, perhaps, I may this day impart  
A way to punish that will please each heart.

While driving yesternoon along the street,  
I chanced a great big black dray horse to meet,  
His head and face were with a bridle bound,  
And leathern straps about his mouth went round.  
I asked my father why he was confined,  
And for what purpose were the straps designed,  
He said the horse was very apt to bite  
Those ladies who might come within his sight,  
To avert the danger that might thus arise,  
They placed a muzzle just below his eyes.  
My plan would be, if the fair court's agreed,  
Much in the self-same manner to proceed."  
" Bravo! agreed! yes, yes," each member cries,  
And shouts of approbation filled the skies.

" Silence! the court you say are all agreed,  
Mercator's mouth to muzzle for this deed.  
Let him be called, and hear the high decree  
Which justice grants to Albyn's modesty."

" Hear, Mercator, hear! what we now decide  
Is justly due to injured Albyn's pride.

The court decrees you must for some short time,  
Without delay, be muzzled for your crime,  
And on your future conduct will depend,  
The day when this sad punishment will end."

"Whate'er the court decrees I shall obey,  
I trust too, not far distant is the day  
Your lost esteem my conduct will regain,  
And my submission your regard obtain."

The Court dissolved, Mercator walked away,  
And ended thus, "The Freaks of Christmas Day!"



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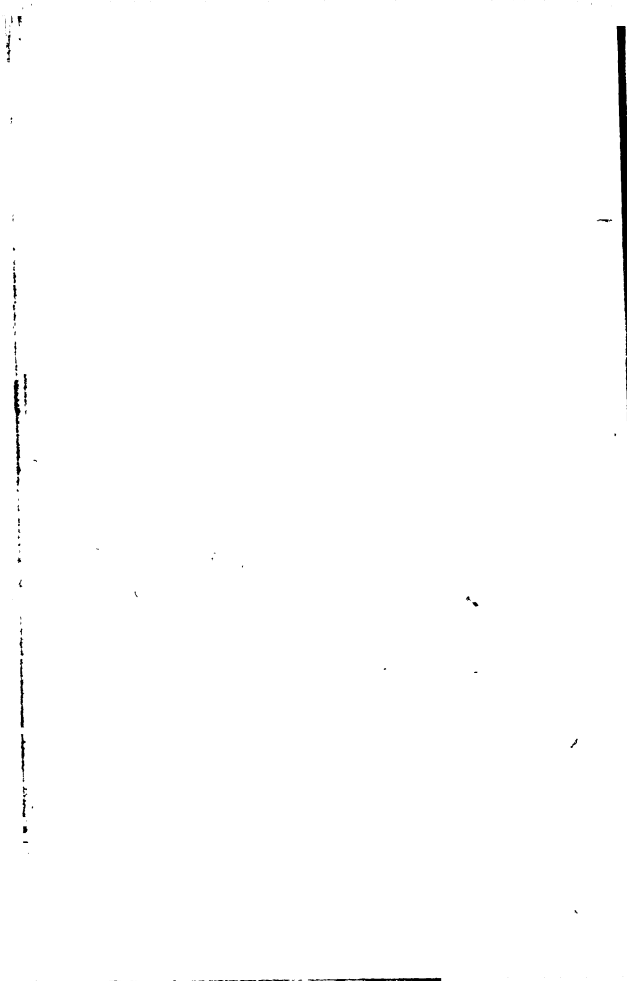
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I



**THE MISTAKE.**



THE  
**MISTAKE.**

---

COME, Muse, and sing how doctors spread their  
fame,

And well bred ladies gain a deathless name.

From small mistakes what direful troubles flow,

How trifling errors prove the source of woe ;

In life's gay scenes what trivial things impart

A moment's joy or anguish to the heart.

Near Sackville's stream that winding through  
the plain,

Pours its dark waters to the distant main,

There by a gentle slope a mansion stands,

By woods encompassed, rocks and sterile lands.

By nature barren, though the owner's toil  
With time and culture had improved the soil.  
This spacious house contained a lovely pair,  
He kind and tender, she divinely fair ;  
Whose lives in one contented course were passed,  
And every hour seemed happier than the last.  
Their beauteous children too by numbers proved,  
How great the bliss of those who long had loved.

It chanced the maid fell ill, I can't say why,  
Maidens are mortal, and must therefore die.  
But so it was, death stared her in the face,  
And Betty fancied hers a dangerous case.  
Straight to her mistress, then, in fright she flew,  
"Dear ma'am, oh ma'am ! what, madam, shall I do ?  
I'm sick, I'm ill indeed, and full of pain,  
It comes and goes, oh, there it comes again ;  
Oh, send to town, dear mistress, if you please,  
I'm sure some physic now would give me ease."  
"Good Betty, do not thus alarm your mind,"  
Replied her gentle mistress, "be resigned ;

It's some slight cold you've caught and nothing  
more,

A few hours rest will soon your health restore,

Go, get a nice warm drink, and go to sleep,

First bathe your feet, and do'n't forget to keep

Yourself well wrapped and covered up with  
clothes,

You'll find your head much better for repose."

The morning came, but still poor Betty grieved,

The night had not her sad complaints relieved.

Again she sought her mistress, and applied

For what the night before had been denied.

"Dear ma'am, the drink in vain has given me rest,

My head is still with dreadful pain oppressed,

Do let our Thomas now to town repair,

He'll not be long, I'm sure, in going there."

"No, Betty, no," the tender fair replied,

"It's much too early yet you know, beside,

John will be busy, Thomas can't attend,

I promised that I would the chariot lend.

But Mr. Page repairs to town to-day,  
And to the doctor shall your fears convey."

At nine o'clock the breakfast cloth was laid,  
With coffee, tea, and toast thereon displayed ;  
And, *tele-a-tele*, the wife and husband sat,  
Talking of balls, and plays, and such chit-chat.  
" My love," the lady cried, " I'm grieved to say,  
Betty, our maid's, extremely ill to-day.  
Last evening, just before we went to bed,  
A darting pain attacked her in the head,  
I thought 'twas merely cold, but there appear  
Some dangerous symptoms which excite my fear."  
" Dear me," rejoined the spouse, " I'm sorry too,  
Betty's a creature faithful, good and true ;  
Soon as my breakfast's o'er I'll go to town,  
And there consult the skilful Doctor Brown,  
He, I am sure, will soon afford relief,  
And far remove the source of Betty's grief."

To town went Page, and with a serious face,  
Related to his friend poor Betty's case :

Dear Brown, our maid is very ill indeed,  
 Pray let some person to our house proceed,  
 This morning in a dangerous state she lies,  
 And frightens all the children with her cries,  
 Complains of aches about her back and head,  
 And fears she'll soon be numbered with the dead.

“ Bless me,” replied the doctor, “ this is bad !  
 Relief immediate must of course be had :  
 I'll send some one, will Bland or Larkin do ?  
 Either, this instant, shall repair with you ;  
 In this, as every other case confessed,  
 Larkin, I think, will answer much the best  
 Where women's feelings nicely are observed.  
 A married man should ever be preferred.”

While thus the honest spouse his time employed,  
 Far other cares his tender wife annoyed,  
 Those cares that give good wives sincere delight,  
 As overlooking, putting things to right,  
 Training the servants, sending boys to school,  
 And making pies by Mistress Glass's rule.

These duties ended, every labour o'er,  
John was directed, till the hour of four,  
His fair and beauteous mistress to deny,  
To all who might in morning calls apply.

And now, obedient to his master's will,  
Larkin directs his course o'er bridge and hill ;  
And mounted on his noble dark bay mare,  
With eager haste drives through the frigid air .  
Before the door arrived his knock proclaims  
To all who hear some one admission claims.  
The door unlocked, the gallant doctor cries,  
" Pray is your master in ?" " no," John replies ;  
" My master went to town two hours ago ;"  
" Your mistress then's at home ?" " oh, no sir, no !  
She's gone out too, and wont be home before  
The afternoon, at three o'clock or four."  
" If that's the case, I'll see the servant maid,  
And please to say, if not by weakness staid,  
That Doctor Larkin is at present here,  
And would be glad if she'd at once appear."



As John was gone to summon down the maid,  
In morning dress and dishabille arrayed,  
While her loose zone abundant proof affords,  
How ladies wish to be who love their lords,  
The mistress entered ! think with what surprise  
All ye who such a sight can realize :

“ Oh, oh ! you little rogue, my pretty heart,  
Your case is clear I see, come, now impart  
Your story, I'll be secret, when and where,  
What luckless hour deceived a girl so fair.”

“ Sir,” cried the lady, while her blushing face  
Convinced the Doctor of her sad disgrace ;

“ If here you come disposed to give offence,  
Some other subject might afford pretence.”

“ Come, come, sit down, and tell me all your grief,”  
Replied the Doctor, “ I can grant relief :

Come, tell me all about it, tell me who  
Has thus been faithless, cruel, and untrue ?”

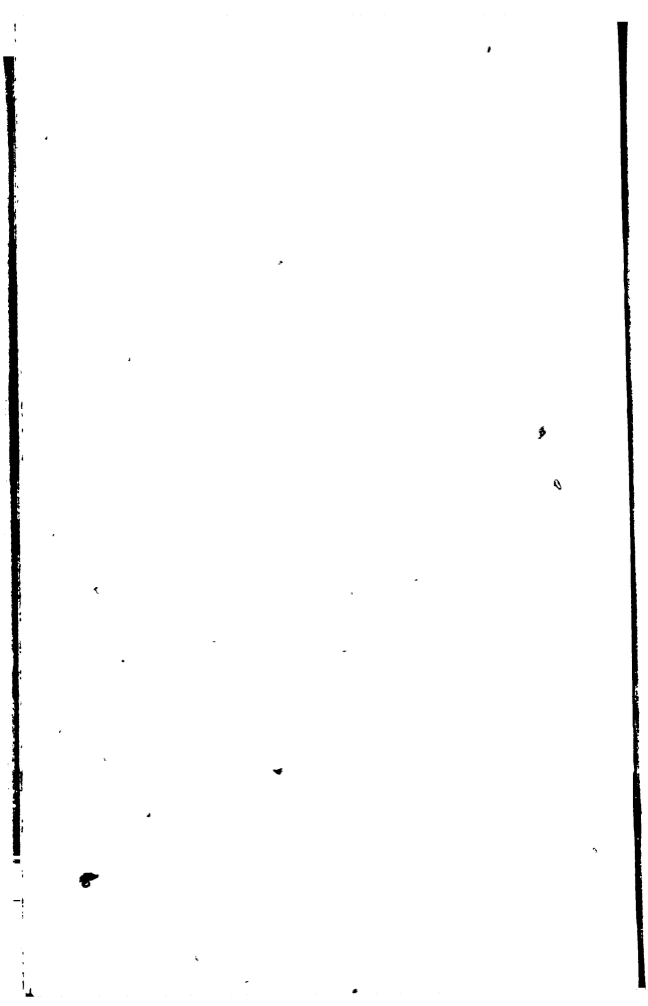
“ Sir,” cried the lady in a monstrous rage.

“ I. Sir, I, I am Mistress, Mistress Page !”

Good heavens, how the astonished Doctor started  
For every thing but this he went prepared ;  
“ Madam, I beg—I hope, that is, I mean—  
I understood to-day you’d not be seen,  
The servant told me at the outer door,  
You’d not be home until the hour of four ;  
Upon my word I took you for the maid,  
And thus my want of knowledge have betrayed ;  
But pray forgive me, madam, if I say  
You’ve caused yourself this sad mistake to-day.”

The Doctor saw the maid, and soon relieved  
The pains and aches that Betty sadly grieved ;  
Refreshed with cake and wine he then withdrew  
Returned to town, and tells the tale to you.

THE  
**DEATH OF FINNETTE.**



THE  
**DEATH OF FINNETTE.**

---

**C**OME here, Finnette, my great decree  
From which no hope remains for thee,  
This day resolves to take your life,  
And end your barking, brawl, and strife ;  
Your black unkindness rives my heart,  
Your baseness, cruelty, and art,  
No longer shall protection find,  
To guilt I'll be no longer blind,  
But for your crimes your life I'll take,  
And drown you in the briny lake,  
That dogs may learn from your sad fate,  
A warning lesson ere too late,

Whene'er they break their lord's command,  
And scorn the bounty of his hand,  
That justice will not cease to trace,  
And punish all the canine race;  
Therefore, at three, oh, fatal hour !  
I'll come, and with tremendous power,  
Relentless by a dreadful whirl,  
To shades below your body hurl !

“ My honored master, ever dear,  
One moment my petition hear ;  
Oh say, for what untoward crime,  
Unheard in young life's opening prime,  
Can you thus shorten all my days,  
The whole too short to speak your praise ;  
Oh, tell me, what sad act of strife  
Deserves so soon the loss of life ?  
Unconscious of the deed I've done,  
How lost your love or anger won,  
My wish has ever been to please,  
Oh, take my life when that shall cease ;

My thoughts no other master own,  
No other patron have I known,  
By actions I have tried to shew,  
The debt of gratitude I owe.  
Can you forget, for your dear sake,  
How often I have lain awake,  
How often watched by your bed side,  
From morning dawn till eventide ?  
How oft obedient to your call,  
A stone I brought, or stick, or ball ;  
And while your pleasure you expressed,  
Have fondly poor Finnette caressed.  
Oh, think and still remember this,  
That all my joy and highest bliss  
Have been to love and you obey,  
No wish beside could I betray."

Vile dog, this canting, lying tale,  
No useful purpose can avail.  
Your very words impel your fate,  
And now repentance comes too late.

H

My best commands have met your slight,  
Which kindly bade you not to fight.  
Have I not chid your horrid noise,  
When barking at the dirty boys ?  
Have I not told you not to stray,  
And yet how oft you ran away ?  
Have you not often lain your head,  
Upon my nice, clean, new-made bed ?  
And when I beat you for the fault,  
Until I made you limp and halt,  
You still contemned, despised my laws,  
And laid again your filthy paws,  
And left behind your nasty fleas,  
To fatten on my feet and knees.  
My servant's heel did you not bite,  
Until he roared with pain and spite ?  
At last you've reached so bad a state,  
You growling, biting, vile ingrate,  
That I've declared you shall not stay,  
To shame my house another day.



“ Kind master still one moment hear,  
If e'er Finnette to you were dear,  
If ever by a sportive art,  
I pleased your kind and tender heart,  
Do not forsake me in despair,  
Despise not now my humble prayer.  
My guilt and folly stand confessed,  
By shame and grief my heart's oppressed,  
And all my life could not atone,  
For deeds of vice and riot done ;  
My life a forfeit to your rage,  
Alas ! too at an early age,  
I ask not, nor do I complain,  
That death will finish soon my pain.  
Yet, oh ! I leave my pups behind,  
Four little pups which yet are blind,  
Exposed to bitterness and want,  
And left to seek some wretched haunt  
Far from a mother's care, indeed !  
It makes my very heart-strings bleed.

Have mercy then, in pity spare  
My life in peace until I rear  
My gentle whelps, that they may know  
How great my penitence and woe."

Your wish is late, your whelps can gain  
No knowledge of their mother's pain.  
'Their eyes are closed, their breath is fled,  
'Their bodies numbered with the dead,  
Beneath the waves immersed they lie.  
The sea is now their canopy.

Begone, like them the ocean's wave  
Shall be your sad and watery grave.  
For when my daily toil is o'er,  
I'll send you to your puppies four,  
About your neck a cord shall go,  
A stone attached, and then I'll throw  
Your worthless body to the waves,  
Fit place for dogs' and puppies' graves.

" Tremendous thought! in young life's bloom,  
Stern death consigns me to the tomb,

A few short fleeting moments o'er,  
And poor Finnette will be no more.  
Oh, all ye dogs, my fate who learn,  
This warning lesson do not spurn,  
Ye dogs who snuff the northern air,  
Ye greyhounds fleet who course the hare,  
Ye poodles with your shaggy coats,  
And bull dogs with your brazen throats,  
Ye beagles, trained to beat the field,  
And spaniels which obedience yield,  
Ye pugs, and curs, and small turnspits,  
The cook's attendant, and the wit's ;  
Mastiffs and whelps, and all who find  
A safe abode with human kind,  
Whether, on Lapland's snows ye run,  
Or pant beneath a scorching sun ;  
Whether ye grace a lady's lap,  
Or on the hearth-rug take a nap ;  
Whether ye guard the rich man's gate,  
Or cottage of an humbler state ;

By my example wisdom learn,  
And from your vicious habits turn,  
Your lord's affection try to share,  
Your master's wishes be your care.  
And when to rest you feel inclined  
Take such a place as is assigned,  
And never, never, lay your head,  
Upon your master's new-made bed ;  
Remember, all who learn my fate,  
And shun my errors ere too late."

She ceased—the stone high upward hurled  
Removed poor Finnette from the world;  
And now she rests beneath the main,  
For ever free from guilt and pain.

**NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,**

**FOR 1926.**

The following Addresses for the New-Year, were written for "*The Novascotian*," a weekly periodical, published at *Halifax*, and at the time owned by Mr. GEORGE R. YOUNG.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,  
FOR 1826.

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**T**HE days are all gone and the moments are fled,  
That filled up the last fleeting year,  
In vain may we sigh but they cannot be led  
To linger again with us here.

With pride, my dear Patrons, I offer my lay,  
By our customs a tribute now due ;  
A task ever pleasing my duty to pay,  
And the events of the past year review.

Through the wide-spreading world still the ban-  
ner of peace,  
Is in beauty and splendour unfurled,

EXCEPT, o'er the vallies and mountains of Greece,  
Once the glory and pride of the world.

Oh ! where is the bosom so cold or so tame  
That feels not her insults and woes ;  
While the home of her gods, and her temples of  
fame  
Are trampled by tyrants and foes.

Oh ! where is the eye that can shed not a tear  
For her heroes who nobly have bled ;  
In whose cause has been sacrificed all that was  
dear,  
And the spirit of Byron has fled.

Yet, 'twas worthy thy fate, oh, thou wonder of  
earth,  
Thus to fall at so noble a shrine ;  
'Twas worthy thine honor, thy fame, and thy birth,  
And a genius immortal like thine.



From the gay fields of France and her vine-cover-  
ed bowers,

Still the spirit of liberty flies ;  
And Italy, parent of sunshine and flowers,  
A refuge to freedom denies.

And Spain, once the spot of the gallant and brave,  
And chivalry's splendid array ;  
Now ruled by a despot, a fool and a slave,  
Wastes in anguish her manhood away.

Still England, fair England, is happy and free  
As the wave which encircles her shore,  
The dread of the world, and the Queen of the sea,  
She owns not a wrong to deplore.

While in regions far distant the moments of time,  
Thus brightly or sadly have sped,  
With pleasure we turn to our own favoured clime,  
And witness the twelvemonth that's fled.

Ø'er the hearths of our childhood, the altars of  
home,  
Still freedom and happiness reign;  
There contentment presides, so unwilling to roam,  
While industry smiles on each plain.

To the breeze of the morn, see the white swelling  
sail  
Of commerce unshackled expand,  
Confined to no spot it may catch every gale,  
And visit each far distant land.

There's the ship at the "Cove" will be fit very  
soon,  
To sport on the fathomless tide,  
And the "Whaler," I'm told, will be ready in June,  
On the billows of Ocean to ride.

Our well-beloved "Trusty" returns in the spring,  
To her native son's rocky-bound shore ;

And with her silks, coffee and cottons will bring,  
From the coasts of Bengal and Mysore.

How pleasant, instead of the soft tallow light,  
That flitters away in our halls ;  
To see a wax taper transparent and bright,  
Enliven our suppers and balls.

Far better I'm sure, than the puppies that bark,  
And annoy us each day in the street ;  
To have a fine lion our guard after dark,  
Or a tiger to crouch at our feet.

What fun for us devils to print all the news  
About Rajahs, and all sorts of teas ;  
The prices of silks, and the death of Hindoos,  
And of feats in the great southern seas.

Nor from this source alone will I fill up my page,  
Other subjects my labour shall share,

The world's moral map, and the hints of the sage,  
Shall meet with attention and care.

Then, my Patrons, accept for the year that is  
passed,  
My thanks, and my gratitude too ;  
My future endeavours, I hope, like the last,  
Will obtain a reception from you.

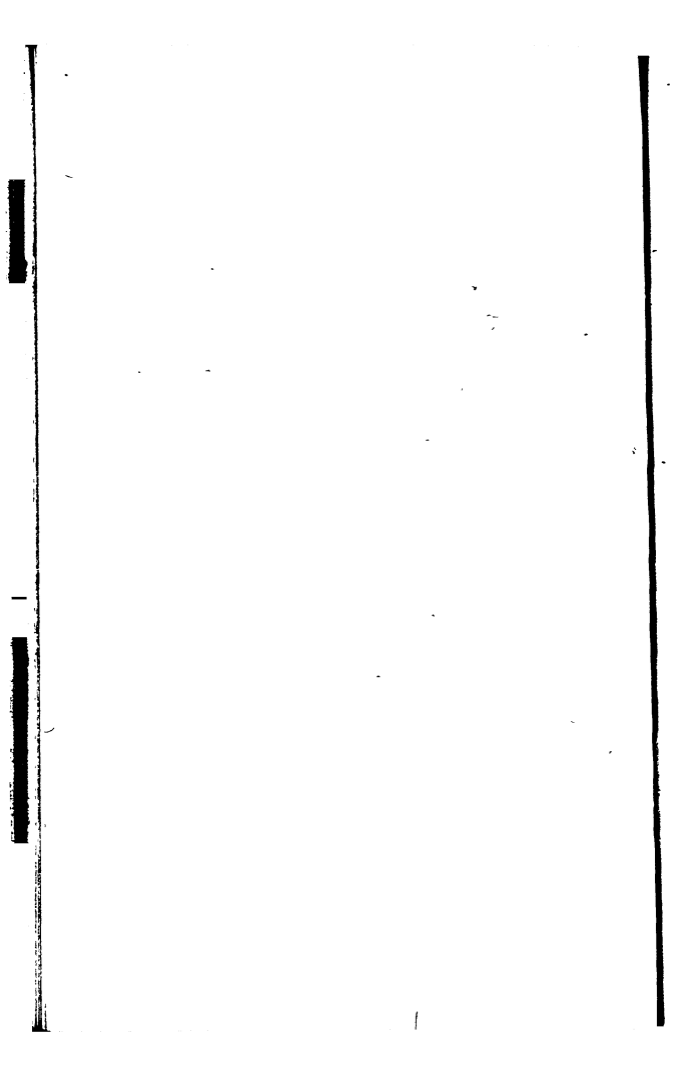
If pleasure and love, with their sweet bloomy  
flowers,  
Have circled each innocent heart ;  
Oh ! still may they linger around your dear  
bowers,  
Nor e'er feel a wish to depart.

And thus, your poor poet will finish his lay,  
Thus express his best wishes while here :  
May the morning be happy, and joyous the day,  
That ushers in every New Year !

**NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,**

**FOR 1827.**

26



NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

FOR 1827.

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**B**EFORE you, dear Patrons, once more I appear,  
And wish you sincerely a happy New-Year.  
By your favor encouraged, again, on this day,  
My tribute of verses with pleasure I pay,  
To your kindness a tribute in gratitude due,  
And proud shall I be were it worthy of you.  
Then, if not obtrusive my Muse you will deem,  
Permit me to tell how "I dreamed a dream."

Methought by my labour fatigued and oppressed,  
Setting Pica and Brevier, I sunk into rest ;  
When full in my view appeared a bright dome,  
Majestic as erst were the temples of Rome ;

On columns of books from "the Poets" obtained,  
And wrought by their hands its vast weight was  
sustained.

While sculptured in order and beauty around,  
A cornice of songs the gay capitals crowned.  
I gazed on the structure with awe and surprise,  
For it seemed in its splendour to blend with the  
skies,

And in bright golden letters as nearer I came,  
I saw on its front "The Proud Temple of Fame."  
Delighted at this, ere a moment's delay,  
I advanced to the gate of this palace of day ;  
I passed through the portal, and oh! what a sight,  
There I saw the nine Muses, all radiant and bright ;  
In silence I stood, while with awe I surveyed  
The beauty and grace of each heaven-born maid.  
On the right, in one corner, sat Clio the fair,  
Reading Scotland's Statistics, by Sir John Sinclair ;  
Euterpe was singing divinely beside her,  
The music of Freischutz by Carlos Von Weber .



Miss Thalia was there with her comical eye,  
Roaring loudly at Liston in honest Paul Pry ;  
Farther on I observed the sad Tragedy Queen  
Weeping o'er the lost talent of poor Edmund  
Kean.

“ Alas ! ” she exclaimed, “ that such worth should  
expire,

In ‘ the soldiers are out, and the town is on fire. ’ ”

On the left, Miss Terpsichore, sprightly and gay,

*A la Vestris un pas seul* was footing away ;

Miss Erato stood near her, in each hand a book,

Moore's ‘ Loves of the Angels, ’ and famed ‘ Lalla

Rookh ;’

While Byron's ‘ Childe Harold, ’ and ‘ Juan's ’ Third

Part,

Engrossed the whole care of Calliope's heart.

On the right of the centre Urania was placed,

And the left by sedate Polyhymnia was graced.

The first in deep thought on the course of a star

Predicting to mortals a twenty year's war

The other selecting a set of new rules,  
To alter the logic now taught in the schools.  
Thus each one engaged, and with courage possess'd,  
Methought the fair Muses at length I addressed.

"Misses Muses," said I, when, ye gods! what a  
scream,

I wonder it waked me not out of my dream,  
"Oh, the devil! the devil!" exclaimed all the nine,

"Assist us, oh, save us, Apollo divine!"

Thus screaming, they rushed altogether, and then  
They scattered like chickens from under a hen.

Ere a moment elapsed the divine god of song  
Appeared in the midst of the poor frightened throng,

"What's the matter," he cried, "whence arose  
that wild cry,

That just now invaded our mansion on high?"

"Look there," they exclaimed, "is the cause of  
our fright,

There, there, dear Apollo, see that child of the  
night."

How now," said his godship, " why here in this place,

Thou demon of darkness, thou imp of disgrace."

" Your godship," said I, for I wished to be civil,

" I'm a young simple lad—a printer's poor devil,

'Tis a custom with us, on a New-Year's joyous day,

To offer our Patrons some well written lay ;

Each apprentice composes in turn an address,

And Ned, being eldest, sent the last from our press.

It was nothing for him, but, alas! I much fear,

I shall never be able to write one this year,

I shall lose every New-Year's gift, credit, and fame,

And be turned off at age, without a good name.

Though my hands are so black, and so inky my face,

Please your godship, I sprung from a white looking race,

Then pity my case, I'm at best a poor Poet,

Yet I wish not that every town critic should know it."

“ Poor imp,” cried the Muses, “ but you frighten-  
ed us so,

Well there make your peace with the god of the  
bow.”

“ Then hear,” said the god, as he rose to the sky,

Wafting softly on air to the regions on high,

“ And observe my decree—let each goddess impart,

To help the poor devil, some share of her art,

And touched by your spirit, your fancy and fire,

With genius and talent his bosom inspire.”

“ Go then,” said Miss Clio, “ and tell all the world

The banner of peace is still proudly unfurled,

That the genius of liberty hovers in vain

O'er the fields of Italia, of Russia, and Spain ;

That Greece with her heroes still manfully draws

Her sword for her freedom, her rights, and her laws,

And crowned with success, again Athens will be

The home of the brave, the victorious, and free.

That Britain in grandeur her station sustains,

And “ Queen of the Ocean ” her empire maintains,

Though the clouds of misfortune have darkened  
her shore,

They are passed to revisit her children no more,  
Again from her anguish rejoicing she'll rise,  
The mistress of nations, and care of the skies.

“Go tell all the children of Acadia's dear plain,  
There happiness, plenty, and liberty reign.  
In climates far distant, that commerce and trade,  
The white swelling sails of their ships have dis-  
played ;

That riches and honour from industry spring,  
And the wealth of the Indies is borne on its wing.”

“Go say,” from Calliope, last of the nine,  
“To the writers and poets who bow at my shrine,  
Well 'pleased with their homage, each talented  
name

I will trace, with his work, on the records of fame.  
The author's sound pamphlet whose well written  
page,

The wisdom displays of a judge and a sage.

And for Bliss who has stood for his dear country's  
rights,

I will weave the same wreath as for those gallant  
knights,

Who, like Kempt, in each clime waved their swords  
in the sun,

Till Waterloo crowned all the fields they had won.

When works of such merit on my altars they raise,

The Muse of Heroics will hail them with praise.

Now begone little devil!" another wild scream

Invaded my ears, and I waked from my dream,

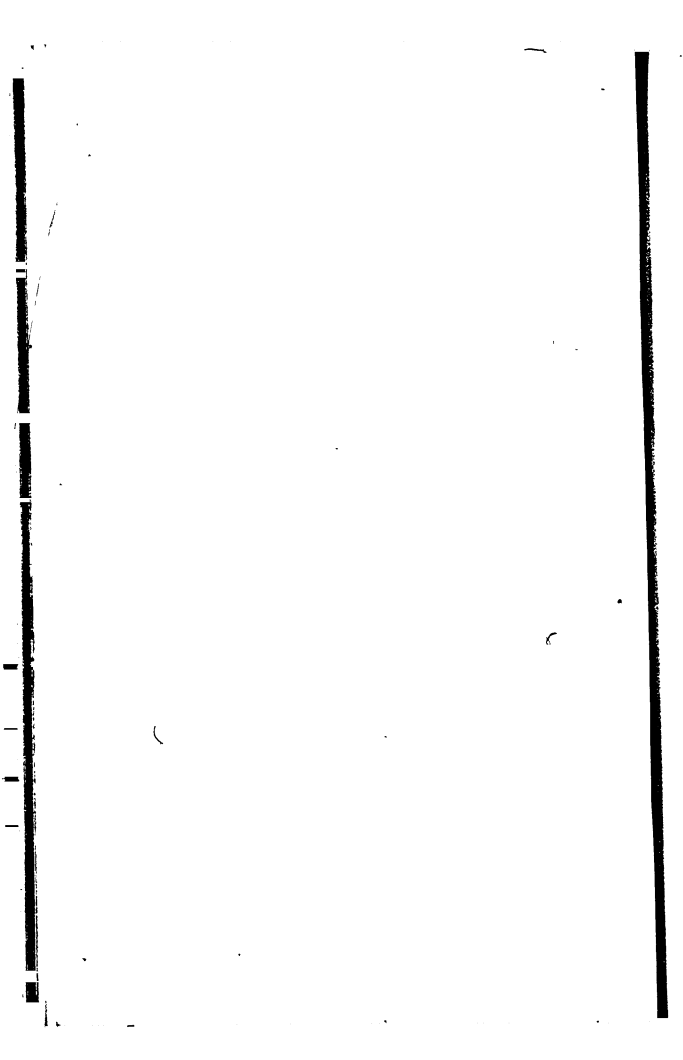
And thus, my dear Patrons, having told it to you,

Till another New-Year I will bid you Adieu!

**NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,**

**FOR 1828.**

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NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,  
FOR 1828.

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**T**HE grateful task with promptness I obey  
That now demands my tributary lay.  
Before my Patrons I this time appear,  
In strains of welcome to the coming year,  
And though Ned's place I can but ill supply,  
Young birds must learn to hop before they fly.  
I trust you'll not my muse presumptuous deem,  
If I, like him, relate an humble dream ;  
Alike engaged in the same honest cause,  
I hope to gain some share of your applause.

    Methought I slept, and lo ! before my sight,  
A form appeared arrayed in robes of light.  
Angelic sweetness o'er each feature played,  
Her azure eyes soft innocence portrayed,

Her flowing tresses o'er her shoulders thrown,  
Just touched the margin of her waist-bound zone ;  
A faultless form her shining dress displayed,  
Faultless and fair as that celestial maid,  
Who first unbars the portals of the morn,  
And sheds her rosy light on hill and lawn.  
As thus entranced with wonder and delight  
I gazed in silence on the beautiful sprite.  
" Mortal," she said, in accents mild, " arise,  
I come to thee commissioned from the skies ;  
Thy prayer, this moment at our throne preferred,  
*To see each kingdom of the world !* is heard ;  
To guide thee safely round this earthly sphere,  
And trace each action of the varied year,  
To me belongs :—arise, come haste away,  
Thy hopes may vanish with the least delay."

Thus having spoke she gently waved her hand,  
And forth arose at her supreme command,  
A splendid car, of rosy shell-work made,  
With jasper stones and amethysts inlaid ;

Its embossed axle formed of massive gold,  
On starry wheels of dazzling brightness rolled ;  
In silken harness gorgeously arrayed,  
Two milk-white steeds their polished limbs displayed,  
While reins of hair, from angels' locks obtained,  
Their course by turns directed or restrained.  
"Mortal," again the lovely seraph cried,  
"Ascend and sit in safety by my side,  
And since the faith and strength of those on high  
To mortal minds our heavenly laws deny,  
This braided wreath, formed of a seraph's hair,  
Whose dying breath entrusted to my care,  
With gentle pressure must thy temples bind,  
Its magic touch will guard thee, and, confined,  
Let not a thought or wish thy lips betray,  
My power acknowledge, and my voice obey,  
Or, like Sol's son by Jove's resentment hurled,  
Down thou wilt sink insensate to the world.

Now, speed my coursers, speed and haste away,  
Where eastern suns awake the glorious day."

She ceased : and then majestically slow,  
We rose and left the shining world below,  
The distant hills receded from my view,  
And blended softly with the ethereal blue ;  
But soon, by ardent strength and vigour fired,  
Or by the lovely spirit's power inspired,  
The fiery coursers with impetuous flight,  
Rushed onward to the rosy gates of light ;  
Swifter than Simoom's blast we seemed to fly,  
And drive like lightning through the liquid sky ;  
A lambent flame the wheels behind us drew,  
That shone like sunbeams on the morning dew ;  
Through all my veins I felt a thrilling glow  
Of rapture and ecstatic pleasure flow,  
O'er every sense a soft enchantment stole,  
And calmed the rising tumults of my soul.

Again the seraph spoke : " Now turn thine eye,  
Behold, as gently down we sweep the sky,

THE KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH in order ranged,  
From Time's first moment circling and unchanged.  
See on the left, where Britain's sea-girt Isles,  
In freedom nursed, and blessed with fortune's  
    smiles,  
Their rank and power supremely great maintain,  
The queen of arts and mistress of the main.  
Though Canning's fate, by death's relentless  
    hand,  
Drew tears of sorrow from the mournful land,  
While Peel, or such as he, each action guides,  
And o'er her courts a patriot King presides,  
On sure foundations rest her wealth and fame,  
Her deathless glory and immortal name.  
Far on the right, behold Iberia's race,  
In ignorance sunk, and fettered by disgrace.  
Unworthy sons of proud and gallant sires,  
No spirit warms them, and no glory fires ;  
Beneath a despot, servile and depraved,  
They live dishonored, and expire enslaved. 2

Here lovely France in joy and plenty reigns,  
Health in her clime, and mirth in all her plains ;  
And there Italia spreads her bloomy bowers,  
The land of sunshine and perennial flowers.  
Where yon broad walls old ocean's breast oppose,  
The amphibious race of Hollanders repose ;  
And far beyond the powerful realms extend,  
That Austria, Prussia, and the Russe defend.  
Behold fair Greece, whose seats of classic lore,  
Of gods and sacred temples are no more.  
Still hordes of foes possess her fertile field,  
Her children still to tyrants basely yield ;  
In vain her son his sword of vengeance draws,  
His heart's pure blood flows vainly in her cause,  
While base-born treachery lurks on every hand,  
And leaders sell for gold their native land.  
Oh, no ! the hearts that would their freedom gain,  
In truth and honor must their rights maintain,  
Disgrace can claim no refuge from the brave,  
Nor cowards fill a *Grecian Patriot's* grave.

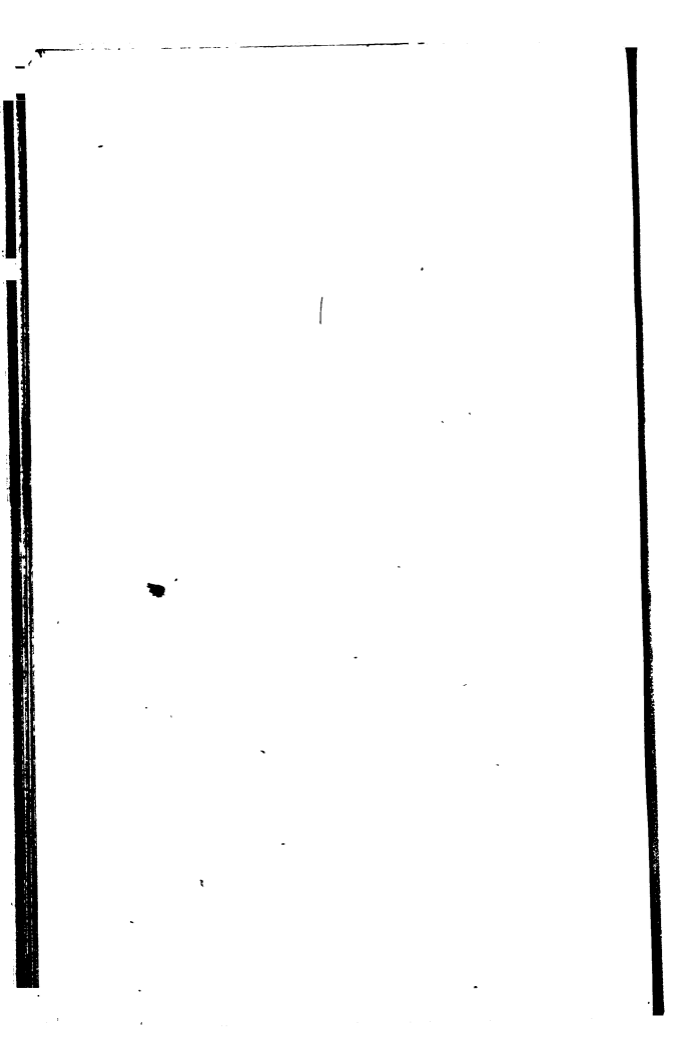
Thus having traced the realms of eastern skies,  
Mortal, we'll turn where other worlds arise.  
Speed, speed, my coursers, speed and haste away,  
Where slumbering sinks to rest the lord of day."  
Again the steeds, by matchless science driven,  
Impetuous rushed adown the vault of heaven.  
Beneath the car the broad Pacific rolled,  
One bright, vast, undulating sea of gold.  
And soon afar like distant clouds arose  
The Andes, mountains of eternal snows !  
Till slowly sinking near the earth we drew,  
Where Darien's Isthmus lay exposed to view.

“ See where extending to the southern pole,  
Around whose base terrific oceans roll,  
In giant greatness stretch those fertile lands,  
Whose nobler sons disdain their fathers' bands.  
The cringing slaves of tyrant Kings no more ;  
The shouts of freedom now from shore to shore  
Resound ; the valiant, free, and brave,  
No force can conquer, and no power enslave.

Far to the left Columbia's States survey,  
The powerful empire of some future day.  
In childhood's hour upon a mother's breast,  
They safely leaned, caressing and caressed.  
But children oft desert a parent's cause,  
Contemn her counsels and despise her laws,  
And thus with them ; in manhood's ripened hour,  
They flew to arms, and then disowned her power.  
Yet time, a sure criterion must decide,  
Who best a nation's destinies can guide,  
The son who owns a proud republic's sway,  
Or children that a sovereign's laws obey.  
Still further on to earth's remotest ends  
Whose unknown coast eternal ice defends,  
The Indian's home, and refuge of the deer,  
The trackless fields of Canada appear.  
But mark the fruitful realms that intervene,  
And like a garden variegate the scene;  
Thy own dear native land ACADIA'S PLAIN,  
That winds its devious course along the main.



Free commerce there her flowing sail expands,  
And bears her freighted ships to different lands;  
With bounteous hand there nature crowns the field,  
And autumn's fruit a rich abundance yield;  
No scanty pittance wrung from barren soil,  
But plenteous gifts repay the laborer's toil,  
While all the land luxuriant, rich, and gay,  
Hope, freedom, peace, and happiness display.  
There arts will rise, and each returning spring  
Will bear increasing splendour on its wing ;  
Then round the land as beams of science play,  
And all its secret wealth expose to day,  
Without prophetic aid I may proclaim  
Its future greatness and unrivalled name !  
Mortal, farewell ! my pleasing task is done,  
And I return to meet the setting sun,  
Yet ere I go, a seraph's gift divine,  
My braided wreath of hair, you must resign—”  
“ Seraph, my thanks !” she vanished from my view,  
“ I woke, and thus my dream reveal to you !”



## THE TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

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The spacious world to God belongs,  
Man, beast, and fish, and bird ;  
He formed the compass of the earth  
By his Almighty word.

He framed and fixed it on the seas,  
By his Almighty hand,  
Prepared and stablished on the floods  
Its great foundations stand.

Who shall ascend and see the Lord,  
Who shall behold his face ;  
What mortal reach his holy hill,  
Or view his holy place ?

That man who hath an upright heart,  
Whose hand from guilt is free ;  
Whose mind is led from vain pursuits  
And deeds of injury.

He shall receive, oh ! joyful sound,  
The blessing of the Lord,  
And righteousness his life shall crown,  
Through God his Saviour's word.

These are the people of the Lord,  
The chosen of his race ;  
These are the sons, oh ! Jacob's God,  
Of them that seek thy face.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,  
And spread your golden wings ;  
Lift up your everlasting doors,  
Behold the King of Kings !

Who is the King of glory ? who ?  
The Lord for might renowned,  
Who guides the battle by his power,  
And conquers all around.

Lift up, ye gates ! erect your heads,  
In shining state displayed,  
The King of glory, lo ! he comes,  
In majesty arrayed.

Who is the King of glory ? who ?  
The God who mercy brings ;  
The Lord of Angels and of Hosts,  
And ever King of Kings !

## THE NINETY-FIFTH PSALM.

---

Oh, come ! and let us to the Lord  
Our grateful voices raise,  
In our salvation's strength rejoice,  
And ever sing his praise.

Let us with psalms of love and joy  
Into his courts repair :  
Before his presence thankful come,  
And shew our gladness there.

For God, the Lord, is great and good,  
He is the God alone ;  
Above all gods a mighty king  
Upon his heavenly throne.

The corners of the spacious earth  
Are compassed by his hand,  
The hills are his, and all their strength  
At his supreme command.

The sea is his, he marked its bounds  
And all its power controls ;  
His hand prepared and formed the lands  
Extending to the Poles.

Oh, come! and let us worship God,  
Fall down before his face ;  
In rapture kneel unto the Lord,  
The maker of our race.

He is the Lord, our gracious God,  
Who can our wants supply,  
Like sheep we in his pastures feed,  
And on his hand rely.

To-day if ye will hear his voice,  
And be his people still ;  
Beware, and harden not your hearts  
Against his holy will.

As in those days when man provoked  
His mighty God above,  
And tempted, in the wilderness,  
His goodness, power, and love.

Your fathers tempted me of old,  
And all my patience tried,  
They saw my works, and proved the power  
Which had their wants supplied.

For forty years my sight was grieved  
By this rebellious race,  
Which daily err within their hearts,  
And have not known my grace.



THE NINETY-FIFTH PSALM.

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In wrath and vengeance then, I swear  
The kingdoms of the blest  
Should never their endowment be,  
Nor their reward my rest!

THE following Address, (which, however, was not accepted,) was written for the Halifax Garrison Theatre, when it was opened in March, 1822, under the auspices of Mrs. ARNOLD, and Mrs. XI-MENES, who, with the assistance of other ladies of the Garrison, sustained the principal female characters during the season. The performances commenced with "The Maid and Magpie," and the Farce of "The Midnight Hour." The very excellent and chaste acting of these ladies obtained the highest applause, and the favourable opinion of their theatrical talents was shewn in the crowded circle of beauty and fashion, which attended their appearance on every occasion.

**ADDRESS FOR THE AMATEUR THEATRE.**

(SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF AN OFFICER.)

---

Since dreadful war distracts the land no more,  
Nor hostile fleets invade the affrighted shore,  
But peace her gentle banners now unfurled,  
In softness waves triumphant o'er the world,  
Our swords are sheathed; those swords which gain-  
ed us fame,  
And raised our country's greatness and her name.  
How many days will pass ere England's band  
Of noble hosts shall press Corunna's strand ;  
And years expire, ere on the ensanguined plain  
Her heroes' bones shall blanch the fields of Spain.  
How many suns will sink in Western skies,  
Ere victory's flag on Waterloo shall rise !  
That awful day, when Britain's towering might  
Bade Gaul's proud eagles vanish into flight,

Her gallant sons, by native ardour led,  
In glory's cause so nobly fought and bled.  
Then, since we can no more our arms employ,  
To guard Old England and her foes destroy ;  
No longer on the field and mountain wave,  
As Britons conquer, or as Britons save:  
We've turned our arts to suit the peaceful age,  
And try our valour on this humble stage.  
To night we come as candidtes for fame,  
And trust our merits will your plaudits claim.  
In hopes to please with this our first essay,  
We give " The Maid and Magpie " for the play.  
Should that succeed, we'll next exert our power,  
And keep you here until " The Midnight Hour."  
Then if we fail or overact our part,  
The fault is in the head and not the heart.  
Methinks I see among these charming fair,  
Yet no—there cannot be a critic there.  
These manly souls I then may hope to find  
Not less indulgent, generous, and kind. (*Going.*)

Yet hold! one humble wish I have to tell  
Before I go, and bid you all farewell,  
Upon a soldier's wife our hopes depend,  
Oh! crown these hopes ; be all we ask, her friend!

---

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER BIRTH DAY.

---

May every sun that wakes the morning skies  
On thee in health, and peace, and safety rise ;  
And as he sinks in glory in the West,  
Still leave thee happy and supremely blest.  
Oh, may thy gentle bosom never know  
Affliction's anguish, or the weight of woe,  
Far from thy breast be banished every care,  
Nor find one spot to fix his dwelling there.  
May every joy that fortune's favors bring,  
The hopes that blossom like young flow'rs in spring,

Affection's tear, and sympathy be thine, [shrine.  
And the sweet thoughts that bloom on virtue's  
May no sad feelings give thy bosom pain,  
Or doubts of good a moment there remain ;  
Each wish be thine, and may no fears impart  
A transient pang to wound thy tender heart.  
But crowned with every blessing Heaven can send,  
By all befriended, and to all a friend,  
May all thy days in cheerfulness be passed,  
And every year prove happier than the last.  
Oh, more than all, may he whose sovereign power  
Protects thy life in every trying hour,  
Direct thy steps and guide thy youthful mind,  
That narrow way that ends in bliss to find.  
Then when thy youth is passed, and age comes on,  
And, one by one, thy fleeting years are gone,  
Ere thy last sigh is drawn, and ere thy breath  
Resigns its spirit to the victor Death,  
Oh may'st thou know, may some foretaste be given  
That all thy hopes may find a rest in Heaven.

## FROM MYRA.

Though long since departed, I remember the hour,  
For in anguish it often recurs to me now,  
When I met you at eve in the rose-covered bower,  
And in fondness and friendship you plighted  
your vow ;

When in warm glowing accents I heard you de-  
clare,

That never, no never, from me would you part ;  
That in sorrow or rapture, hope, grief, or despair,  
I should ever be mistress and queen of your heart.

Nor can I forget when a quick starting tear,  
On my cheek stood awhile, and I doubt seemed  
to say ;

That simple you called me and laughed at my fear,  
Then kissed it in transport gently away.

And you said, that my pathway for ever should be,  
As the moments of time in joy hastened on ;  
Full of flowrets that should blossom only for me,  
Till life, and its pleasures, and sweetness were  
gone.

Yet, I thought not a moment, ah! too foolish  
maid,  
When I trusted I should e'er be deceived ;  
Or that falsely and basely I could be betrayed,  
By him in whom I had fondly believed.  
Like the twilight of evening that dies in an hour  
I thought not so soon would thy friendship de-  
cay ;  
Or the love that you pledged in the rose-covered  
bower,  
Would, like leaves in the autumn, fade so quick-  
ly away.



TO ROSINA.  

---

Fare thee well! but forget not the day

When in silence and sorrow we parted,  
Oh, think of the hour that bore you away,  
And left me almost broken hearted.

Fare thee well! but, Oh, think of the time

When we met, ah! how often together;  
And vowed and declared that no distant clime  
Our heart's dearest feelings should sever

But should you in any dark moment of woe

Distrust all my vows and suppose them untrue,  
Or think that my heart can its object forego,  
And no longer, no longer, be faithful to you.

Oh! breathe not a thought to dishonour the name,

Of him who is absent, far absent away;

Or imagine that falsehood can sully his fame,  
And his truth, ardent love, and friendship betray.

---

TO THERESE.

---

Look round, Therese, how soft these scenes appear,  
How calm, how beautiful, and still ;

No sound now breaks upon the listening ear,  
But murmurs from yon little rill.

So calm it is, the zephyrs of the air

Now sleep on every fragrant rose ;

In dewy softness resting linger there,

Till morning wakes them from repose.

And look, how softly does the queen of night

Descend along the cloudless skies ;

In beauty shining by her lover's light,  
And ever following as he flies.

At such a time when nature's magic powers  
Present a scene so pure as this,  
'Tis said of old that angels left their bowers,  
To taste on earth a mortal's bliss.

And well may they have left their happy skies,  
To linger for a moment here, [eyes,  
When hearts like thine, and looks, and sparkling  
Are tenants of our humble sphere.

---

A I R.

---

She left her father's halcyon cot,  
And his heart to sad despair ;  
And grief and tears were her mother's lot  
For a mother's tender care.

She fled from home and every pleasure  
When the bold seducer came ;  
She never thought how rich a treasure  
Is a maiden's spotless name.

She little recked how parents languish,  
When a wayward child departs ;  
How grief and sorrow, pain and anguish,  
Break at length the fondest hearts.

And now she lives a thing degraded,  
Lost to every social tie,  
A flowret still, though wrecked and faded,  
Doomed to linger, pine, and die.

---

SERENADE.

---

Awake, oh wake! the moon is beaming  
Brightly on each rosy flower,

Though soft thy sleep and sweet thy dreaming,

    Come love to yonder bower.

The queen of night, with silvery light,

Will guide thy steps to me, Oh! wake dear Rosalie.

Awake, oh wake! from slumber stealing,

    Share this placid hour with me,

A heart that beats with tenderest feeling,

    I'll give dearest maid to thee.

The queen of night, with silvery light.

Will guide thy steps to me, oh! wake dear Rosalie.

Oh, come! from night's dull bosom waking,

    Soon will rise the lord of day ;

Now is the hour that rest forsaking,

    Lovers give their hearts away.

The queen of night, with silvery light,

Will guide thy steps to me, oh! come dear Rosalie.

SERENADE.  

---

Wake Leila, wake, the stilly night  
Invites thee from repose,  
The zephyrs in the moon-beam's light,  
Now sleep on every rose.  
Leila, awake, and come to me.

Wake, Leila, wake, in yonder bower,  
Beneath the Acacia tree,  
Thy lover waits at this soft hour;  
To breathe his vows to thee.  
Leila, awake, and come to me.

Wake, Leila, wake, to thy fond youth  
In beauty's charms appear,  
His tale of love, and hope, and truth,  
Thou'lt never blush to hear.  
Leila, awake, and come to me.

## TO AN INTIMATE FRIEND,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

---

FAREWELL, my dear friend, since the sail is unfurled  
That bears thee away to thine own native world,  
May the soft winds of heaven smoothly blow o'er  
the wave,  
And waft thee in peace to the land of the brave.  
May pleasure each day on thy footsteps attend,  
Each morning of life in contentment descend ;  
May sorrow, whose tears in an orb such as this  
Too often are mixed with our goblets of bliss,  
Ne'er cloud thy bright hopes with her dark gloomy  
shade,  
Nor misfortune thy heart's dearest wishes invade ;  
Then as round thee the full tide of happiness flows,  
Thy home mid enjoyment, thy heart mid repose,

---

Thy partner beside thee to share in thy joy,  
No grief to distress, and no care to annoy ;  
Thy dear little children reclined on each knee,  
Whose sweet lisping prattle endears them to thee ;  
Should memory revert to this far distant scene,  
Where ocean's broad waves roll their terrors be-  
tween,  
Should remembrance exciting a soft tender tear,  
That, falling, might say would that Goldie were  
here ;  
Oh ! breathe but a sigh for my welfare and fame,  
And cherish the thought that awakens my name ;  
That sigh and that thought long will pleasure im-  
part,  
And, like witchery's spell, fondly cling round my  
heart.



## TO MY BROTHER HENRY,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

When all thy friends on this auspicious day  
With smiles of truth and love their hopes convey,  
While every voice some pleasing wish bestows,  
Contentment, health, enjoyment, or repose,  
Let me, like them, this happy morn, impart  
The warmest feelings of a brother's heart.

Oh, may Religion, with persuasive power,  
Shed her mild influence o'er each trying hour,  
In life's sad scenes support thy sinking soul,  
Thy sorrows soften, 'and each grief control.  
Her favoured gifts may gentle peace bestow,  
Around thy dwelling may her blessings flow,  
Around thy bed may guardian saints attend,  
In peril succour, and in fear defend.

Then at that hour when other worlds in view,  
Stern death demands to this you bid adieu.  
With faith unshaken may you meet your doom,  
And sink in gentlest slumbers to the tomb.  
And while no thoughts at life's last dying close,  
With pangs of doubt thy bosom discompose,  
Nor hopes presumptuous of a happier state,  
With daring confidence thy breast elate,  
On wings triumphant may your spirit rise,  
To mix with saints in bliss beyond the skies.

THE END.

