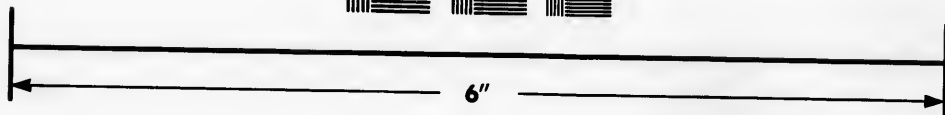
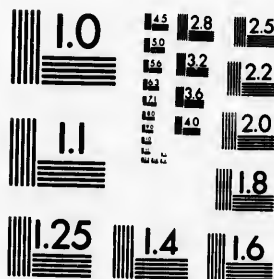


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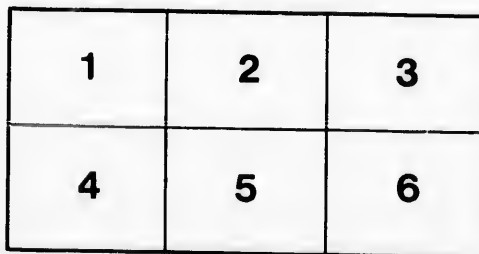
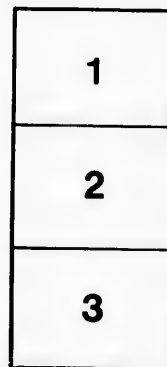
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4
THE GREAT THEME OF THE AGE.

A POEM

ON THE

CONFEDERATION

OF THE

BRITISH AMERICAN PROVINCES,

By J. T. Breeze, Brighton.

A CANADIAN POET : AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES THROUGH
TORONTO," "KINGSTON SCENERY," "MEMENTO
OF PICTON," &c., &c., &c.

OTTAWA :

PRINTED AT THE "DAILY CITIZEN" STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, FOR THE AUTHOR.

JULY, 1866.

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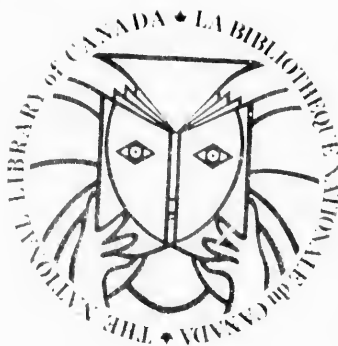
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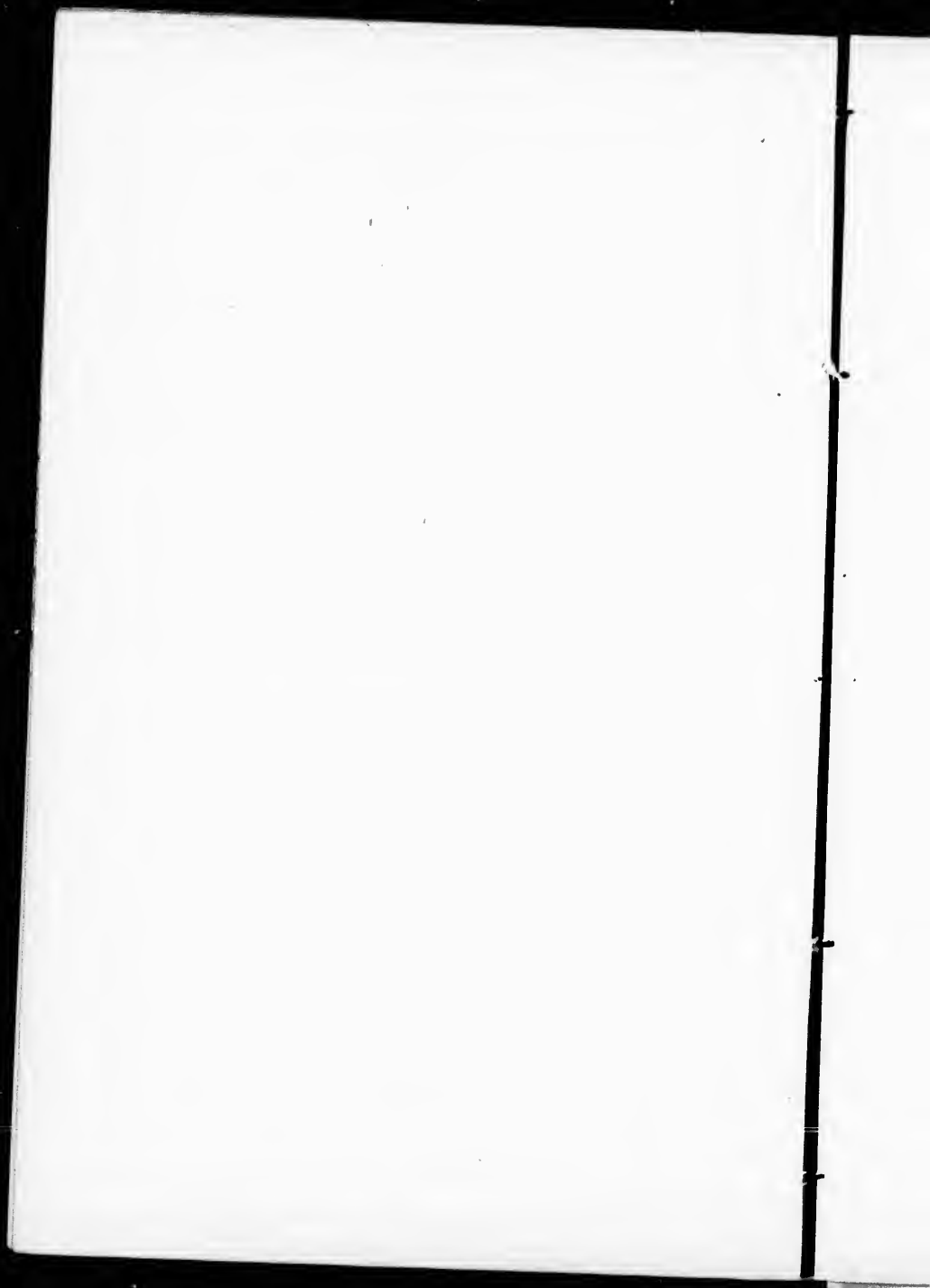
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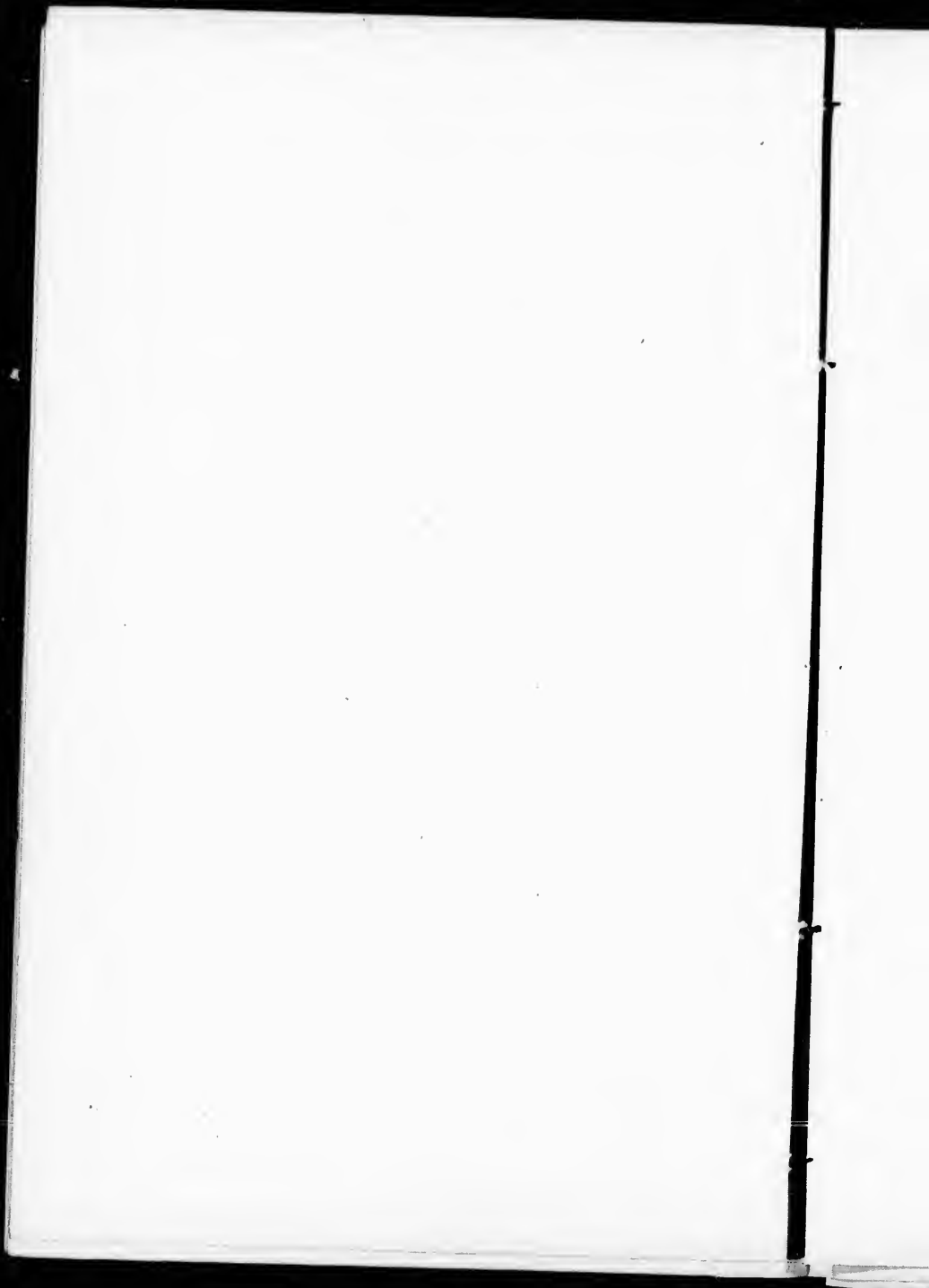
DEDICATION.

To His Exc'y CHARLES STANLEY VISCOUNT MONCK,
Governor General of the British North Ame-
rican Provinces, &c., &c., is this work res-
pectfully dedicated by the author, by His
Excellency's permission.



PATRONS.

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Hon. Jas. Cockburn, Solicitor-Gen. West.
Hon. H. L. Langevin, Solicitor-Gen. East.



A Poem on Confederation.

BY J. T. BREEZE.

Britann.

Born on the shore of Briton, happy clime,
I claim for her a pure inspired rhyme ;
Flung on her lap and dandled on her knee,
Her hallowed scenes are all in all to me ;
And are their powers within my youthful soul,
Let them awake this subject to controul,
And chant to thee a song of lasting praise,
With all the power her native bard can raise.
Her harvests fed me in my juvenile day,
Her murmuring brooks did all my thirst allay,
Her breezes fann'd my weary smitten brow
When weary walks laid me in slumbers low,
'Neath shady trees where gales unnumbered blow,
I gazed in pride upon her azure sky,
And blessed the dews that kiss'd me from on high ;
Laughed with her thunders, thought with her lightning's fled,
When they in fury played around my head ;
I calm'd my breast from summer's scorching ray
In thy pure tides that bore myself away ;
I drank th' instruction pour'd upon my mind,
Nor left a thought of all its truth behind ;
I drank the thoughts a Byron and a Boyle
In mental pride did throw upon my soul ;
And kissed the rays proud science shed afar
Through all the land bright as the morning star.
I thought the throne of the Eternal One
Sat in the centre of thy sky alone ;
In childish pride I dreamt that every sky

Was happy only as they approached thee nigh.
 Some other lands may boast of brighter clime,
 Where grow the orange or the lily's prime,
 But to my heart and to my youthful eye
 Thy glorious scenes do every good supply.
 Fortune hath cast me from thy happy shore,
 Which I may see while here on earth no more ;
 My pallid brow, parched by the summer ray,
 Longs for the fragrance of thy dewy day ;
 And should perchance some happy fortune guide
 My weary feet to press thy shores of pride,
 My cheek would flushen to thy healthy gales,
 As once of yore when rambling through thy dales.
 When fate would cast me from thy happy land,
 I knew not then the strength of love's strong band.
 As oceans billows roll against thy shore,
 And kiss the land that lush its troubled roar,
 So do the waves of my affection's roll,
 And leave the precincts of my burning soul.
 To kiss thy shore, land of the poet's birth,
 Where every bliss reigns round its hallowed hearth,
 My bounding heart did yield to manly fear,
 My eye glanced love, and dropp'd affection's tear,
 My single hand did raise to grasp thine own,
 Then pressed my footsteps far to lands unknown.
 The word "farewell" did choke upon my tongue,
 I raised the harp and to thee thus I sung :

"My native land" I love thee well,
 All my heart's powers proclaim thee best,
 I fondly on thy glories dwell,
 Now toss'd on oceans billowy crest.

I leave thee not from wish to part
 For any fault I found in thee,
 I fain would press thee to my heart,
 And feel thy love return to me.

I go to see how well compares
 Columbia's shore to England's Isle,
 That I may (gazing on her stars)
 Remember and give thee the smile.

Her Constitution.

It stands a pyramid of strength,
 Of wondrous power and marvellous skill,
 And launch'd upon the nation's seas,
 Its mighty mission to fulfil.
 The hands that jointed it are low,
 Hallowing old England's sacred sod,
 Their spirits hovering o'er it still,
 Below the eternal throne of God.
 When 'tis assailed, the valiant souls
 That hover o'er Britannia's soil
 Diffuse again their spirits' power
 And on the living souls recoil.
 It has its mission from on high,
 'Tis destined to dictate the world,
 O'er many a land and many a clime,
 Its gracious banners are unfurled.
 It travels with the glorious sun,
 Keeps pace with all its gracious hours,
 Its beauteous rays do ne'er decline
 Upon this noble flag of ours.
 The instrument of deepest skill
 May sometimes, true, be badly played;
 The instrument is no less true,
 Should Beethoven come from the dead.
 Thus Britain's Constitution, too,
 If touch'd but with a master hand,
 Will scatter boundless blessings free,
 In copious showers o'er the land.
 This Ship of State has many a part,
 And every part united well,
 And no inferior mind can know,
 Or all its glorious objects tell.
 The workshop where its limbs were formed
 Had spirits of superior strength;
 Slow, sure, and true its joints were made,
 And given to us a boon at length.
 'Twas launch'd upon the troubled seas
 Where the herculean storms arise,
 And angry heaven with sullen looks

May lash the tempest from the skies,
 Breakers ahead and rocks around,
 And whirlpools thick on every hand;
 The hands that steer its helm will bring
 It safely to the distant land.
 Some may sink beneath the waves,
 In storms too strong to reach the shore
 In agony give up their hope
 And sink to rise to earth no more.
 But old Britannia's Ship of State
 Is founded on eternal truth,
 No time or change can mark the brow
 That glows in its perennial youth;
 'Twas given a boon to every sou
 That left the fire-side of home,
 And went to other distant climes
 Where his proud footsteps chanced to roam.
 And dear to each as the white stone
 The Jew gave to 'n adopted son,
 And graved upon it a new name
 To be read by no other one
 But members of that family
 Where'er paternal kindred meet
 To recognize in it the law
 By which fraternal feelings greet.
 "O fondest pearl!" each Briton cries,
 And clasps it to his happy breast,
 And reads in it his hope of pride,
 Where their own spirits gladly rest.

Her Colonies:

Britannia's noble sons of pride
 Who left their happy mother's home
 Command their energies to act
 A valiant part where'er they roam.
 They grow in strength, in wealth and power,
 With roots of depth, with branches wide,
 And children that kind heaven hath given
 Stand up unnumbered by their side.
 The God of Abram blessed them free,

And multiplied their little store,
And promises in future years
To bless them each yet more and more.
They have their pride and jealousies,
Lest one may gain a better fate,
And worthily they struggle on
Laboring to be ever great.
The family law would gladly bind
These kindred races into one,
And oft desire, should heaven approve,
To have one Government and throne.
Confederate all their interests true
Beneath one central power of pride,
And, like disciples of the cross,
One purse, one fate, alike abide.
There is a worthy cousin, too,
Who spreads his boughs on the same tree,
Magnanimously, too, would join
His fate in the same destiny.
Though vanquished by his fellow once,
His heart doth generously pulsate,
And labors with his cousin free
To be with him forever great.
The noble sons of England's Isle
Did court to see each other's face,
The glance exchanged they fondly own
The kindred countenance of grace.
They see not why they should so long
Remain in such cold apathy,
To be united by one bond
In the same wond'rous destiny.
Their thoughts exchanged they will agree
That they should by one power unite,
And part no more on earth again.
But aid each other on aight,
And heaven approved the welcome thought,
And caused all influences to meet;
Time, chance, and circumstance combine
To bring these Provinces greet.

Unite! unite! you have one sympathy
 For British laws that leave your spirit free;
 Let jealous hearts give up each selfish end,
 And to the public good in honor bend,
 And old Britannia's lovely flag shall wave
 On these new shores above the free and brave.
 'Twould ill become to check the swelling tide
 That brings this ship to port in royal pride.
 'Twere better far for old Columbia's shore
 To see her flag wave here for ever more.
 Columbia's sons would see her kiss the breeze,
 Her soul reminded of her ancient days,
 Pride as they gaze upon her royal flow
 That braved the winds a thousand years ago!

'Twill serve to bind our cousin's restless heart
 From grasping more than his own ordered part,
 And teach his soul to turn her greedy eye
 To know what may concern his destiny;
 Guide him to learn how well to rule his own
 Fore he attempts to dictate Britain's throne.
 'Twould give us power and influence abroad,
 And dignify us every step we trod.
 We'd follow Britain in her upward flight,
 As she may lead in principles of right.
 One flag of pride should wave o'er every land,
 One song be sung in every noble band,
 One soul would fire us to our work of love,
 One arm be raised against the Fenian drove,
 England and we sworn friends for evermore,
 What other power could then stand us before.
 Unite! unite! bring forth the royal ring,
 The bridal song let every pea-ant sing;
 Haste! haste! now on and fore the altar swear
 That each to each be linked in holy care;
 Let heaven preside; cement our hearts in one
 And bind us ever to one royal throne.
 Then shall we gain respect from every land,
 And sail life's ocean as one happy band.

England would spend her boundless wealth to aid,
 And soon develop resources of trade ;
 The mineral kingdom would unfold her store,
 And every year boast of vast treasures more.
 O'er lake and land one song of union heard,
 And plenty chiming free in every word ;
 Void of the stern austerity at home,
 Void of the wild democracy of Rome.
 These mighty lakes unequalled on the earth
 Would give their riches of unbounded worth,
 The good of each, but void of every ill,
 That 's seen in governments of potent will.
 Void of the curse that rules the popular voice ;
 Rule every place and person at their choice ;
 Enough of each so let it e'er remain
 Till future wisdom free us from each stain.

What evils thus we would by this evade,
 And haggard memories bury with the dead ;
 Yea, now, one blood, one language, and one race,
 One thought should bind us in perpetual grace.
 One aim should then inspire our every soul,
 Unite the parts into one perfect whole,
 And let Victoria sway her sceptre wide
 O'er our loved land of happiness and pride ;
 Or grant a prince from old Britannia's Isle,
 That his mild countenance gladly on us smile,
 Then shall we be as happy as of yore,
 When rambling free upon her favored shore.

British North America.

That mind that rules throughout th' eternal skies,
 And where the mightiest circl'd planet flies,
 And scans the whole with one glance of his eye,
 And doth all time and circumstance espy,
 Knew just as well some million years ago,
 As moments now that do this instant flow,
 That these vast lands should yet in one unite,
 For some great purpose of his mind of might.
 To well combine the good of Europe's powers,
 Reject the bad from these fair shores of ours.

Bring right to right from every distant shore,
 And blend them here in bliss for evermore.
 We are designed by heaven's own wise decree
 To be a model of a country free.
 Young Jonathan has had his trial's day,
 False to his trust it fled from him away ;
 And now his cousin, trusted with the grace,
 Stands on th' eminence of his former place.
 True to our trust, firm at the sacred post,
 Let us not yet, as other lands, be lost ;
 But stand to adorn, throughout all distant time,
 Our country fame ; in every other clime
 There is a law, a principle divine,
 That runs through all this noble theme of mine ;
 Heaven doth design throughout these measures all
 To teach mankind new lessons for their soul.
 There's some new light in every theme of power
 That men discuss throughout life's chequered hour ;
 Some dross doth fall from every changing age,
 That yet is seen disgracing history's page ;
 And good will come, yea, universal good,
 Where once of yore some ancient error stood.
 Man may propose, in good and evil, too,
 God rules o'er all, and gives mankind their due ;
 The world moves on, let man say what he will,
 Some Gallio moves in every circle still.
 Heaven's own decree to renovate this earth,
 And make it brighter than 'twas at his birth,
 Will come to pass in spite of scoffers' tongue,
 The atheist riddle, and the gambler's song ;
 For his great mind preside for evermore
 O'er every scene, through time, on every shore.

Parental authority and care of England.

They hung in pride upon the parent breast,
 Lean on her arm in calm repose for rest,
 And gladly learn'd the counsel that she gave
 In danger's hour, their country's homes to save.
 Her noble heart beat oft with English pride
 To her proud sons far o'er the ocean's tide ;

Her breast oft heaved with brilliant hope or fear,
As joy or care around these sons appear ;
Lifts her proud sword and wields the glittering blade,
As threats from foes towards these sons are made.

Betimes the sons do feel their bosom swell
With all the pride their mother knew so well,
Feel manly blood coursing through their veins,
And long with her to hold a nation's reins ;
They court a scepter and smile on the light
Of all the gems of Britain's crown so bright.
A province sounds so childish to their ears,
Savors of youth and its dependant years ;
Now childhood's days have fled in peace away,
They hail their manhood's strong and brighter day.
A nation's say ! and then their hopes beat high,
Pride in their breasts inspires their wings to fly,
They court the bliss that other lands enjoy,
To sway a power that none dare it alloy.
A noble power to reign upon the earth,
Like to that land that gave these children birth ;
Like her in power, alike in honor, too,
To God and virtue bound for ever true ;
That under heaven his grand design may all
Be done to save us children of the fall,
And lift our race from error, sin and death
To all the glories of the Christian faith,
The world doth move—there 's in the womb of time
More glorious scenes than 's told in poets' rhyme.
And every nation 'neath the glorious sun
Has its own work for heaven's will to be done :
And God must reign on earth for evermore
In peace and bliss on every distant shore.
Sons of proud Britain yet, they stand apart,
One in their spirit, one affection rules the heart ;
Each thrive for mastery, and each shew the proof,
Each serve his own and stand in pride aloof ;
Each love the laws and principles that guide
The British race and rules their breast of pride ;
Each have 'n estate, and cultivate their own,

Bearing resemblance to the British throne.
 Like jealous boys who 've left their fathers' hearth
 Strive on to shew which prove of greatest worth ;
 John keeps an eye upon the rapid stride
 Made by his brother settled by his side .
 William and Thomas labor on to show
 Whose brow shall yet with brightest lustre glow.
 What if their wealth and interests were one,
 What light would shine around th' Imperial throne ;
 Union is strength, and yet reluctantly
 They yield their wealth to a fond parent's plea.
 Here an elder brother feels deep troubles roll
 Around the precincts of his lustrous soul ;
 Quarrels arise, with them those questions grave.
 From which no power our country seems to save.
 Passions awake, and prejudice so deep
 Hankers the breast for which the land doth weep :
 The storms arise, the elements do rage,
 No power essays to rule the troubled age.

His Excellency Lord Viscount Monck.

Noble son of Briton's isle,
 Heaven in favor smiles on thee,
 And the genius it had given
 Pours on us its fulness free.
 As Britania's lovely Queen
 Shows her qualities sublime,
 That o'er all the empire will
 Be hallow'd through all coming time.
 And imperishable love,
 Twining round her gracious heart,
 Binds us by its holy ties
 That no power can rend apart.
 So may thy benignity
 On our hearts for ever shine .
 Let examples of thy life
 Lead us in the ways Divine.
 England's greatest honor 's given
 In deep confidence to thee ;
 Live to see her sons unite

In one great confederacy.
 Let thy talents on us shine
 E'er in their effulgent glow,
 Let thy heart on us dispense
 All the goodness it doth know.
 Thou hast won our hearts of love,
 Dwell within them evermore.
 Then thy memory to us
 Will be sweet when life is o'er.
 Bind us to the parent State,
 Tighten bands that hold us there,
 That whatever fate betide,
 Gladly we that fate will share.
 The sound principles of right
 That do rule that breast of thine
 Never would dislodge the tie
 That binds us with strength divine.
 There is now no other law
 To cause us to gravitate,
 Or incline us to unite
 With Columbia's doubtful fate.
 Providence hath its design
 To accomplish in us all,
 And 'tis not His holy will
 That one power should rule the whole
 If so, heaven would give it light,
 Wisdom, too, from thrones above,
 And its cause impel by might
 For deep purposes of love.
 Thou hast held our interests dear,
 Watching cousin's motions, too,
 And we trust thy heart of truth
 Will to us be ever true.

Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, Provincial Aide-de-Camp.

O! that the soul of Mantua's son of song
 Were given to me as I my own prolong;
 Then would I see, as with an eagle eye,
 The height my song on heavenly wings would fly;
 Nor now forget that on the battle plain

Brave heroes did immortal honors gain.
 Awake my muse and plume thy golden wing,
 Betimes of war or noble warriors sing ;
 Brave Irvine's name adorns our favored shore,
 Whose soldier pride comes down to us from yore ;
 At th' hero's fount the hero's nectar drank,
 Though bound to England's noblest minds of rank,
 Should Fenians rage or desecrate our soil
 His brilliant genius would their purpose foil,
 And gain him honors and immortal fame
 To cluster round his ancient British name ;
 And every heart of patriotic fire
 In Christian breasts would all his good desire.
 Like Havelock, brave, or Wellington whose prayer
 Clove heaven's own dome and rent the troubled air ;
 Or Gideon once who leaning on his God
 And bathed his sword for victory in blood ;
 May heaven's own bliss e'er follow in thy wake
 While thou on earth dost earthly weapons shake.
 And when their honors fall from off thy breast
 May heaven then grant its own eternal rest ;
 No more to sway thy scathing sword in blood,
 But rest for e'er in th' bosom of thy God,
 With those immortals that have left our earth.
 And gain'd them honors of eternal birth,
 'To fall no more upon th' embattled plain,
 But bathe in bliss eternally, amen.

Gen. John A. Macdonald, Attorney General West.

Thou noble spirit of our age,
 Moulding the destinies of men,
 Thy fame and powers I need not praise,
 Or paint thee with a poet's pen.
 Thou, thou whose mind doth know the power
 That moves our principles of soul,
 And when to sway them at command.
 From centre to circumference all.
 Thou dost like heaven's great sun retire
 Betimes to let the stars shew light,
 Revolving from our view to come

Renew'd in thy resplendant light.
 And bury every twinkling star
 In its transcendant glory then ;
 The mental skies are draped of hue
 And beauty untold with my pen.
 The mighty powers were lent to aid
 This grand unrivaled matchless scheme
 That doth demand my brightest powers
 To touch it as a favor'd theme.
 England, chosen high in heaven
 To dictate and to rule the world,
 Commands thy lustrous powers, protect
 And guard her banners here unfurled.
 And well thy mighty spirit knows
 Her glorious destiny on this shore,
 Engrave those talents on its page,
 In lustre to decline no more.

Hon. A. T. Galt.

It may not be generally known to Canadians that the Minister of Finance was the son of one of England's brightest geniuses and ablest poets, who wrote some of the most brilliant works that through all time will adorn our English literature. He was cotemporary with Byron, traveled with him as a personal friend of that supernatural genius, and wrote a successful history of his life. Mr. John Galt was the founder of the town of Guelph. He left Canada for his native land, where he died and I may justly say, as the Hon. Atty. Gen. Cartier said of Hon. Mr. Harwood's speech on Confederation: "I have one emotion of regret—it is that the venerable ancestor of that gentleman has not from the tomb heard the accents—the well-considered, loyal and heartfelt expressions of his descendant—how justly would he have been proud of him."

Son of a genius whose renown
 Has echo'd far from pole to pole,
 And whose transmitted powers are here
 Combined in thy illustrious soul.
 Can we forget the varied thought,
 He wrote and spoke on many a theme.
 Renown'd with Byron and his fate,
 Who realized a poet's dream.

His favored hand first raised the blow
That echo'd death to scenes so wild
Around the beauteous town of Guelf
That wears an aspect now so mild.
He bid the genius of this land
Depart before his lustrous own,
And stamp't its strength upon our shore,
To shine around Britannia's throne.
And thou art here his equal now,
Dictating our own destiny,
Live on and let thy lofty mind
Be honor'd by the happy free.
Thou dost contribute to unite
These youthful muscles in one power,
That they unitedly be raised
To save us in the trying hour.
Keep pace, then, with that parent mind
That knew no trial too profound,
But breasted every sullen wave,
And o'er the billows eyed the ground.
We want thee though thou oft mightst err,
We pardon minds so pure as thine,
No human genius yet conceived
The compass of the laws divine.
Deep on the tablets of our heart,
As was old Calais once of yore,
Engraved on Mary's troubled breast,
As it was seen when life was o'er.
So thou art ours, we fondly own
And pride in thee our country's son,
Live on and let declining years
Be peaceful as the setting sun.
Let it go down with mildest rays
Diffused around its every part,
We give to thee our latest love,
Give thou to us thy noble heart.
And let it dearer to us be
Than Shelly's was within its urn,
Embalm'd with Scott's deep holy songs,
Whose genius did around it burn.

Wm. Alexander Campbell.

Now to a mind that nature favors long,
 Through wearied years my harp shall still prolong ;
 'Twas said the souls the gods did love died soon,
 But since, the gods themselves are dead and gone ;
 And nature's God doth reign supreme o'er all
 Through earth's domain from pole to distant pole ,
 His will endow'd thy soul with various powers,
 Ordained thy work in this young world of ours.
 Yea, Campbell knew those native powers could rise
 And grow in brilliance 'neath our favored skies ;
 Firm he resolved with motives of great strength
 To climb fame's hill, and reach its brow at length ,
 The sun's meridian pouring burning rays
 Is a type of powers his brilliancy displays ;
 And life's meridian lingers on her throne
 Full of the glory that he gain'd alone.
 By efforts great that laboring in his breast
 Ne'er halted yet to give that spirit rest ;
 The law's deep maxims his bright eagle eye
 Did soon discern and all its depths espy ;
 In vain another comes to overthrow
 His woud'rous powers of skill and tact below ;
 He seems to read as letters clear and bright
 Within man's heart those characters of light ;
 Pierce its low depths, to see its subtle plan,
 To baffle justice and the rights of man ;
 He'll eye a thought to make that conscience blush
 And crimson guilt soon o'er his countenance rush ;
 His statèly form and his quick motion'd eye
 Doth daunt the soul who trembling hastes to fly ;
 He, like a warrior on th' embattled plain,
 Asks where 's the foe who will him fight again ;
 And like his namesake on the mounts of Rome
 Doth lift his sword as vet'rans round him roam ;
 While tears swift fell they asked the monarch why
 Those crystal dew-drops trembled from his eye ;
 Quaintly replied, " 'cause there 's no monarch's throne
 For this proud sword to bid now tremble down ;
 Where are their crowns that I, as children's play,

May toss their glory with like ease away :
 No farther scope to swell my honored name,
 Oh prove my strength to gain some brighter fame.
 Thus, honored sir, thou stand'st on thy own mount
 Where thy great soul can happy scenes recount,
 And gaze on life's vast labyrinth which thou
 Hast traversed o'er, a wonder to thee now,
 May that bright soul that burns of Grecian light
 Live long again to shed its lustre bright,
 And chain a world beneath its happy spell
 By powers of thought my language fails to tell.

Wm. T. M. M.C.C.

Fond son of Erin's Emerald Isle,
 Which of her sons so sweet can sing,
 And who, of all her mighty minds
 Can gems of brighter lustre bring,
 Born 'neath the shades of Tara's Halls,
 Where once its ancient Saint did breathe,
 His own immortal soul to thee
 Immortal genius did bequeathe.

Her hills and dales are fondly carved,
 Indelibly upon thy heart ;
 And Gibraltar's firmest rocks
 Would sever here these two could part.
 Thy name shines on their history's page,
 Long as those rocks of hers endure,
 And glittering thoughts thy mind hath shed,
 Will live to adorn her glory pure.

She gave to thee a genius bright,
 Embellished with her native hand—
 Thou hast returned them thrice to her
 Brightening thy own sweet native land.
 Thy genius sparkles o'er the land,
 As dew-drops on the lovely rose—
 Its diamond hue on Erin's page
 Now in immortal lustre glows !

The bard and orator of might—
Historian—politician too,
A genius fruitful as the tree
Whose boughs bear fruit of brightest hue.
Give then to see these lands unite ;
And stamp thy genius on their face
That all its brilliance may endure
For o'er in majesty and grace.

Let Scotia's sons, and Erin's, too,
With Britain's noblest minds unite
To regulate this theme of ours,
And guide its helm to port afloat ;
And raise a power on these shores
That shall give each his native own,
And make the happy people free,
Contented 'neath Britannia's throne

That they may prouder of it be
Than Jonathan is of his fourth,
And bind it to their hearts of love,
A pearl to all of endless worth ;
Let it upon these shores endure
A medium 'tween these countries far,
And shine before them in a light
As mild as the bright evening star.

This poem is but a synopsis of a larger work the author has written on the subject, but hopes that the sale of it in parts will assist him to publish the whole work, and by circulating among the masses will reconcile them to the utility and majesty of the scheme itself.

