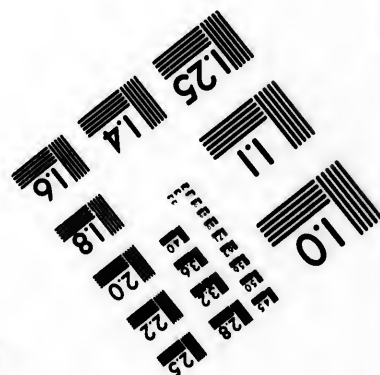
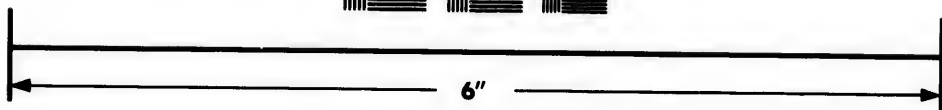
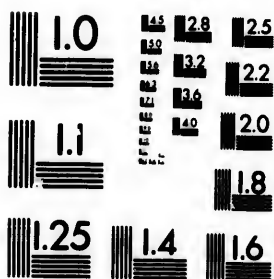


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1983

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

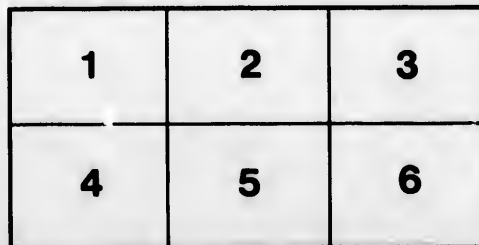
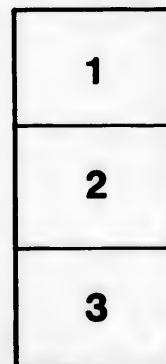
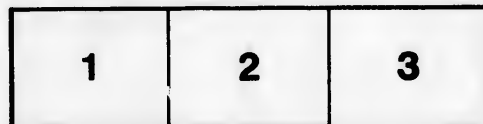
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

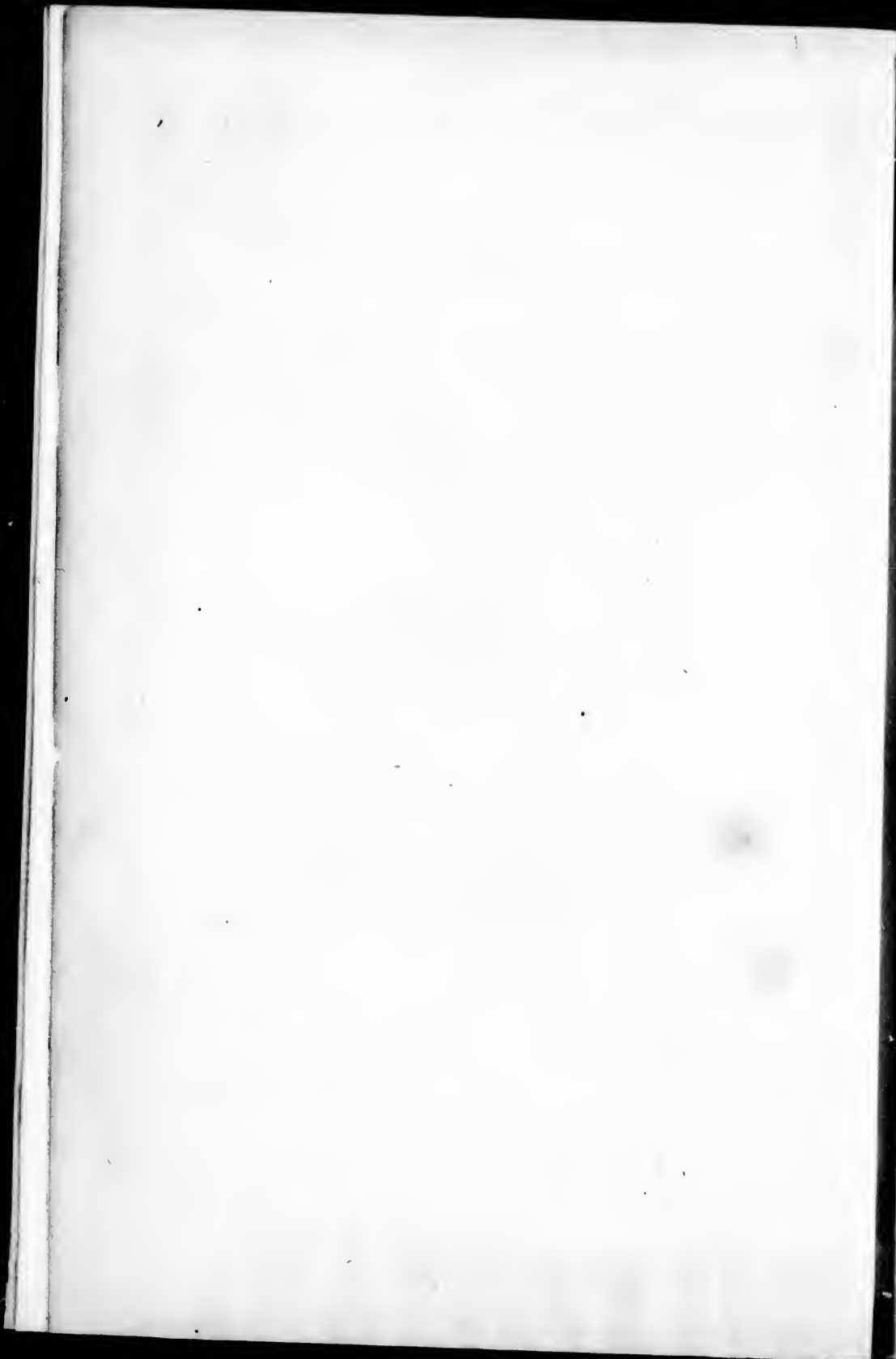
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

errata
to

pelure,
on à





Fragment of text from the adjacent page, appearing as faint, illegible markings on the right edge of the image.



Miss C. C. C. C. C.
Miss C. C. C. C. C.

1780





Albert Edward V.

Albert Edward V.



Can. Poetry

A
WELCOME
TO
Albert, Prince of Wales,
AND OTHER POEMS.

—♦♦♦—
Dedicated to His Royal Highness, as a token of sincere respect,
BY HAROLD SHERWOOD.



TORONTO :
PRINTED BY LOVELL & GIBSON, YONGE STREET.
1860.

PS 8437
H 47 W 4

69912

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE



CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

J

P R E F A C E .

It may be considered presumptive in one unknown to fame thus signaling the glorious pleasure so long looked forward to with smiling anxiety.

All understand my allusion as concerning the arrival of His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, on Canadian ground.

From the moment that joyous voices wafted the intelligence abroad, each breast experienced the deepest feeling of love and patriotic ardour. All desired to see one whose virtues remained untainted, regardless of the ROYAL STAR which some princes deem an apology for unenviable deeds, and heartless bravado. But our prince comes amongst us with a simple and purely honest grace: he expects us to welcome him with patriotic zeal; and that the love we bear his treasured mother will be manifested by the reception of her son. He has not been, nor, if I understand Canadians, shall he be disappointed.

And thus am I tempted to present a token of sincere respect and loyalty, to one whom I honor as a MAN, and consider in every way worthy of love. The sympathy of native Canadians and upholders of British freedom, will be the grandest reward receivable.

By some, my task would have been considered a trouble; yet the cause which it maintains renders it a supreme pleasure. I say this, because the "Welcome," &c. &c., was written between

hours of pressing business, which could not be cast aside at a moment's warning. Therefore, if I have not reached the pinnacle which my many friends would desire, and perhaps expected, I can but offer the above apology to those who tempted the writer to undertake his task.

But, furthermore, I do not by this wish to shield myself from criticism: where that ordeal has to be endured I will endeavor to bear up as well as possible.

What I desire is, the **SUPPORT** of all who consider this undertaking as worthy of such a privilege; and at some future day he may again join in the gushing shout, **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! HER CONSORT, AND THE NOBLE PRINCE OF WALES!**

HAROLD SHERWOOD.

SARNIA, C. W., September, 1890.



AN OFFERING

FROM A NATIVE CANADIAN,

TO

The Royal Heir

OF BRITAIN'S DEATHLESS THRONE.

MAY HIS PROLONGED LIFE

BE WREATHED WITH GLORY'S PUREST FLOWERS ;

MAY HE SHINE

THE BRIGHTEST GEM IN VICTORIA'S PEERLESS CROWN :—

THEN, WHEN CALLED TO REST,

MAY A GRANDER THAN MORTAL WELCOME

THRILL HIS GLADDENED SOUL.

Sarnia, C. W., September, 1860.



WERS;

GROWZ; —

HN

Ich Dien.

ANOTHER link of purest love,
Unites us with fair Britain's shore ;
A hallowed radiance from above,
Its genial rays, with bliss, doth kindly pour
Upon those hearts that once, with bitter scorn,
Throbb'd wildly to resist a queenly sway :—
God knows no sweeter majesty was born,
Than when our Sovereign blessed her natal day.

It is not only strength in Death's cold field,
When sword meets sword, and finds a ghastly sheath ;
Not only this that makes a nation yield :—
But the command of one whose Heavenly wreath
Is bound with Virtue's fairest-blooming flowers,
Has nobler weight ;—and God's most hallowed form,
Descending, gives it more than simple powers
To rule each heart, and calm Rebellion's storm.

Blest be that genial, happy hour,
That sends forth one, whose trusting heart
Doth throb with budding manhood's pow'r,
Whilst moving through Life's varied mart.
And, coming to our native land,
Doth seek the bloom of Friendship's rose ;
To find us courting true command,
Where FREEDOM's deathless banner glows.

We do not clasp thee only for thy NAME ;
 No, not by that may nobles win pure love ;
 But for thine own, and for thy MOTHER'S fame,
 Spotless as snow from hallow'd vaults above !
 God grant that thou may'st live
 In the sure ways that make a kingdom grand ;
 And unto Virtue give
 A brightness, gushing radiance o'er the land.
 For what is Life without a Christian mind,
 Or aspirations for some happier place ;
 Where those who suffer here will surely find
 In that glad home a softly peerless grace.

We have no palaces to offer thee,
 Beaming with wonders from far distant isles ;
 We have no treasures from the mournful sea,
 No ancient trophies from Egyptian piles.
 But we have hearts, untainted by the stain
 Of rank oppression and blood-thirsty zeal ;—
 Bosoms which thrill at sorrow's weary pain,
 And pure enough for cast down WORTH to feel.

We welcome thee,
 True emblem of fair Britain's Sovereign Queen ;
 We welcome thee,
 From o'er the wild Atlantic's stormy waves,
 Where wasting forms repose in boundless graves ;
 Where British TRIUMPH hath beamed on the world,
 And British SAILORS hot defiance hurl'd ;
 Where Victory's cry pealed o'er the angry deep,
 And silently, each hero sank to sleep.

But now, our gladdened gaze
 Is turned upon this ever-trembling ocean ;
 And there, amid the blaze
 Of joyous, strong, and nobly pure devotion,
 Comes forth the longed for one,
 Whose presence, like the sun,
 Doth set all hearts and native love in motion.

He comes not in the golden dress of state,
 As though to tell us we were BOUND to fear ;
 But, knowing that a Sovereign truly great,
 Was by simplicity rendered doubly dear ;
 And therefore she, our loved and royal Queen,
 Contemns the glare and glitter of high station :
 For gaudy show, and proudly distant air,
 But render small the HONOR of a nation.

And now, in after days,
 When our fair home has risen in her might ;
 When the strong rays
 Of noble ardour fall, with sacred light,
 Upon her sons, who, battling for the right,
 Disdain the traitor's vilely gilded smile ;
 Who, clasping Virtue, court the goodly fight
 Which shields her children from earth's venom'd guile.

Then shall the tale be told, with beaming grace,
 Of one whose heart did sympathize with those
 Who burned to win the grandest, noblest race,
 Which in Life's annals with pure radiance glows !

Oh, Canada, be proud!
 With generous zeal proclaim thy love aloud;
 Few Princes knew the blessings he hath found,
 Let each proud heart with patriot might rebound!
 And should the peaceful star
 That beams upon good Britain's happy land
 Be darkened,—from afar
 Shall rise our SONS, and each strong breast expand;
 Like lightning then would flash each angry sword,
 Its watchword HONOR, and its trust—the LORD!

The Heavens will smile upon our continent,
 As long as we revere so pure a Queen,
 And court the herald, by her kindness sent,
 To cheer each heart and light each patriot scene.
 Oh, how the mind is thrilled with magic fire,
 And burns to breathe the wishes of the heart;
 One noble praise, one deathless, strong desire
 To WELCOME thee, bids each glad fibre start.

We dream of that great home,
 Which thou hast left in all its high-wrought glory;
 Dream of those statesmen linked with fearless story,
 Who speak to us in tersely beaming rapture;
 Scorning the smile which wealth's cold glare might capture;
 Seeking—in voices loud as rising thunder—
 To break the bonds of slavish sin asunder.

We dream of that great home,
 Where dauntless champions won each worthy battle,
 Amidst War's blaze, and Death's distressing rattle,
 Fought for her honour, and her righteous cause,
 And spurned all limits but her golden laws ;
 Then dying,—left to brightly peerless fame
 The honest title of a PATRIOT NAME !

Our land hath heroes too !
 No steel-clad legions, thundering on the hoard
 Of fierce invaders, with that seething fire
 Which nerves each heart, and thrills each dauntless sword,
 And bids the foe to liberty expire.

Oh, no ; but sweeter far
 Than the death-glitter of resplendent war,
 Beams softly on fair Canada's domains,
 A calmly peaceful star ;
 Which, radiant, o'er her treasured bosom reigns !
 THAT STAR SHALL NEVER FADE !
 Our sons will nourish, and our deeds deserve
 Dear Britain's fostering aid :
 No mind for GOLD shall from its honor swerve,
 For, gazing high above,
 The truly pure may see a HOME of deathless love !
 God knows the anguish which the traitor hurls
 To the proud heart where WISDOM sits enthroned ;
 Who then would court the banner he unfurls,
 When once the bliss of VIRTUE hath been owned ?

May GOD be with thee in those radiant days,
 When pleasure wreathes thy young and ardent soul ;
 May all thy actions call forth lasting praise,
 And ever live within Fame's purest goal.
 May man look to thee as unto some friend
 Whose title but insures a spotless joy ;
 May distant Princes at thy presence bend,
 And find in thee the gold without alloy !

And may our Queen, oh, yes, the QUEEN OF HEARTS !
 Be ever blessed with subjects such as those
 Who now increase the glowing chain of ARTS,
 Which render England Fame's most treasured rose.
 God bless her with his purely noble gifts,
 And kindly keep her as His beauteous OWN ;
 Thus, though each nation from its beacon drifts,
 Yet she shall shine, a HEAVEN-STAR on her THRONE !

Do not forget the land thou leav'st behind,
 Its tangled forests, and its native streams ;
 Do not forget each worthy, kindling mind,
 Which of its progress, with warm ardour dreams.
 And then, in after years, when thou dost brave
 The ocean's wrath, to view again our land,
 The flag of splendor shall with rapture wave,
 And countless thousands bid thy love expand !
 Aye—we shall conquer sin, and scorn, and toil,
 Nor fear sharp Winter's coldly lashing gales ;
 And then, the purest blossom from our soil,
 Shall be a BLESSING on the PRINCE OF WALES !

soul ;

RTS !

ose.

ONE !

LEISURE MOMENTS.



Miscellaneous Songs and Verses.

1

THE

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF THE

STATE OF

MISSISSIPPI

IN

THE

YEAR 1857

AND

1858

BY

JOHN W. BARNES,

CLERK OF THE ASSEMBLY.

MEMPHIS:

W. W. BARNES, PRINTER,

1859.

THE SLAVE'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN 1859.

They call this life; but little weigh the load
That binds my heart unto its heavy task ;
Nor count they o'er those cutting stripes which goad
My will to work, though veil'd by sorrow's mask.

Oh it is hard! why was I born to slave ?
To bend my back beneath a scorching sun ;
Why is my heart, tho' from its boyhood brave,
Dyed with the tears that now and ever run ?

They think I feel not,—ah, tis hard to see,
Through haughty minds the burdens which they bear ;
But, oh my King! as now I gaze to Thee,
Each trembling nerve is thrill'd with bonded care!

Mayhap they dream that toilers have not hearts,
That slaves were form'd to feel their racking blows ;
To bear in silence those envenom'd darts,
Which roughly kindle dark and ghastly woes!

'Tis many years, full twenty, since the day
I saw my MOTHER borne by ruthless hands,
Far from her home, to feel the fiendish ray,
Pour'd by yon orb, upon despairing bands.

I saw her weep,—ay, saw the sacred tears
 Glide gently o'er her old and furrowed cheek ;
 Then all the hopes, the treasured hopes of years,
 Fled from my brain,—oh God! I could not speak !

I felt a pressure, as though heart and mind and soul
 Had clasped each other in a strong embrace ;
 I felt a shudd'ring tremor softly roll—
 Starting each sinew from its quivering place !

I gazed upon her, oh I dare not think,—
 I dare not summon that distracting hour ;
 Ev'n now I feel a pang of sorrow sink
 Deep in my heart—with more than human pow'r.

They say she died ; that she who soothed my cries,
 Who kindly press'd her sorrowing lips to mine ;
 Hath soar'd above, to find a deathless prize,
 Which, bless'd by angels, shall forever shine.

Adieu my mother ; if by humble pray'r,
 Thy fetter'd son may meet thee once again—
 There to rejoice, and soften rankling care,
 Free from all rack, and free from worldly pain.

There are no slaves in Heaven ; but all shall meet
 Upon that day, when wealth is less than dust ;
 Meet in soft love, to find a hallow'd seat,—
 Or, sink to weep in hell's eternal rust !—

They say I'm curs'd; that he who rules above,
 Disdains to shield the being whom he form'd,
 But oh my God, ev'n now I feel Thy love,
 And feel my breast by mighty longings warm'd.

It cannot be! one day with demon force,
 Stung by the rod which *dare not* wound a man,
 Our tortured race, through memory's remorse,
 Shall, with their blood wash out this seething ban.

Oh Haytian hero, strong of will and hand,
 Would thou wert here to soothe each breaking heart :
 Would thou wert here to lead this pining band,
 And radiant joy to pulseless breasts impart.

Ha! now it is! I feel most nobly strong ;
 I wish to be, and yet I cannot be ;—
 I wish to mingle with life's varied throng,
 Oh FATHER ! FATHER ! when shall we be free.

And they are brave—ay, once their hearts were pure,
 Nor had vile Lucre drawn her venom'd sting ;
 Each nerve was brace'd, nor deign'd they to endure
 One harsh demand, from Britain's haughty king.

They knelt to GOD—ay, breathed each solemn strain,
 With glowing fervour from their tortured hearts ;
 And ancient heads bow'd low to haunting pain,
 Then softly fled from vile oppression's darts.

He lent them strength to blast the harden'd foe ;
He edged each sword with devastating skill ;
He placed his shield before each giant blow ;—
And then most grandly breathed—LET ALL BE STILL.

Now vain degraders, we may kneel to Him,
Yes! we shall find a LEADER in the LORD!
Those tyrant eyes shall suddenly grow dim,
Beneath a cold and wrong dispersing sword!



DECEIVED.

Oh God forgive me! Dark this world of sorrow!
Why have I sinn'd, and lost pure virtue's light?
Heaven once smiled, and I thought then to borrow,
From each soft ray, a clear, eternal light.
Hearts are so fickle! mercy comes to soften
The bitter pangs which burn within the breast;
And love is sweet—and yet the sweetest often
Are the harsh *poisons* which disturb our rest.

Frail are earth's creatures! passion ever burning
Into the veins, with rough, unconquered will!
We fall so calmly—whilst the mind is spurning
A living death, with vain and useless skill.
God knows I struggled! yet there was a devil
In this lone bosom, prompting soft desire:
Oh, how he tempted me unto the revel,—
And lit my pulse with sin's most vicious fire!

My Father! now thy firmament is dreary!
Angels are weeping; one more pearl is lost
From the rich crown,—and I am very weary,
On this wild sea, my bark is roughly tost.
Men have not yet found out my glaring error,—
They smile, and yet each smile is as a sting:
My sisters love me, and their love is terror,
For each kind word doth this dark bosom wring.

I lov'd that tempter— ; lov'd with bitter madness,—
And look'd to him, instead of to my God :
Earth without him, was shorn of all its gladness,
And his false smiles would wreathe the avenging rod!
FATHER! THOU art my friend! wilt **THOU** forsake me?
I *cannot* fall to earth's degraded crowd ;
As a new spirit, kindly do thou make me,
And cleanse this heart so dark and vainly proud !



DREAMING.

I.

Methought a little fairy hand
 Caress'd my coldly drooping head,—
With pressure soft and sweetly bland,
 And a kind voice thus gently said :

“ Sweet one, thy heart is unto mine,
 As honey is unto the flower ;
Whilst thou are absent it must pine—
 O'er each lone thought and frowning hour !”

God knows the thrill that warmed my breast
 When eyes of love were beaming,—
'Twas very sweet to be caress'd—
 But mine—was only dreaming !

I gazed into the starry sky,
 Still dreaming—ever dreaming ;
And ECHO only would reply—
 To questions born of dreaming !

II.

Methought I found a noble friend—
 Whose soul was free from earth's alloy ;
Whose clinging words did purely tend
 To win the smiles of golden joy.

And then he was so simply true,
With heart just like the budding rose,
Which, on its stem, in meekness grew,
To be distress'd by thorny foes.

'Twas like a rainbow from the skies
That told me love was beaming ;
So purely shone those radiant eyes,
Oh, God! it all was dreaming!

I clasp'd my hands with sinking heart,
Still dreaming—ever dreaming ;
But sorrow's cold and frowning dart—
Hath bade me cease my dreaming!



WEARY.

Oh, golden sunset ! do not shed
A halo round my drooping head,
Bathe all than me in glory bright
For others, save that radiant light.

I cannot love the gaudy day,
Its beam to me is as a ray,
Which wounds my softly trembling soul,
And bids the stone of anguish roll.

Hard, hard this ever silent lot,
As though by every friend forgot,
To drag this harsh and heavy load,
Through life's distressed and dull abode.

Each thing on which I set my heart,
Like some kind dream must soon depart.
I cannot love a simple flower—
But soon it feels oppression's power.

How hard it is for one whose breast
Moans ever for a genial rest ;—
To feel the nervous, fevered start
Of that despised and breaking heart.

At eve, when each ethereal star
Shines on me from its home afar,—
I feel a lonesome mystic thrill—
Which binds my coldly distant will.

With pure instinct all seem to know
The child of sorrow here below ;—
And kindly—mournfully bestow
On him, their hallow'd—richest glow.

I am not of that scornful kind,
Who, grasping GOLD, despise the MIND,
My MASTER orders for the best,
And some pure day will give me rest.



HUMAN FRAILTY.

A REMINISCENCE.

"Whom first we Love, you know, we seldom wed."—*Owen Meredith.*

When youth's high visions cheered my mind,

And nature smiled a joyous greeting ;

When reason her kind power resign'd,

Unto a wiser goal retreating.

Ah, then I thought this genial world

Was thrill'd with love forever beaming ;

And each sage whisper from me hurl'd—

As born from hard and selfish dreaming.

Then too I thought that all was pure,

And Love's soft radiance ever glowing ;

Born with earth's grandeur to endure,—

A stream in orient splendour flowing.

Oh, boyhood's love was sweet to me,

But boyhood's love has been rewarded ;

I see each golden vision flee,

Or burn—within my breast recorded.

Few, few the hearts upon this earth,

That sink not by false pleasure's wiling ;

Who, wreathed with every blissful mirth—

Would seek the sad with angel-smiling.

We soon forget each drooping form

That once, with winning smiles, we courted ;

And whirled in pleasure's tempting storm,

But wreck the hopes with which we sported.

Within the soul a passion glows—
 Which youth oft clasps as something dearer ;
 'Tis rainbow bliss—a summer rose—
 But never deigns to prove sincerer.
 All fades beneath the kindly ray
 That wisdom sheds with thrilling gladness ;
 Illumes a half disastrous day,
 And sprinkles balm on ling'ring sadness.

God only knows the weeping hearts
 That transient love has chained in error ;
 Too many feel its venom'd darts,
 And drag a life of haunting terror.
 'Tis hard to read the wayward mind,
 That like a bird on roving pinion,
 When led by NATURE, unconfined,
 Would court each bud in Eve's dominion.

But yet, wild fancy's love is sweet,
 With purity and darkness blended ;
 It beams within the heart's retreat,
 In rays of bliss most softly splendid.
 Yet as a poison is the sting,
 It leaves the bosom harshly burning,
 And every hour doth sorrow fling
 Her darts—which life is thorned in spurning.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

How many a heart of noble feelings formed,
By worldly blasts, hath all but cursed its day ;
How many a breast by genial knowledge warmed,
Hath shrunk from scorn beneath a venomed ray.

I knew a youth with thoughts above his years ;
With mind which burn'd to taste the bliss of fame ;
A spirit which disdained all craven fears,
And long'd to carve a bright immortal name.

Youth is most trustful ;—trusting all who smile
On each vain hazard and each reckless deed :
Thus one base tempter pour'd his stinging guile
Upon a heart, till now, unused to bleed.

As bows the rose before stern winter's frost,
So meekly bow'd that young and stricken form ;
And those soft strings, by ruthless fingers cross'd,
Succumbed before dark sin's corrupting storm.

MAN IS NOT GOD ! though vice had had its day,
Yet one far nobler than the laurelled king,—
Beamed on his path a kind and heaven-born ray,—
And poured sweet balm upon a ruthless sting.

Stern he became : his friends disdained that look,
Which, as a blight, swept o'er their madden'd course ;
And one by one, each hardened worm forsook
His haunts, to own poor pleasure's deadly force !

They called him proud ;—God knows he was not proud,
His heart forbade a passion thus to rise ;—
Mayhap he felt, whilst traversing the crowd,
How few there were whom he could safely prize.

Thus gifted ones—while on this sullen earth
Beget distraction and are scorned of man,—
Because they feel not that ecstatic mirth—
Which stamps the reveller with a christian ban.

Veiled seems all earth to those of mighty minds,
Nor are their dreams the dreams of worldly men ;
There is a link, which magically binds
Each thought, until it glows supreme again.

Now gently led, that youth, once dark with crime,
Weeps tears thrice sacred for his mournful faults ;
Bright hours glide on, to life's most blissful prime,
And penitence his whispered prayer exalts.

THE STAR-LIT L. E.

The stars are gazing meekly down
With trembling azure beam ;
So meekly flooding each dark frown,
In one all-glorious stream.
No words may paint the fairy spell,
Which clasps this heaven born hour,
Now, as pale day hath sigh'd farewell,
To night's enchanting pow'r.

Yon queen of Gems, with noiseless glide
Sheds hallow'd rays of light ;
And, sparkling by her royal side,
The lesser lamps of night—
The soften'd clouds bedeck her hem
In one refulgent mass ;
Some, forming, veil her diadem,
Or o'er all brightly pass.

No sound disturbs the solemn charm,
But nature, lull'd to rest,—
Deigns not to picture hidden harm,
Nor heave her loving breast.
Her golden dreams are but of bliss,
Her tears—not now should flow ;
With throbbing heart she heralds this
Mildly oppressive glow !

GOOD NIGHT.

A PARTING SONG.

Good night! Good night! my purest gem,
May sleep's soft spell enwreath thy soul;
May fancy's richest diadem
Beam on thee, from a Heavenly Goal.
Good night! may angels kindly smile
Upon each dear and genial hour;
May their strong hands shield thee from guile,
And make each link a deathless flow'r.

Thanks for that sweetly tempting lay,
It rests within this troubled heart;
Mayhap some bosom-thrilling day—
Will bid these clouds of sorrow part.
Remember, though I go from thee,
'Tis with the harshly burning sting
Of one, who longing to be free—
Would court Love's ever gushing spring.

'Tis hard to part from those we love,—
Sweet one, 'tis very hard this night,
When stars beam softly from above—
With seeming gentler, hallowed light.
Thy face is brighter, since we pressed
A longing kiss of heart-born joy;
I folded thee unto my breast—
And clasp'd a form without alloy.

There, do not weep, my trembling dear,
But trust in HIM who orders all ;
Quench then each sacred little tear,
And look beyond oppression's pall.
I know that we shall meet again,—
For hearts like ours were never made
To feel an ever-frowning pain,
And love, in mourning robes array'd.

Another kiss before we part,—
Forget me not, and pray forgive ;
If thou did'st scorn this trusting heart,
The darkest thorn, would be—To LIVE!
May Heaven's enwrap and purest Star,
Shed on thy days its softest light—
Sweet one!—Dawn's banner glows afar,
Again ! again ! Good night ! good night.



"FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT."

▲ SONG FOR CANADA.

New Words to an Old Air.

Let ideal fancy show'r her rays,
Her golden dreams, and a' that—
No rainbow Glory shades the praise
Of my dear Land for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Her sons are true, and a' that,
Their hearts are nerved, though she be young,
No foe invades, for a' that.

Let him who masks a traitor's smile,
Who'd blast his home, and a' that ;
Beware the day those hands defile
Her Royal Hem—and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Unsheathes his sword, and a' that ;
That heart will pay its fatal due—
Stream venom'd blood, for a' that.

Shrink—soulless mammon, at her name,
Her glorious course, and a' that ;
She'll mount upon the wings of fame—
And win the goal for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
The miser's grasp and a' that ;
Her joyous shout shall swell the breeze,
Though envy strikes and a' that.

Then, proudly bend a reverend knee,
 Pray for her good and a' that,
 Oh may she be both true and free,—
 Adore her GOD for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 The atheist's snare and a' that ;
 For pleasure's as false coin's gild,
 Its tempting wiles, and a' that.

THE SAILOR BOY'S LAMENT.

Oh! mother, my pathway is lonesome and dreary,
 This heart is so cold, and is pining for home ;
 I rest me at night, and, O God! am so weary—
 But still with a bosom of sorrow must roam.
 In dreams that beam light on my hard-trembling pillow,
 And gush through my soul with a beauteous thrill,
 Methinks I can see thee glide over the billow,
 To whisper kind words with a purified will.

I start from my couch, with deep murmurs of gladness,
 And dart forth my arms to encircle thy form ;
 But the vision has vanished, and, driven to madness,
 I shriek with wild rapture, to welcome each storm.
 For what is dull life, when drawn out in long weeping,
 Without a sweet friend to encourage or cheer,—
 Without a pure soul, as God's sentinel, keeping
 Its watch o'er the mind, with a merciful fear ?

For, mother! I left thee in want and in sorrow,
 To rove the wild ocean, and wounded thy love ;
 Thus, link'd with vile comrades, endeavour'd to borrow,
 By sin and oppression, a beam from above!
 Come to me—Come! in my desolate terror,—
 I feel as though hell had burned into my soul ;
 If this is the sentence for ONE glaring error,—
 What fearful distress must be found in earth's goal !

Mother! Oh, heavens! that I might behold thee,
 And whisper those words from my sorrowing heart ;
 Could I once in these arms, now repentant, enfold thee,
 And ask thy forgiveness—all pangs would depart !
 I'LL COME TO THEE, MOTHER! for thou canst not hear me,
 I'll cling to thee only, and share thy lone lot ;
 Mayhap these sad follies will doubly endear me,
 And home may be yet a pure heaven-lit spot !



STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Fear not the burning breath of scorn,
Nor heed the traitor's withering gaze ;
Though heart and life be meanly torn
Amid the never-dying blaze.
Pray God for strength to brave the world,
And beam upon thy soul His light ;
Then, though ten thousand darts be hurled,
STAND UP FOR TRUTH, AND CLASP THE RIGHT !

Be proud to suffer bitter pains—
Be proud to weep in secret sorrow ;
A star behind the cloud remains—
With beams to gild the glad to-morrow.
ARISE ! nor fear the battle's strength,—
Put forth each fibre's giant might ;
And, though it wage a weary length,
STAND UP FOR TRUTH, AND CLASP THE RIGHT !

Go ! don thine armour, and with shield,
Prepare to face each raging storm ;
Behold the gilded fiends who wield
A venom'd sword, beneath the form
Of smiling virtue,—then with heart
Unwavering, do thou bravely smite ;—
Ay ! striking down each lifeless dart,—
STAND UP FOR TRUTH, AND CLASP THE RIGHT !

God will defend the dauntless one
Who braves that wildly seething fire,
Which, scorching as the mid-day sun,
Bids golden LIBERTY expire.
Down to the earth—degraded lot ;—
Be shrouded in eternal night !
But ye of virtue—ne'er forgot—
WHO STOOD FOR TRUTH, AND CLASPED THE RIGHT !

Princess of Wales
England



ALONE.

I want a friend—a kind, a gentle friend!
One who can smile, and ease my burdened heart;
One who can cause my haughty will to bend,
And genial rays of virtuous bliss impart.

I may be vile;—Great God! I *am* most vile,
But grant that gem—that gem of spotless grace;
Not outward show, for the most venom'd guile
Is sometimes veiled by an enchanting face.

ALONE! ALONE! in this dark world of sin;
The great may praise, but still I am alone,—
There dwells a small, a clinging wound within,
Which summons, oft, a low but heart-thrill'd moan.

I want a friend! oh, grant that mighty boon;
One who can soothe, though softened by my tears;
Let not a life be blighted at its noon,
But gild the hopes, the joys of future years.

They see me smile, they hear each gladsome jest,
But little dream how bitterly it glides;
I would that fount within my weeping breast—
Could once but shew the torture which it hides.

I want a friend—but *one* from this great world,
A friend to guide my rough obstructed course ;
To teach me how to scorn that language hurled
By those who grasp a hard, and rankling force.

And may not this, e'en this, be won by me ?
Ah, no ! ah, no ! I am denied a friend !
Must I the haunts of mortal beings flee,
To find, withal, a sad and fearful end ?

Be *thou* my friend ! I dare not breathe thy name,—
Oh, that I ever had been pure as thee !
Then might I soar unto the realms of fame,
And chaunt my lays from Time's immortal tree !



PANDEMONIUM.

A Vision.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY

THE PANDEMONIUM
PANDEMONIUM.

—
A VISION.
—

Down in the depths of the earth,
Low in the mines of the earth,
Scorching the sides of the earth,
Was a pit ;

Oh, such weird and ghastly devils,
Linked in Hell's infernal revels,
Haunted it !

Yells of pain, and yells of anger,
Yells, and ear-distracting clangour,
Yells, from vile unseemly spirits,
Thrill'd each cell !

Horror! Horror! See yon form,
Like a demon of the storm ;
See that wild dishevell'd hair,
Mark that terrible despair,—
Hear those cries !

"Who art thou, sin-tortured being,
Thus all human comfort fleeing,
Thus before the very light,
Of Heaven's skies?"

"I am **MURDER, MURDER, MURDER!**
I am one who spurned Love's portal ;
'Tis a curse to be immortal,"
He replies.

"I have felt Hell's seething fire,
 Felt each flame mount higher and higher ;
 Seen my King,
 With his sable trident gleaming,
 And his torch of venom beaming,
 Dart each sting.
 I am damn'd, and oh, so weary ;
 Damn'd, and clasped by chains so dreary,
 Oh, so weary, weary, weary !

"Though my days on earth were bitter,
 Though a curse seemed on me there ;
 Though each moment was a dagger
 Of soul-distracting care :—
 Yet, far sooner would I live them,
 And each burning era bless,
 To escape this thorn'd dominion,
 And find earth's soft tenderness !"

See yon form, so lank and bony,
 With an eye so harsh and stony ;
 With a motion never ending,
 And such blood-chills darkly sending
 To each heart.
 He is coming, coming, coming,
 He is summing, summing, summing,
 Each vile deed ;
 Shield me, shield me, oh ye demons
 From his dart !

Ha! I feel my heart rebounding,—
Dost thou hear its hollow sounding?

Bleed, oh bleed,

No! Hell's fire has dried the fountain,
 And each drop has burned the mountain
 Of Despair!

It is Conscience with his subjects!—
 How they rave with wild exertion,
 Court, but may not clasp desertion;
 Hear each shriek!

“ See you stream of fiery venom,
 Run, in molten splendour down
 The hill of black destruction,
 Satan's scorching throne to crown;
 How it rolls,
 While harshly tolls
 Each brazen bell from haunted spires;
 Tingle, tingle, tingle,
 Hear them as they darkly mingle;
 As they with distracting clearness
 Blazon Satan's red desires!
 And his minion never tires,
 Feels, but scorns the seething wires!

“ PHANTOMS! PHANTOMS! PHANTOMS!
 Ghastly beings curs'd with sorrow,
 Doom'd to know no brighter morrow,
 Doom'd a harsher sting to borrow
 From each pang!

Oh! those withering, withering shrieks!
 Not a breath of air relieves us,
 Not a tear bedews an eye;
 All is wailing, wailing, wailing,
 Fraught with each envenom'd sigh!

“There is one who lov'd to madness
 Each vile drop of ruddy wine;
 Hear his mournful groans of sadness,
 Hear his cries for worldly gladness,
 Mark each sorrow laden sign!
 And ruthless hands,
 At stern commands,
 Point—with taunting words of glee;
 How they laugh, laugh, laugh,
 And like darkly worthless chaff,
 He—before their wrath—doth flee!

“Oh, how burning is my soul,
 And such heated blood-drops roll
 Through my veins;
 Beat, beat, beat,
 I have reached Hell's blackest goal!
 Such impure and ghastly pains
 Thrill my pulses madden'd nerve;
 And each chord doth wildly swerve
 From its place!

“ There is Wealth, with lantern features,
Who oppress'd his fellow creatures,—

To heap mounds of shining gold ;
But that gold could not win Heaven,
Nor kind MERCY's smile unfold ;

How he meanly, meanly moans,
And enfolds his clattering bones ;
Looking vainly for a friend,
Looking vainly for an end

To that road !

Oh, great Heaven! the Heaven of childhood,

Could I feel thy blissful rays,

I would brave earth's seething dangers,

With a scorn for MORTAL praise !

But no, no, no !

I must feel this bitter flow,
Must withstand each giant blow,
Must be scorched by Satan's glow,
Must sink low, low, low

In each wave !

Roll, roll, roll,

Ye molten streamlets roll ;

Toll, toll, toll,

Ye deafening 'larums toll !

“ Those fiendish yells again !

Hurling dire and shafted pain ;

Thunders crash !

And lightnings flash ;

See those weird and ghastly forms,
Hear the monarch of Hell's storms!

Crash, crash, crash!

Hear the thunder's bruising rattle,
As though Hell-hounds sped to battle!

Dash, dash, dash!

Glowing eyes, with scalps asunder,
Heated tongues, with starting blisters;
Shrivell'd lips—agape in wonder,

Front the stream which redly glisters.

Groans and sighs,

Wildly rise;

Meteors flash and sprinkle stings;

Quivering hearts feel each strong ray;

Ha! that vile pool hotly flings

Ever-burning Hell-born spray!

See them rush, with awe-struck mien,

From that everlasting scene!

But the race is never run;

How it circles round their path;

See yon hot and fiery sun,

See yon faintly beaming stars,

Peep through grated, glittering bars;

How all run, run, run!

“Oh, I feel a sickening madness,

Such a drear and utter sadness

Thrill my brain.

Demons near me, near me, near me;

Starting eye-balls roughly sere me;

I am mad, mad, mad !

Hear that strain :

Soft and softer glide its ripples,

Pure and purer wax its notes ;

Oh, how hard this is to hear it,

Hear it as it purely floats,—

Hear it as it sweetly swells,

Hear it as it grandly wells

From yon choir !

Hope—expire.

See ! the angels purely whisper,

Hear the timbrel's melting breath ;

Oh, 'tis more than Hell to bear it,

Thus denied the bliss of death !

“ How happy are those radiant brows,

That beam with clinging bliss ;

'Tis vile to hear their soul-born vows,

Amid the hiss

Of Hell's infernal blasts.

“ Yet we still must gaze to Heaven,

Feel each burning, fiendish pang ;

Hear the rippling notes of gladness,

'Midst the clang

Of bells and fleshless outcasts ;

Blistered, ghastly, worried devils,

Bound to taste these venom'd revels ;

Bound to clasp eternal anguish,

Bound, with howling fiends to languish,

And to moan !

“ But no crystal tear uprises,
 Though yon angel band surprises,
 Yet 'tis there there, there,
 Ever there !

Oh, one drop of cooling water—
 Victims of this bloodless slaughter ;
 Cankered woes, and burning bosoms,
 Shrivell'd hearts and nerveless sinews,
 Brains on fire, and thrilled with venom,
 Haunt this pit !

But above !—the blaze of rapture
 Waxes viler from the sight ;
 Drink this sere and bubbling sulphur—
 Oh, that Hell too had one night !

“ Ha ! my senses quickly dwindle,
 See yon meteor hotly kindle ;
 I am wild, wild, wild !
 Oh, Heaven ! and so defiled !
 I am going, going, going,—
 Charon's bark is gently rowing ;
 His AVERNIAN stream is flowing !
 Forms are before me,
 Demons rush o'er me,
 I must back to bristling Hell,—
 Fare-thee-well ! ”

INDEX.

	PAGE
WELCOME TO THE PRINCE	7
LEISURE HOURS :	
The Slaver's Soliloquy.....	15
Deceived	19
Dreaming	21
Weary	23
Human Frailty	25
Shadow and Sunshine	27
The Star-Lit Eve	29
Good Night	30
" For a' that and a' that "	32
The Sailor Boy's Lament	33
Stand for the Right	35
Alone	37
MANDEMONIUM	41

