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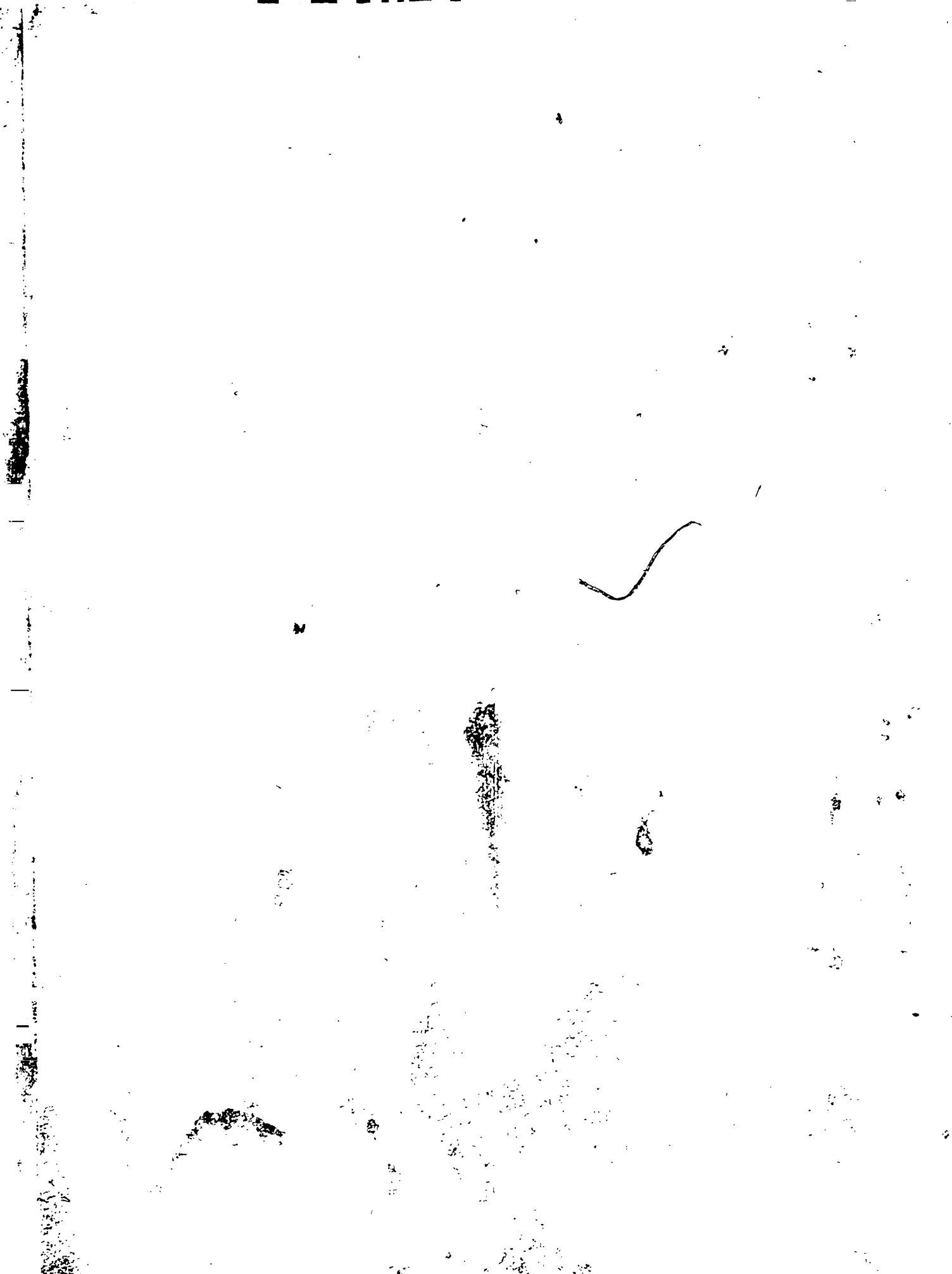
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ABRAM'S PLAINS:

. A

P O E M.

*Hæc studia adolescentia alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant,
adversis solatium et per fugium præbent; delectant domi, non impe-
diunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

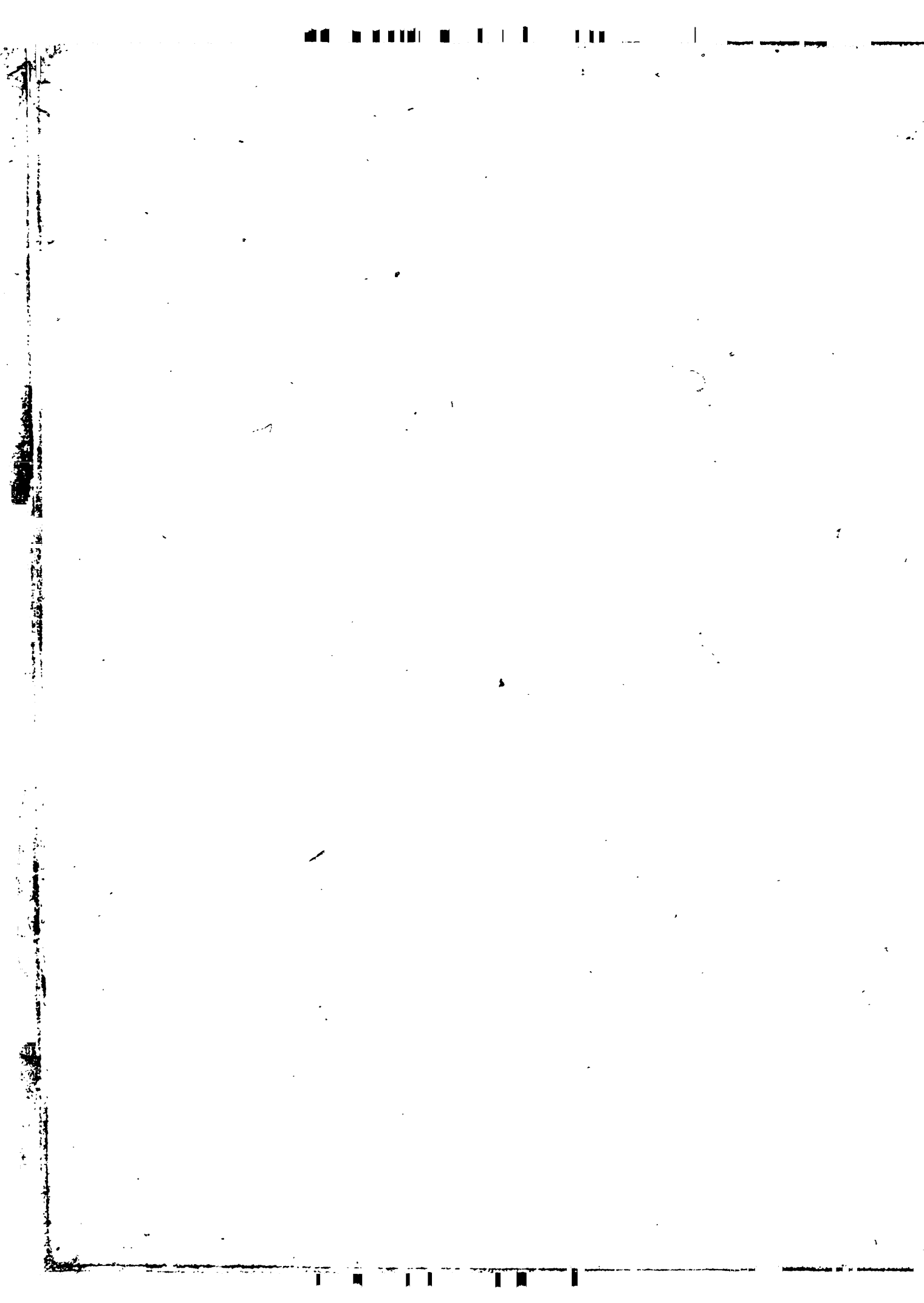
TULL.

By THOMAS CARY, Gent.

Q U E B E C:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.



P R E F A C E.

AT a time when literature seems to be emerging from the closet to illuminate our horizon, I venture to usher into day the following little poem, the offspring of a few leisure hours; which I hope will not be unpleasing to the lovers of polite learning.

If I may be allowed to judge from experience, I must pronounce descriptive poetry, that exhibits a picture of the real scenes of nature, to be the most difficult to excel in. To vary, harmonize, soften and add the necessary graces to description to make it palatable to a judicious and poetical reader require no small genius and skill. I think far more than are requisite to any thing of the fabulous kind, whose fabric is the sole work of imagination and where the fancy has full play.

Convinced of this difficulty, I cannot enough admire those writers who have excelled in this kind of writing. At the head of whom, amongst the moderns, Thompson, the harmonious Thompson stands unrivalled. Much as I admire that great refiner of English verse Pope, I cannot help feeling a preference for Thompson, so strikingly unparalleled and inimitable are the beauties of his numbers. It must be observed that it is only Pope's descriptive poetry, such as his Windsor-Forest, that I
here

here bring into comparison, Thompson having wrote nothing of the nature of his ethics or satires. It may be said, that their comparative merits, even in description, cannot but with difficulty be ascertained, the one having wrote in blank verse the other in rime. It is true that Thompson has the advantage of not being fettered by rime, but to excel in blank verse, in my opinion, requires a far more poetical fancy as well as greater strength of imagination than are requisite to please in rime, where correctness of numbers often passes on the generality of readers for every thing. I cannot avoid making this avowal however it may operate against myself.

Before I began this Poem I read Pope's Windsor-Forrest and Dr. Goldsmith's Deserted Village, with the view of endeavouring, in some degree, to catch their manner of writing; as singers in country-churches in England, to use a simple musical comparison, modulate their tones by the prelusive sound of a pitch-pipe. How far I have succeeded I must leave to my readers to determine; trusting, however, for a favourable decision more to their good-nature than to my deserts.

QUEBEC, 24th Jan. }
1789. }

A B R A M ' S



ABRAM'S PLAINS.

THY Plains, O *Abram!* and thy pleasing views,
Where, hid in shades, I sit and court the muse,
Grateful I sing. For there, from care and noise,
Oft have I fled to taste thy silent joys:
There, lost in thought, my musing passion fed,
Or held blest converse with the learned dead.
Else, like a steed, unbroke to bit or rein,
Courting fair health, I drive across the plain;
'The balmy breeze of Zephyrus inhale,
Or bare my breast to the bleak northern gale.
Oft, on the green sod rolling as I lay,
Heedless, the grazing herds around me stray:
Close by my side shy songsters fearless hop,
And shyer squirrels the young verdure crop:
All take me for some native of the wood,
Or else some senseless block thrown from the flood.
Thy flood Saint Lawrence, in whose copious wave
The Naiades of a thousand riv'lets lave:
'Through whom, fresh seas, from mighty urns descend,
And, in one stream, their many waters blend.
Thee, first of lakes*! as *Asia's Caspian* great,
Where congregated streams hold icy state.

B

Huron,

* Lake *Superieur*. One quality of whose waters is to be remarkably cold under the surface.

Huron, distinguish'd by its thund'ring bay,
 Where full-charg'd clouds heav'ns ord'nance ceaseless play.
 Thee *Michigan*, where learned beavers lave,
 And two great tribes divided hold thy wave.
Erie for serpents fam'd, whose noisome breath,
 By man inhal'd, conveys the venom'd death.
 The streams thence rushing with tremendous roar,
 Down thy dread fall, *Niagara*, prone pour;
 Back foaming, in thick hoary mists, they bound,
 The thund'ring noise deafens the country round,
 Whilst echo, from her caves, redoubling sends the sound. }
 'Twixt awe and pleasure, rapt in wild suspense,
 Giddy, the gazer yields up ev'ry sense.
 So have I felt when Handel's heavenly strains,
 Choral, announce the great Messiah reigns:
 Caught up by sound, I leave my earthly part,
 And into something more than mortal start.
 Now, in *Ontario's* urn, spacious they spread,
 By added waters, from *Oswego*, fed,
 Thence down the *Cataragui* rolling on,
 Or gliding gently to the Naiades' song;
 Who, in full chorus, vocal, join their lays,
 To chant, in chearful carols, Ceres' praise:
 Whose yellow harvests, nodding, glad the shore,
 Where Dryades, midst wild deserts, reign'd before.
 Where prowl'd the wolf, the bear and fox obscene,
 Now grateful kine, loud lowing, graze the green.
 Such are thy blessings peace! superior far
 To specious conquests of wild-wasting war.
 Destructive war! at best the good of few,
 Its dire effects whilst millions dearly rue.

How

How blest the task, to tame the savage foil,
 And, from the waters, bid the woods recoil !
 But oh! a task of more exalted kind,
 To arts of peace, to tame the savage mind;
 The thirst of blood, in human breasts, to shame,
 To wrest, from barb'rous vice, fair virtue's name;
 Bid tomahawks to ploughshares yield the sway,
 And scalping-knives to pruning hooks give way;
 In *Circe's* glass bid moderation reign,
 And moral virtues humanize the plain !
 Here, shelter'd from the storm of civil broils,
 The loyal sufferer renews his toils :
 Again, from the unclog'd responsive earth,
 Calls a new patrimony into birth.
 By British magnanimity repaid,
 The foe triumphant dare no more upbraid :
 But wish he had so lost so to have gain'd,
 Pleas'd with the *now*, the *past* no more had pain'd.
 Thus mariners wreck'd on some distant shore
 Their homes, their all, sunk in the deep, deplore;
 'Till with sad step, they inland bend their way
 Where mines of gold their loss amply repay.

Now, o'er rude rocks, rapidly rushing hoarse,
 Or through some pent-up pass they speed their course :
 Then to the *Utawas* in wedlock bound,
 Thy city *Montreal*, the streams surround.
 Great mart! where center all the forest's spoils,
 The furry treasures of the hunter's toils :
 Within thy walls the painted nations pour,
 And smiling wealth on thy blest traders show'r.
 And now the wedded streams, with blended force,
 First canoniz'd, downward direct their course.

Thy

Thy waters *Champlain*, next augment the floods,
Champlain, renown'd for high aspiring woods—
 Down thy wide stream the naked sylvans glide,
 And, in tall masts, of navies swell the pride :
 Thy navies *Britain*, who bid discord cease,
 And awe ambitious monarchs into peace.
 Next *Masquinongi* tyrant pikes rolls down,
 To please the *haut-gout* of the high-fed town.
 Now, spreading to a lake, they drown the soil,
 Then to their wonted deep-worn bed recoil.
 With added streams, still gath'ring as they run,
 Their course directing to the rising sun,
 'Till thy strong base, *Quebec*, they rapid lave,
 Where British spirits, bold, oppose the wave :
 For here the swelling far-projected quay,
 Gain's daily on the wave's extended way :
 Such is the ardour of the British breast,
 If of that liberty it loves possess'd,
 At their command floods back their billows heave,
 And a bold shore their oozy bottom leave :
 High flinty rocks descend to level plains,
 Whence, on both sides, commerce a footing gains.
 Tall forests their high-waving branches bow,
 And yield, submissive, to lay their honors low ;
 The plowing keel the builder artist lays,
 Her ribs of oak the rising ship displays ;
 Now, grown mature, she glides with forward pace,
 And eager rushes to the saint's† embrace.
 Then rising, Venus like, with gay parade,
 Strait turns kept-mistress to the god of trade.
 Thick-matted woods, where rank luxuriance shoots,
 Where branch entwines with branch and roots with roots ;
Where

† Saint Lawrence.

Where flies, in myriads, borne on filmy wings,
 Unceasing tease, with tumifying stings.
 Where the dark adder and envenom'd snake,
 In curling folds, lurk in the shelt'ring brake.
 There, guileful, charm with fascinating eyes,
 Or, fir'd to wrathful vengeance, rattling rise;
 With crest erect, quick darting on the prey,
 Swift as through ether speeds the solar ray.
 Shoo'g to thought! but nature good and wise,
 Where poison shoots its antidote* supplies.
 Deep hid in mists, eternal glooms where reign,
 Nor once light enters but with utmost pain:
 Tho' hard the task, yet bare the soil shall lay,
 And, unobstructed, shine the lamp of day.
 Here sleepy *Saint Charles*, scarcely seen to flow,
 His mazy current solemn yields and slow;
 Whilst, a strong contrast strikingly to form,
 His stream *Martiniere's* sends down in storm:
 From the dread precipice foaming it pours,
 High smoking round in clouds of silver showers.
 Here might secure *Britannia's* navy ride,
 Nor danger dread from wind or swelling tide:
 Here, like the ant, commerce, with pregnant sails,
 Busy, of summer-months herself avails;
 For long, too long, here dreary winter reigns,
 And bars the liquid way with icy chains.
 Hence, as they flow, they stretch their spacious bed,
 And, here and there, an isle uplifts its head;

C

Whilst

* A striking instance of this, is the Rattle-snake plantain; which grows where those reptiles abound. When the bite of the snake is most venomous, which is in the dog-days, the plant is in its greatest perfection. The person bit has but to chew the leaf and apply it to the wound, at the same time swallowing some of the juice. This seldom fails of preventing every dangerous symptom.

Whilst from *Malbay*, the mill's remorseless found,
 And piteous groans of rending firrs, resound;
 Within whose rind, I shudder while I tell,
 Spirits of warriors close imprison'd dwell,
 Who in cold blood, butcher'd a valiant foe,
 For which, transform'd to weeping firrs, they grow:
 Down their tall trunks trickling the tears distill,
 'Till last the ax and saw groaning they feel.
 Next the rough *Saguenay*, 'tween rosy* shores,
 From plenteous urns, his waters roaring pours;
 The current of the master flood impedes,
 Whilst *Taddusac*'s rich spoils he grateful cedes.
 Where rules, gainsay it envy, if you can,
 The best of nature's works—an honest man.
 Thence coursing on, the wide-spread Gulph they gain,
 'Till lost, at length, they swell the distant main.
 First laving on their way the fatten'd shore,
 That butchery of seals, ~~break~~ *Labradore*;
 Where dwarfish *Esquimaux*, with small pig's eyes,
 At cook'ry sick, raw seal and rank oil prize.
 Let city epicures their sauces boast,
 And fancy excellence in boil'd and roast:
 His culinary art let Dillon try,
 In soupes and jellies with fam'd Horton vie;
 Let, on the board, Le Moine's *ragouts* high smoke,
 Believe me friends, at best, 'tis all a joke.
 Judgment in eating! where's the standard plac'd?
 Where but in each man's fickle froward taste.
 What then is luxury, ye lib'ral say,
 What but to pamper each his sep'rate way?

Let

* A great number of wild roses grow on its banks.

Let cits on turtle gormandize and cloy,
 The courtier ortolans and creams enjoy;
 The first with heavy port crown his repast,
 Whilst light champagne exhilarates the last:
 Not with more *gout* dines citizen or beau,
 Than on his seal and oil, our *Esquimaux*;
 Nor less his stomach at their dainties turns,
 Than each, with loathing, his strong viands spurns.
 Habit forms all, taste, gesture, action, thought,
 The man ripe rises as the stripling's taught;
 Ductile as soften'd wax the human soul,
 'Twig-like, insensibly stoops to controul:
 By rules, but more by great example, led,
 He rises Jew, Turk, Christian, as he's bred.
 Since then, we own, man is but moulded clay,
 Life's journey let each travel his own way.
 And since heaven's roofs beyond all limits rise,
 And a free passage opens through the skies;
 Why not suppose there's ample room for all,
 Be life resign'd with or without a call?

What tho' no mines their gold pour through thy stream,
 Nor shining silver from thy waters gleam;
 Equal to these, the forests yield their spoils,
 And richly pay the skilful hunter's toils.
 The beaver's filken fur to grace the head,
 And, on the soldier's front assurance spread;
 'The martin's fables to adorn the fair,
 And aid the silk-worm to set off her air.
 Gems of *Golconda* or *Potosi's* mines,
 Than these not more assist her eyes designs.
 The jetty fox to majesty adds grace,
 And of grave justice dignifies the place;

The

The bulky buffalo, tall elk, the shaggy bear,
 Huge cariboo, fleet moose, the swift-foot deer,
 Gaunt wolf, amphibious otter, have their use,
 And to thy worth, O first of floods! conduce.
 For thee the sylvans of the forest bleed,
 And, to the ax, their long-worn honors cede.
 The sturdy oak, the lofty mountain-pine,
 Their branching limbs and trunks mature resign;
 Whilst Ceres, bounteous, from her gran'ries pours,
 On craving realms, her grain in golden showers.
 Nor is it want of climate or of soil
 Thy shores not more the Muscovite's yet foil:
 Our infant world asks but time's fost'ring hand,
 It's faculties must by degrees expand.
 Nor must thy own resources be past by,
 Resources that within thy bosom lie;
 The heavy porpus and the filly seal,
 Their forfeit lives yield to the club or steel;
 Soon of their skins and fat, reduc'd to oil,
 The skilful fishers the dead victims spoil.
 Here too the whale rolls his unwieldy form,
 Laughs at the blust'ring winds and mocks the storm;
 Gamesome, the billows far behind him throws,
 And from his nostrils, a salt tempest blows:
 Till, close beset, swift flies the barbed dart,
 Down prone the monster dives to shun the smart;
 The fishers, active, yield the smoking line,
 The boats, like light'ning, cut the liquid brine;
 Oft-times borne down beneath the briny wave,
 Both boats and men share one wide watry grave:
 His onward way, his doubles they pursue,
 'Till, spent his strength, he panting floats in view;
Midst

Midst seas of blood wrathful his nostrils smoke,
 An isle, his bare broad back lies to the stroke.
 Now strong harpooners dart the iron death,
 The monster force to yield his forfeit breath :
 E'en while the waves he lashes into storm,
 A monstrous mass floats motionless his form.
 The grampus, of less bulk, stays his swift course,
 Arrested on his way by iron force.
 The fierce sea-cow, tho' cloth'd in stoutest mail,
 Finds, 'gainst man's arts, his strength of small avail.
 The salmon, cod, thy wave in myriads pours,
 And, on far worlds, plenty redundant show'rs.
 Next these the Naiades yield, for home supply,
 Numbers, of various name and various dye.
 The bass, rich flavor'd, high to pamper lust,
 The pout or cat of no less luscious gust;
 The speckled trout choice native of the lake,
 'Tis thine the skilful angler's art to wake.
 Thee silver white,* and thou bedropt with gold,*
 The dusky eel, in circling volumes roll'd;
 The bony shad, the poor man's bounteous friend,
 E'er summer-suns dry roads and plenty send.
 The weighty sturgeon, rank with native oil,
 High fed from the fat river's slimy foil;
 The autumn smelt, whose constant bite, tho' small,
 E'er fix'd the ice, relief affords to all;
 The winter tomi-cod—when with feeble blaze,
 From the bleak archer, Sol shoots oblique rays;
 Then, from the ice-cot, on the frozen stream,
 Through murky night, like meteors, fires gleam;
 D There

* The White-fish, and what the Canadians call the *Poisson-doré* or Gold-fish.

There, gather'd crouds, from the pierc'd solid flood,
With fleshy baits, attract the finny brood.

Here hill and dale diversify the scene,
There penfile woods cloth'd with eternal green;
The russet plain with thorny brambles spread,
Where clust'ring haws deep blush a ruddy red;
The distant wood, wide-waving to the breeze,
Where shining villas peep through crowded trees;
Here babbling brooks gurgle adown the glade,
There rise mementos of the soldier's spade;
Where on the green-sward oft incamp'd they lay,
Seen by the rising and the setting ray.

Here, in life's vigour, *Wolfe* resign'd his breath,
And, conqu'ring sunk to the dark shades of death:
When threatening *Gallia*, with incroaching sway,
With frowning forts, dar'd bar th' *Ohio's* way;
Hoping, alone, the chrystal nymphs to share,
And from their smiles the sons of *Britain* tear.
Presumptuous *Gallia!* rash was the design,
Britons not easily the fair* resign.

This truth, Lake *George*, loudly thy shores resound,
Where the brave *Johnson*† was with laurels crown'd;
When smiling conquest hail'd him not less great
In fighting fields than in his peaceful seat:
That seat where *Eden*, transplanted arose,
Scene of the hero's glorious repose.
His fame, in arms, let *Dieskau's* ghost tell,
Who, to his sword, a bleeding captive fell.
Is worth hereditary? ask his heir—
Soft, muse—the cheek of conscious virtue spare.

But

* Besides the allusion to the water-nymphs the reader will recollect that the *Ohio* is called in English the *Fair River*.

† Sir William Johnson.

But chiefly here presumption's price she paid,
 And, in the dust, her faded honors laid;
 When up the heights, great *Wolfe* his vet'rans led,
 Panting, the level lawn they dauntless tread:
 As bold they rise the broad battalion forms,
 'The gain'd ascent, for fight, their bosom warms;
 When soon, in view, appears the num'rous foe,
 With arms bright-flashing from the plains below:
 With ardour glowing in his country's cause,
 His hostile sword the chief intrepid draws;
 The troops, to conquest, now inspiring cheers,
 High beat their breasts, strangers to abject fears:
 A chief no more he leads on foot the line,—
 Thus, with his soldiers' fate, his hopes combine.
 The deaf'ning drums the charge loud rattling sound,
 The charge th' opposing cliffs thund'ring rebound.
 The battle rages, bullets, charg'd with fate,
 The hungry soil, with human victims, satc.
 Attending fate, grim death, with hasty stride,
 Triumphs a victor over either side.
 Too sure, alas! the leaden vengeance flies,
 And on the chief its force repeated tries.
 Heedless of wounds, he hides the purple flood,
 His courage kindling with the loss of blood;
 'Till spent, at length, nature's oblig'd to yield,
 He falls ere fix'd the fortune of the field.
 Whilst, o'er his sight, spreads the thick veil of death,
 And life suspended stays the struggling breath,
 Anxious, he hears the shout—"they fly, they fly,"
 "Who fly?" "The foe"—"contented then I die."—
 Whilst death exulting triumphs o'er his clay,
 His name fame echoes through the realms of day.

If

If so much praise to conquest then be due,
 Can man less honor saving wisdom shew?
 When here his tatter'd troops *Montgom'ry* led,
 Of glorious spoils by hopes delusive fed;
 Whose prudence, without rashness, wise maintain'd
 What *Wolfe*, with loss of life, so bravely gain'd?
 Praise, double praise, surely to him is due,
 Who, tender saves man's blood and conquers too.
 O never more may hostile arms distain,
 With human gore, the verdure of the plain!
 False is the fame on man's destruction rais'd,
 As well might famines, plagues, or storms be prais'd.
 Not that I wish the patriot to restrain
 The noble ardour of his boiling vein,
 When rash ambition, soaring with high flight,
 Studious alone of greatness, not of right;
 By artifice, big threats, or thund'ring arm,
 His bosom for his country, dares alarm:
 Far, far be from me the degrading thought,
 'Twere virtue, principle, to set at naught.
 No, be of heav'n, of man, the wretch accurs'd,
 Of grov'ling reptiles, void of soul, the worst,
 Who his best blood, defensive, would not show'r,
 To stay the torrent of incroaching pow'r!
 Lo! mortars, cannons, by the gallows side,
 Jointly to do the work of death allied.
 The last, 'tis true, of villains rids the world,
 Whilst from the first on all destruction's hurl'd:
 Where flies the flaming shell or hissing ball,
 Guiltless and guilty, undistinguish'd, fall.
 South of the flood, lo! lonely cots arise,
 Where unkind soils, thrifty, hard yield supplies.

The

The church, just peeping o'er the pointed shore,
Great less'ner of the little of the poor.

The cross, erected by the highway side,
With all the passion's implements supply'd;
The cock, the sponge, the crown of thorns, the spear,
The hammer, pincers, nails and other gear.
Here, hat in hand, the peasant humbly bows,
Persuaded wood and marble hear his vows.

The hospital, kind shelter of disease,
When fevers burn or shivering agues freeze;
Sequester'd vestals humbly here attend,
And cordial comfort to affliction lend.
Poor compensation to their injur'd kind,
From man's embrace, by oath, for life confin'd;
Thwarting the impulse of great nature's law,
Where sex to sex, by passion wisely draw.
Strange being, man! of contradictions made,
'Gainst heady will how weak is reason's aid!
Hear him, this moment, solemnly award
Shedders of blood to the avenging cord;
His plea great nature's law—who sheds man's blood,
Man to shed his is with the right indu'd.
The next, behold him instituting laws
To bar fruition, life's immediate cause.
Less sacred is the law that being gives,
Than that meant to preserve who actual lives?
Is it less criminal life to prevent,
Than to destroy, the blessing being sent?
To male and female God gives passions, pow'rs,
And on the contact mutual pleasures show'rs;
A stimulus, by all-wise heav'n design'd,
To all that live, to propagate their kind.

E

Presumptuous

Prefumptuous man, to thwart thy Maker's will !
 Equal's the guilt life to prevent or kill.

There, on thy banks, *Saint Charles*, rich meadows vie,
 In vivid green, to ease the dazzled eye.

The slow meand'ring stream that tardy moves,
 Dispenses fatness through the meads and groves :
 Whilst rushing floods that downward eager drive,
 The meadows of their needful dews deprive.

So, in life's course, who with wise caution treads,
 Tho' slow, yet sure his influence widely spreads :
 Whilst him who headstrong, thoughtless whirls away,
 Of cheated views, useless, becomes a prey.

Here milch-kine lowing leave the grazing field,
 And glad to man their milky homage yield ;
 The feather'd game oft feel the leaden death,
 And in the spaniels jaws resign their breath.

Thence, further left, as I incline my eyes,
 Thy cottages, *Lorette*, to view arise ;
 Here, of the copper-tribes, an half tam'd race,
 As villagers take up their resting place ;
 Here fix'd, their household gods lay peaceful down,
 To learn the manners of the polish'd town.

Next *Charlebourg*, blest in a bounteous soil,
 Where plenteous harvests pay the lab'ror's toil.

Thy beauties, *Beauport*, open on mine eyes,
 There fertile fields and breezy lawns arise ;
 Far as *Montmorenci*, thy pleasing stream,
 Romantic as a love-sick virgin's dream.

Beyond the vales, still stretching on my view,
 Hills, behind hills, my aching eyes pursue.

'Till, in surrounding skies, I lose my way,
 Where the long landscape fading dies away.

Now

Now cross the flood, Muse, stretch thy roving flight,
 And with green *Orleans* regale thy sight :
Orleans, the garden of the blue-eyed train,
 Who wanton sport here e'er they seek the main.
 Here corn and fruits, here herbage, roots, and flow'rs,
 Plenty, from her rich *cornucopia*, pours.
 Be thankful swains, *Britannia's* conqu'ring sword,
 Releas'd you from your ancient sov'reign lord,
 Beneath whose sway small tyrants held the rod,
 Each, in conceit, swell'd to some little god.
 Then the poor pittance of the scanty soil,
 Hard earn'd, became the prowling tyrant's spoil.
 The tawdry lord lawless the lash proud wields,
 Lowly his back the peasant patient yields :
 Such scenes no more disgrace the yielding soil,
 Safe is the product of the peasant's toil—
 Protecting laws alike to all extend,
 Not less the poor-man's than the rich-man's friend;
 Tenant and lord, noble and peasant, all,
 Within their influence undistinguish'd fall.
 Hence smiling peace and laughing plenty reign,
 And gay content, festive delights the plain.
 Grateful, ye peasants, own your mended state,
 And bless, beneath a **GEORGE**, your better fate.

The peopled town next calls my wand'ring sight,
 Whose cross-crown'd spires the distant eye invite;
 But e'er the muse thy arched gates pass through,
 Without the walls, still let her please her view;
 There make a lodgment on the covert-way,
 But let no secret mine her steps betray;
 She comes no foe thy streets with blood to fill,
 Her only weapon is a grey-goose quill :

With

With that her peaceful parallels she draws,
 Or if she fights, perhaps some Trojan's cause;
 Or else some hero's of renowned *Rome*,
 E'er sunk to slav'ry, *Cæsar* seal'd her doom.
 Be silent bastions, ye batt'ries then keep peace!
 From the spread curtain, let the small arms cease:
 For should she leap the wide-surrounding ditch,
 She seeks not in thy walls to make a breach.
 Tho' thy extended works she curious scan,
 She comes no spy to draw the secret plan.

See where reposes, in its rocky bed,
 The sleepy pool, with a green mantle spread;
 Beneath whose shade, prescient, the croaking race
 The future drought or rains unerring trace.
 When spumy spawn round the pool's borders lie,
 For dropping clouds then trust the bounteous sky:
 But if mid-way the green scum settled swim,
 Fearful to approach the water's less'ning brim,
 Then dread the blaze of *Sirius*' scorching ray—
 Then, husbandmen, for rain devoutly pray.

Led by the muse, whilst here my course I shape,
 Let me steep *Di'mond*, mount thy rocky cape;
 There list'ning hear the troubled waves wild roar,
 That wrathful lash *Cape-Rouge*, thy sanguine shore.
 There, stretching to the right, with oblique eye,
 The villa of fair *Dorchester* I spy;
 Where, from parade and crowds, she chearful flies,
 The false, by royalty, taught to despise:
 There, tranquil, tastes the tender sweets of life
 That in the mother center and the wife:
 There simple treads the breeze-inviting plains,
 And all the glare of equipage disdains.

Thence

Thence glancing round with comprehensive view,
 The varied landscape pleas'd my eyes pursue.
 There waving woods from cloud-topt mountains rise,
 And hide their green heads in surrounding skies;
 First link of whose long chain is *Torment's* cape,
 Where pendent mists, sportive, oft change their shape.
 Lawns, meadows, plains, a vivid verdure wear,
 Flush'd with the spirit of the rising year;
 When vig'rous suns compress the teeming earth,
 A verdant world bursts into instant birth.
 Delightful change! from scenes of endless snows,
 When, with rude hand, his frosts bleak winter throws;
 When, from far seas, *Eurus* with fleecy wings,
 Fleak following fleak, his virgin nitre flings;
 Or blust'ring *Boreas*, blowing from the pole,
 Commands the floods no more their streams to roll:
 Or more when *Zephyrus*, severely keen,
 When not a cloud to skirt the sky is seen,
 From *Apalachian* hills dry blows the breeze,
 Fly, fly far south ye children of disease—
 Then solid knit the yet disjointed parts,
 And the fix'd flood into a plain firm starts.
 Then noisy *Chaudiere*, thy foaming fall,
 Midway arrested, forms a chrystal wall.
 'Twas by thy drear inhospitable stream,
 Where ne'er, from cheering roofs, long fires gleam;
 Far-beaming hope on the desponding wight,
 Lost in deep glooms amidst the shades of night,
 The hardy *Arnold* led his chosen few,
 Who, braving hunger, dar'd their point pursue,

E

Through

Through the long lonesome unfrequented way,
 Midst thickest woods, where only wild beasts stray;
 But all their efforts of how small avail!
 Their object conquest, but their fate a goal.
 The statesman thus builds high his golden hope,
 But finds his schemes end in an ax or rope.
 Thus too the merchant grasps his fancy'd plumb,
 But to a *whereas* lo! his prospects come.
 'The soldier, statesman, merchant, where's the state
 Exempt from the vicissitudes of fate?
 Ye great, ye rich, by heart this lesson learn,
 Nor, in the pride of pow'r, the wretched spurn:
 Blind fortune's fickle wheel perpetual whirls,
 Those under lifts, those from the top low hurls.
 E're from the lungs, in air, the breath is lost,
 'Tis firmly fix'd a palpable hoar frost.
 Of Icelanders hence travellers declare,
 Their words, in winter utter'd, fix in air,
 'Till spring's warm sun the atmosphere unbinds,
 Then bursts the jargon of a thousand minds.
 The smooth firm flood Hyde-park's gay scene supplies,
 Where, hid in fur, the beau triumphant flies:
 The mettled steed pants to the distant goal,
 Whilst thund'ring follows the shod cariole.
 In furrows the pois'd skater plows the ice,
 In circles glides or onward swiftly flies.
 But if, unhing'd, broad floating fields of glass,
 In contest join'd, stubborn dispute the pass;
 From the collision soar, with rattling crash,
 Fragments that back the solar beams bright flash:

O'er

O'er the ploug'd plain rough ridges rudely rise,—
Vanish'd the skater's scene of action flies.

So when the hurricane's destructive blast,
With rage relentless, o'er the shores has past,
Roofs, rafters, trees, torn by the furious storm,
The level surface of the meads deform.

Fearless, amidst the fragments, as they flow,
The skilful peasant guides his long canoe.
The trav'ler dauntless the snows depths disdain,
He stalks secure o'er hills, o'er vales and plains;
On the spread racket, whilst he safely strides,
Tales of Europeans lost in snow derides.

Here, (blush ye London fops embox'd in chair,
Who fear, tho' mild your clime, to face the air)
Scorning to shrink at every breeze that blows,
Unaw'd, the fair brave frosts and driving snows.

But see, far down the west, the God of day
Behind yon mountain's brow, low sinks his ray:
The fleecy clouds, deep-fring'd with blushing red,
Calm on the soul, mild as their lustre, shed.
True emblem of life's happy middle scene,
Where neither glare nor gloom once intervene:
Beneath the blaze of mad ambition's fire,
Yet above want, where all our joys expire.
There easy labour keeps the soul serene,
Nor rais'd by vanity nor sunk by spleen;
Life's clear smooth stream unruffled gently flows,
Nor one rude breeze to hurt it's quiet blows.

Now shade o'er shade steals gradual on the sight,
Darkness shuts up the scene and all is night.

Except,

(20)

Except, where darting crows the swampy marsh,
From shining fire-flies lucid lightnings flash.
When, from black fultry skies, long silver streams
Send through the atmosphere their forked beams;
With brighter glow than shoot the mimic fires,
Each insect, *Cæsar** like, to rival Jove aspires.

*One of the Cæsars so constructed a bridge, that when his chariot passed over it, its noise might resemble thunder.

F I N I S.

