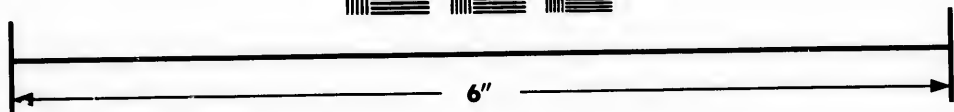
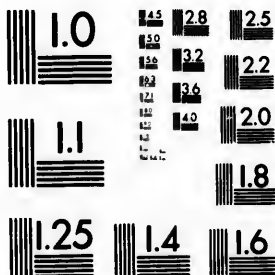


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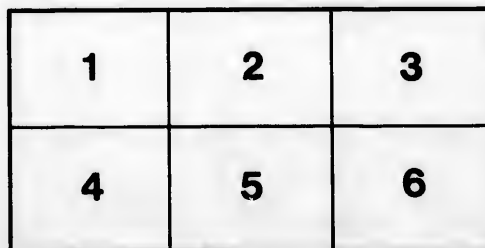
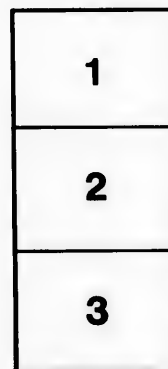
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THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF

The Canadian Poet,

J. T. BREEZE, BROCKVILLE.

ONE HUNDRETH SERIES.

BROCKVILLE:

1868.

WM. O'BRIEN, PRINTER, 126 MAIN STREET.

1877

CANADIAN LITERATURE

The Canadian Book

ROBERT BRACKENRIDGE

1877

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

ALBERT, the good and great,
Of thee the poet's song
Should breathe deep words of fire,
As from 'n immortal tongue.
Prince of earth's Princes thou,
Swaying dominions wide ;
Now left them all to reign
By thy Redeemer's side.

Nature had labored well,
To lavish on thy soul
Her stores of princely power,
Earth's domains to control ;
She well designed that thou
Shouldst rule o'er many a land,
And stroked thy mental powers
With her own master-hand.

Her author, too, accords
With all her actions pure,
His providence for thee
Would nations wide secure ;
That all thy mental rays
Which science did refine,
May shed their seraph light
In hues almost divine.

And all thy mental powers,
That christian truth expands—
Her holy light from thee,
Illum'd the distant lands.
Christianity then smiled upon,
Upon thy sceptral power,
And poured unbounded bliss
Upon thy throne each hour.

The sun ne'er closed his eye
On thy dominions wide,

But peeps upon some parts
 Of hill, or dale, or tide ;
 She fondly lingers e'er
 To gaze on thy domains,
 His light doth ne'er go down
 On all their happy plains.

Though by thy birthright pure
 This appellation came,
 But not from rank alone
 Thou gain'st a princely name ;
 It came upon thy brow,
 Stamp'd there by Nature's hand,
 And on thy noble heart,
 Whose goodness blessed the land.

Princely, in actions brave ;
 Princely at home, abroad,
 And princely thy reward
 Beneath the throne of God.
 Earth's crowns lost all their stars,
 In view of one divine ;
 To wear this was his pride,
 And in its light to shine.

England adopts thee free,
 Then kissed thee as her son,
 And every honor gave
 Except her native crown ;
 Conceding to thy bride
 Its lustre as her own,
 Who claims him by her side,
 To shine beside her throne.

He threw his mighty powers,
 With all their wreath of light ;
 Around its pillars shone,
 Their lustre ever bright.

England, thy jealous breast
 Did yield t' unworthy fear ;
 For his benignant heart
 Held all thy interest dear.

The gold was tried awhile,
 The crucible brought near ;
 His true and solid worth
 Shone forth in lustre clear.

The throne then bowed to him,
 And laid her honors down,
 And wept relenting tears
 For her adopted son.
 He loved our gracious Queen,
 He loved our country, too,
 And threw around its throne
 A ray of brightest hue.

Peace to his ashes dear,
 And to his widow's breast—
 That mourns his absent face,
 And longs with him to rest.
 Let England's love erect
 A monument in state ;
 Engrave upon its breast—
 "Albert, the Good and Great."

A TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND.

Born on the shore of Britain's happy clime,
 I claim for her a pure, inspired rhyme ;
 Flung on her lap and dandled on her knee,
 Her hallow'd scenes are all in all to me.
 Oh ! are there powers within my youthful soul,
 I bid them each in lofty numbers roll,
 To chaunt to thee a song of lasting praise,
 With all the power a native bard can raise.
 Her harvest fed me in my juv'nile day,
 Her murmuring brooks did all my thirst allay ;
 Her breezes fann'd my weary, smitten brow,
 When toilsome journeys 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 kissed me from on high ;

Laughed with her thunders, thought with her lightning,
 When all their fury played around my head.
 I calm'd my breast in summery mellow ray,
 Against her tides that bore my breast away ;
 I drank the instructions poured 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 on my soul recoil ;
 And kiss'd the ray proud science shed afar,
 Through all the land, bright as the morning star.
 Her statesmen, too, have in my heart a name,
 And by their side lingers her poets' fame ;
 Proud of the souls, whose light illum'd the earth,—
 Proud of the land that gave my members birth.

I thought the throne of the Eternal One
 Sat in the centre of her sky alone ;
 In childish pride, I dreamt that every sky
 Was happy only as they approach'd thee nigh.
 Some other lands may boast of brighter clime,
 Where grow the orange and the lily 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, scorched by these summers' rays,
 Longs for the fragrance of thy dewy days ;
 And should, perchance, some happy fortune guide
 My weary feet, to press thy shores of pride,
 My cheeks would flushen to thy healthy gales,
 As once, of yore, as rambling through thy dales.
 When fate did cast me from thy happy land,
 I knew not then the power of love's strong band ;
 As ocean's waves do roll against thy shore,
 And kiss the land amid the billows' roar,—
 So do the waves of my affections roll,
 Against the precincts of thy loving soul ;
 To kiss thy shore—land of the poet's birth,
 Where every bliss reigns round thy hallow'd hearth ;
 My heart, that hour, did yield to manly fear,
 My eye glanced love and dropp'd affliction's tear ;
 My troubled sigh did rend the peaceful air,—
 Tore through my breast, its anguish to declare ;

My hand was raised to grasp thy faithful own,
 Then press'd my footsteps far to lands unknown ;
 The word "farewell !" did loiter on my tongue,
 I raised the harp, and of thee thus I sung :

◆◆◆

MY NATIVE LAND.

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 ocean's billowy crest.
 I leave thee, not from wish to part
 From any fault I found in thee ;
 I feign 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.
 And should my generous heart pulsate
 In love towards thy sons of yore,
 Restrain proud jealousy and hate,
 I will but love thee evermore.
 I go to see from other stands,
 And there behold thy glorious face,
 And own thee fairest of all lands,
 Dreadful in majesty and grace.
 Reach forth thy hand to wipe the tears
 That steal in streamlets from mine eyes ;
 Allay the uprising of my fears,
 Suspend my heart's uplifted cries,
 And promise fair to yet receive
 The poet to thy breast again,
 His spirit more or less will grieve
 For thee, dear land, till then, till then.

◆◆◆

A POET'S FATE.

In a world so full of beauty,
 On which heaven's own face doth shine,

'Tis a wonder that such darkness
 Reigns around this heart of mine ;
 Oft the twinkling stars invite me
 To roam up 'mong them for bliss,
 Still my spirit keeps a mourning
 Over sorrows deep in this.

Nature's glories often revel
 In imagination's power,
 Trying to steal my affections
 From life's deep afflicted hour ;
 Heaven's own songsters, full of music,
 Pour their strains upon my ear,
 Touching strains of music in me,
 Aiding oft my soul to cheer.

Was it so, the God of Nature
 Stamp'd such loveliness on all,
 And let not his dews of mercy
 Ever on my spirit fall ?
 Wings the eagle in his proud flight,
 Seeking happiness and rest ;
 After arduous soaring finds it,
 High amid his rocky nest.

Do the birds of every nation
 Find their mate, and learn to love ?
 Was such perfect adaptation
 Studied for them, God above ?
 O why leave my poor spirit
 Void of happiness and bliss,
 Why descend to curse my life's-springs,
 'Mid such happiness as this ?

Youth's deep sunny smiles have left me,
 Days of passions wild are o'er ;
 Shall I never read my Eden,
 In their glories any more ?
 Has a poet's fate then cursed me ?
 Has it turned love's mighty tide
 From the object that inspired them,
 In those days of bliss and pride ?

Heaven did wrench her from my bosom,
 Placed upon her brow a crown ;
 Left her lover in affliction,
 Groaning 'neath its cruel frown.
 Since, we've roamed through lands of beauty,
 Laboring for ideal bliss ;
 That would fain contrast in power
 With my youthful lover's kiss ?

Have I sinned, that heaven forbid me
 Such a gift again on earth ?
 Or will it yet recompense me,
 'Mid the joys of heavenly birth ?
 It is death to live unloving,
 While love labors in the soul ;
 But proud earth affords no object
 That can yet my heart control.

Do these strains fall from my harp-strings,
 That are tainted with the hue
 Of affections towards that object,
 That in heaven continues true ?
 Will the world's cold heart forgive me,
 If the lustre of his fire,
 Doth betimes unconscious tremble
 On the poet's pensive lyre ?

A MINISTER'S MARRIAGE.

There came to the forests of Canada, drear,
 A spirit whom Jesus in wisdom sent here ;
 His mission indited by heaven above,
 He came to proclaim of the Cross and its love.
 He left his fond country, his childhood's sweet home,
 And far in these wild woods of the West came to roam,
 Unfurling the banners that waved o'er the blood
 That sprang like a fount in the heart of a God.
 No gem of temptation his heart could allure,
 Or tempt to dispense with a work that's so pure ;
 His spirit oft burning with celestial fire,
 That glow'd with the radiance that heaven did inspire.

Deep curses for blessing he met with a smile,
 Received from the cold world on Canada soil ;
 His heart often closed to the arrow from th' bow,
 As the air that is wounded oft after a blow.
 No care charged his bosom, save Jesu's sweet love,
 He went on his mission indited above ;
 In deeds of bold daring he loved to abound,
 Though danger lay thick by his conduct around.
 His heart often bleeding at many a pore,
 Yet, dauntless, he heeds not to give his work o'er ;
 But preached, ever proud of the work to proclaim
 The glories and fullness of Jesu's sweet name.
 Thus, once in a period, when Winter's deep snow
 Receded 'fore furious strong winds that did blow ;
 Directed by heaven, he then went to see
 A spirit there destined by heaven for me :—
 For souls, fables tell us, are matched up in heaven,
 And sent by the planets all equal and even ;
 Though some, by misfortune, have lost their right way,
 And mourn it in sadness and sorrow to-day.
 Not so, witness Heaven, with Eliza and I,
 We clung to each other through the depths of the sky ;
 And nothing can sever our hearts of true love,
 Till wafted on wings of bright seraphs above.
 Though clouds of deep darkness have hung o'er my brow,
 And caused it in sorrow and anguish to bow ;
 No poverty, nor darkness, nor slander's vile power,
 Could tempt her to abandon his love in that hour.
 Our hearts often fluttered, we each freely know,
 To beauty, to honor and love, here below ;
 As seen in the youth of our country in joy,
 'Twere in us unworthy these scenes to alloy.
 Pure feelings may rise from affections within,
 Redundant of power yet free from all sin ;
 But love that's far deeper than this we reveal,
 That thrones cannot sever, nor king's laws repeal.
 It grew in the spirit and swelled in the soul,
 It springs everlasting, none dare it control.
 And why did I love thee, my Eliza, dear,
 Dare answer my spirit despite every fear ;
 I loved her for beauty, for wisdom and power,
 For spells with which thou didst chain me that hour,
 When first my fond eye-glance did gaze on thy soul,
 All radiant of virtue, that truth did control ;

I loved thee for value that freely poured forth,
 I loved thee, thou dear one, for thy own precious worth,
 I loved the affections I read in thy soul,
 Whose power set fire to my own spirit whole ;
 A love ne'er inspired by any before,
 Since one fondest spirit left for Heaven's shore.
 O star of my bosom ! O joy of my heart,
 Thou healest the ills of my life each apart ;
 My Heaven with thee is begun here on earth,
 'Tis Heaven alone that can give such joy birth—
 A shade of that life that's to come doth begin
 By union of hearts of pure love within.
 This arm that hath vouch'd to sustain thee in power
 Shall ever protect thee till death's fated hour,
 And when life is over we'll join yet above,
 In songs of sweet music and eternal love.

THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

Awake ! poetic rapture sing,
 Strike notes on thy melodious string,
 To e'er immortalize a day,
 When my heart's laws suspended lay
 Prostrate beneath a power divine,
 When love controlled this heart of mine ;
 She sat enthroned, her sceptre swayed,
 And all my soul her powers obey'd.

I memorize, my Mary dear,
 The hour my frame shook all in fear,
 When all my manhood gently fell
 Beneath a power no tongue can tell ;
 A firmness fell from off my brow,
 That all the world had failed to bow,
 When my poor trembling fingers drew
 A picture of this heart to you.

Those moments be forgotten ne'er,
 Their deep effects will last for e'er ;
 Decays that feeling ne'er when I
 Gave vent to that great whirlwind sigh,
 When floods of love filled up this heart,
 And sent its power through every part ;
 The mental thunder pealed around,
 Its lightning tore up deep the ground.

My nature stood in awe divine,
 When love's light rent this soul of mine ;
 I dipp'd my pencil in its hue,
 And gave a transcript, dear, to you.
 These feelings oft were big with pain,
 But check'd by modesty again,
 Till thy mild spirit's gentle power
 Commanded them anew this hour.

And irresistable they moved,
 Spontaneous to a heart they loved ;
 O could I know that heart of thine
 Responded to the depths of mine,
 My heav'n on earth would then begin,
 And banish every pain within ;
 His Mary's name would he adore,
 And love her now and evermore.

I went from out thy presence, dear,
 Mingled with love's profoundest fear ;
 I cast to heaven my languid eyes,
 Loaded with love they scanned the skies,
 That hung in lovely hues that night,
 Though dark love turned them into light ;
 I gaze around on Nature, dying,
 But love made death appear living.

And lengthened Autumn's lingering day,
 Was then brought back to th' month of May ;
 The sun had almost closed her eye,
 To open it in western sky ;
 But never did that sun appear
 So lovely setting, Mary, dear,
 When I had left thee on the mare,
 Owned by thy father—none so fair.

This change was not in things without,
 But in this heart of mine, no doubt ;
 And love poured out her hallowed fire,
 To sound her notes on poet's lyre.
 'Twas thou, loved subject of my song,
 That changed their glory—right or wrong—
 But I, in tears, will wipe my pen
 And eyes that bleed of love. Amen.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY J. T. BREEZE.

[The following poem on the death of the beloved and lamented President, was the product of the author, on receiving the telegraphic despatch of his assassination in Ford's theatre, and the feelings were, therefore, the spontaneous emotion of the author's mind, without being at all acquainted with the feeling of the world at large. The author, at the time, was prostrated under a severe fit of sickness; still, so deeply was he affected by the demon act, that he poured the feelings of his heart in song, and it was not until his wife, seeing his dangerous state, that he could be induced to relinquish the pen, which was, by a superior discretion, wrenched from his hand, and the inspiration left the mind. This was in consequence of the high regard in which the author held the President.]

There was something peculiarly lovely and interesting, to the mind of a poet, in the spirit and character of Abraham Lincoln. It would, therefore, have been easy to write a volume on one loved so well, whose qualities of heart and head won the respect and admiration of the whole world. His amiable disposition—the simplicity of his soul—the natural purity of his heart—his characteristic frankness, and his unflinching firmness in adversity, are subjects that angels may admire, and furnish a theme for the poet and historian of more than ordinary interest, and become a lustrous example to youth through all coming time.]

Weep, ye countless drooping willows
That adorn Columbia's shore,
And ye forests that are waving,
Weep for him that is no more;
Shed a tear for freedom's champion,
Cradled once in liberty,
And has died a noble martyr
By the hand of Slavery.

He was born beneath your shadow,
Rambled o'er your verdant grove,
And aspired to rule the nation,
Whom the nation's heart doth love.
Stay, proud billows of the ocean!
Throw your tears towards the shore,
Hush your voice to weep in sympathy
With your country's tears of gore.

O! ye skies of lovely beauty,
Draped in many a gorgeous hue,
In the depths of poet's passion
I would claim a tear from you;
Change your garments with the widow,
Whose heart bleeds of untold grief,
From a wound no human power
Can afford the least relief.

Come all nature, as the life-buds
 Now adorn the bursting spring,
 From the glorious floral kingdom
 You may choicest roses bring,
 To clothe the grave of Abraham Lincoln—
 Come and bleed your tear's of love,
 As the darkened heavens may aid you
 With their dew-drops from above.

O! ye hurried rivers bounding
 Through the deep enchanting main,
 Stop to listen to your country
 Groaning all her woes again.
 'Mid the throes that rent her bosom
 With calamity and woe,
 Here's another dispensation
 That she has to undergo.

Weep, ye noble sons of genius,
 Brother poets, bleed a tear,
 Let the glories of your talents
 Break through grief to assemble here.
 As the rainbow and its lustre
 Breaks more beauty through the cloud,
 So may genius that is darkened,
 As your nation's head is bowed.

Come, do homage to his memory,
 He's a genius of your soil,
 Whose devoted powers reflected
 Honour with his mental toil ;
 He is worthy of your powers,
 And your deep inspiring thought,—
 Stamp your song with words of music
 That may never be forgot.

Print his virtues on the tablets
 Of your glorious history's page ;
 Hand them down in golden letters,
 With the good of every age.

Widows, now bereft of escorts
 On the bloody battle plain,

Pour your prayers to the Eternal
 To calm one deep breast of pain.
 Her beloved husband's tears
 Often fell in love to you,
 As your valiant loved ones perished
 On the field of blood so true.

In the cause for which they perished
 Has this noble veteran died ;
 And his memory is hallowed,
 Cherished by the nation's pride.
 Justice swayed her golden sceptre
 O'er the powers of his soul,
 And angelic kindness always
 Did his tender heart control.

He was one of nature's favorites,
 Robed with innocence and truth ;
 And they gave his heart the power
 That sustained him from his youth.
 Nature emptied her vast treasures
 To empower his native mind,
 To gain knowledge by observing
 Principles of every kind.

Arduous mental application
 Raised those powers of moral worth,
 To that sacred trust and honour
 That have shone in glory forth.
 In the meridian of their glory
 His sun set, eclipsing all ;
 Darkness on the land is settled
 By thy sad untimely fall.

In recesses of my spirit
 Whence spring love and liberty,
 Lincc'n, there in golden letters,
 Have I now engraven thee.
 With the choice of every nation,
 With the good of every clime,
 That betimes in guileless hours
 May inspire the poet's rhyme.

As some name cut in the grass-plot,
 Covered o'er with flowers pure,
 Watered by the dew of freedom,
 Long as love it will endure.
 Withered only when will perish
 Love to God and love to truth ;
 Abraham Lincoln there is printed,
 Blooming in immortal youth.

Brave army of the Potomac,
 Ye who wield the glittering blade,
 And through sleepless nights have often
 Sheltered 'neath the forest's shade,
 Print the name of Abraham Lincoln
 On your famous conquering swords,
 And in distant happy years
 Drop a tear upon the words.

Give it to your sons, a relic
 To inspire that loyal love,
 To the principle he gave us
 Ere he left for realms above.
 When we gaze in history future,
 On its calm serene sky,
 There will lie one star whose glory
 Will attract the poet's eye,

As its mild shade falls upon it
 And its holy light will shine,
 Pregnant there with every virtue
 That falls from the throne divine,
 And its deep seraphic lustre,
 Calm 'mid all the storms that rise,
 Firm, though heaven's own pillars tremble
 'Neath the canopy of skies.

Other stars declined their lustre,
 Went to deck another sphere ;
 Abraham Lincoln's heart ne'er faltered,
 From those laws he loved so dear.
 Deeply laid within his spirit
 Were those principles divine,
 That reflected such a splendour
 From the spot where they did shine.

They adorned his humble spirit,
 And he loved them as his life,
 Which he spent free to support them,
 'Mid the thunderstorms of strife.
 Nations eye him in the distance,
 Gladly cast their honours down ;
 At his feet lies all the glory,
 'Mid them gems from Britain's crown.

Yea, they kiss the hand thus palsied
 By a fiend in human form ;
 His benignity unfettered
 Millions from oppression's arm.
 Wave, thou stainless flag of freedom !
 Let thy deepest foldings wave
 Evermore in triple glory,
 Clothed with power from Lincoln's grave.

The warm hand that now lies nerveless,
 Shadow'd 'neath the forest trees,
 Wiped the stain that hung upon thee
 As unfolded to the breeze.
 Now Columbia's flag of freedom
 May unfold its form all even ;
 Stainless will its banner ever
 Kiss the breezes of the heaven,—

And the eagle in her tour,
 Through the deep, expanded sky,
 Stops to kiss thy stainless banner,
 Emblem of her liberty.
 If the white-winged angels hover
 O'er the nations as they fly,
 They may come to kiss the banner
 That doth grace Columbia's sky.

If those holy pilgrim fathers,
 That first pressed New England's shore,
 See thee now baptised so deeply
 In those floods of human gore,
 They would come from graves to greet thee,
 Hail thy banner stainless fly,
 Guide the soul of Abraham Lincoln,
 As it marches to the sky ;

Seat him 'mong them 'mid the glory
 That adorns Jehovah's throne,—
 Millions gazing as the martyr
 Enters to that bliss unknown.
 At the helm, when livid lightnings
 Threat to seal his country's doom,
 And the dreadful thunders pealing,
 Darkness deep enhancing gloom ;

Foes within the very vessel,
 As he firmly guides the helm,
 Threatening, as the waves were tossing,
 The proud ship to overwhelm.
 On his God and on his country
 Firmly then he fixed his eye,
 Leaning on an arm almighty,
 Calm in any danger nigh.

Not more gloriously did Abraham
 Rescue Lot and all his host,
 From the five kings that assailed him
 On Arabia's rugged coast,
 Than did Abraham Lincoln rescue
 Man from slavery and woe,
 While the God of Battles emptied
 All his vials on the foe.

Future years shall bless his memory,
 Millions yet shall kiss his name,
 And successive ages hand it
 Down with pure immortal fame.
 Rest, dear man, in peaceful slumbers,
 All thy glorious work is done ;
 Wear the wreath of sacred glory,
 That thy own proud deeds have won.



