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THE
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THE
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A POEM ON
THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

ITS ACHIEVEMENTS, INSTITUTIONS, SCENERY, MILITARY AND
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

BY J. T. BREEZE,

A Canadian Poet.

AUTHOR OF POEMS ON TORONTO, BELLEVILLE, KINGSTON, PICTON, SAUGHANASH
SHORE, NIAGARA FALLS, CONFEDERATION. THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT,

&c., &c., &c.

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DEDICATION.

To C. J. BRYDGES, Esq.,

Managing Director G. T. R., &c., &c., &c.

SIR:—I take exquisite pleasure in dedicating the following poem, on one of the greatest institutions of our country, to you, as a token of profound respect to the great abilities and distinguished talents which characterize your mind, together with your gentlemanly conduct and generous sympathies with everything that tends to enlighten, enoble, and elevate this our adopted country.

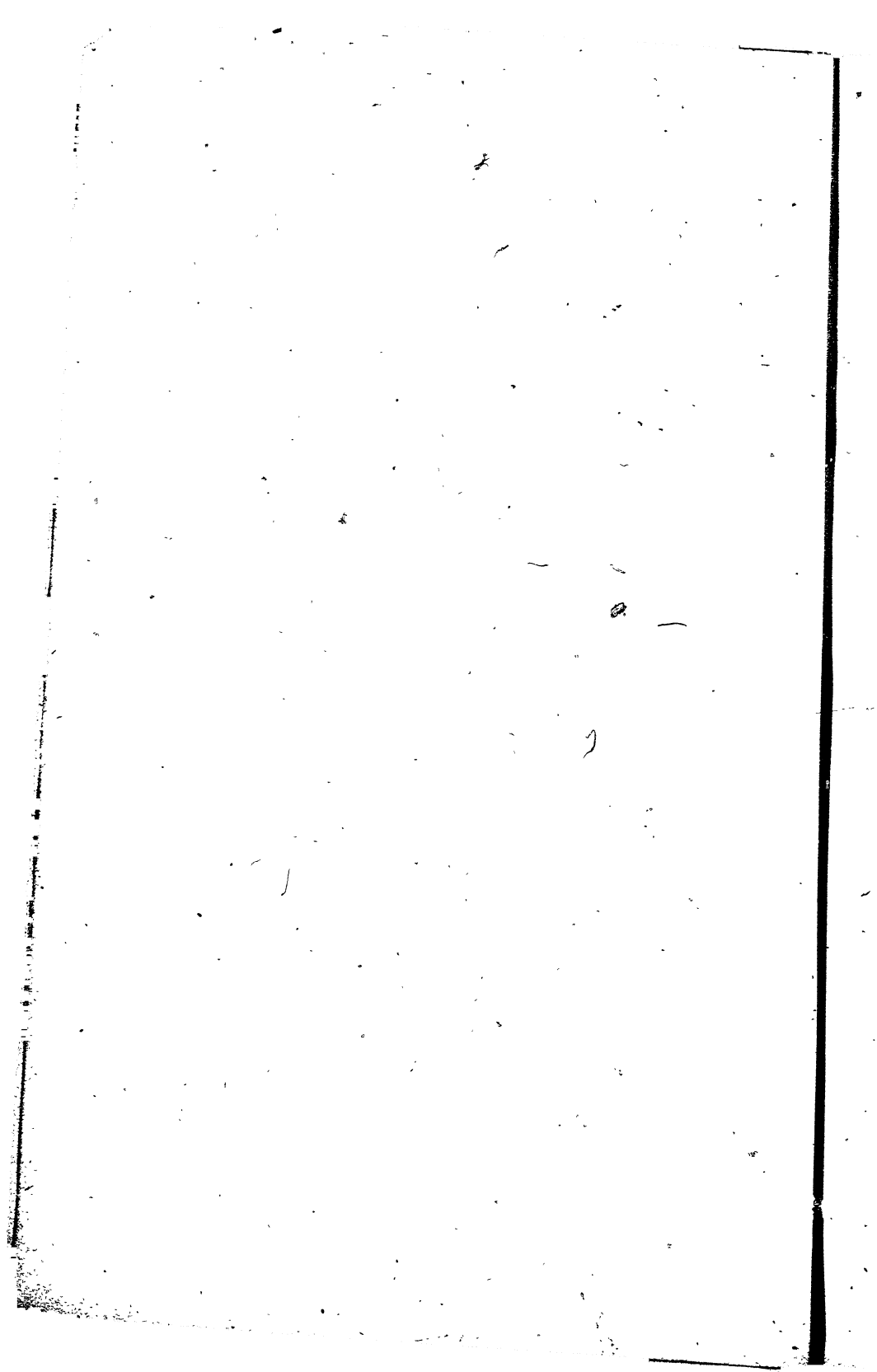
Hoping your life may be spared for many years to augment the interest of the new Dominion,

I remain,

Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

J. T. BREEZE.



THE GRAND TRUNK.

Parnassus! tell where is thine ancient power
Which on our world the gen'rous gifts did shower,
The gifted Muses and the lofty thought
That flew with victories and great battles fought?
I bow not there before the fictious shrine
To ask the gods to inspire my muse divine;
I turn mine eye now to a brighter throne.
And ask of Heaven to touch my harp alone.
My thoughts do roll, my passions are aflame.
But not of war or blood shed for immortal fame;
My theme sublimer, and more genial too,
My native muse that loves the pure and true.
Science and art have woo'd my powers away
From scenes of blood of the chivalric day;
Their light doth beam its lustre on my brow,
And to its praise my numbers swiftly flow.
Heaven! touch my song, and do my muse inspire,
Pour music true upon my humble lyre,
That it may rule and sway the rising youth,
And guide their minds up to the fount of truth.

Sweet harp of countless subjects roll
Thy lofty thoughts from pole to pole;
Tell of the secret springs that move
Man's mental powers to realms above,
And of the science and the arts
That give him his seraphic parts,
That raised his powers to that height,
And gives him an angelic flight.
Heaven doth illumine the world of mind

With attributes of various kind,
 And their intrinsic energy
 Causes the depths of night to flee.
 Progress the motto that doth stain
 The banners science lifts again,
 And art with countless ensigns wave
 The same on every effort brave.
 The world's all new, her rugged face
 Doth change with what the arts doth grace.
 Science rolls back the solemn weight
 That ages darkened into night.
 It crush'd the genius of mankind,
 Withholding light from th' world of mind.
 But science with her might doth roll
 This darkness from the human soul,
 And raises human powers of thought
 To soar where wings of angels float.
 Wait, Genius, wait, and gaze awhile
 On error's power that did defile,
 That blasted powers so pure as thine,
 And crushed her light of rays divine.
 Expose the principle that bound
 Genius so long to the ground.
 She never rose with all her power,
 But had from age to age to cower
 Before the ruthless laws of wrong,
 Bound her arm and chain'd her tongue.
 Yea, all the powers of noble thought
 Were dragg'd by chains that slavery bought.
 Heaven, in favour, hath redeemed
 The light that trembling genius beamed.
 Her light shall reign and rule the world
 'Neath banners she hath now unfurled.
 Despotie power no more shall reign,
 Or drag bright Genius in her train.
 Wait, shall I say, to curse that power
 Before which thou so long didst cower,
 And then, with all thy powers awake

Thy glorious pathway to betake ;
 Give size and shape and form to thought
 That genius with its might hath wrought.
 Science and genius, of one heart,
 Shall shed their light with every art,
 To scatter countless blessings free
 To all the human family.
 What if our fathers from above
 Behold us from their thrones of love ;
 What if their eyes through matter pierce,
 And can the scenes of life rehearse,
 And see the progress earth hath made
 Since their dust slumbers with the dead ;—
 Would they not covet to return
 And let their genius with ours burn,
 And pride in yet uniting free
 With us to raise man's destiny ?
 Our country seventy years ago
 How wild an aspect then did show :
 Countless huts and cabins spread
 Studding th' earth where lies their head ;
 But now fine towns and cities rise,
 Pointing their spires to the skies.
 Instead of rumbling wheels that rolled
 Their heavy length along of old,
 Genius commands some element
 Of nature, go where she is sent,
 And doth command from every mill
 The produce of man, good or ill,
 Without those weary hours that roll'd
 With waggon wheels in days of old.
 Yea, time and haggard space are spanned,
 Trod o'er at genius's command ;
 Distance brought near, and time compelled
 Before her mighty power to yield.
 On lightning's wing thought speeds her way,
 And loaded returns in a day,
 Brings mighty thoughts within her breast

From distant lands to cause us rest ;
 Yea, binds the human family
 In every land in unity.
 Man fain would imitate his God,
 Would speak with kindred power abroad,
 And bid all nature bow before,
 And all but makes it him adore,
 Constructs an iron horse of might,
 Breathes in it breath of life aright,
 Invests it with those attributes
 That give it powers above the brutes,
 In strength and swiftness would outvie
 The strongest, swiftest beast of prey,
 And draw behind it in its train
 Loads that no power can vie again,
 Stops oft to load its stomach well,
 Drinks draughts to quench its thirsty spell ;
 It snorts with open nostrils wide,
 Puffs forth its lusty breath of pride,
 Rears its proud head and laughs away
 Tireless th' same road every day,
 Frights both birds and beasts around,
 That startle at the whistle's sound.
 The genius of the forest flies,
 While art with thousand wonders rise,
 And (all but) our fond fathers' dust
 Rises to break the earth's deep crust
 To witness what new genius reigns
 In majesty on seas and plains,
 That flies with such velocity,
 Shaking the firmest forest tree,
 Driving the ruder genius 'way
 'Fore stronger light of brighter day.
 The world's all new, it is ablaze ;
 Our fathers' eyes with wonder gaze,
 Clasp their hands unitedly,
 Say, Well done nineteenth century !
 No more our sorrows ye shall feel,

No more die round the waggon wheel.
 When scores of miles from home away
 In trouble on some stormy day,
 No more your teams, all shivering cold,
 Falter to press their way so bold,
 With axle broke, the tire off,
 While passing wags do at you scoff,
 Congratulate you on the speed
 You go to fill your children's need;
 No smith is nigh, no tools to mend,
 To aid you to your journey's end.
 Heaven gazes knows that wise nor fools
 Can mend them void of proper tools.
 No more you cast your laughing eye
 On kindred scenes—they 'fore you fly,
 For arts unnumbered spread the land
 With networks at their own command.
 Four thousand miles the line is long,
 But traversed by the busy throng,
 In far less time than when at will
 You went to grind the wheat to mill,
 With nothing but the waggon wheel
 To make your brains with trouble reel.
 Better the train with railway speed,
 With time and plenty of books to read,
 With social humour all along
 Poured constant on the laughing throng.
 "Sweet home" is left, the heart gives way,
 Sadness doth on its vitals prey,
 And memories of the days of youth
 Wound the affection's laws of truth.
 An eye glance cast, we bid farewell
 To all the scenes we loved so well,
 And in new companies awake
 Our lengthened journey to betake.
 Some lovely maid beside my seat,
 With laughing eyes of language sweet,
 Drives forth the sadness from my breast,

And bids my troubled spirit rest.
 Love at first sight doth hold the heart
 And chains the tears that freely start,
 Holds in fond tyranny my powers,
 While Eden dreams beguile the hours.
 Too soon the happy journey 'll end,
 Too soon my footstep from her bend ;
 The heart is stolen, and my word
 Is gone, my happiness to afford.
 Will aught in future ever mar
 The peace begun in the railway car ?

THE DODGER AND CONDUCTOR.

Sitting beside the platform door.
 We see two eyes all sparkling o'er,
 Sparkling, we say, of doubtful light
 As if the wrong alone were right,
 As though 'twere right that he should ride
 The iron horse with double pride,
 Because he could evade the pay,
 And pass on free from day to day.
 Th' conductor's steps he'll trace with care,
 And knows the hour he seeks the fare,
 Or calls the tickets all to see
 If every one has paid their fee ;
 And he pretends to sleep the while,
 That by this plan he may beguile
 And throw the officer off guard
 Who fails to ask of him a word.
 Onward he goes, and well knows when
 To feign sleep in a while again.
 At last the fox is keenly eyed,
 Withers before one glance of pride,
 Firmly a voice demands aloud
 A ticket, while his head is bowed,
 The purple of his guilty face
 Shadows to all his own disgrace.

He turns away to gain some strength,
 His purpose evident at length.
 Ticket, Sir, cries th' affronted man,
 Who holds control of every van.
 The rope is drawn, the train's fast speed
 Is lessened to the present need,
 And by the shoulders he is hurled
 Alone into the vacant world.
 His parcel on his guilty back
 With lessened pride he treads the track.
 The scorn of every hum'rous one
 Who loves at human wrong t' have fun.
 Left to meditate awhile
 Which sincerity or guile.
 Or which the noblest policy
 His trickery plans or honesty;
 Then contrast his present space
 With the locomotive's race.
 Which in future he'll pursue
 To be to himself e'er true.

THE GRAND TRUNK SCENERY—NIAGARA FALLS.

Let tourists from each sunny clime
 Enter our country ports sublime.
 No embattlements their armour shake,
 No fortress strong of human make,
 But nature in majesty doth rise
 To greet the traveller's wondering eyes.
 Her dreadful portals enter free,
 Her power and grandeur only see,
 And gaze in rapture on her here,
 Read Heaven's omnipotence, and fear.
 The calm blue river from above
 Winds gently o'er the scenic grove,
 Insensible of the mighty leap
 She soon must give down to the deep;

Rolling its dreadful force along
 With glory yet untold in song,
 Thundering on the enchanted ear
 Deep sounds that quicken in us fear,
 Six hundred tons of water fall
 Into the awful caldron all—
 This Phlegethon of waters dash,
 And on the howling waters splash;
 Deep calls on deep with angry sound
 As though for war each wave were bound;
 They rush two hundred feet along,
 Deepening the terror of their song;
 Bravely below the waters hold
 The weight of those that fall so bold,
 Taking them captive, no retreat
 Is given them when they end their feat,
 While nature's majesty around
 Is chain'd beneath the solemn sound.
 O that some Orpheus as of old
 Would tune his harp with language bold,
 Sounding a song that stones may hear
 Of grandeur nestling with us here!
 The genius of its majesty
 Lies undescribed in poetry.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Were Mantua's bard with all his power
 Awhile around these scenes to lower,
 He would true glory round them cast
 In songs that would for ever last,
 And real impressions it imparts
 Should sound in music on our hearts.

If so the portals of our land
 True music from our hearts command,
 Follow my song as it will tell
 Of kindred scenes with equal spell.

Here art o'er nature prodigies
 Sports in her triumphal glees ;
 The gorge is spanned from shore to shore,
 The great exploit of art is o'er,
 The bridge in majesty appears,
 Suspended to allay your fears
 And o'er the gulf you onward go,
 Beneath you the wild waters flow.
 Three hundred feet up in the air
 Above the waves doth wind the car ;
 And round these scenes what memories rise
 Of spirits left for brighter skies,
 That once were arm'd in deadly strife,
 And for their country lost their life,
 Shedding upon us hallow'd fame,
 While thousand hearts embalm their name.
 Brock from immortal heights looks down
 Where foes upon his memory 'll frown,
 But smiles in tears that richly lave
 To sanctify the hero's grave.
 His monument shall speak his praise
 Throughout our country's brightest days.
 In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
 When nature changed her clothes of green,
 When mild October's fading leaf
 Wept down her emblems of our grief,
 When the veteran for us fell in pride,
 Bow'd his fond head and bravely di'd ;
 The flags were lowered in each land,
 To honour him who held command !
 The foeman's fury had to abate
 To honour him of fame so great,
 All honour to the generous deed,
 As nobly we shall act in need.
 We shall return it if some Saul,
 Of kindred eminence shall fall
 On some Gilboa of your own,
 Where the blood of kindred strife is sown.

These are the scenes we pass along,
And gladly hallow them in song.

Behold St. Catherine's thriving town !
From the proud hill on us look down,
Laughing in hope of brighter days
When we'll bestow it richer praise.
The railway and canal is near,
Giving it hope and life and cheer.

At the head of proud Ontario's lake,
Hamilton shores the surges break,
Where twenty thousand souls abide,
Declaring its inherent pride,
Labouring for the mastery.
O'er cities struggling on as free;
Calmly, neath the mountain brow,
Its spacious breadth is nestling low ;
Threatening as London to embrace
Most members of the human race.

And Toronto's towering spires,
Next my native genius fires—
Beauty dazzling all around,
* Hold the harp by magic bound.
" Muddy little York " indeed,
Surpassed contemporaries in speed ;
Increasing still to giant size,
Doth hold the palm and claims the prize
O'er Western cities on the lake,
Where proud Ontario's billows break.

Port Hope, with its great bridge's expanse,
Should claim the poet's thoughtful glance;

* Allusion to " the poet's rambles through Toronto."

Hope wreathed in lustre on her brow.
 Inspiring hill and dale below—
 The distant inland pouring wood
 To make the commerce always good.

Cobcourg, with jail and court-house grand;
 Doth open next to deck the land;
 And the Victoria's college binds
 The powers of many hopeful minds,
 Void of sectarian bigotry
 She'll raise them to high destiny.

Belleville the town of beauty fair
 Modelled by architecture rare,
 Seated on famed Quinte Bay,
 Where Moira sings her strain away;
 And the peninsula of fame
 Beside her has an honoured name,
 Where silently the mountain lake
 In holy majesty doth speak.

THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

O! spring profound to us unknown,
 Why do thy waves mysterious play;
 As rugg'd winds aloud do moan,
 Three hundred feet 'bove Quinte's Bay,
 What power propels thy upward course
 To kiss the mountains' surface here,
 And guides by its unerring force
 So high thy crystal waters clear;
 Doth the almighty arm of power
 Uphold thee by His might divine;
 That he may teach man through life's hour,
 That we, God's laws fail to define;
 Then how much less presume to know,
 The source from whence all powers flow.

Unknown art thou as is unknown,
 That power from whence all powers do come,
 Far in the eternal mind alone,
 Where all creation finds her home ;
 Art thou an emblem of that peace
 That dwells in thy Creator's breast ;
 Whose springs of love unbounded cease,
 And on the Eternal's bosom rest ?
 The bards ethereal powers do move,
 Quick as the sun's effulgent ray,
 To the unbounded realms of love,
 Where breaks the light of milder day.
 As nature's birds here chant their song
 Around this deep mysterious lake,
 From morn till eve its tones prolong,
 And thy deep quietude doth break,—
 So may on some eternal hill,
 Whence now hath flown the poet's mind,
 Sitting beside some heavenly rill,
 Deeper and holier music find,
 Whose notes profound do never cease,
 But deeper music yet increase.

 And as these birds which daily roam,
 At eve return in peace to rest,
 So weary wings of angels come
 To glide on their Creator's breast,
 And cool their bosoms in the wave
 Of God's unbounded sea of love ;
 While songs of heavenly accents lave
 'Mid glories of that world above.
 Can I not see the angel's wing
 Fall calmly on the tree of life,
 And hear some bright arch-angel sing
 Far from a world of sin and strife ;
 And think my happiness is even
 With the eternal joys of heaven ?

Leave beautiful Picton round whose soil
 The poet's memories recoil—
 Birthplace of my only son,
 There I Canadian life began;
 And there upon old Quinte's side
 Stand the college walls of pride.
 Where my harp in youthful strains
 Poured its fulness on the plains.

Napanee breaks on my sight,
 Where my muse oft took her flight;
 Soar'd and sang around the green
 Which the river spans between;
 Sang of hill and dale and stream,
 Brought the peasant first to dream
 That elements of greatness lay
 Undeveloped day by day.
 I'll away to Kingston's shore!
 Where my harp, unstrung before,
 Sang of countless glories round,
 Raised to deck that marshalled ground.

Beside St. Lawrence swelling tide
 Brockville blooms in native pride,
 Cloth'd in attributes of grace
 Each wrinkle lovely in her face;
 Her solid stone and mines of worth
 In plenteous lots are yielding forth.
 The Prince of Wales in wonder stood
 Gazing on surrounding good,
 Own'd the honour to him given
 Neath her own bright sunny heaven.

A distance hence stands Prescott's tower,
 A monument of former power,
 Where the foemen's bullets flew
 Round the brows of those they knew,
 Where the brave young Dulmage fell
 Guarding rights we love so well.

Honour to the patriot's grave
 Where St. Lawrence waters lave !
 Still his brothers linger here,
 Shedding on his dust a tear,
 Cursing Schultz's memory,
 Heap'd with dark ignominy.
 So the coward Fenians all
 In the next campaign shall fall.
 Charity no more shall wage
 Power o'er insulted rage ;
 It must vent to amply pay
 Conduct of a former day.
 And McEchran's loyal blood,
 Crying from the ground to God,
 Shall that hour avengèd be
 By our country's potency.

In the distance Ottawa's spire
 Casts its shade upon my lyre.
 At some early day my song
 Shall pour its music on its throng.
 Wave our flag in pride for e'er
 Giving peace and freedom there.
 Seat of a dominion free,
 Homage, honour, hope to thee !

Pass we on to Cornwall's height
 Where the Indians dwell in sight,
 Where St. Regis may be seen
 Deck'd in lovely hues of green,
 And the ancient Iroquois
 Made this fragment isle his choice,
 All of what they had before
 On this continent's vast shore ;
 In return for all his loss
 Gains the story of the cross,
 Here St. Lawrence's river too
 Yet studded with their birch canoe,

Chaunting merrily along
Holy strains of Gospel song.

Montreal breaks on our view,
Shade of ancient glories true,
Where vast monuments of power
Meet our eyesight every hour.
Genius with unrivalled strength
Shews her depth, her breadth, and length.
Here her works of art are laid,
Here her laurels never fade.
Here her amaranthine flowers
Fadeless crown one mortal's powers.
Stevenson, thy deathless name
Hallows its immortal fame ;
Here thy works will e'er endure
Shadowing forth thy genius pure.
Menai's Strait and Montreal
Shadows forth its lustre all.
Sound its praise from age to age,
Lighting up dark hist'ry's page ;
Yea, Victoria Bridge hath spanned
Waves that kiss each happy land ;
Science mocks the winter's storm
That beats 'gainst its rugged form.

C. J. BRYDGES, ESQ.

Hail ! Julius Cæsar of the present age,
Towering above thy foes most subtle fage ;
Firm dost thou stand as stands the troubled earth
When earthquakes rave and mighty winds have birth.
Unmoved but in the orbit God designed
For all the attributes of thy mighty mind.
No boasting Pompey can thy mind subdue,
Nor Cicero's words deter its purpose true—
It sweeps a compass like the mighty sun
That rules the planets in the course they run.
O how vast the great machinery

O'er which thy mind doth cast its eye light free
 To plan, arrange, and well dispose the whole
 With all the powers of thy capacious soul.
 Thy country's good lies near thy heart benign,
 Perpetual good thou dost for it divine ;
 Thy mental powers are tutored from their youth
 'Neath master minds who rule the world of truth.
 While other minds disturbed and impaired
 By vulgar passion that their natures shared,
 They failed to conceive the plans with which thou dost
 Reduce their power back to its sordid dust.
 They rave and tear our country's beauteous face,
 Themselves the votaries of its long disgrace.
 Thou hast done well to raise our country's fame ;
 When troubles rise thy purpose stands the same.
 Thou would'st do better if thy power could,
 But out of evil brought'st the utmost good.
 No humble mind could sway the power that thou
 Dost bring to bear upon our country now.
 Long live to lend the light that Heaven hath given,
 And shed its lustre on our country even ;
 Then shall thy name be hallowed evermore,
 And sound in song upon our favoured shore.

WORKS AT POINT ST. CHARLES.

The throne of business here in grace's enshrined,
 Her senate ruled by one great master mind.
 Yea, England's sons in every land doth shine,
 Deep'ning the glory of a lustrous line.
 Brydges, thy heart and thy illumined head
 Not least the lustre thou on it dost shed ;
 Sons of this shore in various ways employed,
 Some mighty souls by fashion unalloyed ;
 For science throws her magic wand around
 The lustrous powers that grace the noted ground.
 Every department has some soul sublime
 Lab'ring to print his feet on th' sands of time ;

The mighty dead do live before their eye—
 Forward they press where those great footsteps lie,
 Onward their thought where Stevenson of yore
 Trod where no foot had ever trod before.
 May science bring some lustrous mind from here
 To guide thought on in some new realms to steer,
 Eaton already, with inventive power,
 Stands lustrously in France's noted bower.
 Her exhibition bears fruit of his hand,
 Diversifying th' genius of our land,
 Raising its honour 'fore the wondering eye
 Of those that come from every foreign sky.*

ITS MILITARY CAPACITY.

These powers can roll two thousand noble men
 To brave the bullets of the foe again ;
 Its rapid trains and quick machinery.
 Will guide our boys to meet the foemen free—
 Two thousand soldiers, with a stubborn heart,
 Would daunt Feniana and bid foes depart—
 Guided beneath the valiant souls of those
 In whom our country's trust do we repose,
 Gallaway and Spicer would direct the host
 Of noble youth of which our land can boast.
 Sheddon and Shackell, with their minds of skill,
 With desperate heart, and indomiable will,
 And brave McKechnie in whose subtle mind
 Lie plans of woe for foes of every kind ;
 Waving a sword to sanctify our shore,
 Nor death could daunt him to give battle o'er
 Handing his sword and name of bright renown
 To cast a lustre o'er Britannia's crown !
 Brockville shall pride to send a lustrous son,
 Whose fate is linked up with her fateful own ;

* Alluding to the new sleeping car constructed by Mr. Eaton, of the locomotive department of the G. T. R. at Point St. Charles, sent for exhibition at Paris, 1867.

And by his side in life or sullen death—
 Murray perchance may lose his vital breath,
 Shouting the victory as his foes retire,
 Before the courage of his heart of fire.
 Th' intrepid Kerr whose attributes of mind
 Glow with the valour of the noblest kind,
 Whose daring deed would 'lustrously go down
 T' illumine the lustre of his country crown ;
 Born on the shore where noblest chivalry,
 Of late put foes of darkest deeds to flee.
 For numerous years he's rolled the rugged car
 Through sunny climes and winters stormy war ;
 And proudly now would hand an honoured name,
 Crowned with the glory and the bliss of fame.
 As in those years when brave McDonald fell,
 Sinking his foes low in the depths of hell !
 As rolled the cannon sixty years ago
 When noble life in purple streams did flow,
 And Brock's pure name with deeper light did glow—
 Whose blood dyed then earth's carpet ever green,
 As eyes of yore did view the desperate scene ;
 So loyal hearts shall bleed at every pore
 And noble souls kin to those hearts of yore,
 Shall yet preserve unsullied here again
 Our country's flag void of the foeman's stain !
 No foot polluted shall our soil degrade,
 Their sordid dust shall moulder with the dead ;
 Unwept, unhonoured, and withal unsung,
 Sink 'neath the horrors with which they have wrung.
 Beware ye fools misguided by those knaves,
 That gave your fellows ignominious graves —
 Be counselled now, if human life be sweet.
 Remembering Ridgeway's miserable retreat ;
 Our generous country did benignly save
 Those captured then from a dishonoured grave !
 Your kindred efforts would their herds consign
 To darkness deep where light doth never shine—
 T'would doom your comrades to that sea of shame,
 Your memories blackened with the Fenian's name.

Passing Richelieu on we go
 Where Quebec's wild waters flow.
 Leave St. Maurice murmuring stream,
 Where bright swords of yore did gleam.
 Miles away, Oh list who can !
 Roar the falls of Shawinegan,
 Wildest beauty nestling there
 With which few lands can compare ;
 And from beauty it doth rise,
 T' savage grandeur 'fore our eyes—
 The Indian mind God taught to know,
 And read the beauties nature shows.
 Next we reach famed Abram's Plains !
 Where Montcalm's brave dust remains ;
 England claimed his victor brow,
 Greenwich holds it treasured now—
 But his holy memory
 Is embalmed by us so free.
 Casting eyes to Abram's Height,
 Where the generals met to fight ;
 Here a monument of fame
 Is raised to each general's name.
 Victor, and the vanquished here
 Meet to pour a mutual tear.
 Now for Wolfe and then Montcalm,
 We'll their memories both embalm,
 Both were brave and both were true,
 Though decked then in different hue.
 We'll forget the cause of strife,
 Remembering but their noble life ;
 Each gained here an honoured name,
 Equal in immortal fame,
 Equal in their actions great,
 Equal in their equal fate,
 Equal in their nations' love,
 Gazing at us from above.

NEW DOMINION.

Hail, my country, hail to thee!
 Seat of institutions free;
 Let thy flag of glory wave
 O'er the happy free and brave;
 It has braved a thousand fears,
 More than braved a thousand years!
 Many a noble nature died
 Neath its folds of British pride;
 Many a foe before it fell,
 Lower than the depths of hell;
 Many a hero 'neath it grew
 Desperate to attack anew—
 Falling—all its glories flow
 On their hearts as white as snow
 And death could not dim such a light
 Shining round its folds so bright
 Stainless valour 'neath it reigns,
 Noble hearts and lustrous brains
 Rooted in our hearts of truth
 It shall bloom in fadeless youth;
 Justice written on each fold
 Every nation shall behold—
 Wave o'er the New Dominion free,
 Those affections hallow thee.
 Let "Ontario" nor "Quebec"
 Never see thy sheet a wreck.
 Let Prince Edward's little Isle
 Nestle on the breast awhile,
 And New Brunswick, heart expand
 O'er the marriage of each land.
 Nova Scotia of renown
 Cast thy honours 'fore thee down,
 Newfoundland and Hudson Bay
 Feel for ever thy gracious sway,
 And Vancouver's Island green
 Rest in love to Britain's Queen.

JUNE 30/31

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