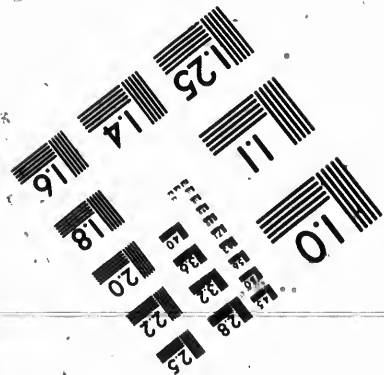
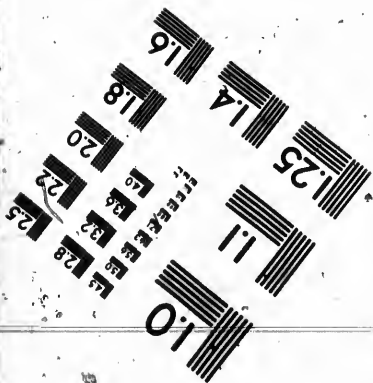
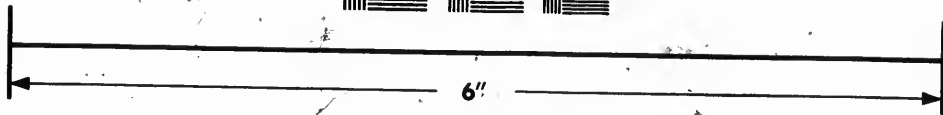
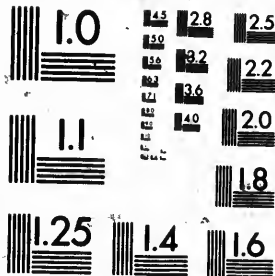


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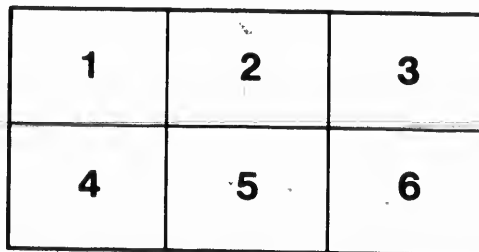
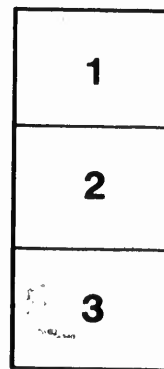
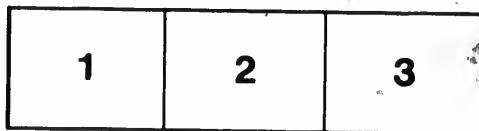
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Miss. Chas. W. Gley
from Mrs. Love C.T.
1829



POESIE'S DREAM,

PART 1ST. AND 2D.

ROSE GLEN,

AND

Other Poems.



HALIFAX, N. S.
PRINTED BY JOSEPH HOWE,
1835.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Poems were at one time not intended to be published in their present form; but time and circumstances—circumstances which could interest no one besides the author himself, have had sway enough to alter his first intention. For him to ask the leniency of the public to be shown now to these Poems, would be folly, and would appear, in his thinking, something like a person who may be supposed to ask pardon for a crime previous to the commission of it. But while he would put in a claim for such a leniency, which many others inexperienced in such matters have done before him, there will be at least one gratifying consideration left him, (that is to say, if this production fail of success,) which is this—that he feels he has shown a candid and unaffected avowal of the endeavour he has made. Whether that one turns out to be a laudable one or not, a successful one, or unsuccessful, (which must be pronounced on by others) is of course of no small importance to him.

THE AUTHOR.

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Poete's Dream.

PART 1ST.

I.

Friend of the Muse! permit me now to hand
You this the second of my youthful lays,
Which, if a leisure hour you can command,
With thy approval stamp, or stern dispraise.
Regard not these my young aspiring days :
Yet, should it please when you have glanc'd it o'er,
I'll scorn the taunts that men assume to raise ;
And I'll on future wing more safely soar,
If I now triumph as I've triumphed oft before.

II.

The scene seem'd laid on consecrated ground—
Where a broad stream thro' fertile regions stray'd ;
Near whose bright windings soft'ning all around
Thick crowds in new rapt admiration staid,
And of high peaks and promont'ries survey'd :
Whence what unmeasur'd realms were seen to expand !
Explored, admired, and sketch'd—till all dismay'd,
Shrunk at stern Nature answering some command—
A muttering shock of thunder roll'd along the land,

III.

As summoning attention ! cracking loud
 O'er the chang'd West live adamant began
 To run, where Pillars stood, and from each cloud
 Fell Balustrades of huge and spacious span :
 Then pile joined pile, which moulding fire o'erran ;
 And all a Gothic grandeur soon acquired,
 With shelving Balconies,—a wondrous plan !
 That firmly stood, there loftily admired,
 Based on dark clouds—their heights mid rolling white
 attired.

IV.

To these proud fanes struck out 'mid fashioning fires
 The God of Day's assenting smile being given,
 High toppling pinnacles and sun-bright spires
 Shot in array next o'er that garnish'd Heaven,
 E'en as from out some molten vortex driven ;
 And while these things were view'd, and swell'd amain
 Rare minstrelsy—the Eastern hills were riven ;
 From whence a cloud, dim shadowing forth a train,
 In solitary sweep brush'd o'er the astonish'd plain.

V.

Arose that cloud from where the Earth had rent
 Her depths, and raised a death-awakening cry ;
 But, hurried now, fast o'er the firmament
 It drove—late veiling each beholder's eye :
 When man's mix'd murmuring rose along the sky :
 And whoop and yell far borne upon the ear,
 Announc'd thro' loud acclaim that *they* were nigh—
 The mighty of the Earth were gathering near ;
 For whom the hills their bold uplifted sides did rear.

VI.

Rush'd many down from peak and promontory,
 Who in the west had watch'd those structure's piled
 Upon each other in all outward glory,
 And with interior splendors archly aisled,—
 To welcome such as o'er plain, lawn, or wild,
 On to the fanes then bent their glorious course,
 (Which "Temple Places" by the crowds were
 styled)
 Soon as behind The Mighty, with a hoarse
 Commotion dread, the heights had closed with sludder-
 ing force.

VII.

All welcomed on! with gaits reluctant, slow—
 Tall and commanding some, and numbers, lame;
 Some low in stature, not in genius low,
 As might be shewn, if by their grades of fame
 Each were announc'd, or hustr'd of his name;
 Such as they were, Earth own'd their presence while
 They o'er her plains, and velvet pastures came,
 She back returning them the frequent smile,
 As thoughts their hearts express'd unmixed with fulsome
 guile.

VIII.

And from the garbs in which they seemed to rise,
 And from the traits in life, that marked them, well
 Each Epic Chief the eye could recognize,
 Whose loudly varied and heroic swell
 On mankind's ears in-graceful numbers fell;
 Who forms of former days did then resume;
 On whom all eyes loved long and much to dwell;
 While some doff'd weeds of Time, and Death, and
 Gloom,
 With which they had burst unimprisoned from the tomb.

IX.

Great Heaven ! what multiplied expressions rose
 O'er boldening brows, marked with no cold disdain ;
 Where mild Benignance sat, or pass'd the glows
 And darker flashings of the restless brain,
 Then rose the Scholiast, and, with him again,
 The erudite Layman—while Historian—Sage—
 Of Georgean, and Elizabethan reign,
 Who immortalized themselves in written page,
 Mixed with wild, wild Lewellyns of a darker age.

X.

With all who with the past and present stored
 Their minds at Science's delightful spring ;
 And, who on philosophic pinions soared ;
 Or on more daring and Darwinian wing :
 Scrolls of bright names ! who lived indeed to sing :
 The first in Mythic, and in Holy Song ;
 And they who to their Lyres were wont to cling
 As partners of their souls, who smote among
 Their gusty cords with gifted energy and strong.

XI.

Athletic Bards! the fair—the free—the young—
 The brave, with skilful sweep who often pleased:
 And, at their call, their harps kept ever strung
 At war-note pitch, to be with rapture seized :
 Whether as wandering Minstrels they appeased
 Their own hard lots—loved Minstrels of a day !
 Or others' lots in Life's rough journey eased ;
 Who sang the unpremeditated Lay
 Of old Knight-Errantry to youths and maidens gay.

XII.

—With such as were in life to Fame urged on,
 By innate impulse forced to climb its steep;
 Companionless, whose days were spent alone
 In arduous study—application deep;
 Strangers alike to sunshine as to sleep;
 And, with unswerving energy of brain
 And soul, hard earn'd applause did duly reap;
 Of whom their Kings were proud, their countries vain,
 Who Learning's stores enrich'd with toil, fatigue, and
 pain.

XIII.

Redounding to their glory and their praise,
 On to those monuments which they well knew
 The learn'd would to their lasting mem'ries raise,
 While conqu'ring much, who onward patient drew;
 And ah! no common praise to such was due!
 Mail'd thus for toils and literary wars;
 Up to the future's emulative view
 Conspicuous held, beside those lonely stars
 Of old, whose lustres burst e'en thro' dark prison bars.

XIV.

And as thus o'erstrode Earth their straggling bands,
 In wayward ramblings many fell behind
 Re-viewing spots along their native lands—
 Which fond remembrances recall'd to mind;
 Where Youth and Fame had early garlands twined;
 Or young Love's ardor first was felt to wake—
 But all such lingering, as the day declined,
 In swift winged chariots driven, each like a flake
 Before the storm, were seen the rest to overtake:

XV.

Ruled by no precedence, they, as they came,
 Pass'd o'er Earth's verge by ways to left and right ;
 The mingled genius of all varied name—
 Those who had lit up Time's Egyptian night,
 Or cross'd it in erratic meteor flight ;
 With classic visages and contours bold—
 And all swept onward out of earthly sight ;
 The young in honored converse with the old,
 While on their gathering, and approach the Temples
 toll'd.

XVI.

At noon they far from distanc'd Earth were spied ;
 At sunset pass'd they thro' the portai ways ;
 When the sky-yawning fanes stupendous, wide,
 With inward mark'd magnificence and praise,
 Received the living great of other days :
 Where shrined along the fulgent aisles, and high,
 Fair statues stood out-holding fav'rite lays ;
 And bold device works, Earth and Wave, and Sky,
 Displaying, in sweet miniature, burst on the eye.

XVII.

Device Works ! startlingly sublime to view,
 Embracing landscapes, that, with shades between
 Them, were, to Nature's own so rarely true,
 In close carv'd loveliest accuracy seen ;
 Here hills and dells and glowing dales so green,
 And vales, where living things stray'd cropping food ;
 And lakes, again, among those hills serene—
 O'er these, with all the circumstance of wood,
 And sky, in new felt extacy the concourse stood.

XVIII.

Beyond all mortal praise, to be extoll'd
 What chisel there and pencil did propound ;
 For cataracts and noiseless rivers roll'd,
 From which some e'en believed they caught the
 sound :
 —Shores dash'd with shade, and sunshine, or im-
 imbrowned ;
 Lawn, climbing mead, and fence-encircled park,
 And heights, and bright wing'd birds thro' soar'd
 around,
 Glowed into very life, and such to mark
 Was wild delight indeed ! and in the stilly dark

XIX.

Brushwood surrounded waters, sullen, deep,
 To mark where the unrufl'd azure slept,
 Save frequent spots, that thrill'd in uttering sleep,
 Wherein the inmates of the Lakelets leapt ;
 Or soft along the wings of Zephyr swept ;
 O ! works of owned inimitable skill !
 That long alive the mantling wonder kept
 Of those at Rapture's fount who drank their fill—
 Ere long who mused mid scenes of greater splendors still.

XX.

Onward thro' pile adjoining pile they pass'd,
 Till they to the remotest came, when all,
 Still more design'd magnificence aghast
 Beheld—the garnish of that mightiest hall—
 The deep emboss'd rich spiral pillars tall,
 A Heaven's arch grandeur to the eye revealed ;
 With altars, thrones, out-jutting from each wall ;
 On, or near which leaned forms or mutely kneel'd,
 Or with peculiar anguish to the soul appealed.

XXXI.

Ay! whole length-forms with soul so well express'd,
 That moment took all reason's power to chide
 The emotions raised in each beholder's breast,
 At those arranged along on every side;
 With warm hand clasp'd enthusiasm eyed!
 Placed not in their allotted niches there,
 To please the assuming air of power and pride.
 Or the fine chisel's fingering to declare,
 Or between Art and Life to draw the dull compare.

XXII.

Like life into a stone-struck attitude
 Quick turn'd, whose ears yet to our soul's address
 Are fancied to be open, there they stood—
 Whom while the living scann'd with earnestness,
 Their eyes, at first, they merely in excess
 Of wandering wonder threw o'er all around;
 But how may we their extacy express?
 Up to a pitch of adoration wound,
 When there, in all life's true similitude, they found

XXIII.

Their loves! amid that mute assemblage ranged;
 More of whose eloquent forms 'twere vain to speak,
 So soft attired, with breathing looks unchang'd;
 Showing no trace out of place, expressive meek,
 The pensive brow—the cold and marble cheek—
 The eye that glanc'd—the lip that seemed to play
 With utt'rance, and the soft reply to seek;
 Of slighted Love three owned the sorrowing sway!
 Ah! surely 'twas no chisel that could such pourtray!

XXIV.

Yes ! hush'd and dreamy stood the forms of those,
 Arranged thus (sculpture they were not) along ;
 From whom sighs, soft to fancy's ear, arose,
 To meet with those from the awaken'd throng ;
 For sad the souls of some, the last among !
 While soothing records of the heart awoke
 In others, drawn from mem'ry, touch'd with song,
 For, such remembrances as Love bespoke
 None present sternly strove against, or feign'd to cloak.

XXV.

But—Time, that ever flies, flew on apace,
 And more enrich'd he could not well have flown,
 Who linger'd o'er, at times, to fondly trace
 The ancient bands of Poets, famed and known,
 With modern mix'd—in warmest friendship shown ;
 Those differing only in attire from these,
 Well pleas'd each ranging glance around was
 thrown ;
 In love exulting, dignity, and ease,
 Could such a fellowship of genius fail to please ?

XXVI.

Each change they met, with no bewilder'd eye
 As yet, but how hearts beat we may not know
 Beneath garbs of remote antiquity,
 And such as gifted moderns round them throw—
 When nods, adjudging Pallas, to bestow ;
 While, interspers'd with these and those of yore,
 Gleam'd that, which Scotia's sons are proud to show ;
 'The last tho' not the least,' which Fingal wore—
 Whose dazzling beauties vie with none known heretofore.

XXVII.

There many stood, known by their boyish stoops ;
 Some yet the exchanging hand of friendship join'd ;
 Thro' whose all varied, ever-varying groups,
 What thoughts, what utt'rances met, and combin'd,
 As heard thro' that all-mighty mass of mind !
 Otway with Sterne ! there, Chatterton with White !
 The great Hibernian, these some way behind
 With Thomson, stood, who flowing rhyme could write,
 And taught mankind to shrink from his ironic bite.

XXVIII.

O'er terrac'd high enormous aisles did lean,
 Spectators musing ;—who that concourse traced
 In groups—a rare, a bright, a mazy scene !
 As thus they stood, or round the hall they paced ;
 When all in turn, by happy chances, faced
 Their native Towns, Oh ! well devised indeed,
 'Mid rich designs, on walls and pillars, chaced,
 Till roused by messengers anon in speed
 Threading their way, tho' few knew what was to succeed.

XXIX.

A moment ! and, as thus they walk'd or stood,
 Discussing topics of the past—so dear,
 Each, fix'd in unmoved mien, and alter'd mood,
 Showed Genius awe depicted deeply here ;
 Some instantaneous impulse, far and near,
 The loud-rung-hum and clamour quickly hush'd ;
 A monitory silence fill'd the ear !
 Nor stood they long with expectation flush'd ;
 Far o'er the Temple's heights a flash of glory gush'd.

XXX.

A flash, whose bright unborrowed lustre shone ;
 When two loud change-announcing sounds were
 rung—
 Once! and, as swell'd its multiplying tone,
 The dipping sun red o'er the ocean hung ;
 Twice! and as thro' the aisles it raging sung,
 The Temple-Hall became a Banquet Place—
 And lighted chandeliers descending swung ;
 Viands and fruits were spread—wines pour'd apace—
 And waved a Tree of Life o'er all in native grace.

XXXI.

Such favor'd crowds, who had, with cheers and cries
 Late follow'd in the Poets' paths, and one
 By one climbed balustrades to sate their eyes,
 And these o'er the interior splendors, run,
 Now mark'd the friendly interchange begun
 Between the mighty—heard their pledging calls—
 Yea! eagerly remark'd all said and done,
 But chiefly when they read the brilliant walls,
 They mark'd their fancies' rise, their spirits, flights and
 falls ;

XXXII.

As woke rare minstrelsy—so prone to start
 The solemn rev'ry in the Poet's mind ;
 Which much recalls to memory of his art ;
 An art as yet imperfectly defined ;
 But ah! how boundless in its scope—Mankind
 With our Creator's praise which daily fills ;
 With Liberty's responsive echoes, joined ;
 An art, although not proof 'gainst worldly ills,
 Man with the finer feelings of his nature thrills.

XXXIII.

Which gains for him, by steady steps, a name—
 Can lure him o'er Parnassian ground to pass ;
 From which none back yet unrewarded came,
 Tho' rugged the first steeps, and thorny, as
 Some present there had testified, alas !
 Who thus to eminence their ways had paved ;
 Above the finger-pointing grovelling mass :
 In mental conflicts who like men behaved—
 But to our theme—let that be for the present waived.

XXXIV.

The goodly companie thus constituted
 Of bands, by closest amity enchained,
 Talked—and dispassionately oft disputed—
 While many were the pleasing conquests gained,
 Till naked Truth before them stood arraigned ;
 And own'd and hidden secrets were found out :
 For all, with speech and manners unconstrained,
 Form'd small tribunals at the board, without
 Which, those had yet lain veiled in former gloom and
 doubt.

XXXV.

Near some who had high birth stamp'd on their brow,
 Sat others, who had borne Life's rueful bale ;
 And who, while doom'd to labour at the plough,
 Stemm'd its rough torrent—braved its bleakest
 gale ;
 At Fate who oft address'd pathetic wail :
 Yet, in whose breasts the high unbounded flow
 Of feeling and of fancy did prevail ;
 All joys, all pleasures willing to forego,
 And worldly wealth, before the Muse's shrine to bow.

XXXVI.

The Muse once all their fond engaging care,
 They lived unmindful of the morrow's doom ;
 At whom the passer-by was drawn to stare
 As at some spirit wanderers 'mid the gloom—
 Sent life's night-paths to brilliantly illumine :
 Nature's own oracles ! sublimely quaint !
 Whose tongues, and only theirs could here presume
 Her loves—her charms to eloquently paint,
 And breathe unstudied song around without restraint.

XXXVII.

So, what a talented array convened !
 Of men, and critics, gifted and long sighted ;
 To each other in colloquial warmth who lean'd,
 And olden grudge and disputation righted ;
 With wordy wars who once the world delighted.
 Critics and bards, who bitterly had clash'd,
 There the kind glance of recognition plighted ;
 Mild as a lamb great Bentley sat, and flash'd
 With genius Raleigh's eye, with pride all unabash'd.

XXXVIII.

And Johnson too ! the first among that crowd,
 High tow'rd the mighty and majestic soul !
 Who, it is said, in Life could bluster loud—
 But, spanning as he did from pole to pole
 The universe of learning, no control
 From men brook'd he—since their neglect had gall'd—
 His soul, nor praise nor fortune could cajole ;
 Him, e'en the countenance of the mighty pall'd,
 As his first strife with poverty his mind recall'd.

XXXIX.

Near where Gay, Sterne, Scarron, and Cowley sat,
 The Newton of the moral world was seen,
 Paley—upon whose left again sat Pratt—
 While at the Banquet's farther end, between
 Two Scottish Bards, great Cowper grac'd the scene;
 Bruce, one—while rose upon his other side
 The Ayrshire Peasant's independent mein;
 Whose accents flow, in all the conscious pride
 Of sentiment, swell'd not the least the jovial tide.

XL.

Near forty years! Ah! well the Muse may trust
 The Chronicles of Death, since every grove
 Last'rang (ere he was summon'd to the dust)
 With simplest melody and rural love;
 And more than that! 'tis ev'n so, since he drove
 His Plough o'er shelving bank' and breezy field—
 Struck harp with that same nervous arm which strove
 To pass unscathed the mouse in mossy bield—
 Since he the daisy mourn'd, whose fate like his was seal'd.

XLI.

That high conspicuous forehead, see, whose mould
 Was but so lately from oblivion saved—
 And that dark flashing eye, wont to behold
 Musing Nith's water as it roll'd or raved—
 That visage which the frowns of fortune braved;
 And o'er his swarthy brow a sadness fling,
 And, dark locks lay, there negligently waved—
 Such marked him then—he, who could sweetest sing,
 And Love's soft woes could home to every bosom bring.

XLII.

Thy Muse then smiled, Oh! home of mountain pride,
 To mark between the great and him no line—
 No jealous harb'rings, while there, side by side,
 The Bards of England sat by some of thine ;
 Helping each other's lustres thus to shine,
 Oh Scotia ! while that joy-resounding hall
 Rang frequent to thy own old ' Auld Lang Syne ;'
 Three mystic words, or Notes ! that call up all
 The shade and sunshine of the past—Time's lone night
 call.

XLIII.

By Ossian sat Isaiah ! and the bard
 Who pathos deep with the sublime could pour ;
 And he, at enmity with man, who warr'd
 Against the world, and wooed its galling sore,
 By him who once stray'd lone on Patmos' shore :
 Than whose no bolder contours could be traced :
 And Pope on the Messiah's bard look'd o'er ;
 While Daniel our own glorious Dryden faced—
 Thus, thus, by happy choice, or chance, they all were
 placed.

XLIV.

And ah ! the few once stung or starv'd to death,
 Who proudly saw with whom they now were class'd,
 O'er whose essaying morns of life, the breath
 Of canker'd Envy had untimely pass'd,
 Rejoiced well o'er their meeds of fame at last :
 And yet, altho' from ill-directed jeer,
 And taunt, secure, a melancholy cast
 Sat on their brows, tho' much they had to cheer—
 Their souls delight—and gifted, awful Genius near ;

XLV.

And, thro' throughout the Feast a glory bland,
 Above the seated throng, indulgent play'd ;
 Tho' rhymes streamed—Planets pranc'd on ev'ry hand,
 Along the walls, yet, yet, as has been said,
 Their souls a frequent melancholy sway'd,
 When on the forms they gazed, before—behind
 Them ranged, and for their real presence pray'd ;
 As each recall'd his fav'rite to the mind—
 Her in his eyes the loveliest, best of woman kind.

XLVI.

But ah ! too soon twang'd some loud Gong's collision,
 Like a commanding angel's tongue, that threw
 A diff'rent colouring o'er the teeming vision—
 And much that might be sung was lost to view !
 While time elapsed—but ask not how it flew ;
 Hours are for the enslaved, not for the free ;
 The Trump—the Clarion, that so lately blew—
 The song, the chorus, and the lively glee—
 Had all gone round, and sighed a farewell symphony.

XLVII.

Group after group had from the board been vanishing ;
 'Twas midnight contemplation call'd away ;
 Cup after cup, erewhile, wooed fresh replenishing—
 If beckoning grandeur overawe the gay,
 How rapt, how sunk, on earth's midnight display
 Below them, must have dwelt the Mighty's eyes !
 As on the Temple's heights assembled, they
 Saw Night roll o'er the Heav'ns—Morn duly rise—
 And young Day, in his power, irradiate eastern skies,

XLVIII.

And Belts of Stars to wane on sight, while, lo !
 The eastern curtains slowly next unclose ;
 Whence, broadly laughing up his steep, nor slow,
 At length the glorious God of Day arose ;
 But struggling thro' no cloud, as view'd from those
 High habitations ; whence the ken was thrown
 On earth and nature, waking from repose ;
 Bright views ! not in those lower regions known—
 However dazzling these at times to us are shown.

XLIX.

The curling mists moved hence like infant storms,
 (For, thence, to aught else liken'd could they be?)
 As from the hills, they, gathering up their forms,
 Assembled ; then, like an aerial sea,
 Their trailing robes were soon beheld to flee
 Before the sun ; who, now, o'er lawn and glade,
 And hill, smil'd glory, till his radiant glee
 More and more largely on this round world play'd ;
 And all Creation shone in Joy and Light array'd !

L.

Save where one storm gloom'd Atlas wave up-hurl'd,
 Bestrode by a huge rainbow's ensign, whence
 The foamy waters urged, with crests high curl'd,
 Roll'd far in jabbling volumes madly hence ;
 As, mid the roar of elements immense,
 The surly thunder muttering groan'd o'er all ;
 The lightning through which gleaming oft intense ;
 Till sternly, on the earth's replying call,
 The storm sail'd sluggishly away—around this ball ;

LI.

Like some God muttering loud from fierce despair,
 Who looks from mid the clouds tumultuous black,—
 These slowly traversing the fields of air,
 Whose scowls have put all nature on the rack.
 The o'ershadowing gloom on ocean mark'd the track
 Of that electric mass, and, as it near'd,
 The clouds to strife, then hurrying from and back,
 Some of the Poets smiled on—sev'ral cheer'd,
 Whose lives, such scenes as this, had terribly endeared.

LII.

For what more dreadful than Creation's frown,
 When storm and darkness rest upon the hills!
 When fields and plains the mountain floods inbrown,
 And the earth shudders, and the lightning kills;
 To swell the list of man's unnumber'd ills;
 Altho' what sunshine, elemental war
 Can often follow, when that sunshine fills
 High places—drives gloom's demons fast and far,
 And high and wide Heav'n's gates of laughter lifted are.

LIII.

'Twas thus, that heaven's bright and emblazon'd glory
 In shifting grandeur o'er the earth began,
 With Day, to move, when wilds and forests hoary
 Showed shades that with unfurling swiftness ran;
 Then how august seem'd all Creation's plan,
 How dread that deep which wages with the earth
 A war eternal—buffets hardy man;
 Whose sweeping pride roll'd far thro' Bay and Firth,
 From depth-moved swells, wherein its myriad tribes have
 birth.

LIV.

Wherein Leviathan is known to ply,
 Lord of the watery realms he round him laves!
 To slowly sweep, or roam in majesty
 While soundless glooms deliriously he braves;
 O'er no disputed prey or bounds he raves:
 Monarch of what unfathom'd regions, say,
 Dweller among what dismal, noiseless caves;
 Vast, unapproachable, unknown, where may
 He thro' the untrack'd deep delight alone to stray!

LV.

Those times, ere yet the canvass' easy swell,
 Impelling lightly, wing'd the bounding bark;
 Ere lured by commerce. Man dared so to dwell
 On the calm, or rough stormy waters dark:
 Ere mariner tripp'd up the shrouds to mark;
 When naught thereon drew off the landsman's eye;
 Nor glancing sail had scared the hideous shark,
 The mighty ponder'd on, as sails passed by,
 Driv'n on before the remnants of that stormy sky.

LVI.

Who eyed with joy the realm-encircling lash
 Of ocean around lands, where he up threw
 His breasting waters, whose impetuous dash
 Receded only to advance anew:
 The blue abyss far-opening on their view—
 The frequent home of darkness and despair!
 Blue depths! however wildly toss'd, that few
 Of those with daunted souls seek not to dare—
 To mark the blending strife of skies and waters there.

LVII.

Who would not venture on the unslumb'ring deep ?
 Till land to view would seem forever lost,
 His vigils on its midnight-calm to keep,
 Or ride the up-shouldering billows, tempest toss'd ?
 Not he who its expanse hath ever cross'd ;
 All well ! long as the faithful compass guides ;
 Tho' far the bark be from the wished for coast :
 As thro' a smooth-felt glassiness it glides,
 Or, with a keel oblique, the snoring surf divides.

LVIII.

Bright pleasing survey ! while this nether world
 'Neath them roll'd thus augustly, with its train
 Of sights, in mighty miniature unfurl'd,
 Traced by the indentations of the main ;
 Empires, and such as fell and rose again ;
 City, Isle, Continent, Domain, outspread,
 The princely pasture, and each battle plain,
 Whereon hot foes have marshall'd, and have bled
 For liberty, gained for the living by the dead.

LIX.

Where steel'd ranks glittering on the rising day,
 By tactics squared, drawn up in order neat,
 Have stood—but where, ere evening, each array,
 Who for the battle came equipt complete ?
 Pursued, or in pursuit—along each street
 And road are strew'd the vanquish'd's gory train,
 While many a chieftain, doom'd for no defeat,
 Fell nobly on the red and swimming plain,
 Unlike the gallant Ponsonby in cool blood slain.

LX.

And stern old gothic homes that long have been—
 Grown hoar amid ancestral ivy now,
 Castles, and castellated towers, were seen,—
 Near many a lawn's, or climbing meadow's brow ;
 With huge tracks spreading, furrow'd by the plough,
 Rolling around, waste, steep, and desert, pass'd—
 With inland peaks, not made in storms to bow ;
 Sternly opposing each careering blast,
 Whene'er the Tempest near them rears his standard vast.

LXI.

And grey eyed Greece, and old tradition'd Rome,—
 And loud in her heard but unheeded woe,
 Pass'd Poland, once a boasted Patriot-home,
 Late stricken to the earth—dishonor'd blow !
 And Albion ! from on high who could not know ?
 O'er which grey years of trial long have roll'd,
 Uninjured, still the pride of all below ;
 Commanding Queen of Ocean, uncontroll'd
 Mistress of the Modern World, as Rome was of the old.

LXII.

And all loved Islands rising o'er the sea,
 Whose burning shores are by the silver'd dance
 Of wavelets kissed—where Time sports merrily,
 Whose halcyon wings gay nature's scenes enface,
 Claim'd, nor unworthily, a passing glance ;
 And Isles more northward, o'er whose forests drear ;
 Dark clouds can sweep th' autumnal sky's expanse
 Whose shapes o'ershadowing, herald like, career,
 Varying their glorious skies, through the glorious year.

LXIII.

Etna, and Hecla, the huge Alpine range—
 Before them had in giddy grandeur roll'd ;
 While Gibeon's height turned up the scene to change,
 Where Israel's Captain staid the Sun of old :
 The Holy Land they also did behold,
 Much beautified by many a sylvan shade !
 The Land, where first of Parables were told ;
 And doubly famous by Crusaders made,
 Who to the holy sepulchre meek visits paid.

LXIV.

Calm visionaries ! with unfeign'd design !
 With hope not easily quench'd, or ardour chill'd,
 For Palestine, fair dreamy Palestine—
 Who night and day were with that ardour thrill'd :
 But tho' with all the holiest visions fill'd,
 Saw ever they that star—with lamping rays—
 On 'special errand mission'd once to gild
 Fair Nazareth,—the infant Saviour's ways
 Illumine to escape the scourge of those sad days.

XLV.

No, not from that, nor other lands, with bold
 And measur'd sweeps, these nether heav'ns between,
 Which, then, away, soon as presented, roll'd,
 Had aught elsewhere withdrawn the eye, as keen
 It traced stream, gladē, dark chasm, and wild ra-
 vine,
 And frozen region, and sun-burnished clime,
 Had they not then, in startling prospect seen
 A wonder gaining on their sights' sublime,
 Which from the westward o'er the temples rush'd in time.

LXVI.

Meanwhile, all kneel'd to Heaven, in deep devotion,
 To Him, who once off high Olympus' side,
 To pond'rous worlds gave swift and steady motion,
 And them in their allotted circles wide,
 Did launch "along the illimitable void;"
 Sublimely ruled by laws the most divine;
 Which sway all time, all temperature, and tide,
 As gloriously they in their orbits shine,
 Whose mystic concord none alas! can here untwine.

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Poetie's Dream.

PART 2ND.

I.

" Behold the spheres in unison that roll,
" That in joint harmony for ever chime !
" Behold how Nature's steady Laws controul
" The motions of their pond'rous forms thro' Time!"
Terrifically this, in written rhyme,
Streamed o'er the heavens, which hourly they declare,
And Truths inculcate, Precepts most sublime ;
As yonder Earth roll'd—gloriously fair,
Rose, in the west, the Moon in opposite compare.

II.

Sunshine still o'er the former's surface ran—
A Panorama-like display so sheen !
At grandeur, which defied the visual span
To grasp—at shades that pass'd, or dipp'd between,
Her heights, and many a decorated scene,
Deep meditative silence oft ensued
'Mong those, mark'd o'er the Temple's heights to
lean ;
While murmurings rose, whene'er they broadly view'd
The Earth's impetuous speed, and fearful magnitude.

III.

A fearful magnitude indeed, and yet
 Light in the scale with other orbs if weigh'd ;
 Orbs, that shall never meet—that ne'er have met—
 Since they're by wise eternal mandates sway'd.
 Think ! if one from its circle ever stray'd—
 If one err'd, how all would be crush'd at once !
 Since each lends to the other mutual aid
 To steady all in their diurnal prance,
 While wheel round heaven's great axle they in mystic
 dance !

IV.

Their different phases altering as they run ;
 With full eyed radiance bless'd ; and while they beam
 In their eternal gaze upon the sun,
 With pensive sadness fraught, do they not seem
 O'er this, and worlds remoter still to dream ?
 Each, now an ascertained illumined mass ;
 Each, peopled also as we're taught to deem ;
 How kind in them their little cheers, alas !
 To shed in twinkling pity o'er us as they pass.

V.

Onward mysteriously urged, each draws
 Its systems with it—Life, light, joy and heat,
 Dispens'd to all ; while Gravitation's Laws
 In them with fix'd, with true precision meet ;
 Ah ! yes, from them to where falls at our feet,
 The apple, and thro' narrow firth, or strait,
 Where angry latèd tides their bound'ries beat,
 Those laws are present, all to regulate,
 E'en as the great source whence they're known to ema-
 nate.

VI.

Onward, mysteriously urged, they roll,
 Eclips'd, eclipsing, by each other's shade ;
 From west to east, by one decree, the whole
 Are drawn, or driv'n, as in the Heavens display'd :
 By some original impulse on them laid ;
 Onward with headlong force driv'n, bounding thro'
 Immensity, themselves they all have made
 Unerring paths—to days, years, and their due
 Return, grand measurers of time, how strictly true !

VII.

Whate'er their lengths of hours may be, the day
 In each must differ—bustle and repose
 All must possess, and morn's and even's gray ;
 Perhaps, like some we have on earth, they've those
 Who, out Time's golden current as it flows
 Yawn in chagrin—short in its daily round !
 How short the Mental Lab'rer only knows ;
 But be this as it may—with us abound
 Poor Sophists, weak contemnners of the life they've found.

VIII.

Life hath a thousand pleasures—pain and strife
 * All meet with, from the monarch to the clown ;
 Yet, man clings, and has ever clung to life,
 For virtue, wealth, or a dear bought renown ;
 Why shrinks he at the dust, ere he go down ?
 Of an existence in its fullest measure
 A new partaker—why, at Death's dark frown,
 Clings he to life, as miser to his treasure ?
 Why? loth to die—yet some deny life hath one pleasure.

IX.

With life, all of existence yet that's known,—
 A span which we before the eye can bring,
 If thus he struggle, when that span has flown,
 Just as the soul is about taking wing—
 To immaterial worlds about to spring,
 'Let us together reason'—this may prove,
 How in eternity we yet shall cling
 To things, unheard, in unview'd realms above,
 Where all is song, praise, joy, and beatific love.

X.

Sublimest contemplation ! for the soul,
 And theoretic fancy truanting,
 Among those orbs and planets thus that roll,
 Whose awful grandeur lifts us on the wing ;
 Their calm, religious harmonies to sing ;
 As planets, suns, moons, and their satellites,
 More nearly we to our cognizance bring.
 Enlarging the mind's empire—'tis thro' night's
 Dark, starr'd expanse—'tis there the soaring soul de-
 lights,

XI.

Delights to muse on what they are, and who
 Their beings, and if ruled by laws like ours ;
 If fields of blood for peace they've waded thro' ;
 If spent in grief and vigil's long long hours,
 When hope beams thro' in evanescent showers :
 If tyrants there are their damnation dealing
 O'er kingdoms, principalities and powers ;
 If they've our Sabbath, when a holier feeling
 Comes soothing o'er the soul, when the church bells are
 pealing ;

XII.

If they know pain, anxiety, ruin, woe ;
 If Eden's Bowers sin forced them once to flee ;
 If any Saviour like to ours they know ;
 Or, if they felt when on the accursed tree
 He bore his pangs and writhing agony ;
 In prayer when he up-raised his eye, but no
 Kind father then behind the cloud to see ;
 When Nature's eye in sympathetic woe
 Was shut, and all earth shook at the terrific blow ;

XIII.

When the sun darken'd, and the rocks were split,
 The veil was rent, ay, and there was a voice
 That uttered words and cries, which were more fit
 To be some vile one's agonizing noise,
 Than a mild Saviour's piercing shouting cries ;
 Or, when upon the cross he at last expired,
 And death sealed in the grave his heavenly eyes :
 When, o'er his burst op't tomb the Saints desired
 To strengthen their beliefs, and rapt'rously enquired !

XIV.

When terror made the centinels to bite
 The dust, and palsied arms which him had thong'd ;
 And saints, from graves all clothed in raiment white,
 Arose, who for their crowns of glory long'd ;
 And of that promised glory were not wrong'd ;
 Among whom Patriarchs and martyr's were,
 Who onward to the Eternal City throng'd ;
 Whose full nerv'd faith no torture could deter—
 Then heav'n's gates opened wide for many a traveller.

XV.

Then youth and bloom, and age with locks so hoar,
 Must have come forth who had lain side by side ;
 While others, gathering angels swiftly bore
 Upon the wing, who vacantly and wide
 Look'd round at life's revivifying tide.
 Congenial spirits ! on their journey bent,
 Now fancied mounting thro' the ethereal void ;
 All eyes upon them gazing, while, intent,
 Amidst high shouts of exultation, on they went.

XVI.

Such a Crusade ! who would not then have gone !
 And onward by their guidance have been led ?
 Mild companie ! they who so lately lone
 Had the cold damp earth for a silent bed.
 The stone roll'd from Christ's sepulch' had spread
 O'er many a land the disentombing roar—
 As grave-stones hurled away in sudden dread !
 And just as burst their tombs, when Time's no more,
 Shall ours, when loudly Resurrection's morn roll's o'er.

XVI.

Here, Heaven's first-born, its fondest nursling—Faith,
 Comes to the aid with freely proffer'd creeds,
 And all the mysteries of birth, and death,
 Of Time and of Eternity, she reads ;
 Thro' pleasant lab'rinth she her votary leads,
 Illumed with hope, nor him made captive leaves
 But, meek-tongued meditative maid, she pleads,
 Religion's cause—and much for him achieves ;
 While much o'er rooted infidelity she grieves.

XVII.

Whose meek tongued accents, kindly whisper'd, may
 Be here contemn'd, but soon she will adorn
 Herself in whitest robes in soft array
 Before the Throne of God—but not forlorn—
 Her foes are there ! still, meet they not her scorn ;
 With Truth's bright banners broadly now unfurl'd
 Before her there, most surely they shall mourn
 That ruin, whither they are to be hurl'd—
 They who wove webs to 'snare an intellectual world.

XVIII.

Tho' high as man upon the scale ascends
 Of Being, and maintains this honor'd place,
 And eagerly his range he yet extends
 O'er all the works throughout the realms of space ;
 With telescopic aid tho' he embrace
 Dim Distance, and the arts and knowledge given,
 Draw down the sunshine of his Maker's face ;
 Tho' gainst a thousand barriers he has striven,
 And number'd, measur'd all the rolling orbs of heaven.

XIX.

Yet should he naught presume, yet should he naught
 Presume on that celestial knowledge lent,
 In Temples of our learning daily taught—
 But, know—his thirst at Science spring' twas meant,
 Not here to quench ; on deep research, tho' bent,
 Not Wisdom's Laurels here to proudly plume ;
 'Till Time, mysterious, awful, stern event !
 Shall vanish in the whirlpool of its doom,
 When bursts eternity around to chase the gloom.

XX.

Eternity ! what is it ? who may tell,
 Or even it in dim words attempt to array !
 Whose flood, nor ebbs nor flows—no iron bell
 Metes ages out ; abolished world's decay
 Mark not the face of its Eternal day :
 Which can have no imaginary flight,
 Like years or ages that have pass'd away ;
 But mocks at comprehension's finite sight—
 One day of Thought is all we've here—all, all beyond
 that—night !

XXI.

And what immensity of space ? no few
 Dim words can make foil'd fancy comprehend
 Its starry infinite ; whence she ne'er drew
 One image of it worthy to be penn'd
 Out-widening to no circle—to no end ;
 Throughout which moves the wise Supreme, whose will
 And full omnipotence thro' all extend ;
 Who, with that glory which shook Sinai's Hill,
 Creative still may brood o'er dark abysses—still.

XXII.

Unworthy of that great Creator's light
 And sunshine of his face, are they, whose aim
 'Gainst Holy Doctrines, is to shut our sight—
 Who scorn the revelations of God's name ;
 Arraying sophistries against the same ;
 Who on that orrery, which vastly sweeps
 The immense, look lightly, which doth loud proclaim
 The greatness and the love of him who keeps
 His watch by day and night, who slumbers not, nor sleeps !

XXIII.

Behold the flocks he feeds on many hills !

Which thou, oh ! sophist, look'st so light upon ;
Where life so wond'rous breathes, beats, pants, and
thrills ;

Life—which if thou'st well thought on—now begone ;

For, certes, thine must be a borrowed tone :

So muse his praise ; for praise and faith asks he—

And all he asks : thou surely canst have none

For that long-suffering God, by whose decree,
Change must sweep over change, and generations flee

XXIV.

Before Him—ages run as long they've ran—

But yet, tho' such must thus forever sweep !

Jars ever he the universal plan ?

Does he not reign in the tumultuous deep ?

Does morn not duly come ? does night, with sleep

Which shuts all eyes, her visits e'er defer ?

Yet he could jar the order which they keep !

But solemn types they'ro of himself, and were

In their immutability ne'er doom'd to err.

XXV:

And does He reign ? the God of Glory reigns !

Tho' late a spirit clothed in awful shroud,

Has been abroad, o'ershadowing all the plains,

And bursting o'er like any thunder cloud ;

When shrieks and groans rose agonizing loud ;

And tho', oh! soul of man, by not a few

'Twas felt Death's angel stalk'd among the crowd,

Of aspect dire, a direr might ensue,

If good, from what was done, to Him does not accrue.

XXVI.

One fearful even in mercy, hence, a God
 More dreadful in his wrath, tho' this has ne'er
 Been felt yet in the extreme—the chast'ning rod
 He wields, whilst we're on earth, is thought severe ;
 But in what anger may he yet appear
 To "blind idolators of chance," who, good
 And ill, truth and untruth, mix for the ear,
 Damn'd poison ! one of whom 'twas dreamt, there stood
 Upon a lofty precipice, in sullen mood.

XXVII.

The orbs on him look'd blood—the sun did change
 His color—Earth seem'd rest of all like life,
 To him both dark and solitary—strange—
 With breast all steeled against Remorse's knife ;
 Where fiends of unbelief had long been rife,
 And won Life's Citadel by means unfair ;
 Alone he stood, doom'd for a trying strife—
 Nature and Death around him wedded there—
 Trembled the Universe ! just Heav'n thy victim spare.

XXVIII.

Yet, yet, no change pass'd o'er his harden'd cheek ;
 If fear he felt, such was he skill'd to hide,
 While striving his lost footing next to seek,
 When earth from under him had seem'd to slide ;
 The wild waves now came leaping at his side,
 Push'd o'er the land by that propelling shock ;
 He call'd upon the Moon to stay the tide ;
 His senses reel'd ! oh ! how he did provoke
 The wrath of heaven while he thro' a delirium spoke.

XXIX.

He swoon'd ! and from that state of soul awoke
 E'en in a darker, a more sullen mood ;
 While round him now the mountains quaked and spoke,
 But, sunk in all his former hardihood,
 Buoyed on the flood, one wave rose rough and rude,
 And launched its burden mid some craggy hills—
 Whereon again the sullen mutterer stood ;
 Waiving his mocking hand to heav'n, whose ills
 His impious palms defied—the soul that dream yet thrills.

XXX.

So there the untamed one stood awhile—and slept
 His fear and trembling still ? e'en so, e'en so,
 Till thunderbolts electrically leapt
 From peak to peak, from hill to hill—and lo !
 Like figuring fires they closely round him glow !
 Their spent-balls hissing o'er the adjacent wave ;
 The flood in mercy now subsiding low ;
 While on dark threatening clouds, dark as the grave,
 He pallid look'd, and 'gan in hellish sneers to rave.

XXXI.

' One swallow makes no summer'—nor one cloud
 A storm—they doubling, rolling, came and scatter'd,
 And soon envelop'd him, a dismal shroud !
 As, round and large at once the rain-drops patter'd ;
 Meantime, like tow'rs to earth by cannons batter'd,
 Muttered, from mid the wild tempestuous war,
 The ' Father of the Tempest'—light'nings shatter'd,
 By aims direct ;—heard hideously to jar,
 Islands were sunk, oaks split, and cattle strew'd afar.

XXXII.

Oh! God of Thunder and of Battle! after
 That crash, which isles sank, oaks split, murder'd
 cattle,
 And broke o'er heaven like angry hideous laughter
 The roar of all the elements at battle,
 Ev'n in thy presence feign'd he still to prattle!
 Not till one bolt had sear'd his brow, and riven
 To chasms the ground before him, felt to rattle—
 Not till the storm's increasing eddies, driven,
 Had seem'd to echo thro' the throneless voids of Hea-
 ven.

XXXIII.

Not, till o'er Earth and under him had pass'd
 A rushing crash not like the fainter fall
 Of towers, nor yet the crack of earthquake vast,
 Or the volcano's that can rend this ball,
 By pent explosive lava.—Not till all
 The air flamed like an element of fire—
 Did he cry agonizingly—' where shall
 I refuge find, I deem'd not Heaven's ire
 Would e'er consume me thus amid such havoc dire!

XXXIV.

' Where shall thou?' a known voice above him cried,
 While he into the air was roughly lifted,
 Sighing 'Ah! Heaven is strong!'—the dreamer
 sigh'd,
 As mid the fire away his red corpse drifted,
 Heard of no more!—this wayward one and gifted;
 The dream had chang'd; the orbs shone out again,
 A dismal pall from off the moon had shifted
 Now glorying in her orbit-course amain,
 Above the Temples Heights; our souls from earth un-
 chain,

XXXV.

And ope the gates of Praise, let wonder flow—
 Re-echo to our Maker's praises here !
 Who pois'd the Poles—can bolts of lightning throw ;
 Who balances the thunder of each sphere !
 On—on—shot past that orb in bold career,
 While, the aerial far-felt wild commotion
 Attendant on her flight, brush'd by the ear
 E'en like the voice, giv'n forth from the wild ocean,
 When at his play, as heard in solitude's devotion.

XXXVI.

The transit o'er ! long look'd for transit bright !
 More than a frigid brilliance met the view ;
 Isles and illumin'd plains stream'd on the sight—
 Scenes such as pen or pencil never drew ;
 And groves and mirth-resounding woodlands too,
 Yes, that to angel-mirth had long resounded ;
 Chasms, out of which columnar masses grew,
 And vales, and hills which fertile regions bounded,
 All these her Disc display'd then gloriously outrouded.

XXXVII.

No dimming cloud seem'd o'er her surface laid,
 Such as from clime to clime o'er Terra strays,
 Her spacious realms and continents to shade,
 Whereon the God of Light sheds glad some days ;
 Thro' which mild orb thou speak'st, oft as we gaze
 On thy calm Sabbaths, hail'd by natal strains ;
 Where rivers roll, streams utter forth a praise ;
 And one long genial ceaseless season reigns ;
 And plenteous Ceres crowns thy everlasting plains.

XXXVIII.

As happy, too, look'd thou, if not more blest,
 Thou rolling Earth, when first thy form was flung
 Along thy orbit-course, among the rest
 Of Planets known, the third in order swung ;
 Ere angels fled thee with rebukeful tongue ;
 Or sin began to sully and deface—
 Or briars,—thorns up o'er thee roughly sprung ;
 Ere thou hadst yet become a tainted place,
 The only orb doom'd thus perhaps to travel space.

XXXIX.

Enough!—protracted is enough this theme ;
 But how it has been wove—oh ! do not sift ;
 To seize the hovering phantom, shape or gleam
 Of vision'd things, so mockingly that shift—
 To wade for'aught, that seems to stray adrift—
 To dash at times, too, mid the breaking foam,
 All this requires the exercising gift ;
 Much else besides, tells fancy not to roam ;
 Who now obedient to my call returneth home.

XL.

Poor Maid ! who oft at random loves to stray,
 From this corporeal mass, and with the soul,
 Around the precincts of eternal day,
 Where many a glance they both so lately stole ;
 So if magnetic Poesie, round some goal,
 (That bids defiance to restraint below)
 Wheeling, can wheel her, spurning all control,
 All just submissiveness the clay must show,
 And court some easy haunt—Life's quiet round to go.

XLI.

Thus far, upon an in-experienc'd wing,
 I've borne me up, and though at last I sink
 Much there's for every Muse, I ween, to sing,
 Yes, much from which she never ought to shrink ;
 To muse, to weigh, to meditate, to think,
 To ponder deeply, ay ! and e'en to dream
 We look at times o'er this existence' brink,
 Becomes a man—long as life's bubbling stream
 Rolls past, not o'er to engulph the poet and his theme.

XLII.

Ah ! the morn of our days, how fair, when first
 Is tuned the trembling Lyre—oh ! what romance
 Is there not woven with them—when are nurst
 Hopes, those delightful hopes that so enhance
 The love of life, and send forth, in advance,
 Allurements thro' the future—with a ray
 Gild softly every retrospective glance ;
 Ere Fancy yet is in its fullest play,
 Or Fame is gleaned, how feverish is each night and day.

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FLATTERED by several favorable remarks that appeared in the *Cape Bretonian* on the following Poem, which was first published in parts in that paper, the author has now been induced to present it to the public entire; and he avails himself of this late opportunity of acquitting himself of the charge of neglect towards the subjoined note; for the generous tone of advice and correction contained therein, he has to express his grateful acknowledgements.

My Dear Sir,

I hope you will not think me guilty of presumption, in alluding to what I conceive to be an oversight in you in one or two instances, in the hurry of composition, in your "Rose Glen," which, to my taste at least, is a very beautiful production, and which, therefore, I would wish to preserve as far as I can from even a passing blemish. What I am about to refer to, did not occur to me until after this week's impression was struck off, else I should have sooner mentioned it.

I am aware that even Byron and others have occasionally shewn the same inadvertence; but I believe it can only be defended where it occurs as an oversight, and not as a poetical licence. I now state to what I allude:

In your communication in the Cape Bretonian of the 18th May, the following line occurs—

“When shepherds there may roam, or musing lay.”

And in this week's paper these—

“Or each sweet spot that dots the various bays,

And bleak thro' winter to the ocean lays.”

Now in these two cases, in the former more clearly, and the latter also, unless the context be such as to require the verb lay,—have not you used the active verb lay for the neuter lie. I pretend not to be a Poet, indeed am but an indifferent grammarian; but the frequency, even in persons who are professed grammarians, (in cases arising from haste or carelessness) of this error, leads me to think, it may in the cases pointed out, have escaped your observation; and though it cannot rectify what is past to allude to it now, yet, if I am right, perhaps it will call your attention to this particular subject in the remainder of the Poem. If, however, I possibly am wrong in either instance, I know you will excuse this intrusion, when you consider my motive as explained above.

Sydney, C. B.

*Yours truly,
C. R. WARD.*

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Rose Glen.

SCENES IN CAPE BRETON.

Spring smiles again—and lingering to survey
The Rural beauties in advancing May,
While admiration every breast expands,
Upon the heights the musing trav'ler stands ;
The wavy grounds which mingling sweetness show,
The lawns—the landscape opening wide below ;
Around him hovering many a blessed charm,
That well can win the soul, the feelings warm ;
For now that season in each bosom burns,
O'er us and all its vernal joy returns ;
While Peace, mild Peace, throughout the sky extends,
And love on soft ærial wing descends.

'Tis thus, our land, freed from its wintry night,
Breaks forth in opening grandeur on the sight ;
In hills and vallies—spring's rich mantle thrown
Around them, coping with the fairest known ;
In streams and rivers flowing fair again,
And onward slow majestic to the main ;
In scenes more solitary—if we take
Our stand beside some far sequester'd lake,
Whose love-returning face expands to heaven,
Wherein reflected uttering charms are given,
Among the hills, embosom'd by the woods,
Where stillness, like eternal silence broods
Above it,—and around it ever dwells
Peace in the moss-clad, lone, deserted cells.

In works, if dreder far, we would explore
 Along its lash'd, its full resounding shore ;
 With bays, with broad bays stamp'd of many shapes—
 With peaks rear'd stern behind its craggy capes—
 With sea-washed cliffs that caves have overhung,
 Wherein have sounding echoes loudly rung,
 Since that dread awful morn, when God the Lord
 Called all things forth at His Almighty word ;
 And shaped the earth—the ocean bounded—led
 The waters among hills to seek a bed—
 When, after light forth from its source did go,
 O'er worlds more distant still than this to glow,
 He gave the mighty floods, sea, sky, and all,
 Their laws to move around this lower ball ;
 Above, below, since none of these can low'r,
 Unknown to His all-wise pervading power ;
 Not even the arraying sunbeam hides its smiles,
 Or clothes in glory continents and isles,
 Till thus on skies directing fingers write
 “ From those-shroud thou, shed o'er these thy light.”

How sweet from Hardwood's steep ascent the ken
 To cast, or from the heights around Roseglen ;
 And view those spots, where, near Southvillage town,
 Many for life have quietly set down ;
 Each with his wish—retirement, blessed lot,
 Where, scarce remembered, never all forgot,
 They spend the blest remainder of their days
 In homage to their God, and Nature's praise.

Thither, where curling smoke directs the eyes,
 Down in the valley a loved mansion lies ;
 Mark'd near you glade given glimpse of richest green,
 Mid bosky brown and gray commingling seen,
 Whose haunts the loveliest are of any known,
 Tho' forest shades seem claiming them their own ;
 Yet for their beauty they're not more renown'd,
 Than does rich plenty to its praise redound ;

For all the country-side around well knows,
 How much mild charity its bounty owes.
 Is aught for him that's truly poor denied
 By others?—there his every want's supplied.
 Is a sick stranger in the village known
 To pine?—then more than human pity's shown.
 But where such goodness dwells, and of such fame,
 Strange! the desmone is honored with no name;
 Still stranger! since of plain it boasts so wide—
 A bay that laves its front and verdant side;
 Since thro' its pastures long have cattle ranged,
 And long its beauties have remained unchanged—
 Wide sloped its grounds from hill to humbler vale,
 And health has proved its aid shall never fail.
 Whose spring does scarce to its successor yield,
 Its bright successor—than, across each field,
 Good autumn's pencil from the glowing skies
 Paints ruby fruits, and bids the harvest rise;
 When, like some parent to a rising line,
 'Mid joyous plenty it is viewed to shine;
 As it gives all its annual treasures—all,
 To man and beast that neither faint nor fall.

Long as shall charm simplicity of heart,
 While splendor of its dress shall form no part;
 The humblest spot will please, if rural sweets
 It breathe—whose day on downy pinion fleets.
 If fertile land around indulgent lie
 Where all their strengths the hardy lab'ers ply,
 And grounds sloped haply from the dwelling's site,
 Spread grassy out upon its left and right;
 The thick-set groves surrounding, such as those
 That Colby, and her summer haunts inclose—
 Melmont, or Braewood-Park, on high grounds plac'd,
 Retreats, whose acres are laid out with taste;
 Near envied mansion heights that overlook
 Sweet Sylvan shades, near many a bubbling brook,

Where both by day, and moonlight, over glade
 And dale, Oh! sacred is the peace that's laid,
 Well formed for friendship, which young days endears,
 To nurse its strength for life's declining years.

In youth, in youth, Ah! where in early youth,
 Could legends paint so well with force of truth;
 To the dark future lend their transient rays;
 Or bless remembrances of former days:
 As near such echoing banks, whose shades bespeak
 The tranquil joys we thro' this land may seek;
 Or yet so well, upon the rising gale,
 Romance could breathe the spirit of its tale,
 As near abodes adjoining sounding dells,
 Where one-rung anthem unforgetting swells;
 And soft embowering places form the trees—
 And often, rustling from afar, the breeze,
 Sighs thro' dead pathless depths, not far remote,
 Which scarcely yet the woodman's axe has smote;
 Altho' soon may, already well begun,
 The hand of polish'd culture widely run,
 Till with the morn their lovelinesses dawn
 O'er fern, and heath, and many a rising lawn.
 When shepherds with their flocks may musing stray—
 Time on the wing announces such a day.

Blest rural quietude!—its search begun.
 The haunts of sloth and ease who would not shun?
 Since bright and pleasing is the train of things
 To the delighted memory it brings;
 And, better far, into the soul instills
 A love of God, the heart with rapture fills.
 Whence much is ever seen to charm the eye,
 Beneath the brilliance of a placid sky—
 To guide the painter's pencil, who can grace
 And richness for his art unfailing trace:
 Who, from this height, might view the liveliest green,
 Pour his up-lifted soul o'er every scene,

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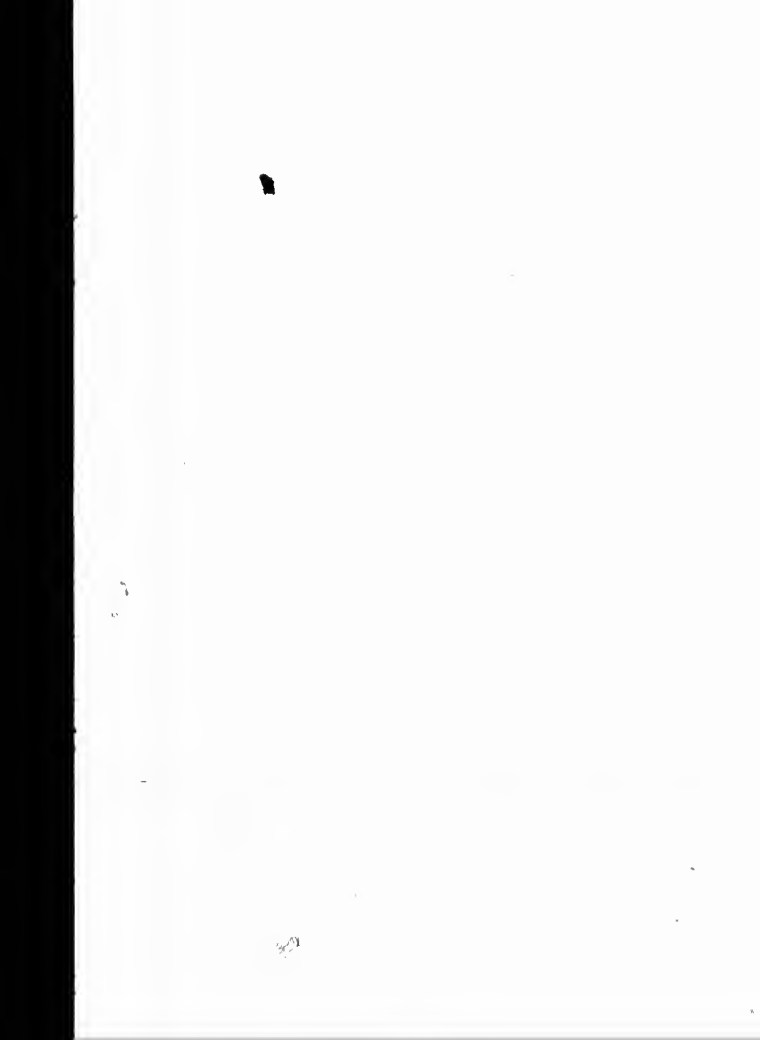
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Here scatter'd rich—*there* bold the engrossing few,
Tow'r grandly—but what'er may be the view,
'Tis doubly free to one as well as another,
Nature to none being a fastidious mother.
All may indulge the contemplative vein,
And good from such indulgence daily gain.
Nor thus, one hour to musing given, be it told,
To insipidity is idly sold,
When Nature communes with the heart, and wins
The grateful utterance which from thought begins—
That so well can be nurst, where tall trees grow,
And Miré's streams by woodlands darkly flow ;
If meditation hovering on the wing,
A wild enchantment o'er dark thickets fling.

To hollow sounding solitudes, let those,
Seeking deep contemplation, and repose,
At times betake the soul—there, themes abound
Both rude and soft for fancy to propound—
The oak along the ground gigantic laid—
The up-rooted trees—their moss-clad trunks dis-
play'd—
The ivy-tendrils that encircling twine
Around the fir, or the tall-tottering pine—
The tracks where fire has passed in horrid form,
Or raged the cruel spirit of the storm ;
The leaves in favorite dreams that seem to quiver—
The murmuring rills—the noise of distant river,
Or hoarsely bawling brook that drives along,
Sullen, and deep, disdainful of a song—
All these, and more, can form the varying theme—
For Fancy, and add spirit to each dream.

But sweetest far ! among the fields to range,
When o'er the earth this season breathes its change,
And new each glory looks, and richly strange—
Exalting sense the while they meet the eye,
Whither its glance dives low, or mounts on high ;



Where oxen roam thro' vales, or where the sheep
 Are spied to graze above Bradwater's steep,
 Which straying meet, and part among its rocks,
 Thus there thro' distance seeming many flocks ;
 Or where yon plough behind it leaves its track,
 And draws the lengthen'd score returning back ;
 Where harrows run, or busy seedsmen sow,
 On mounting grounds, or in the fields below.

There yet descends no gray o'ershadowing sky ;
 Yet basking in the sun's beam pathways lie ;
 Full flames that orb, tho' far his zenith's height,
 Is distanc'd—in Heaven's western arc, yet bright,
 There he in noon succeeding glory glows
 And scattering warmth abroad o'er Nature throws.

True to the day's fair aspect, and its skies,
 Soft all the accustom'd rural murmurs rise
 The clacking of the mill—the cascade's fall,
 The ocean's general moan heard o'er all ;
 And rural voices too—where mirth resorts,
 And the loud laugh attends the simple sports ;
 The various echo blending, far and near,
 The rant, the whistle, the triumphing jeer,
 The accents round each cottage murmur'd low,
 Such as from labor, from industry flow,
 With distant sounds so broken, on the wane,
 Now softly indistinct, now clearly plain ;
 And then, the grazier's call—along the shore
 The measured dipping of the gentle oar,
 Make for the ear, which, with the village hum,
 In well known and familiar chorus come :
 By distance, mellowing distance, render'd sweet—
 All mingled thus in fav'rite haunts they meet.
 Where, frequent seen, the eagle soars on high ;
 The hawk skims on a wilier pinion by ;
 By frequent starts, where flits the jay or thrush,
 Or wood-fowl thro' the crushing thickets brush.

What varied scenes ! those now attracting sight
 View'd thus when rove we o'er each mound and height ;
 Along that green ascent New Village lies ;
 There Brookvale too with all its varying skies,
 Hid well from sudden squall and rising storm
 Which, passing o'er, but low'r in milder form.
 From this point slopes a hill—from that, one mounts
 Up to the valley of a thousand founts.
 Not onward far, the lakelet calm and still
 At centre sleeps—but, from behind the hill
 O'er its withdrawing wing-like edges, seems
 A ripple fast encroaching on its dreams ;
 Its calm breast, as if fearful, lest the breeze
 Increase, and mar its peaceful reveries.
 Behind—around me, yea on every hand,
 The trees in curves and lines fantastic stand :
 These straggling oft—oft lengthen'd out around
 The Farmer's acres, hedge they in his ground :
 Oft, from the thicket on the frowning ridge,
 Close set they stretch down to the river's edge ;
 But whence, more frequent, they diverge in rows
 Fields to encompass, pasture grounds enclose.

Nigh yon low row of mansions neat and plain,
 Where vision scarce distinctness can attain,
 Alone stands unembower'd the Pastor's manse,
 Closed in—would that it owned a lawn's expanse ;
 And, distant not, the Church's dome directs
 The eye, tho' from it yet no spire projects ;
 Still, in the rustic's visits thro' the year,
 'Tis his good land mark o'er the village dear :
 Around the former budding rose trees wave ;
 Beside the last swells up the frequent grave
 Where, pointed out by bare sepuchral stones,
 Lie mouldering deep our Fathers' honor'd bones.

Joy to the coming morn ! which Heaven decrees
 To usher in the day of rest and ease ;

When, toil-worn swains can in religion seek
 A balm for cares throughout the varied week ;
 Moreover, one of solemn moment given,
 For which may hallelujahs ring in Heaven—
 The Sacramental day ! when shall be bow'd
 The head, while vows are at God's altar vow'd,
 When thither shall repair a welcom'd train,
 The sacred rite to celebrate again.
 Joy to the morn !—and thro' its tranquil skies,
 Bright may the lamp of light o'er all arise—
 O'er yon known path on to the House of pray'r,
 Like Zion's own, that shaded lies and fair.

Above where's drawn upon the watery page,
 Like penc'lings deep, the-bushy foliage,
 Whose interwoven branches from among
 The black-bird loves to pour his echoing song—
 Around Burnhill—where the broad river's edge
 Has elders waving over weeping sedge ;
 The boughs, there, bending low, a skirting grace
 They throw along the stream's meandering face ;
 Whose flow, a small way down, no longer deep,
 Shakes out of its profound and gloomy sleep,
 Till, Woodale past, there, winding shallow by,
 From thence like soft adieus it leaves the eye—
 Above—and o'er where the dependent oak
 Is seen the time worn precipice to mock,
 And lightning like is quickly passing now
 A sunny gleam—upon yon Height's green brow—
 From thence no sweeter landscape-view is given,
 Beneath the concave of Cape Breton's Heaven
 But—higher still, if farther on we rove,
 Past Salmon's murmuring stream-encircled grove,
 Past banks of thyme, and soft sequestered leas,
 Designed for peace, for happiness and ease ;
 There is a dale, which while we wander thro'
 Whispers of softness, known as yet to few ;
 Near sunny meads and green extended ground
 Which paths and avenues encompass round.

So fair a rustic spot is that, when known,
None can mistake the slumber o'er it thrown,
Which, with the echo from the woodland shades,
Throughout in sweet accordance all pervades.

Onward, in willing rambles roves the muse
Onward—and unforgotten spots reviews !
Where Miré strays, or where destruction's frown
Lies dark o'er olden Louisburg's renown ;
Whose ramparts prove, and desolated walls,
How soon the pomp of rising promise falls ;
How quickly gotten glory, warmly nurst,
By fate's dread blow can suddenly be curst :
Or where lies to the eastward, peaceful, still,
Like some loved hamlet near its neighboring hill,
Far glimmering oft thro' sunshine to the view,
The sheltered settlement of Mainadieu—
Not coldly uninviting, thro' the year,
Like rock bound Gabarus, forlorn and drear ;
As both are seen while rides the good boat o'er
Surfs washing that unshapen curve of shore ;
Ere it has weather'd dreaded Scatari,
'Gainst a cross dashing and resistless sea.
Where ! seamen, doubt your science's best guide,
If safety's light shines not on every side ;
Thro' seas ye oft may have ridden bold, and stood
In the instructed task the helmsmen good ;
'Mid breakers with the storm oft may have striven,
But ten fold woes is yours on those if driven—
Those surly rocks, than which projected there
The encountering billows dreader cannot dare.

But these let fancy leave so drear, and lone—
Her view still from the ocean landward thrown,
And, Flint Isle passing that way farther on,
Then joys she exultingly, while seems to slide
Land over land augustly, as we glide
Fast by a safer shore, when hill and mound
Presented quick, as quickly close around.

'Tis rough with tide and shore far as we forth
 Cast ~~han~~ from *Spanish* Cape on to Cape North,
 Between which points the untir'd restless main
 Back from the assaulted cliffs is dash'd again ;
 Whence often, wave-envelop'd, o'er his breast
 Is seen the sore-urg'd bark by canvass press'd—
 Is heard his dirge autumnal sounding strong ;
 Where winter's warning howl drives first along ;
 And first and fiercely does the snow wing'd blast
 Heap high its wreaths along the inlands fast.

' Round Fouché's stunted wastes and barren plains
 When the wild billows yield to winter's chains ;
 When ev'ry wave his freezing presence owns,
 And ocean ev'n in slumber scarcely moans,
 How oft while safe enthron'd he's heard to rage,
 And elemental war to loudly wage,
 The inexperience'd swain then shrinks to mark
 The white driven whirlwind, or the tempest dark.

Yet ah ! by dire necessity awhile
 If urg'd from home, when hours of sun-shine smile,
 He has stray'd far—on the prophetic ear
 'Tis seldom dropt what he has most to fear ;
 As thro' the woods, or o'er some chain of lakes,
 A journey for the day he often takes :
 Then ever, as he wends, some frozen brook
 That's pass'd he notes ; anon he casts a look
 Along the western sky, and deems the sun
 Has much yet of his stated course to run,
 And ere behind the snow clad hills (he thinks)
 'Twill be long ere the God of glory sinks ;
 And when that hour arrives, his home he'll near—
 His want-struck fan'y soon his smile will cheer.
 As musing thus, some well known creek is pass'd,
 He sees, he sees his journey's end at last—
 And more ! by some accustom'd track 'tis sign'd—
 Avaunt !—all dun forebodings from the mind.

Hope then beam awhile, oft thus she beams
 To drop in dubious or delusive gleams :
 Upon his shoulders scarce the needful load
 Sits well, and makes he for his home-ward road,
 Than lo ! is his attention taken—lo !
 The paths he lately trod are smooth with snow.
 Tho' little wots he then of peril's hour,
 Of what unknown dilemmas round him low'r.
 The first snow fall had ere he started ceas'd ;
 Again, in thickening fall, in size decreas'd,
 The flakes descend.—

Scarce now can he retrace
 The long line of his alter'd journey's face,
 Yet scorns to nurse one idle fear, while he
 Can recognise each cove, and creek and tree ;
 But fell delusion !—troubled next he roves
 Thro' pathless thickets and thro' cheerless groves ;
 At last half frantic, when o'er hill and dale
 He long has push'd, all hope begins to fail :
 And dread may o'er his panic-stricken mind
 Come with the rushing of the forest-wind ;
 Perhaps, the close set thicket breaks he thro',
 A guideless space is all that meets his view !
 Around thick gathering there the stormy cloud,
 Where earth, air, wood, in the wide tempest shroud :
 Then looking round in vain—with anguish torn,
 If he 'neath a repining star be born
 Who's thus assail'd ;—but if the unhappy's soul
 Be one that nature stampt for her controul,
 Sinks calmly, in the eddy of the storm
 Cold piercing, all resign'd in his shivering form.

For humblest fare and at a lower price,
 O'er some wide and extended sheet of ice,
 To soothe hard cravings may another roam
 To quell insulting indigence at home ;
 That found—with willing nerve returns he back
 Thereon, all heedless of a beaten track ;

Till, heart fatiguing toil ! the load at length
 Must on a sled be dragg'd by manual strength
 Tho' light at heart the toil he did begin,
 Proud would he be could he his home but win ;
 Th' increasing cold well braving, partly buoy'd
 Up by his vigor, partly overjoyed
 At the strength-stirring thought that urges him—
 Drives the chill blood thro' each exerted limb ;
 The thought that the hard fruits of this day's toil
 Will raise around his hearth a cheerful smile—
 A meekn'd smile ! that until then does seek
 To hold no place o'er each half famish'd cheek,
 And one that humbly waits on nature's will
 Thro' this uncertain life of good and ill.

Now, now, the winds quick-searching make him ply,
 With double force, with many a heart-wrung sigh,
 If round him come the cold intense, and more
 Intense, and darkness speed along the shore.
 The stiffening winds ! but some near point being past,
 And loth to leave the burthen to the last,
 He presses on ; his heart and soul oppress'd,
 The hoar frost on his cheek, like winter's jest,
 Yes on his brow like winter's jest, that sits ;
 While scarce from frost the nostril wide emits
 The breath of struggling toil—Ah ! then his pangs
 Of mind—Ah then the cloud that overhangs
 His fleeting soul—benumbed, he feels, he feels
 Life's energies escape—his blood congeals !
 Perchance the freezing tear bedims his eye—
 And who can paint the mental agony !
 For, thus of all exertion rest—to rouse
 Each sense benumbed, he, forced to yield, allows
 The deadening torpor o'er his frame to creep—
 Laid soon along in icy death to sleep.

Life thus lost, we rarely need deplore,
 Since charity opes free the friendly door

Throughout this hospitable land—but know
 E'en summer has its ills, tho' winter's foe.
 Who has not, in a chang'd and alter'd mood,
 Beheld like flaming-swords from wood to wood
 To shoot, and leap, the forest's raging fire ?
 A seeming thing then of the Almighty's ire,
 Or some horrific tyrant, to the eyes
 And ears, while it thro' pathless thickets plies ;
 Consuming oaks and dissipating weeds ;
 On groves and dells whose wide jaw'd vengeance
 feeds.

When Forests blaze ! and strikes from shore to shore
 This dreaded Element of all the Four :
 If spurr'd afar, along the fated land,
 By aiding heat, by kindling breezes fann'd :
 When life, ev'n life, its merciless gulf surrounds,
 And homes, and treasur'd heaps, and fertile grounds ;
 All fare alike amid the drear dismay—
 As snores it on in its appointed way,
 Watch'd with what consternation, or afright !
 As multiplies its reign on every height.

Mix'd dismal din ! whene'er the tumult falls
 On listening Night, and judgement-like appals,
 The lurid air is hot with flashes bright
 That, spread insidiously, and left and right
 Shoot up along the smoky volumes white !
 Who stands unaw'd ? when the red crackling Fir
 And Pine, in fiery fall, so wildly stir—
 Who sleeps then ? while the Fire's alarum Bell
 'Mid shouts confused tolls on in plaintive knell :
 What ear is shut ? while ever and anon
 The flaming whirlwind roars in fury on ;
 And riders good by ev'ry by-path bound
 With words, a wider havoc still to sound—
 To warn those near such spots it next must seize,
 Mark'd out by embers shower'd along the breeze.

And this unsparing power, this element
 Uncurb'd, Acadia knows, when furious sent
 Like *Ætna's* flame, to wield its mighty wrath,
 Thro' forests dark to strike, and mark a path;
 But ah! when Earth's best fruit in ashes flies
 The pray'r from him, whose pray'rs avail, must rise
 For mercy—and what marvel; if that hour
 Of mercy come; the good man's pray'r hath pow'r—
 Dark clouds begin to sweep across the Heaven,
 With murmurings, then as joyful warnings given;
 And soon along their volumes driv'n and mix'd
 The light'ning strikes; and peals the thunder next;
 Peals, and re-peals, and down along the plain
 Show'rs the thick rain—and mercy smiles again.

How hush'd lies Nature 'neath such skies o'er cast,
 In grateful silence, till the clouds are past!
 In secret joys she, with her thankful tribes,
 And largely in the fresh'ning show'rs imbibes;
 Till utter'd mirth, succeeds the quenching rain,
 From ev'ry spray full throated forth again.

Lo! northward where, at night, the Polar star
 Reigns over voiceless wooded depths far
 Along those green and grizzly colors spread,
 A noble lake lies in the forest-bed:
 Yon barren wastes thro' distance spot the side
 Of its ascending ridge, where, gaping wide,
 At base lie rocks that lightnings cleft of yore—
 The which shall lie unseal'd for evermore:
 Since no where else, when Night the lightnings seam,
 They can with fiercer aim more vivid gleam,
 And no where else, the tempest's spirit talks
 So loud, or o'er with blacker aspects walks.

Would time and patience with us now approve
 Of lingering over scenes in slow remove,
 Fair places, one by one, for beauties fam'd,
 Such as St. Anne's with others might be nam'd;

Port, Hood or Cheticamp where culture smiles ;—
 Or the annex'd and beauteous Richmond Isles ;
 Where rises Arichat, with green spread lands,
 Which fairy views and prospects drear commands ;
 Or each sweet spot near harbour, creek, or bay,
 That bleak 'neath wintry skies, so lately lay.

A favor'd land is this, and blest of Heaven,
 To which sure rare superior scenes are giv'n ;
 Tho' it has joy'd in almost lasting peace—
 And tho' some rave and labor to decrease
 Its name, o'er its neglected page much known
 And spirit-breathing interest is thrown ;
 Form'd for commercial bustle, murmuring trade ;
 And for unshackled liberty 'twas made :
 Here 'twas Britannia threw at France her frown,
 And pluck'd a gem to grace old Albion's crown :
 Which long she'll claim, this proud Protectress dread !
 O'er which her shielding glory well is spread ;
 Whose sterner boundaries, ridgy inlands fair,
 Nature consigned well to her signal care ;
 From swelling bases, where establish'd proud,
 Blue hills arise to cap the passing-cloud ;
 Around which, fertile green extents abound,
 And sheltered spots in lengthen'd vales are found ;
 Where health invites, and youth industrious strays
 Thro' pleasant paths, and wood-environ'd ways ;
 And where old age the stranger often cheers,
 When it has brav'd in full its four-score years.

Ye laboring swains, who live in distant cots,
 Blest and contented with your humble lots,
 Ye, who are earliest in the mornings seen
 To stray across the miry fields or green—
 Up with the thrush, ere the flood-gates of light
 Have op'd in eastern skies upon the sight,
 Oh ! labor at the plough !—on you depend,
 While o'er the share with vigorous stoop ye bend,

Those smiles of culture, which alone enhance
 Each native scene—that native worth advance—
 Both love and interest that can give to trace
 This fertile Island's cultivated face,
 While o'er it spring with earlier steps would tread,
 And wider yellow autumn wave his head.

Let years roll on, like some glad stately flood
 When added torrents cause its flow to scud—
 And like the hopes, that burst o'er Heav'n anew
 Behind the storm which has obscured the view—
 When forth the sky unfurling blue displays,
 So shall o'er Breton yet break better days :
 For earth holds promises with trustful hand,
 That soon must flourish o'er the happy land ;
 With which, well keeping pace, advances free
 A day, when far along display'd, we'll see,
 Beyond yon Wave's division to the west,
 Whose breast the evening's radiant tints invest,
 Rejoicing more, corn, trees and fruitage quiver,
 On each side of the widening Spanish River :
 Its banks and backlands then of thick wood shorn,
 Outspreading verdant to the orient morn—
 When, in the room of woodland depths, oh ! bright
 Fair prospects full shall open on the sight.

Mark, from this mount, far as the straining view
 Can reach to yon stern ridge's dusky blue,
 O'er all that glorious unmov'd forest's head
 The last rays of the parting sun are shed :
 But to my left, lo ! pensively and sad,
 O'er hills and deepening glooms with brushwood clad,
 Pale gleaming from afar upon the sight
 Slow snow ascends the rounded lamp of night.

Those who at homely casements nightly sit,
 And woo the flickering moon-beams as they flit,
 Can little image up, with all the aid
 Of fancy, in the thick dark forest glade

A moonlight scene!—when, in her meekest mood,
 The Queen of silence amidst solitude!
 Fair Luna, sails among her star-read signs,
 And in her placid silvery brightness shines;
 As strays she then where Day's orb late has been,
 Heaven all around her cloudless and serene.

Lone trav'ler, mute! while thus she's climbing high
 Amidst the darkest blue of Breton's sky.
 First thro' the boughs, when comes her hallowing light
 She's hail'd—the welcom'd visitant of night.
 And then and over and thro' all pervades
 Her ray, o'er all are thrown the well known shades;
 When it is joy to see the light cloud fly
 Fleecy and white, fantastic through the sky;
 Which, if by hurrying breezes onward driv'n,
 Seems like some careless homeless child of heav'n,
 That cometh forth and goeth where—ah! where?—
 Soon an unseen inhabitant of air!
 Like some soul mocking phantom speeds it by—
 She then the mirror of the memory.

Oh! soft the scene when her pale ray serene
 Thro' opening valley streams, and deep ravine—
 Sits on the tufted hills around, and gleams.
 Along the limpid surface of the streams;
 Which in their dreamy flow forever glide
 By hills, thro' groves, and azure bells beside.
 While many a brook where yet the bear may quench
 His thirst in—love his shaggy hide to drench,
 Her ray impartial follows as they foam,
 And lights them onward to their ocean-home;
 But otherwise neglected as they run;
 Unmark'd—unnam'd—from year to year being known
 No musing glance along their channels thrown.
 Yet they as soon with their rude flows began,
 As when the fam'd Euphrates' waters ran;
 Unnam'd they'll run, 'till o'er each hilly brow
 The harrows run, and tears the upturning plough.

Blest Island ! thro' my devious track of life—
 Its dark strange tissued dreams of toil and strife,
 Of mirth and tears ;—each spot, each favorite spot.
 Of thine, time from my memory ne'er can blot ;
 'Twas here my friendship found its earliest birth,
 And its first joyous flow of youthful mirth.
 On days by-gone—days never doom'd to last,
 The pleasing eye of fancy shall be cast :
 While all thy sunny hours, thy evenings' cheer,
 Thy healthful pastimes thro' the varied year,
 Thy ringing sports, and the accustom'd place
 For summer-gambols, and thy winter's chase,
 Not like faint gleams my memory shall pass off,
 Till death comes with his dark and dismal scowl.

Slow o'er New-village heights the smoke ascends ;
 Thro' dusky shades an earliest night impends.
 The eagles now have sought their airy nests ;
 The hawk no more his weak wing'd prey molests ;
 No more the timid Birds the sportsman shun,
 Now homeward wending with his slanted gun :
 The deer the wilds have left, and, ranging wide,
 In droves, surround dark Flamboise wooded side :
 Yet, thro' the twilight, prowls from out his den
 The wily fox, far from the haunts of men ;
 Upon the ev'ning's stillness yet are thrown
 The low of herds, of flocks, the bleating tone :
 Tho', one by one, as from the East draw near
 Her thickening shades, upon the list'ner's ear
 Each other rural sound, or echo dies,
 Since the sun sunk below the western skies—
 Sunk to his needful rest—whose yellow ray,
 Threw his last farewell-look in gladdening play ;
 And from yon thicket then his flash took flight,
 Already in whose depths reigns deeper night ;
 Already over head-land-hill the breeze
 Of night sighs mournfully among the trees.
 South Village Church in eastern distance gleams
 No more—no more reflects the solar beams,

But o'er its graves and tombs, where sleep the dead
 Below, there, coldly in the moonbeam shed.
 Rose Glen and envied Richmond now yield all
 Their hues up as the nightly curtains fall :
 And Sherwood-banks, Hardwood's surrounding glades
 Slow draw around themselves their sombre shades.
 And dimly while Woodale, and Brae-wood park,
 Seem nearing thro' this far perspective dark,
 Each hill turns seemingly to earth its brow,
 And risen stars behold ! behind them now ;
 'Tis off the heights around Rose Glen we view
 First morn, and best day's closing drama too.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

A spirit lately took the wing
And mounted up in joy,
Which freed from earthly suffering
A lovely infant Boy.

Tho' the transition hence was rough
To one so young and pure,
Into the place of sainted rest
Was his admission sure ;

I saw him by an angel-train
Borne far above these skies ;
And much, while look'd he wistful back,
I long'd with him to rise.

I mark'd him look thro' Heav'n's bright gates,
Which he was struck to see ;
Where round about him flock'd the train
And questioned eagerly

" Thy Name ?" was ask'd " they call'd me--"
" Oh ! we've many such names here,
So grieve not—why within thine eye
Forms now that crystal tear."

Which saying, bound they round his head
 A chaplet like their own ;
 And bade him downward look to mark
 From whence he late had flown :

“ And wouldst thou re-descend ? ” — “ awhile
 From such bright realms as these
 I'd go to seek my Parents out,
 Their bursting hearts to ease ;

“ For I left both loudly weeping
 With voices strained and hoarse,
 Bent in convulsive vigils
 O'er my pale silent corse ;

“ I left my mother sobbing
 With nearly stifled breath,
 Because she saw me sleeping
 The last long sleep of death :

“ My mother ! whose eyes holy beamed
 On mine, ere they were closed ;
 My Father ! on whose cheek oft mine,
 Pain'd, for relief reposed ” —

“ Grieve not ” 'twas answered, “ for the more
 They mourn, they will employ
 Their future days to meet thee here,
 Their lost—their only boy.”

Meantime the portals open'd wide,
 And him they bore along
 A wide, blue, bright-sun'd pillar'd vault,
 Which rang with praise and song ;

Where dwelt the Saviour of the world
 'Mid all things blooming fair ;
 And countless spirits minister
 Around his presence there.

FOR ENGLAND BOUND.

For England bound, the gallant bark
 Waits farther time nor tide ;
 The anchor's weigh'd, the sails unfurl,
 The boats crowd by her side ;
 The wreathy clouds are gathering round,
 The wind and waves prevail ;
 While love and friendship sever'd now
 Sigh in the gusty gale ;
 On fair Acadia look their last—
 They, sadly gazing by yon mast :

For England bound, (the helm's a-port)
 She now begins to wear ;
 Soon thro' the ocean's rolling depths
 A foamy path to tear ;
 The perils of the deep to brave
 From Island far, and from
 Each guiding continent—his breast
 This night must be her home,
 Thro' which no planet o'er the brine,
 Or star yet promises to shine.

The sky—the sky is over cast ;
 Dark clouds the evening shroud ;
 The winds and shivering cordage raise
 Their shrill discordance loud ;
 It is to be a wilder night
 Than what the day has been ;
 Old Ocean heaves his main afar
 His wrath is kindling keen—
 Slow glideth from the port the bark
 O'er sullen deepening waves and dark.

'Tis done—a parting cheer !—high floats
 The pennant on the wind ;

A farewell signal has been made
 At leaving joys behind ;
 As some one thought of by-gone-days,
 Of sounds in grove and hall ;
 When pleasure lured him from his home,
 And mirth's devoted call—
 But lists he now to ocean's roar—
 The flapping sails are heard no more.

Go, seam the waters, best of ships,
 Go—let the breeze be stronger ;
 Since it was bold to venture thus,—
 Thus to delay no longer ;
 And ye borne onward, tho' Night's shades
 Behind sweep hill and lawn,
 Before you with each morning's ray
 Shall noble prospects dawn—
 Fair ! to behold, 'neath other skies,
 Horizons o'er horizons-rise.

 STANZAS.

His wail and his praise yet by all are mention'd ever ;
 But those honors due his genius—why not paid ?
 Alas ! around his dust the leaves of autumn quiver ;
 In a cold foreign grave he is laid !

He left his mountain-home—he left his native hearth ;
 In this clime his profession to pursue ;
 He was drawn to a spot, no lovelier 's on earth—
 And renown was awarded him—his due.

Yes, from the mountain-land of his sires he had come,
 And those who yet name him, I esteem ;
 For the virtues which he cherish'd, denied him by some,
 Could well his fewer frailties redeem.

Ah! had not the arrows of death have beset him,
 Nor his youth in such waywardness been spent,
 There all had desired in his fame to have met him,
 And this song had not breath'd this lament.

'Tis said his mein was noble—a star in his art—
 He was granted the nerve for the same ;
 He was noble in his mind—humane in his heart,
 So far thro' the land ran his fame ;

But his memory may die, since not a record here
 He has left thro' the future to be read ;
 Then soon may some marble be rais'd o'er his bier,
 That strangers may know where they tread.

 THE POET'S EYE.

“ Friend after friend is snatch'd away,”
 Ink spotted page thou tellest true ;
 But when thy whisper'd numbers say
 That one, the chosen one of few—
 With whom I braved Life's adverse morn,
 With fortune doom'd a war to wage,
 Is from me prematurely torn,
 What grief is mine truth telling page !

“ In health we watch'd him sinking fast,
 And want and woe his heart assail ;
 Disease's signs were traced at last ;
 His manly brow grew cold and pale ;
 Consumption prey'd upon his frame,
 Nought could pain's repercussions lull ;
 His cheek's flush quickly went and came ;
 His eye at length grew glazed and dull.”

That eye, Oh ! mournful tidings ! wont
 O'er others cheer and mirth to throw,

THE POET'S EYE.

To me a never failing font
Whence oft I drank a balm for woe ;
A soothing spell, a blessed glance,
At once deep, languid and serene,
Whose sunny flash could well enhance
The joy of each surrounding scene.

Whene'er on woman's brow he gazed,
There sure was beauty to be sealed ;
The laughing blush of youth was raised ;
A lovelier glance her eye revealed .
And oft as he to love attuned
His lyre, the unpresuming lay,
No envious nature e'er impugned,
So gently soft, so quaintly gay.

But ah ! no more this Poet's lyre
Shall its enchanting influence yield ;
His eye ! Death scarce could quench its fire,
Which true at last the grave conceal'd.
He was my comforter, my hope,
With whom 'twas bliss to smile or sigh ;
He was my friend—in life that prop,
And wherefore, wherefore did he die.

From England's shore yon Bark so fleet
Had scarcely found its moorings here,
When I beheld the doleful sheet
Which told the fate of one so dear ;
Too dark was its funereal seal—
Words sadder ne'er were writ or spoken ;
And now what shall my anguish heal—
His eye is closed, his Lyre is broken.

THE END.

E.

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