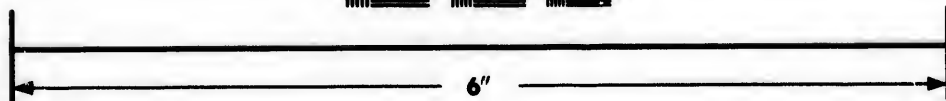
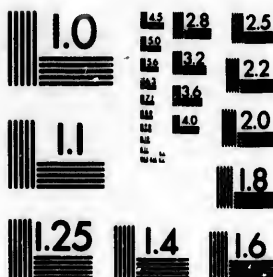


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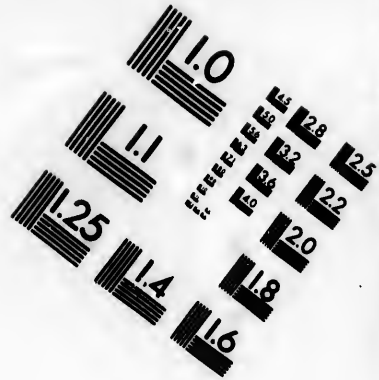
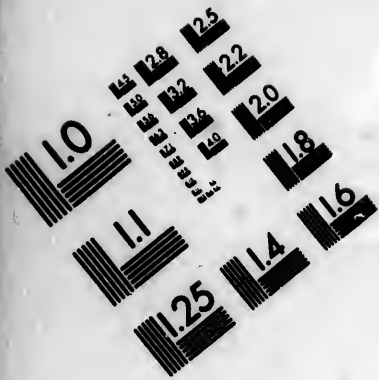
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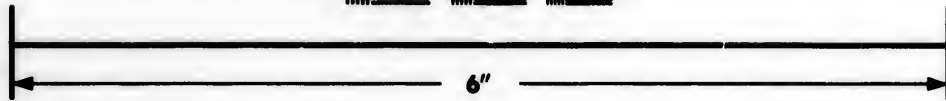
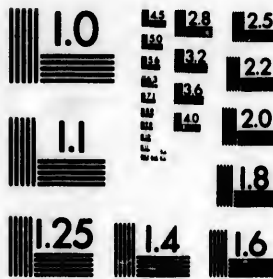
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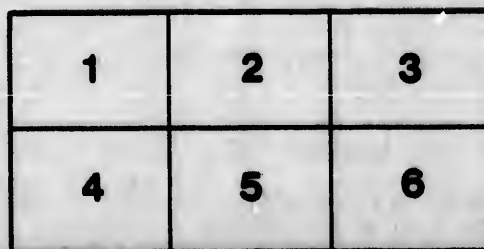
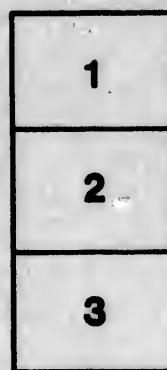
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LINES ON THE GREAT FIRE OF 1825,  
AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

---

On the Fire and Hurricane which took place in  
New Brunswick in 1825.

---

Come all who dwell below the sun,  
And live in christian lands,  
Come hear what wonders God has done,  
And know you're in his hands.

His sovereign hand was stretched abroad,  
To pour his judgments forth,  
And by the fury of his rod,  
He smote from south to north.

And to prepare the dreadful stroke,  
The clouds withheld the rain,  
His fiery armies then awoke,  
And spread the dreadful train.

In eighteen hundred twenty-five,  
October seventh day,  
Then did the solemn time arrive,  
These wonders to display.

In Fredericton, that afternoon,  
Alarm of fire did sound,  
Then eighty buildings very soon  
Burnt level with the ground.

But that had just begun the scene,  
A furious wind did blow,  
The fire, almost like lightening streams,  
On through the woods did go.

Then on the Oromocto stream,  
The waters of Saint John,  
Its northern branch was soon in flame,  
Which swept their buildings down.

Then frightened numbers sought the stream,  
In that distressing hour,  
To shun the fury of the flame  
Which threatened to devour.

One infant perished in the flame,  
Two others soon expired,  
Then another burnt till very lame,  
But yet her life was spared.

But if our thoughts should now pursue,  
One hundred miles from thence,  
A more affecting scene should view,  
Which near that hour commenced.

Miramichi, it was the place,  
They felt the greatest wound :  
I think if history we could trace,  
The like could not be found.

Of Douglastown, Newcastle, too,  
And up and down that place,  
We can't describe one half that's true,  
So dreadful was the case.

While a dead calm and darkness there  
Encircled them around,  
They heard a rumbling in the air,  
A distant rumbling sound.

Some cinders then quickly was there,  
A hurricane at hand,  
Soon filled the air with flaming fire,  
With ashes and hot sand.

With rapid force the solid flame  
Before the wind did go,  
And mighty wonders made it seem  
Unlike our fire below.



While burning flames and crushing winds,  
 Their buildings did devour,  
 For to secure their goodly things  
 Was far beyond their power.

The frightened beasts of different kinds,  
 And screaming people, too,  
 The burning flames and crushing winds  
 Was dreadful then to view.

To save their lives in haste they ran,  
 And sought the watery shore,  
 That was their greatest object then,  
 For they could do no more.

Canoes and boats, and logs and rafts,  
 By them were then employed,  
 For to secure their threatened lives,  
 Lest they should be destroyed.

But yet their lives they could not save  
 Against a power so high,  
 Large numbers found a watery grave,  
 In flames did numbers die.

O, could you hear the bitter cry  
 Of mothers through the place,  
 While to their arms their children fly,  
 And die in their embrace.

And when the sun restored the day,  
 Behold their bitter groans,  
 Their towns and goods in ashes lay,  
 And strewed with human bones.

The people then who did survive,  
 Went forth to search the ground;  
 Are my dear friends still yet alive,  
 Or are they burnt or drowned?

Dead beasts and human bodies, too,  
 In numbers round were spread,  
 The greatest work they then pursue,  
 Was to inter the dead.

The salmon they were not secure,  
 The stroke to them bid reach,  
 For lifeless they were found on shore,  
 And lay along the beach.

The "Concord," "Canada," and "Jane,"  
 Three vessels as they talk,  
 Were then devour'd by the flame,  
 With others on the stocks.

And from the forest hear the sound  
 Of lumbering parties there:  
 Large numbers burnt upon the ground,  
 How dreadful to declare.

Two hundred bodies have been found,  
 As nigh as I can hear,  
 But on the living now look round,  
 And see their trouble there.

While food and raiment, house and home,  
 Are torn from their hands,  
 And poor as beggars now become,  
 While mourning for their friends.

To Chatham then some hundreds go  
 To seek a short supply,  
 Unless some one some pity show,  
 They shortly now must die.

And then to make their troubles rise,  
 And misery more abound,  
 The flames consumed the chief supplies  
 For all the country round.

The Governor with noble speed,  
 Did through the Province ride,  
 For to relieve his subject's need,  
 And for their wants provide.

To Nova Scotia and Saint John,  
 For present help they cry,  
 And soon their goods were hurried on,  
 Their wants for to supply.

The States have not withheld their hand,  
 But did send forth their aid,  
 And Canada that northern land,  
 Some presents too have made.

In England Mr. Bliss arose,  
 For to describe their grief,  
 His feeling heart did him dispose  
 To plead for their relief.

Large numbers felt their pity glow,  
 On hearing their distress,  
 And did large sums on them bestow,  
 Their wants for to redress.

And since we've merited the rod,  
 Which comes a thousand ways,  
 How just it is Jehovah should  
 Chastise us as he please.

Then let us sympathise with those  
 Who lie beneath his frowns,  
 And try for to relieve their woes,  
 And heal their bleeding wounds.

Least our ingratitude provoke  
 Jehovah's watchful care,  
 And we receive some bitter stroke,  
 That's heavy for to bear.

And you my friends who felt the smart,  
 And had the balm applied,  
 May thankfulness possess your heart,  
 That mercy was'nt denied.

Now give yourselves to God alone,  
 And seek his heavenly grace,  
 Least his fierce wrath again be shown,  
 And sweep you from the place.

*The following stanzas were suggested by hearing an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California.*

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,  
 For my limbs are growing cold,  
 And thy presence seemeth dearer,  
 When thy arms around me fold ;  
 I am dying, brother, dying,  
 Soon you'll miss me in your berth,  
 For my form will soon be lying  
 'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Harken to me, brother, harken,  
 I have something I would say,  
 E're the veil my vision darken,  
 And I go from hence away.  
 I am going, surely going,  
 But my hope in God is strong,  
 I am willing, brother, knowing  
 That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,  
 That in death I prayed for him,  
 Prayed that one day I might meet him  
 In a world that's free from sin.  
 Tell my mother, God assist her,  
 Now that she is growing old,  
 Tell her child would glad have kissed her  
 When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,  
 'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,  
 Tell, O tell her how I missed her  
 When the fever burned my brow ;  
 Tell her, brother,—closely listen—  
 Don't forget a single word,  
 That in death my eyes did glisten  
 With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,  
 Like the kiss of last impressed,  
 Hold them as when last I held them,  
 Folded closely to my breast ;

Give them early to their maker,  
Putting all their trust in God.  
And he never will forsake her,  
He has said so in his word.

O my children, heaven bless them,  
They were all my life to me ;  
Would I could once more caress them,  
Ere I sink beneath the sea.  
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,  
What my hopes were, I'll not tell,  
But they've gained an orphan's portion,  
Yet he doeth all things well.

Tell my sister, I remember  
Every kindly, parting word,  
And my heart has been kept tender,  
By the thought their memory stirred.  
Tell them I near reached the haven  
Where I sought the precious dust,  
But I've gained a post called heaven,  
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,  
For they'll find their brother there ;  
Faith in Jesus and repentance  
Will secure for them a share.  
Hark ! I hear my saviour speaking,  
'Tis his voice I know so well ;  
When I'm gone, O do'nt be weeping,  
Brother, here's my last farewell.

---

Lines on the following incident :

Many years ago two children, daughters of a person residing in this Province, were lost in the woods. What their fate had been none knew, no trace of them could be found, until at length, after a long period of time, one of them was discovered among some Indians by whom they had been taken, and with whom this one had remained since their disappearance. With some difficulty she was brought to meet her only surviving parent. The tide of time swept back from the mother's mind, and she hastened to meet the child of her memory. But alas ! the change. Her spirit shrunk from the wild form before her ; and well it might, for there remained no love or sympathy for her in the bosom of the lost one. She

longed to be again with the Indians ; in vain they besought her to remain : the thralldom of their ways was irksome to the dweller of the forest, and after several fruitless efforts to detain her she escaped from them.

At early morn a mother stood,  
 Her hands were raised to heaven,  
 And she prais'd Almighty God  
 For the blessings he had given.  
 But far too deep were they  
 Encircled in her heart—  
 Too deep for human weal,  
 For earth and love must part.  
 She looked with hope too bright  
 On the forms that by her bent,  
 And loved by far too strongly  
 Those treasures God had sent.  
 They bound her to the earth  
 With love's own golden chain,  
 How were its bright links severed  
 By the spirit's wildest pain ;  
 She parted the rich tresses,  
 And kissed each sunny brow,  
 And where, oh happy mother,  
 Was one so blest as thou ?  
 The summer sun was shining  
 All cloudless o'er the lea,  
 And forth her children bounded,  
 In childhood's summer glee.  
 They strayed among the flowers  
 That grew in beauty there,  
 They twined them into garlands,  
 And wreathed them in their hair.  
 They danced along the woody banks,  
 All fringed with sunny green ;  
 Where like a silvery serpent  
 The river ran between.  
 Their glad young voices rose,  
 As they thought of flower or bird,  
 And they sang the joyous fancies  
 That in each spirit stirred.  
 " Oh ! sister, see that humming bird,  
 Saw ye ever aught so fair,  
 With wings of gold and ruby,  
 He sparkles through the air ?  
 Let us follow where he flies

Over yonder hazel dell,  
 For oh, it must be beautiful  
 Where such a thing can dwell.  
 Yet to me it seemeth still  
 That its nest must be on high;  
 Methinks his plumes are bathed  
 In the even's crimson sky."  
 "Nay, sister, let us stay.  
 Where those water lillies float,  
 So spotless and so pure,  
 Like a fairy's pearly boat;  
 Listen to the melody  
 That cometh soft and low,  
 As through the twining tendrils  
 The water glides below.  
 Perchance 'twas in a spot like this,  
 And by a stream-as-mild,  
 Where the Jewish mother laid  
 Her gentle Hebrew child."  
 Then rested they beneath the trees,  
 And through the leafy shade,  
 With ever changing radiance  
 The broken sunlight played,  
 And spoke in words whose simple truth  
 Revealed the guileless soul,  
 Till softly o'er their senses  
 A quiet slumber stole.  
 Lo! now a form comes glancing  
 Along the waters blue,  
 And moored among the lillies  
 Lay an Indian's bark canoe.  
 The days of ancient feud were gone—  
 The axe was buried deep,  
 And still the red-man's warfare  
 In unawaking sleep.  
 Why stands he thus so silently  
 Where those fair children lie;  
 And say what means the flashing  
 Of the Indian's eagle eye?  
 He thinks him of his lonely spouse,  
 Within her forest glade,  
 Around her silent dwelling  
 No children ever played—  
 No voice arose to greet him.

"When he at eve would come,  
 But sadness ever hovered  
 Around his dreary home.  
 "Oh! with those lovely rose-buds  
 Were my lone hearth-stone blest,  
 My richest food should cheer them—  
 My softest furs should rest;  
 Their kindred drive us onward  
 Where the setting sunbeams shine  
 They claim our fathers' heritage,  
 Why may not these be mine?"  
 He raised the sleeping children,  
 Oh! sad and dreary day,  
 And o'er the dancing waters  
 He bore them far away.  
 He wiled their hearts fond feelings  
 With words and actions kind,  
 And soon the past went fading  
 All dreamlike from their mind.  
 Oh! brightly sped the beaming sun  
 Along his glorious way,  
 And feathery clouds of golden light  
 Around his parting lay;  
 In beauty came the holy stars,  
 All gleaming in the blue,  
 It seemed as o'er the lonely earth  
 A blessed calm they threw.  
 But a sound of grief arose  
 On the dewy evening air,  
 It bore the bitter anguish  
 Of a mother's wild despair.  
 A wail like that which sounded  
 Throughout Judea's land,  
 When Herod's haughty minions  
 Obeyed his dark command;  
 The mourning mother wept  
 Because her babes were not,  
 Their forms were gone forever  
 From each familiar spot.  
 Oh! had they sought the river,  
 And sank beneath the wave,  
 Or had the dark recesses  
 Of the forest been their grave?  
 The same deep tinge of sorrow  
 Each surmise ever bore,



Her gems from her were taken,  
 Of their fate she knew no more.  
 Long years of with'ring woe went on,  
 Each sadly as the last,  
 To other ears the theme became  
 A legend of the past;  
 But she, oh! bright she kept  
 Their memory enshrined,  
 With all a mother's fondness,  
 And fadeless truth entwined.  
 And many a hope she cherished,  
 In sorrow's gloom had burst,  
 But still her spirit knew  
 No grieving like the first.  
 Along her faded forehead  
 The hand of time had crossed,  
 And every furrow told  
 Her mourning for the lost.  
 With such deep love within her,  
 What words the truth could give,  
 How'er she heard the tidings,  
 Thy children yet they live;  
 But one alone was near,  
 And with rushing feelings wild,  
 The aged mother flew  
 To meet once more her child.  
 A moment past away,  
 The lost one slowly came,  
 And stood before her then  
 A tall and dark browed dame.  
 Far from her swarthy forehead  
 Her raven hair was rolled,  
 She spoke to those around her,  
 Her words were stern and cold:  
 "Why seek ye here to bind me?  
 I would again be free,  
 They say ye are my kindred,  
 But what is that to me?  
 My spring of youth was passed  
 With the people of the wild,  
 And slumber in the greenwood  
 My husband and my child.  
 'Tis true I oft have seen ye  
 In the hours of silent night,  
 But many a vision comes

From the dreamer's wandering thought.  
If e'er I've been among the dead,  
Save in the wandering thought,  
The memory has passed away—  
Ye long have been forgot.  
And were not these hard words,  
To that fond mother's heart,  
Who through such years of agony  
Had kept her loving part?  
Her wildest wish was granted;  
Her fondest hope was heard,  
Yet it but served to show her  
How deeply she had erred.  
The mysteries of God's high will  
May not be understood,  
And mortals may not vainly ask  
To them what seemeth good:  
With spirit wrung to earth,  
In grief she bowed her heed—  
Oh! better far than meet, thus,  
To mourn thee with the dust."  
But think ye he who comforted  
The widowed one of Nain—  
Who bade the lonely Hagar  
With hope revive again.—  
Think ye that mother's trusting love  
Should bleed without a balm?  
No, o'er the troubled spirit  
There came a blessed calm.  
Amid the savage relics  
Around her daughter flung—  
Upon her naked bosom  
A crucifix there hung;  
And though the simple Indian  
False tenets might enthrall,  
Yet it was the blessed symbol  
Of him who died for all.  
And the mother's heart rejoiced,  
For the promise seemed to say—  
She shall be thine in heaven,  
When the world has passed away.  
Though now we meet as strangers,  
Yet there ye shall be one,  
And live in love forever.  
When time and earth are gone.

