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## ROSEHARP:

FOR

### BEAUTY, LOYALTY AND SONG.

1st. JANUARY, 1835.

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#### INTRODUCTION.

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"We deem it the duty of every man who feels an interest in the welfare and improvement of the human race, to exert himself, no matter how feeble his exertions may be. It is not so much in the manner, as in the intention of such a spirit, that the merit lies: nor is it so much in the performance, as in the effort, that its intrinsic value, and its true character, are to be found."—*Introduction to "Canadian Magazine," published at Montreal, I believe, in 1823.*

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THIS Province has now arrived at such a state of improvement in population and wealth, that we already see the dawning of the Arts and Sciences; but genius in a young country requires the fostering care of the community at large to bring it forward to the world. Individuals are not rich enough to give that patronage it needs;—may the efforts, however trifling, of THE ROSEHARP PATRIOTIC ACADEMY, contribute a mite for that purpose.

This Institution will be somewhat similar to the Masonic Society of KNIGHTS TEMPLARS: it will be deemed tinged with the spirit of romance, and cause many smiles at the eccentricity of its plan.—No matter,—if its object be gained, let the cold hearted children of prudence sneer at it as they may. The object of this Society is to encourage and diffuse sentiments of loyal patriotism—a taste for literature, and the fine arts; and by exciting emulation, give energy, and rouse into action, the dormant seeds of genius.

To form a fund for the Academy, this periodical work,  
**THE ROSEHARP,**  
is intended to be submitted to the public.

At the commencement of this work, it cannot be expected to contain all original productions, but the selections will be made from authors of approved merit, and which are not in general reading in this Province; also, selections from the English Periodicals, similar to the "Atheneum," published at Boston. Our local affairs will also be attended to. The proceedings of the Legislature, and the increasing prosperity of the several Districts, will be amply detailed, with historical and topographical descriptions; and should the patronage of the public be sufficiently liberal, the work will be extended, and engravings occasionally added to the numbers.

## ROSEHARP PATRIOTIC ACADEMY.

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Ladies, as well as Gentlemen, may be members of this Institution; and the titles of both are these:—

THE SOVEREIGN LIEGE LADY OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROSEHARP.

THE LADY REGENT,  
LADY PATRONESSES,  
THE QUEEN OF THE FESTIVAL,  
LADY VICE-PATRONESSES,  
LADIES OF THE ROSEHARP.  
THE GRAND MASTER,  
GRAND CHANCELLOR,  
GRAND CONSTABLE,  
GRAND MARSHALL,  
KNIGHTS ST. GEORGE OF THE ROSEHARP,  
THE ROSEHARP CHIEFTAIN.  
KNIGHTS WARDENS OF THE ROSEHARP.  
KNIGHTS OF THE ROSEHARP.  
ROSEHARP ACADEMIANS.\*

The Constitution and duties of the Roseharp Patriotic Academy, together with the prizes that are to be given for loyalty, or preeminence in poesy, painting, music, tales or essays, &c. will amply be detailed in the next sheet, which, as well as the third sheet, will be published in the course of this month—(January.) Three sheets, or twenty-four pages, will form a number. The second number will appear in May, and the third in September;—and as these numbers will not make a volume, we shall call them Annuads.

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### No. 1.—LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, OR ALBUM RHYMES.

TO MISS E. P.

*Written in a very small Album.*

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#### A LOVELY SYLPH AND HER FAIRY ALBUM.

Wants there a clearer proof to shew,  
To some of my partial friends,  
That the "Minstrel's lamp is waning low,"  
And alas! its speedy death portends,  
When such a romance and poesy's theme  
As a lovely Sylph and her fairy pages,  
Now fail to rouse bright fancy's dream,  
In a heart which beauty ever engages.

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\* We presume to adopt this word "Academian," as being in our opinion more English, and more analogous to the word Academy, than "Academician."

## A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

TO MISS ———

Sweet is it thus to sit and gaze  
 Upon this vari'd moonlight scene :  
 O'er the broad bay a stream of rays,  
 Beyond the hawthorn's foliage green ;  
 And gliding with the fav'ring gale,  
 Majestic view the swelling sail.  
 'Tis lovely,—but lovelier is the maid  
 Who views it too. Can nature vie,  
 In moon lit waves—in hill or glade,  
 With Rosa's face and beaming eye.

TO MISS T. AND MISS P.—PERTH.

I've long been a trav'ler on life's rugged way,  
 And been jolted and shaken for many a day ;  
 But the worst of all roads I ever have seen,  
 Is, well I remember, Perth and Brockville between.  
 Still we hope that when misery's darkness is past,  
 The bright beams of pleasure will reach us at last ;—  
 And 'twas so this time,—for I'd cross it again,  
 As the pleasure and joy overbalanc'd the pain.  
 “ And breathes there a soul,” whom beauty's dear smile,  
 Could from him his sorrows and woes not beguile.  
 The sparkling eyed maid on the banks of the Tay,  
 And the fair maid of Perth, here call forth my lay.

## THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO MISS A. P.

ON RECEIVING AN INTERESTING FLOWER FROM HER HANDS.

Oft in my life's eccentric course,  
 Beauty's bright eyes have been a source  
 Of anguish to my breast ;  
 But thanks! from anguish I'm relieved :  
 From thy fair hands I've now received  
 Woe's balsam—heart's ease blest.

*To be continued.*

TO MISS MARY POWELL ;

*(On being asked to write a few Stanzas in her Album.)*

I thought my harp had now been laid,  
 In dull oblivion's torpid slumbers ;  
 Then why again, would'st thou, fair maid,  
 Call forth its unpoetic numbers.

Were I a minstrel known to fame,  
 Unneeded then that call from thee;  
 Thy talents—charms—from me would claim,  
 The brightest gems of poesy.

But low my minstrel lamp now wanes,  
 With verse no more the Rhymer glows;  
 Instead of dull poetic strains,  
 Accept a Tale in simple prose.

July, 1832.

### THE RAVEN PLUME.

The summer's sun was declining below the heights of Snowden, nor far from Arvon,\* when a wounded warrior of knightly rank, supported by his attendant, slowly wended his way to a grove near the Mountain's Base, as he, with eyes uplifted, beheld the orb of day vanishing from his sight, "and is it thus with me," said he pensively, "is my sun of glory setting e'er I well have reached to manhood's day; how oft when viewing yonder setting sun, has my heart throbb'd in hope to set in brilliance too." He paused, and at its last departing rays, again exclaimed, "that sun will rise again tomorrow, haply so may I e'er long, then let me not despair." "Rien," said he to his attendant, "leave me—in yonder cottage I shall seek a shelter, and help for my wounds; three or four days from hence meet me in this grove, and from what thou canst learn, tell me the results of this unhappy day—of Arvon's bloody field." The Warrior languidly proceeded on his way; as he came near the cottage he stopt, "Ah, the Saints befriend me, here is an *o'men* which I hail with joy," as his eyes rested on a young and lovely maiden, gathering the blooming flowers from a luxuriant wild rose-bush.—"Fair damsel," said he, "can yonder cottage afford shelter for a few days to a wounded and weary stranger, for in sooth I need it?" "Stranger," replied the blushing maid, "the door of that cottage has never yet been closed against unfortunate and weary strangers; there wilt thou obtain shelter, and thy wounds be cared for according to the best of our poor skill." Thus saying the maiden led the way. On entering the cottage they found an elderly matron, to whom the damsel related the preceding circumstances;—the dame then welcomed the stranger, and placed before him some rustic refreshment. "Morvid," said she to her daughter, "hasten to thy father and bring him home." After the stranger had finished his repast, the dame questioned him about his wounds, and having dressed them according to the rude skill of the times, for happily they were not dangerous: she prepared his couch, and e'er the beautiful Morvid had returned with her father Cynoric, and Edwal her stripling brother, the exhausted stranger had sunk to repose.

The sun had once more gilded the top of Snowden, when the wounded warrior left his couch and joined the family at their morning meal: the salutations of the age being passed, the stranger thus addressed the venerable Cynoric. "I know not my kind and hospitable host, whether I am sheltered by friend or foe to the banner I fight under, I am wounded and helpless, it may perhaps be to your advantage to inform my foe of my situation here (and

\* Near Caernarvon, between Snowden and the sea, at the time of this tale, in the principality of Gwynez.

he sighed deeply as he said it), I frankly acknowledge I fought for Howell, and am wounded in his cause." Every eye glistened at these words, and as Morvid's blue eyed glance met the stranger's, it thrilled rapture through his very soul. Cynoric starting up, and grasping the stranger's hand, "cursed be my fate," said he, fervently, "if ever I close my door against the wanderer, the wounded and unhappy, but doubly grateful to my heart, if I shelter the friend of Howell, God and the Saints forefend, but he has gained the day." The stranger raised his hand, shade<sup>d</sup> his brow, but replied not.

After a pause of several minutes, the stranger slowly and sadly said, "oh, no! we have been defeated, and were compelled to leave the field with heavy heavy loss; I know not even whether Howe! lives: I have appointed a place, where, when I am able to attend, I shall meet a comrade in arms, who, in the mean time, is to ascertain the events of this disastrous day, till then kind host let us sorrow in silence."

Young and robust, a few days more sufficed, with the care and attention of Morvid and her mother, to give strength and animation to the wounded warrior, who now felt another sensation, a pleasing pain, to which he had hitherto been a stranger; many were the tale-telling glances that passed between the fair haired and blue eyed Morvid and her patient; softly toned were the expressions that fell from their lips when they addressed each other. On the morn that he departed to meet Rien, he informed Cynoric, perhaps three or four days might elapse before he returned to the cottage, as it would depend upon the intelligence his comrade would bring him. After bidding them adieu, and tenderly pressing the hand of Morvid, he proceeded on his way, yet he advanced not many paces at a time without looking back towards the cottage, nor could Morvid leave the door whilst the stranger was in sight,—when that was over she heaved a sigh and retired.

A few days after the stranger's departure, Morvid bent her steps to the rose-bush where first she saw him, but he came not: evening after evening passed away, and Morvid still returned home sorrowing with disappointment. Some weeks had now elapsed and yet no tidings, when Morvid once more wandered to the accustomed place, and after indulging a while in pensive meditation on him whose absence she regretted, she struck the chords of her harp, and thus gave vent to her thoughts and feelings.

Where wand'rest thou O stranger,  
Sad is this heart of mine;  
Where wand'rest thou O stranger,  
Art thou again in battle's danger,  
Morvid's vows are thine.  
Haste thee to Morvid quick returning,  
Victory's wreaths be thine;  
Haste thee to Morvid quick returning,  
Morvid then no longer mourning,  
Glad then this heart of mine.\*

\* When writing this song, I endeavoured to adapt it to a favorite Welsh air, "*Ar hyd y Nos*," which I first heard above twenty years ago.—The English song was called "Poor Marianne."—(Here beneath this willow sleepeth, &c.) I wrote it in June 1834, and in reading a number of the Emigrant, of October following, I was pleased to find it still retained its popularity for at "The Gwent and Dyfed Royal Easteddford," in Wales, under the Marquis of Bute, as president, a prize was given to the writer of new English Stanzas adapted to it.

On looking up she uttered a faint scream, more from joy than fear, when she beheld the stranger standing near her with love and rapture speaking in his eye. "Thanks to the saints, my lovely Morvid," said he in impassioned tone, "once more I greet thee, the smiles of hope now cheer my heart, and oh Morvid, my heart is still more joyous to see and hear thy harp:" more would have added as he took her willing hand and pressed it to his lips, when Cynoric approached, and after the welcome greetings, they proceeded to the cottage. They had not been long there when the stripling Edwal, who had been chasing the deer since morning, arrived, with part of one, and a chain of twisted links of gold\* hanging on his arm; as he entered the cottage it caught the stranger's eye, he started and sighed deeply, and Cynoric in seeing it, and hearing from Edwal where he found it exclaimed, "this then belongs to Owain's princely race, perhaps to Howell." "No, not to Howell," said the stranger, taking it from Edwal, "but to Howell's second self; I know it well, I fought by the unhappy prince's side who owned it. The unfortunate events of that day separated us, and what his fate may be I know not. Yet Cynoric, bethink thee this chain is the forerunner of good, and let me bestow it here," he then placed it round Morvid's snowy neck. "Dear, dear Morvid" said he, "by this princely chain I swear, and its honour I am doubly sworn to defend, I pledge my faith to thee thro' weal and woe;" he pressed her in his arms, and imprinted on her lips the fervent kiss of love. The blushing maid extricated herself from her lover's embrace, and hastily stepped towards her mother, but her eyes beaming with the well known glances of mutual love rested on his, which fully responded to her emotions.

"Forgive me, Cynoric," said he, turning towards him, "for my heart is full of joy,—gloomy and sad were my forebodings when I first came beneath this hospitable roof, but now the sun of my life begins to beam forth again; I shall have to take my departure hence in a few days' but before these groves again assume their foliage as at present, I hope with your consent to be blessed with my dearest Morvid. Listen to me then, while I give the explanations that are now due, and which will convince you of my hopes. He then related that on the death of Owain,† Howell, as his eldest son, assumed the sovereignty, as his mother was the daughter of a sovereign prince in Ireland, to whom Owain was married according to the laws of his grandfathers dominions, altho' such marriage‡ was not allowed in Wales. Howell was so much beloved, that his title was recognized by numbers of the nobles and knights of Gwynes. That Davyz, the eldest son by a second marriage, after the death of Howell's mother, with a Welsh prince contested Howell's claim, and took the field against him. After several battles fought with various success, the battle of Arvon decided the contest between these two brothers, by the death of Howell, who was slain in that field. On the mention of Howell's death, Cynoric and Nesta his wife broke into exclamations of grief. The stranger proceeded

\* The Eudorchawg, or golden chain of the Welsh nobles, this was the distinguishing mark of princely rank, and of valour amongst the nobles. Aneurin, a Welsh bard, mentions in his poems on the battle of Catterath, that no less than three hundred of the British who fell there had their necks decorated with this golden chain.—see note to the Crusader's tales of (the Bethroded.)

† The distinctions of the different rank, sovereign princes, their family, nobles and knights, were known by the different forms and links of this golden chain.

‡ Owain, sovereign prince of Gwynes, died in 1169; and the battle of Arvon was fought within a year after his death.

§ By the Welsh laws of this period, a Welsh prince if he married a foreigner, though of equal or even superior rank to himself, was not considered lawfully married, and his children were deemed illegitimate. His consort must be a native of Wales, or of royal race of Wales.

to state, that through the influence of prince Madoc, arrangements were making to form establishments for the younger brothers, suitable to their princely birth, with their followers—and that he of noble rank, was connected by birth with the third and youngest family of Owain, and to one of them was linked his fate, as one of his noble followers. “And now, Cynoric,” said the Knight, as he ended his narration, “may I ask for some little explanation from thee: thou art of noble rank, I perceive from Morvid’s harp; \* how camest thou to leave thy rank and reside in this lowly cot.” Cynoric then relates, that in his youth he was one of the companion nobles of Owain; that he went with him to Ireland to visit sovereign prince of — and then he married Sabia his daughter, and that Cynoric also married Nesta, who was a relation, and who, after the death of her parents lived with, and was the bosom friend of Sabia. When Owain became the sovereign of Gwynez, Cynoric was his chief counsellor, and after the death of Sabia, when Owain married again a Welch princess, she and her relations formed a strong party against Cynoric, as he was endeavouring to get the succession to the sovereignty settled upon Howell, and to alter the law against Foreign marriages. They at last succeeded so far as to persuade Owain that Cynoric was guilty of treason.—Cynoric fled, vowing he would bury himself in obscurity, and would not reassume his rank until he could fully and clearly prove his innocence: he had now lived many years in this seclusion, nor did he often hear what was going on in the world he had left. “Yes, my children,” said he, “I gladly consent to your union,” as he took the hands of Morvid and her lover and placed them in each other, “bless ye, bless ye, my children.”

We need not say, that at all events two of the inmates of the cottage experienced happiness unalloyed for that evening, nor was it till several days after, that sorrow overshadowed the eyes of the lovers. On the day of our Knights departure—“come Morvid,”—after he had said farewell to Cynoric, Nesta and Edwal, “come Morvid, I will take your harp, and let us not repeat that sorrow breathing word, but at that ever to be remembered spot where first we met.” When there, they rested on a little hillock near the roses; here he renewed his vows of love, Morvid listening with pleasure, then striking a few wild notes on her harp, which he held in his hand, his voice gave utterance to the following:—

Rushing from bloodstain’d Arvon’s field,  
Wounded and hapless was my lot,  
By thousand spears obliged to yield,  
And seek for shelter in a cot;  
’Twas here upon this rose’s glade,  
I saw my lovely cottage maid.

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‡ The Harp was the favorite musical instrument of the Britons and other Northren Nations, (*Harpa*, is the Welsh word). By the laws of Wales, a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a Gentleman, and none could pretend to that character who had not one of these favorite instruments, or could not play upon it. By the same laws, to prevent slaves or inferior persons from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the King or Sovereign Prince, and then Musicians and Gentlemen were allowed to have harps in their possession. A Gentleman’s harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank. The Harp was in the same estimation, and had the same privileges amongst the Saxons and Danes.—See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Title “Harp.”



Morvid dear maid with flaxen hair,  
 And laughing eye of azure blue,  
 Her bosom, cygnet down as fair,  
 'Tis heaven those lovely orbs to view;  
 'Twas then with love my heart was sway'd,  
 For Morvid, beauteous cottage maid.  
 Tho' I have oft in noble towers,  
 Damsels fair and high-born seen,  
 Displaying charms in festive bowers,  
 Adorned with silks and jewels sheen,  
 Yet still in russet robes array'd,  
 Dearer to me my cottage maid.

Morvid too, occasionally sounded its strings, and with her voice gave effect to a beautiful national air and song, composed by the lamented Howell, and well adapted to this parting scene, the melody and words of which ever deeply touched the heart of the Knight whenever he heard them, and he had heard them often from Howell himself. After a pause, for it brought a few moments of sorrowful silence, he arose, and breaking off from the rose-bush some of the handsomer branches, fully decked with the most beauteous flowers, he wreathed it round the harp, then passionately exclaimed, "Oh! Morvid, maid of my heart, this shall now be called the Roseharp, and thou shalt be its Queen; these tuneful chords e'er long shall sound to notes of joy." Looking upwards he observed a Raven skimming along the air towards them, and as it hovered over them, it screamed aloud: "Oh!" said he, "callest thou on me, ill omen'd bird, but at this time thou shalt change thy nature, and become the harbinger of love and glory." An arrow sped from his bow, and the bird fell screaming at their feet.—Taking the plume, drawing out one feather, "Morvid, remember the screams of the Raven, and this flowery dell, wear this plume, and it will be blest," as he placed it in her zone; "it shall for thy sake ever brightly beam; know me now dear maid as the Knight of the Raven Plume; this and the Roseharp shall be my war cry—my banner—and noble, may princely warriors will support it, and lead us to honors and to fame; but alas! my love, I must away; the sun is now at its last moment, gilding the heights of Snowden, at this hour and here, I first beheld thee, and at this hour we here must separate: the Saints protect thee, and when some six or seven moons have passed away, I feel assured we meet again, yet should it happen I cannot come myself to claim my lovely bride, and nought but dire necessity, wounds or deadly sickness, will prevent me, I shall send a trusty companion, with this feather, which I shall now wear in my cap, with the token—Remember the Raven scream Dell.—Then haste thee Morvid, with Cynoric, thy mother and Edwal, and forget not the plume and the golden chain." Fervently embracing each other, and as he kissed the tears off her cheek—"fare thee well, my lovliest dearest Morvid, fare thee well." In anguish and desperation he hastily tore himself away, from the weeping maid.

Months passed away without any intelligence, except once after seven or eight months: a Minstrel wandered that way, and informed them that peace was now established amongst the