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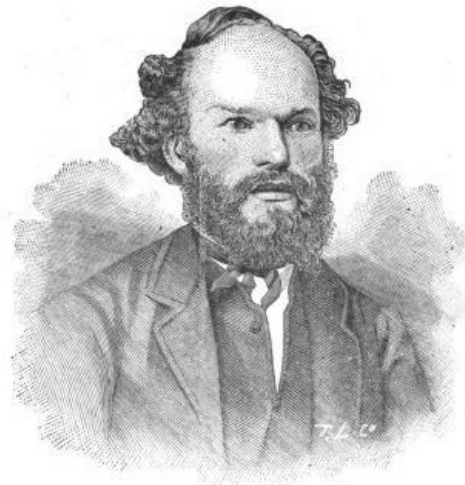
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James McIntyre.

POEMS

OF

JAMES MCINTYRE.

"Fair Canada is our Theme,
Land of rich cheese, milk and cream."

TO THE PUBLIC.



e received so many kind assurances from friends in this neighborhood and from gentlemen at a distance who had taken an interest in our first little work, that they induce us to issue this more comprehensive volume containing about one hundred new pieces. We have written a number of dairy odes recently; these and our patriotic songs composed during the past year we trust will make the work more interesting. We publish a few short pieces from many letters and poems we received from friends. We hope the public will peruse the poems in a friendly spirit, as a kind feeling towards all of the nationalities forming this young and vigorous Dominion has prompted us to publish these selections from our poetic works.

JAMES McINTYRE,

INGERSOLL, ONT.

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SHORT EXTRACTS FROM POEMS AND LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE AUTHOR.

The following lines were received from Mr. William Murray of Hamilton:

"In writing you do not pretend
With Tennysonian themes to blend,
It is an independent style
Begotten on Canadian soil."

From one of Toronto's well known citizens, S. H. Janes, Esq., formerly of Oxford:

I wish to express to you my great pleasure in looking over your musings on the Banks of Canadian Thames. It seemed to transport my memory across the chasm of twenty-five years and to call up the scenes, associations and joys of boyhood's happy hour. Literary work of this kind must add greatly to your pleasure and happiness as it certainly does to that of your friends.

The Editor of the Toronto Globe, after reviewing a number of other books pronounced our little volume to be the gem of the table.

Col. Denison, Toronto's police magistrate, "found many most interesting pieces on Canadian subjects in the volume."

Joaquin Miller, the American poet, hailed me as "my dear poet of the Canadian pasture fields," and he said I did wisely in singing of useful themes.

N. C. Thompson of Rockford, Ill., wrote us a large number of verses. We select the following:

"Your poem on the Bard of Ayr,
I like the best, I think it rare,
An equal love of Burns I share,
And read him oft,
O could I write like him 'twould bear

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My soul aloft."

Dr. Scadding, the Antiquarian, thought my poem on Father Rannie, the cheese pioneer, "had the ring of a fine old ballad about it."

From a poem by the Rev. John Dunbar, of Toronto, we give this extract:

As other duties made demand
I only got your poems scanned,
Marking the treatment of your pieces
While wonder and surprise increases,
Assured your book its way will win,
So neat without, so nice within,
Reserving as a promised pleasure
The thorough reading at my leisure,
Permit me now to each unknown
To thank you for the kindness shown.

The Hon. Oliver Mowat was pleased with the patriotic spirit displayed in the poems.

From George McIntyre of Conestoga:

Surprised, delighted, beyond measure,
I gazed upon the pretty treasure,
And as it gives me such great pleasure,
My thanks I send
To him who in his hours of leisure
Those verses penned.

A. G. Murray, a prominent clansman of Chicago, sent us the following:—I received your volume and I think a great deal of it. It is one of our family treasures and the reading of it brings before us the genial form of friend McIntyre, who pictures things so vividly, reminding us of days gone by.

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From Rev. Robert Cameron of Denver, Colorado:

My whilom friend dear McIntyre,
Your book of rhymes has come,
Take thanks from all around our fire,
For all have said well done;
How many long and toilsome years
Have passed since first we met,
I was a lad twixt hopes and fears,
And you'r a poet yet.

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CANADA BEFORE THE CONFEDERATION OF THE PROVINCES.

Canadian provinces they lay
Divided by river and by bay,
Many a separate division,
Among them there was no cohesion.

But statesmen saw that a great nation
Could be formed by federation,
And soon they led public opinion
To favor forming this Dominion.

North-West with its streams and fountains,
With sources in the Rocky Mountains,
It was all a great mystery,
Hunting for furs its history.

Though North-West is filling slow
Yet soon there will be mighty flow,
Millions to North-West will hurry
In last decade of century.

For therein is an opening grand
In great fertile prairie land,
For there the choicest wheat it grows
Near where the Saskatchewan flows.

And on many a river's branch
There is found great grazing ranch,
Favoured districts therein abound
Where cattle graze all the year round.

Protected from the stormy blast
By the Rocky Mountains vast,
Through canon blows no storm terrific,
But balmy breezes from Pacific.

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CANADA'S FUTURE.

Canada is a young giant,
Has not yet acquired its strength,
On the arts of peace reliant,
Throughout its vast breadth and length.

Though 'tis not famed for orange bowers
Nor for the products of its vines,
Though other lands have fairer flowers,
Yet it to nobler gifts inclines.

It doth produce the golden grain
And few lands can with it compete,
They often try but all in vain
To produce such splendid wheat.

Our geologists divine,
That ere long we will behold
Many a rich glittering mine
Of copper, silver and of gold.

But we sing more glorious theme,
It is our verdant pasture land,
Where cows produce a flood of cream,
Doth make cheese of the finest brand.

And great thoughts oftentimes awakes
When we reflect on this wondrous land,
With vast rivers and mighty lakes,
All nature here's on scale so grand.

Young Dominion so gigantic,
Where rail cars run at speed terrific,
Thousands of miles from the Atlantic,
Till in the West you reach Pacific.

From balmy breezes of lake Erie
To the far north frozen ocean,
Where it now seems lone and dreary,
All will yet be life and motion.

Though nation's young its powerful fleet
Doth sail on many a distant sea,
For world's commerce to compete
Her sails in all climes flowing free.

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BIRTH OF CANADA AS A NATION, JULY FIRST, 1867.

Hail Britannia's noblest daughter,
Who is surrounded by the water
Of many a lake and broad sea,
Land of beaver and of maple tree.

Her lofty brow is wreathed with
smiles,
For from the far Atlantic isles
In pomp have come their delegates,
All seeking to unite their fates.

With Canada great northern queen,
And now throughout the land is seen,
High festival and stately dance,
Triumphant nuptials to advance.

And soon shall Red River valley
And distant Vancouver rally,
To form this Empire gigantic
From Pacific to Atlantic.

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WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Lines written when the Prince of Wales was about embarking for Canada, May, 1860.

In his long voyage o'er the sea,
To where doth grow the maple tree,
May he be blest with pleasant gales,
The coming man, the Prince of Wales.

The maple grows but in good soil,
Where nature doth reward for toil
The farmer splitting his fence rails,
He welcome bids the Prince of Wales.

In the woods the axe is ringing
And the yeoman merry singing,
The song resounds o'er hills and dales,
Our future king the Prince of Wales.

Round the brow of our future chief
We'll weave a wreath of maple leaf,
For o'er broad Canada prevails
Kind feelings to the Prince of Wales.

When in this land the Prince arrives,
May he have many pleasant drives,
And on our lakes have merry sails,
Great king of princes, Prince of Wales.

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CANADA'S RESOURCES.

Small Scotland nobly held its own
Against the might of England's throne,
And shall this land with its vast bounds
Shrink with fear ere the trumpet sounds.

While British blood doth course each vein,
Proudly this heritage maintain,
With fertile acres by the billions,
Future homes for two hundred millions.

Each son could have a fertile farm,
Brave men who ne'er will feel alarm,
And they have both the nerve and skill
To work land with a right good will.

And she has got within her shores
Renowned mines of many ores,
While her furnaces and forges
Iron in useful shape disgorges.

Her mighty forests they do yield
Lumber, her cities for to build,
But her wealth is not in these alone,
She has great quarries too of stone.

Industry it here doth bloom,
And skilful webs come from each loom,
One of great nations under sun,
A mightier race it yet will run.

For with the Anglo-Saxon race
No other people can keep pace,
Here they have room for to expand
Into a nation mighty grand.

With great railroads and canals,
And care in legislative halls,
A mighty future she will gain,
And highest rank she will obtain.

Canada hopes it will be told,
That she hath patriots brave and bold,
To guide her helm shall be extolled,
As loving country more than gold.

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NORTH-WEST REBELLION, 1885.

Hail Canada our young fair land,
The world's respect it doth command;
How quick her sons at war's alarms
Sprang to her rescue with their arms.

In Canada the English rose,
The shamrock and the thistle grows,
United garland they combine
Around the maple tree to twine.

They did march a brave gallant host
From the far East Atlantic coast,
Our Canada so proud and free,
Four thousand miles from sea to sea.

Though skilful rebels did entrench,
But their deadly fires our boys did quench,
And victory it soon was won
By our General Middleton.

And Colonel Williams left a name
For Canada's temple of fame,
A kind and a brave hearted man
In hour of danger led the van.

The ninetieth regiment it fought well,
And Winnipeg doth its glories tell,
London boasts of her volunteers,
For she prides in her Fusiliers.

Toronto troops have gained renown,
And triumph their quick march did crown,
For the relief of Battleford,
And scattering of the Indian horde.

Our volunteers took up their arms,
Each left his home and all its charms;
Though many they were tender reared,
No frost nor snow nor foe they feared.

Alas that youth so true and brave,

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So many now do fill a grave,
And others they are maimed for life,
While engaged in glorious strife.

We have sprung from a good brave stock,
Rose, thistle and the shamrock,
Who all in unity agree,
'Neath the shade of the maple tree.

The Indians soon came to grief,
Under their great Poundmaker chief,
And Toronto troops gained fame
And Otter glory to his name.

We all felt proud of our gunboat
And the brave crew of the Northcote,
And of our scouts who captured Riel,
Who in vain for mercy did appeal.

And may all quickly come to grief
Who do not love the maple leaf,
For they spring from a noble tree,
Shades this land of the brave and free.

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BIG BEAR THE INDIAN CHIEF.

The following impromptu was given at a banquet to one of the captives of Fort Pit after he had related his experience.

Sad memories it doth awake,
The death of those fell at Frog Lake,
And trials of captives of Fort Pit
When savages did capture it.

But soon Generals Strange and Steel
Made savage hordes their power to feel,
And they rescued women fair
From the paws of the Big Bear.

Captives for days had naught to eat
But steaks of tough and lean dog meat,
In daily danger of their lives
From bullets and from scalping knives.

When building big lodge for war dance,
The cry is heard, the troops advance,
To the white captives sounds so sweet,
But savages they quick retreat.

A thrilling tale our guest^[A] did tell,
That close to him fell bursting shell,
This shot it was not fired in vain,
For several savages were slain.

Our bold troops great danger braved,
So that white captives might be saved,
Who suffered hunger, cold and damp,
'Mong savage hordes in bush and
swamp.

Big Bear now they have pared his claws,
He must atone for broken laws,
Far away from his native lair,
In prison strong they put Big Bear.

[A] MR. STANLEY SIMPSON.

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On the laying of the corner stone of the Brock monument at Queenston Heights, and the final interment of the General who had fallen at the battle of Queenston, Oct. 13th, 1812. The remains of his Aide, Col. McDonald, were also deposited under the new tower.

A wail went o'er broad Canada,
When it was known a vile outlaw
Had at midnight's awful hour,
With ruffian hand blown up the tower.

'Neath which had slept the gallant Brock
Who bravely fell on Queenston's rock,
But graceful column soon shall rise,
Its beauteous shaft will kiss the skies.

For from Queenston's woody height
You may behold a pleasing sight,
The grim old veterans of the war,
Militiamen with many a scar.

Indian braves from each nation,
Grouped to pay their last ovation,
Round the remains of General Brock,
Who led them oft in battle's shock.

Old heroes now again do rally,
Feebly they move along the valley,
Not as they rushed in days of yore
When torrent like they onward bore.

And swept away the foeman's ranks
O'er Niagara's rugged banks,
So indignant was their grief
On losing of their warrior chief.

Now with triumphant funeral car,
Adorned with implements of war,
The sad procession slow ascends,
As round the hill its way it wends.

Marching to mournful, solemn note,
While grand old flags around it float,
And now may peace be never broken
'Mong lands where Saxon tongue is spoken.

"For peace hath victories by far
More glorious than horrid war,"
England doth Longfellow revere,
And America loves Shakespeare.

The oration on the above interesting occasion was delivered by the late Hon. William H. Merritt, projector of the Welland Canal. He served at the battle when a young man. We witnessed the interesting ceremony and shall never forget it.

PATRIOTIC ODE

Written at the time of the last excitement on the Niagara Frontier.

Rejoice, rejoice, we all do stand,
United in one mighty band;
No traitors in our land we find,
All one in heart, all one in mind;
Resolute in their opinion,
None shall conquer our Dominion;
For every man with dauntless mien
Will rally round our flag and Queen.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

In the land of woods and lakes,

Pure happiness each one partakes,
Who is sound in body and in mind,
And to industry is inclined.

Here in great lakes we do take pride,
And them with Uncle Sam divide,
Other lakes seem inferior
In size to great Superior.

And Canadians do take pride,
In Huron's wide expanded tide,
But it onward flows forever,
Through St. Clair lake and river.

But soon again it doth expand,
Into Erie's lake so grand,
Then behold its wondrous charms,
When embraced in Niagara's arms.

Then it more blessings doth bestow,
On pure bosom of Ontario,
Round it our towns and cities cluster,
O'er it Toronto sheds her lustre.

And Ontario doth awake,
The thought that 'tis our favorite lake;
Several states approach Lake Erie,
Each one claiming it for dearie.

But our fires of love do glow,
Alone for Lake Ontario,
Our love for it is so unbounded,
We have almost it surrounded.

And the lands around its beaches,
They are famed for grapes and peaches,
'Mong choicest fruits you ramble on
From Niagara to Hamilton.

Ontario North is land of pines,
A land of lakes and rocks and mines,
And beneath dark pine tree shade,
How happy is the youth and maid.

For here in summer you keep cool,
And fish for trout in sparkling pool,
For pike or salmon you can spear,
And in the season hunt the deer.

In great northern hunting ground,
Where both fish and game abound,
And verdant pastures here are seen,
Where cattle graze 'mong sweetest green.

In the far north a land of pines,
And in the south we have the vines,
Where each year adds into the charms,
Surrounds the homesteads on the farms.

Nature our province doth endow,
With hardy sons to guide the plow,
In south we have the fruitful soil,
Where nature's bounties on us smile.

We have got rich plains and highlands,
Ontario hath thousand islands,
And there is a great array
Of charming isles on Georgian Bay.

And travellers all they do adore,
The lovely isles near Huron's shore,
Superior makes a grand display,
All round her shores to Thunder Bay.

Muskoka's famed for woods and brakes,
For rocks and meadows and clear lakes,
And sportsmen for it proudly claim

That 'tis a land for fish and game.

There doth arise a sweet aroma
From great spruce forests of Algoma,
And from the poplar, birch and pine,
There too is wealth in many a mine.

It may be that of mines the best,
Will be found in Ontario West,
Stretching towards the interior,
Three hundred miles west of Superior.

Essex is our sunny south,
At the Detroit river's mouth,
There the sun doth cheerful smile
On the grape vineyards of Pelee Isle.

Pioneer's axe it now doth ring,
On the shores of Nipissing,
And some do locate claims away
To distant north around James' Bay.

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CANADIAN RIVERS AND LAKES.

We have here a sight as fair
As bonnie Doon or banks of Ayr,
Like modest worth meandering slow
The quiet waters gently flow,
Rose, thistle, shamrock, all combine,
Around the maple leaf to twine,
Whose outstretched arms so gigantic
Clasp Pacific and Atlantic,
Embracing lakes like burnished gold,
With joy a Shakespeare might behold,
For either Poet Burns or Moore^[B]
Such scenery they would adore.

[B] Tom Moore paddled his own canoe along the Canadian shore of Lake Erie and was enraptured with the view. He landed and remained over night at a farm house. His Canadian Boat Song is immortal.

NIAGARA DRY.

It happened once in early spring,
While there did float great thick ice cakes,
That then a gale did quickly bring
Them all down from the upper lakes.

And from Buffalo to Lake Erie,
Across the entrance to river,
It was a scene of icebergs dreary,
Those who saw will remember ever.

Then gale blew up lake and river,
And left Niagara almost dry,
This a lady did discover
As above the Falls she cast her eye.

Such scene it had been witnessed never,
Since Israelites crossed the Red Sea,
When they had resolved forever
From Pharaoh's bondage to flee.

Lady she resolved to venture,
Proudly carrying British flag,
Erecting it in river's centre
In crevice of a rocky crag.

It seems like a romance by Bulwer,

[Pg 21]

How she captured Niagara,
But it was seen by Bishop Fuller,
Who did at sight of flag hurrah.

Ten thousand years may die away
Before another dry can tread,
In bottom of Niagara,
For she doth jealous guard her bed.

But ice her entrance did blockade,
And wind it kept the waters back,
So that a child could almost wade
Across the brink of cataract.

UNITED BY STEEL RAILS.

When Indian tribes in the Northwest
Rebelle against the Eastern laws,
Canadian courage it did test,
All were united in the cause.

But how shall volunteers proceed
Such distance, several thousand miles,
Will they in their dark hour of need
Ask Uncle Sam with pleasant smiles

[Pg 22]

For to allow our volunteers
To pass o'er their north railroad,
Perhaps subject to doubts and fears,
Where British soldiers never trod.

But there went up a glad hurrah
When it was found that in our land,
Almost finished was railway,
And trains do wait for word command,

To bear away our volunteers
To those far North distant lands,
But dispelled were all their fears
When they rode over those steel
bands,

Which bound young nation all in one,
Before detached and all apart,
Shoulder to shoulder now each one
Feels patriot feelings in his heart,

First time we truly realize
The value of this great railway,
Its benefits each now doth prize,
Highway to Japan and Australia.

The policy it has proved wise,
Which did build this great railway,
The vast Northwest to colonize,
And bear its products far away.

Canadian flags are now unfurled
In the ports of the Chinese,
Short route to Oriental world
Gives Canada her cheap fine teas.

[Pg 23]

LORNE AND LOUISE.

Lines written on the arrival of Governor Lorne and the Princess Louise in Canada.

The tidings now all hearts do please,
That she has landed safe, Louise,
Victoria's beloved daughter,

Who boldly has crossed the water,
For royal Princess doth adorn
The title of the Lord of Lorne,
For this union it doth join
Campbell with Royal Stewart line;
Lorne will be Duke of broad Argyle,
And the Lord of many an Isle.
When he inherits broad domain
May he strive tenants hearts to gain.
To us it seems a brighter morn
Hath dawned on us with Governor Lorne,
And when they visited this place
True happiness beamed on each face,
The first white child who here was born
Presented was to Governor Lorne,
From Forest 'ere it was reclaimed,
Our fine town after him was named.

[Pg 24]

CANADIAN SPORTS AND GAMES AND PLAYS.

Burns sang of joys of Hallowe'en
But in Canada is often seen
By far more jolly times than these
At logging raising, paring bees,
For here the youth is not afraid
To trip it with a pretty maid,
For this at night is his reward
For working at the bee so hard,
And oft times till the break of day
At forfeits they will merry play,
For he doth win e'en though he miss,
If from sweet lass he gets a kiss,
But in its place doth justly prize
His tea and cakes and pumpkin pies.

When winter comes it brings no gloom
But makes fresh pleasures spring and bloom,
For when the youth longs for a bride
He gives his girl a grand sleigh ride,
Which to them both doth pleasures bring
While merry sleigh bells cheery ring,
And with the fair maid of his choice
He graceful skates with her on ice,
Charming mode of locomotion
Gliding o'er a polished ocean,
Such joys they soon do love evolve,
And they on union do resolve,
He is happy with his chosen,
For warm love gets never frozen.

And young folks oft they do take pride,
How swift they down the hill can glide,
And they bravely dare the frost king
So they may enjoy the coasting,
Each striving for to lead the van
In the swift shooting toboggan.

[Pg 25]

And on the ice men love to hurl
The polished blocks to skilful curl,
And curlers all do proudly claim
Their's is a manly healthy game,
And in Canadians you trace
A generous, hardy and brave race.

And brilliant as a fairy hall
Is scenes on ice at carnival,
Before the gale in an ice boat
It swiftly o'er the ice doth float,
The sensation is you fly
Like lightning shooting through the sky.

In summer time the youth do toss

The baseball and do play lacrosse,
And tradition doth for it claim
That 'tis an ancient Indian game,
And if a foe invade we can,
Drive them back with clubs Canadian.

[Pg 26]

NIAGARA'S CHARMS AND DEATH OF WEBB.

Gazing on rapids mighty sea,
Struggling fiercely to be free,
But drawn downwards in its course
By gravitation's wondrous force,
O'er those perpendicular walls,
Hurled 'mong mighty rocks it falls,
Causing the earth to throb and shake
Like to the tremor of earthquake.

Thus the world's greatest wonder
Reverberates like peals of thunder,
Enshrined with mist and beauteous glow
Of varied tints of the rainbow,
Most glorious sight the human eye
Hath ever seen beneath the sky,
Along these banks none ever trod
But did feel grateful to his God,
For lavishing with bounteous hand
Glories majestic and so grand.

The foaming billows soon are seen
Transformed into a beauteous green,
Plunged by whirlpools dread commotion
It becomes a seething ocean,
Where furies join in surging dance
From centre to circumference,
This is the favorite abode
Of Neptune, mightiest sea God,
He hath decreed none shall survive
Who will into this vortex dive.

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Webb swam the English channel brave,
Like seabird he did love to lave
His breast upon the mightiest wave,
Alas, found here a watery grave;
Torrent onward rushes frantic
On its course to the Atlantic,
But on its way doth gently flow
Through blue lake Ontario,
Rejoicing on its way it smiles,
Kissing the shores of Thousand Isles,
Mingling with St. Lawrance motion,
It soon is blended with the ocean.

DEPARTED STATESMEN.

With a glance at Sir John A. Macdonald and Blake, the two living leaders, 1884.

Joseph Howe, none higher stood than thou,
Thou wert a man with lofty brow;
D'Arcy McGee, so brilliant and free,
From green isle you came o'er the sea.

George Cartier to the French ever dear,
So high you stood without a peer;
John Sandfield for long you did build
Power under economy's shield.

George Brown, thou man of renown,
Confederation you did crown;

You now are all free from the strife
The wrangle and jangle of political life.

But if a glance at this world you take
You will there see John A. and Blake,
But Sir John the greatest power doth wield,
Our Canadian Beaconsfield.

[Pg 28]

THE OLD SNAKE FENCE.

In early times the pioneer
When a few acres he did clear,
He found 'an ample recompense
For splitting rails and making fence.

Though it was crooked as a snake,
And zigzag style did not awake,
He thought it was a thing of beauty,
Yet in its day it did its duty.

And though the old snake fence must fall,
'Twas easy made, axe, wedge and maul,
Were all the tools the pioneer
Required the old rail fence to rear.

And the old pioneer could boast
Of fence that did not need a post,
To build it now is waste of timber,
And fertile lands it doth cumber.

And pine stump fence with its sharp roots
Will long endure and ward off brutes,
For the crops they ample shield
And do protect each separate field.

But old style fence doth waste much land,
Where weeds do grow and bush expand,
And thistle down doth blow from thence,
So folks build wire and the board fence.

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CANADIAN VOYAGEURS ON THE NILE.

The British soldiers on the Nile
With gratitude did kindly smile,
On the Canadian voyageurs
Who skilfully did ply their oars.

And they invoked their benison
On boatmen led by Denison,
Neither the rapids nor the falls
Along the Nile these braves appals.

For in such toils they did partake,
On each native stream and lake,
Thoughts of their homes in visions throng,
While singing Canadian boat song.

And they all hoped again to see
The glorious land of maple tree,
From their memories they never
Forgot the land of lake and river.

While up the Nile they do advance
They dream about their own St. Lawrence,
And Manitoba's streams and lakes,
Pleasant reflections oft awakes.

And thus each day they cheerful toil,
Ascending of old Father Nile,

Whose waters fertilize the soil,
And is the home of crocodile.

Wolseley he had exhibition
In Red River expedition,
How these voyageurs could steer,
Or with the axe a roadway clear.

Those who speak the tongue of France,
From the banks of the St. Lawrence,
At call to arms quick advance,
With rifle, bayonet and lance.

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LAND CLEARING.

The first winter which I did spend
In Canada was with a friend,
And when the snow had passed away
Quite early in the month of May.

Friend started off for a barn raising,
And told me to get stumps ablazing,
Around each stump I heaped a pile
Of roots and junks of wood so vile.

For he wished the field to clear
So it a crop of wheat would rear,
And there was one high withered pine
Which was full of turpentine.

As soon as I applied the torch,
Blaze quick did start and it did scorch
The fences, and the woods were nigh,
For the old tree it blazed on high.

I was the only man or boy
Near there that day and found employ
In saving of the house and barn,
Thus early fire fiend did me warn.

Fire started and with it a breeze
Carried the sparks 'mong leaves of
trees,
I did work hard but for recompense
All was saved but a few rails of fence.

Man in spring logging oft awakes
From winter slumbers nests of snakes,
And listens to the music grand
Of bull frogs, our Canadian band.

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LINES READ AT A MAPLE SUGAR SOCIAL, APRIL, 1888.

Our first Canadian job when boy,
In the big woods we did enjoy,
Large maple bush we then did tap
And to camp carried maple sap.

We stored it in great wooden trough,
Then in big kettles sugared off,
Though often it did try our mettle
To keep up fire beneath each kettle.

For it was a serious toil
To cut the wood to kettles boil,
To-night it is a pleasant joke,
No trouble from the fire and smoke.

Of old we thought our neck was broke

By having on it a neckyoke,
And on each side a heavy pail
Suspended from the yoke by bail.

We waded through the snow and slush
And stumbled o'er the logs in bush,
But no doubt the maple's sweeter
Than any other thing in meter.

Unless it is the lips of lass,
Which maple sugar doth surpass,
And may it be each young man's fate
For to secure a charming mate.

For birds will soon begin to sing
And seek their mates in early spring,
When found each pair do feel they're blest,
When they have finished their warm nest.

Let none at sugar making scoff,
Webster was rocked in a sap trough;
When boiling sap it is quite handy
To pour some in snow to make candy.

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CANADIAN ROMANCE.

An English youth to Canada came,
A labourer, John Roe by name,
His little wealth had made him bold,
Twenty sovereigns in gold;
He was industrious and wise
And e'en small sums did not despise,
He added to his wealth each year
For independence he loved dear,
He knew a laborer he would be
Forever in the old country,
His forefathers had tilled the ground
And never one had saved a pound.
On beds of down they did not lie
And frugally their goods did buy,
Their one luxury around their door
A few choice flowers their garden bore,
But never hoped to own the soil
But serve as hinds to sweat and toil,
To work and toil for him had charm
He hoped some day to own a farm,
So he hired with Reuben Tripp
The wealthiest man in the township.
Tripp's only child, his daughter Jane,
He sought her love and not in vain,
As Jacob served for Rachel dear
So John he served year after year,
Till rich enough to buy bush farm
For to chop down with his strong arm.
The truest nobleman of all
He lives not in ancestral hall,
But sheltereth family from harm
By logs rolled up by his strong arm,
In this young glorious land so free
Where each may rear his own roof tree,
And the chief glory of old days
Broad fire place where big logs did blaze,
As much as four strong men could handle,
They served alike for heat and candle;
He his young oxen did adorn
With fine gay ribbons on each horn,
And to his home with joy and pride
He did bring sweet blooming bride,
Such happiness is seldom seen,
Happier far than king or queen;
She helped him in the fields to reap,

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And spun the wool from off the sheep,
All they required they had for both,
Of her own weaving of good cloth,
And she was a good tailoress,
Did make his coat and her own dress;
The golden butter that she made
Was of the very finest grade,
Each grace and virtue she possess'd,
Where'er she was, that spot was blessed,
And though they did not have stove then,
Neither did they own an oven;
She filled large pot with well knead dough
And baked fine bread 'mong embers glow;
He each winter the forest trees
Did quickly hew them down with ease,
For he to work had a desire
And the skill did soon acquire,
But round great giants hewed a ring
Then storms would soon them prostrate bring,
For many a time the furious breeze
Would quick o'erthrow the girdled trees,
And sometimes they would kill the cows
When they did feed on grass or browse,
But after reckoning damage all
A benefit was each windfall;
Though good fortune now he sees
Might have been got from Walnut trees;
But trees were foes in his hurry,
All were slain, both oak and cherry,
And to this day he doth incline
To mourn o'er slaughter of the pine,
And reflects how he did o'erwhelm
Many a maple, beech and elm;
And each summer day did toil
With his steers drawing logs in pile;
These giants of the forest dead,
Fire did reduce to an ash bed,
And soon potatoes, wheat and corn,
They did the rugged stumps adorn,
And Jane did help him with the hoe,
And well she did keep her row:
No organs then they had to play,
But she could work and sing all day;
In spring he did live maples tap
To draw from them the luscious sap,
He gathered it in big log trough,
Then boiled it down and sugared off,
Enough the household for to cheer,
With all its sweets for the whole year,
And no such thing those times were seen
As the swift raising stump machine,
And where main road was low and damp
With logs he built a road through swamp,
But a smooth ride could not enjoy
While it was naught but corduroy,
Each year added earth and gravel,
Now smoothly o'er they can travel,
For it doth make an excellent road
For John and Jane to go abroad,
And it is now a great highway
Where hundreds travel every day.
There were no roads in early days
But bridle path, their guide the blaze,
And mills and marts so far away,
They never could return same day;
Log school house served as church for all,
Of various creeds, and for town hall.
These scenes to youth do now seem strange
So wondrous quick hath been the change,
O'er paths where oxen only trod,
Cows quickly speed o'er the railroad,
And every way both up and down
There has sprung up a thriving town.
No more he fights with forest trees,
But both enjoy their wealth and ease,

Long since the old folks both are gone
And left the whole to Jane and John;
The log house now has passed away
With all its chinks filled in with clay,
And in its place fine house of stone
With lawn where choice shrubs are grown.
With sons and daughters they are blest,
The young men say they'll move Northwest;
This gives their mother some alarm,
She wants them still on the home farm,
But father will not have them tarry
They can plow so quick on prairie,
And they find coal makes a good fire,
And build their fences of barbed wire
They would not be forever gone
As they could talk by telephone.

We have been congratulated by many on the truthfulness of the Romance of Canada. They declare it is not a romance but a true picture of rise and progress of worthy people in Canada.

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LAMENT OF THE MAPLE TREE.

A VISION.

"We had a dream which was not all a dream."—Byron.

I laid me down one day in June,
It was late long afternoon,
A very sultry summer's eve,
Such times the senses oft deceive,
The place was 'neath a maple tree,
Soon from all cares and troubles free,
By a gentle, kindly slumber,
No more our sorrows we could number,
But we heard a plaintive wail
Such as we find in fairy tale,
It was the genius of the tree
Who in sad guise appeared to me,
And then she sadly did give vent
Unto this awful grave lament:
Though I am gay in month of June,
All decked in green, yet very soon,
Alas my beauty will be faded
And my charms be all degraded,
For is my time of glory brief,
So often flattered is my leaf.
In Canada so broad and free
All poets sing of the maple tree,
High I stand in their opinion,
Emblem of the New Dominion,
The reason I do them upbraid
Some never slept beneath my shade,
And yet they take the liberty
To chant about the maple tree,
They dare to poetise my leaf,
This is the source of all my grief,
I think their praises all so rude
And as but base ingratitude,
So often hackneyed is my name
That every fall I burn with shame,
Like maiden's cheek which blushes red
When vain rash youth asks her to wed,
Then do these foolish ones descry
In me fresh beauty and they sigh,
And then renew their songs of praise.
But unto me how sad their lays,
For then I know my days are brief,
'Tis hectic flush upon my leaf;
True poets then should mournful sing
When the destroyer's on the wing,
For then I know my leaves of gold
Will all soon mingle with the mould,

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No one does ever think to praise
The fell destroyer when he slays,
None rejoice in the flushed cheek
When the poor girl is low and weak,
Perhaps they'll say and it is true
In spring my glories I'll renew,
But 'tis poor comfort after all
To lose my offspring every fall,
Small consolation to mother
To tell her that soon another
Will replace her fond darling boy
Who has been source of all her joy,
But you know all about my wood
You know that it is strong and good,
And I have full many a curl
And pleasing eye and charming nurl,
Some love me as fond nature grained
And some prefer my beauty stained,
But my dear friend I hope that you
My varied shades love pure and true,
For of the woods you know the staple
Stoutest and best is good maple,
The youth my sugar eat with glee,
And old maids love me in their tea,
In me do various uses meet
In summer shade, in winter heat,
For I do make a glorious blaze
All worthy of the poet's lays,
But to their praises I'll be deaf
If more they harp about my leaf.
They call me gay when I am sober
To me 'tis gloomy month October,
But saints on earth when they die
Hope for true bliss beyond the sky,
So winter does bring no alarms
Though it strip bare my trunk and arms,
For now I know that time will bring
More glorious foliage in the spring,
Then all nature will rejoice
Triumphing with glorious voice,
And birds will in my branches sing
Hosannas to the lovely spring.

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The nurls and birds' eyes and curls were highly prized in furniture thirty years ago, when we used the smooth plain.

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LIFE IN THE WOODS.

(Life of the early settlers.)

Canada hath wealthy yeomen
Whose fathers overcome the foemen,
The enemy they boldly slew
Was mighty forests they did hew,
And where they burned heaps of slain
Their sons now reap the golden grain,
But in the region of Northwest
With prairie farms they are blest.
Though this to them it may seem good
Yet many blessings come from wood,
It shelters you from the fierce storm
And in the winter keeps you warm,
For one who hath his forest trees
He builds his house and barn with ease,
And how quick he gets from thence
Timber for bridge and for his fence.

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We let Ontario farmers sing
About the joys the woods do bring,
But we in regions of Northwest
Do think prairie farms the best,
For those poor men who swing the axe
On their strength 'tis a heavy tax,
For several years they naught can grow
While from the first we plow and sow,
And while we plow we don't get thumps
By running it against the stumps,
And where wild Buffalo now doth feed
There very soon they'll sow the seed,
Where Indian wigwams now do stand
Will be the site of cities grand,
And where the deer and wolf doth roam
Millions will build each happy home,
So quick as if by magic wand
They will arise o'er the whole land,
But this one fact we won't deny
Ontario she can supply,
For so skilfully she doth invent
Each agricultural implement.

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CANADA OUR HOME, 1883.

The following response to Canada our home was given at a banquet of the Caledonian Society, Ingersoll:

In responding to the sentiment Canada our home perhaps it would be appropriate to point out the prominent and distinguishing characteristics between the land of our nativity and the land of our adoption. In this Canada of ours we have no bonny blooming heath, no banks and braes covered o'er with daisies and gowans, no fragrant hedges showering down white spray in the May time, no whin and broom prodigal in their gaiety of yellow flowers, no hills nor glens where fairies gambol in pleasant and harmless sport, no grand ruins of ancient cathedrals and castles, no feathered songsters like the mavis and blackbird.

Full oft we did enraptured hark
To heavenly song of the skylark.

But Canada is a young giant in its infancy with the noblest chain of lakes in the world on its frontier, and the most magnificent river the St. Lawrence. This land also possesses the largest fertile wilderness on the globe, but it is one which will ere many years have passed away, blossom like a garden, and where naught but grass and flowers now grow in wild luxuriance. Soon the husbandman will plow and sow and reap a rich reward in yellow golden grain. Domestic cattle quiet will graze where now the Buffalos roam and in spots now covered o'er with Indian wigwams, where white men never trod cities will occupy their sites with busy trade and millions flock from eastern lands to take possession of the great Northwest. Then Winnipeg perchance may be the capital of the Dominion. In the day foretold when this indeed shall be the "Greater Britain" with Ontario's towns for workshops for this vast prairie land.

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Then poets will arise and high their lays will soar,
Worthy of the muse of a Burns or a Moore,
A Shakespeare and a Milton, the great and the wise,
Will sing of the glories of our northern skies,
Of its lakes and rivers and its mountains grand,
Of its fertile plains and great prairie land,
A fit theme for song this empire gigantic,
Whose arms stretch from Pacific to Atlantic.

LINES ON VIOLETS.

Once, while digging 'neath the snow,
'Mid Canadian winter, lo!
To our joy and surprise
We saw some violets in full bloom,
Gazing at us with loving eyes,
Thanking us for opening their tomb,
Yet still they seemed so cozy and nice

Enshrined in the crystal ice,
While all else were drooping dead
Gaily they held up their head.

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CANADIAN CHARMS.

Here industry is not in vain,
For we have bounteous crops of grain,
And you behold on every field
Of grass and roots abundant yield,
But after all the greatest charm
Is the snug home upon the farm,
And stone walls now keep cattle warm.

DONALD ROSS.

By the side of a moss
Lived young Donald Ross,
Among the heathery hills
And the mountain rills,
In a snug little cot
Content with his lot
He never knew sorrow
With his wife and wee Flora.

But an order went forth
O'er the land of the north,
To burn many a home
So the wild deer might roam,
With grief he then did toss
Every night Donald Ross,
And sad seemed the morrow
For his wife and sma' Flora.

O it was a cruel deed
But nobles do not heed
The sorrows of the poor
Drove on a barren moor,
Where he wove a wreath
Of the blooming heath,
For to crown with glory
The brow of little Flora.

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He then bade farewell
To his mountain dell,
Where his fathers appears
Had lived a thousand years,
With their few goats and sheep
Which feed on hills so steep,
O it was a sad story
For bonnie little Flora.

He sought a distant strand,
In Canada bought land,
To him a glorious charm
To view his own broad farm,
His horses and his cows,
Cultivators and plows,
And now his daughter Flora
She is the flower of Zorra.

PATRIOT FIGHTING FOR HIS HOME.

On the shores of the northern lakes

An infant giant now awakes,
He has long time been in a dream,
But now is roused by engine's scream.

For mighty spirits are abroad
Traversing of each great railroad,
For it is a glorious theme
The peaceful conquest made by steam.

But should the foot of invader vile
Ever desecrate his soil,
He firm will meet him bold and brave
And give him soil Canadian grave.

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FIGHTING FOR CONQUEST.

'Tis noble for to fight for home,
But some nations fight to plunder,
For conquest o'er the world to roam,
To tear peaceful lands asunder.

For to give wealth and a great name
To some aspiring commander,
Who wishes to acquire great fame
As a modern Alexander.

Statesmen and kings a war will wage,
And many thousands strew the plain,
Covered with gore in the carnage,
Where brave and noble men are slain.

Leaving their families to mourn,
Now who can soothe the ills of life,
To them they never shall return,
No one can now cheer the poor wife.

Or the sweet little orphans dear
Think of father and of mother,
Of sweetheart, sister and of brother,
Who oft will shed the fruitless tear.

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CANADIAN AUTHORS.

MRS. MOODY.

In giving a glance at various Canadian authors perhaps it would be well to commence with that early writer Mrs. Moody. She was a sister of the celebrated Agnes Strickland, author of "The Queens of England."

When this country it was woody,
Its great champion Mrs. Moody,
Showed she had both pluck and push
In her work roughing in the bush.

For there alone she did dwell
At time McKenzie did rebel,
Outbreak her husband strove to quell,
Her own grand struggles she doth tell.

Round bush life she threw a glory,
Pioneer renowned in story,
But her tale it is more cheering
When she wrote about the clearing.

Her other sister Mrs. Traill^[C]
Though eighty-seven she doth not fail,
She now is writing of wild flowers
Grown in Canada's woody bowers.

[C] Mrs. Traill lives near Peterboro. Mrs. Moody died in Toronto. I sent her a copy of my poems in 1885, and she thanked me for the same through a friend as she was in feeble health at the time.

T. D. MCGEE.

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Having been kindly invited as a member of the Mechanics' Institute some 25 years ago by the late Jeremiah O'Neill, Esq., to meet that gentleman in company with a number of our townsmen, when Mr. McGee was rising from the table the chair being new stuck to him, and it being near a general election he very wittily remarked that he hoped the people of Montreal would be as anxious to retain him in his seat as the people here are. We wrote the following lines at the time, the last verse was added afterwards.

D Arcy McGee,
All compliment thee,
The hope of the land
On your lecture so grand.

Though that is your forte,
Oh give us the sport
Of an hour of your chat,
Then we'll laugh and grow fat.

For none but the vile
Could 'ere cease to smile,
When near to thee
So brilliant and free.

Plant of green Erin's isle,
Long in Canadian soil,
May you take deep root
And bear much noble fruit.

Our hopes were in vain,
Alas he is slain,
By a crankish hand
The flower of the land.

GEORGE MENZIES' POEMS, 1883.

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About one third of a century ago there flourished in Canada three Scottish editors, all of whom were poets, McQueen of the Huron Signal, Goderich, who wrote a grand song on "Our Broad Lake," and McGeorge of the Streetsville Review. The following lines are on George Menzies who was a Woodstock editor.

One day while passing 'long the road
On a small book we almost trod,
Its leaves were scattered o'er the ground,
We picked them up and when we found

The author's name, it did inspire
Us with a very strong desire
To read the little volume through,
For most of it to us was new.

He doth sing of land of heather
And Canadian scenes together,
He did adore Niagara's roar
Where mighty flood o'er fall doth pour.

But poets lives are often brief
And he had his full share of grief,
Which to his life did gloom impart,
But he bore up with his brave heart.

Lines sent to Thomas Conant of Oshawa, a writer of Canadian sketches

We do greet thee Thomas Conant,
You truthful paint Canadian charms,

And you are the great exponent
Of beauties of her woods and farms.

You give fine sketch of bird and fowl,
Of the blue jay and the plover,
And of great white Canadian owl,
All proves of nature you're a lover.

ROBERT FLEMING GOURLEY.

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Robert F. Gourley was a graduate of St. Andrew's University, Scotland. He was the first to agitate for popular rights in Canada. He was banished from the country and while crossing the Niagara River he asked for a brush to wipe Canadian dust from his feet. He became a champion of popular rights in England and he whipped Lord Brougham in the lobby of the House of Commons, for which breach of privilege he was sentenced by the House. Mr. Gourley owned several farms in Oxford, Ontario, and sought to represent South Oxford in 1858, but Dr. Connor, an uncle of Hon. E. Blake, won the seat; Mr. Blake was his uncle's secretary through the contest when he was a youth.

There came to Oxford Robert Gourley,
In his old age his health was poorly;
He was a relic of the past,
In his dotage sinking fast;
Yet he was erect and tall
Like noble ruined castle wall.
In early times they did him impeach
For demanding right of speech,
Now Oxford he wished to represent
In Canadian parliament,
But him the riding did not honor,
But elected Doctor Connor.

Lines sent to Alexander McLaughlan, Amaranth Station, with a copy of my poems:

We send to you these rugged rhymes
In memory of the olden times,
Great chief of our poetic clan,
Admired by all, McLaughlan.

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PROLOGUE TO SOUTH ONTARIO SKETCHES.

The district lying South of Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, including Toronto.

My friends we sing Canadian themes,
For in them we proudly glory,
Her lakes and rivers and her streams,
Worthy of renown in story;
And in these leaves we hope is strewn
Some wheat among the chaff,
And maple boughs by rude axe hewn,
Where one may find a rustic staff;
To help him o'er the rugged lines
If he to weariness inclines.
Some see no beauties near to home,
But do admire the distant far,
They always love abroad to roam,
View glory in but far off star;
But let it never be forgot
That distant hills when closer seen
Are after all a barren spot
Not like your own hills clad in green;
You'll find they are but idle dreams
To seek for happiness afar.
At home there's lovely lakes and streams,
Remain content now where you are;
At us we hope you will not rage

Because we sing of local charms
In each varied town and village
As well as round our local farms,
But our address it must be brief,
So now we bid you all adieu,
But of our book pray read each leaf
Until the whole you have gone through;
Each one doth know it is not wise,
Though our songs may not be vocal,
Chants of our home for to despise,
But prize them 'cause they are local.

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HOLLAND RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Meanderings of a stream rises twenty miles north of Toronto and sweeps around the whole of
Southern Ontario.

We love to sing of tiny stream,
Through the lowland meadows running,
To us it is a pleasing theme,
Tracing it from first beginning.

'Tis strange how far a brook will roam,
Moving onwards in its motion,
And not content till it reaches home,
Two thousand miles to distant ocean.

In county York springs a small brook,
A few miles north of Ontario,
But it doth take a wondrous crook,
It northward many miles doth flow.

Brook's progress south is stopped by ridge,
Doth debar its southern course,
So a long journey it don't grudge,
But slowly on its way doth force.

And it discharges at its mouth
Into the pure clear lake Simcoe,
It still flows north for to get south,
As onward still its course doth go.

Rejoicing along its way,
Hundreds of miles it doth flow west,
Blended in the Georgian Bay,
For a moment it doth not rest.

Mingling with Huron and St. Clair,
Erie and Niagara river,
Even at the Falls it don't despair,
But it cheerful flows forever.

One thousand miles round an ox bow,
It hath flowed back near its first start,
To waters of Ontario,
Where ridge at first kept it apart.

From south of ridge two rivers flow,
Both the Don and the Humber,
Embracing city of Toronto,
Hath attractions without number.

The fame will spread far and wide,
First of Don and then of Humber,
Improved rivers like to the Clyde,
With wharves for coal, wood, iron and lumber.

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ST. CATHARINES.

Lines read at the Welland House, St. Catharines, at a banquet given to the members in attendance at the Oddfellows' Grand Lodge.

St. Catharines famed for mineral waters
And for the beauty of her daughters,
For some do worship at the shrines
Of the fair St. Catharines.

St. Catharines your greatness you inherit
From the genius of a Merritt,
You still would be a village dreary
But for this canal from lake Erie.

For on its bosom there doth float
Full many a ship and steamboat,
Brings world's commerce to your doors
And many gifts on you it pours.

Among its many great rewards
It gives you dry docks and ship yards,
To drive your mills great water power
It doth give you as a dower.

Since we above lines did compose,
Through new canal vast stream it flows,
The lock gates at the hill at Thorold
Can not be equaled in the world.

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BRANTFORD.

In these sketches of towns in Southern Ontario we are not vain enough to suppose that because we have produced some lines thereon that said rhymes are poetry. If we furnish an occasional poetic gleam like a dewdrop sparkling in the sun, it is all we dare hope for.

Brantford as thriving city's famed,
And after Indian Chief is named,
And here the sparkling Grand River
It doth flow a joy forever.

Campbell he sang a dismal tale
Of horrors of Wyoming's vale,
The tale one's mind doth ever haunt,
The cruelties of monster Brant.

But the Chief's son to England went
And Campbell to him did lament,
And all the tale he did recant
About cruel butcheries of Brant.

Now pleasant thoughts it doth awake
When Brantford thinks of her namesake,
She evermore with pride will chant
The bold heroic name of Brant.

We sing of two great Indian names,
Tecumseh on the banks of Thames,
And the Grand River it doth vaunt
O'er the historic name of Brant.

The city's pride it doth find vent
In building him a monument,
And Indians will proudly stalk
Past memorial of great Mohawk.

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LINES ON THOROLD.

McCready, the great Irish tragedian, said that the view from Thorold was the finest in America.

Thorold is famous for its mills,

And the grand view from off its hills,
A view so charming and extended,
Nature's beauties sweetly blended.

Poetic thoughts it doth awake
To view Ontario's broad lake,
And husbandmen have their reward in
Fruits of this Provincial garden.

For from the hill you see below
Gardens where choice fruits do grow,
The landscape all within your reach
Doth both produce the grape and peach.

McCready said in the New World
The finest view was from Thorold,
You see St. Catharines thriving town
And steamers sailing up and down.

And you can see on a clear day
All along Toronto Bay,
And you clearly see the haze
Where Niagara doth amaze.

And glance where Grimsby's gardens yield
Or view Beamsville's fruitful field,
Then this thought you can advance,
This is Canada's sunny France.

You see Niagara's ancient town^[D]
Though it has lost us old renown,
And you have a splendid view
Of boats on old canal and new.

[D] Niagara once the capital of Upper Canada and an important fortress at the mouth of the Niagara River.

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ST. THOMAS, 1884.

At time of Oddfellows Grand Lodge meeting.

Oddfellows once they had to trudge
O'er rough stage road to the Grand Lodge,
But now they town of metal seek
And find it on the Kettle Creek.

For industry it here prevails
As it was built by the steel rails,
And here the wide expanded bridges
Do connect the distant ridges.

No more need to stay at home as
There's lots of railroads to St. Thomas,
You pluckily did boldly venture,
Now you are great railroad centre.

Your city now it hath high hopes
From its great railway workshops,
And higher yet it still will rise,
This seat of so much enterprise.

When young man wants a wedded mate
He seeks Alma girl graduate,
And he loves her Alma mater
For the sake of her charming daughter.

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GALT AND DUNLOP.

John Galt was the manager of the Canada Company's lands, and he was a Scottish Novelist.

Dunlop was at one time an eminent British Journalist, but he finally settled near Goderich. The town of Galt is named after John Galt.

John Galt and Doctor Dunlop witty
They located and planned the city
Of Guelph, and they cut the first tree down,
The stump was the centre of the town.

From thence the streets radiate like fan,
And they projected on this same plan
The towns of Stratford and Goderich,
The last it stands near broad Huron's beach,

Conspicuous on a bluff so grand,
'Neath which doth flow the clear Maitland,
Of glorious view you may partake,
Gazing on Huron's mighty lake.

TILSONBURG.

After him who did the mills own,
This place was called in honor Tilson;
Bright gleaming like to a beaming star,
Is clear waters of the Otter.

And it doth form here a vast pond,
Which extends for miles beyond,
A fortune on town it will shower,
This prodigious water power.

No other spots to youth appear,
Like lovely little lakes round here,
And few small towns have fine roadway
Lined with brick blocks like your Broadway.

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PORT STANLEY.

In winter time 'tis sad and dreary
For to gaze on stormy Erie,
But here in summer time this port
It is a fashionable resort,
For then it is always cheery
For to gaze upon Lake Erie.

Or on the steamer you can sail
All independent of the gale,
Or here the youth can ply the oar
And view the fast receding shore,
And be happy with his dearie
On the bosom of Lake Erie.

No one here need ever weary
On the borders of Lake Erie,
With quadrille parties at Stanley
And games and sports all so manly,
Or bathe in waves with friends near thee,
You fear no storms of Lake Erie.

PORT BURWELL.

The following lines were given at a concert when Port Burwell was a busy port and there had been a race on the ice the day before.

In winter time who here resort,
To pay a visit to your busy port,

They must be clad in fur well,
For it blows cold at Burwell;
But when you wish to trot your horse
You make Lake Erie your race course,
And we believe at every heat
All other horses you do beat.

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SKETCHES ON THE BANKS OF THE CANADIAN THAMES.

"The muse nae poet ever fand her
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander."
—Burns.

The valley of the Thames, we presume, includes Stratford on the north and Woodstock and Ingersoll on the south. The Avon, on whose banks Stratford is located, joins the Thames near St. Marys. The middle branch flows through Embro and Thamesford. The south and middle branches unite and flow through Dorchester and Westminster and blend with the northern branch at London, where it deviates to Elgin in the south.

ENGLISH NAMES ON CANADIAN THAMES.

England has given us the names
To adorn Canadian Thames,
And charms to them she has lent
In Oxford, Middlesex and Kent,
She Essex kisseth in her mouth,
And Scottish names, one north, one south,
And London now it justly claims
'Tis capital of vale of Thames,
And her strong castellated tower
Doth on the river frowning lower,
And Chatham is the river's port,
There slaves for freedom did resort,
And they did industrious toil,
And now many own the soil,
Stratford now shall be our theme,
On Avon tributary stream,
And its clear waters it doth launch
Into the Thames northern branch,
Near that substantial stone town
St. Mary's with mills of renown,
Westward it winds past each town,
Growing broader as it flows down,
Onward it glides never weary,
Meandering so soft and cheery.
The sunbeam on the waters glance,
Skipping about in silvery dance,
From morn till eve the cattle feed
'Neath lofty elms along the mead.
And on its banks in warrior pride
The brave Tecumseh fought and died,
And it has now historic claims
The famous battle of the Thames.
Now soon the waters meet and pair
With the wavelets of St. Clair,
As maids when wed do lose their names,
No longer it is called the Thames.
Rejoicing on its way it smiles,
Kissing the shores of Thousand Isles,
Mingling with St. Lawrance motion,
It soon is blended with the ocean.

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LONDON FLOOD, JULY 11th, 1883.

From the long continuous rains
O'erflowing were the swamps and drains,

For each day had its heavy shower,
Torrents fell for many an hour;
At London where two branches join
It seem'd two furies did combine,
For to spread far both death and woe,
With their wild, raging overflow;
E'en houses did on waters float,
As though each had been built for boat,
And where was wealth and joy and bloom,
Soon naught but inmates of the tomb;
Flood o'erflowed both vale and ridges,
And swept railroads, dams and bridges,
A mother climbed in tree to save
Her infant from a watery grave,
But on the house you saw its blood
Where it was crushed 'gainst tree by flood;
Where cottages 'mong gardens stood
'Tis covered o'er with vile drift wood,
O'er flowers and bushes you may travel
For they are buried under gravel,
Or you may walk o'er barren sand,
The crops washed out and fertile land;
Two funerals we at once did see
Of one family who lost three;
No longer river's deep and wide
But gently flows to distant tide.

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DISASTER TO STEAMER VICTORIA AT LONDON.

At London Thames is a broad stream,
Which was the scene of a sad theme,
A fragile steamer there did play,
O'ercrowded on a Queen's Birthday,
While all on board was bright and gay,
But soon 'neath the cold waters lay,
Naught but forms of lifeless clay,
Which made, alas! sad month of May.

LINES ON WOODSTOCK.

English Woodstock had a palace
Where the Queen in jealous malice
Slew romance's fairest flower,
Fair Rosamond in secret bower;
Our Woodstock pleasing county town,
This brings it both wealth and renown,
To your strong castle some are sent
To give them leisure to repent.
A charming vista you do view
Gazing on each street and avenue,
Mansions and lawn embowered 'mong trees
Where wealthy owners live at ease,
And through the air there sweetly floats
Harmonious Woodstock organ notes,
And men employment secure
In factory for furniture;
Old Oxford is a seat of knowledge,
Woodstock has a fine new college,
And farm implement work shops,
So farmers easy reap their crops;
The old court house is a disgrace,
Grand structure soon will take its place.

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INGERSOLL.

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Ex-Mayor Thomas Brown may be considered the father of the town, he projected the first roads

and bridges.

The Thames and tributary rills,
Here they do drive numerous mills,
Enabling millers to compete
To pay high price for oats and wheat.
Here streams do drive many a wheel
For to grind both flour and oatmeal,
And town will extend its boundaries
With its enterprising foundries.
For fine pianos town is famed
And highest rank for them is claimed,
And brighter days for it yet dawns
With its grand mansions and fine lawns,
And it has now the title grand
The capital of dairyland.

EMBRO.

O'er various counties of the north,
When cruel order did go forth,
For to destroy many a home,
So that the wild deer free might roam;
The men of Sutherland and Ross,
The broad Atlantic they did cross,
Each seeking for a fertile farm,
These rolling lands for them had charm;
They ne'er desired again to roam,
Each happy in his woodland home,
Where middle branch of Thames doth flow
They built the village of Embro,
And it the hill tops now doth crown
Like its grand namesake Edina Town,
And good flour mills you here do find
And oats also they here do grind.

BEACHVILLE.

[Pg 64]

Of Beachville, village of the plain,
We now will sing a short refrain,
For here the Thames doth pleasant flow,
And charm to landscape doth bestow;
Though river here it is not deep,
Yet banks slope graceful up the steep,
And from the summit of the hills
You look down on the famed lime kilns,
And 'tis full worthy poet's rhyme
The whiteness of your pure white lime,
Your glory never shall be gone
While you have quarries of this stone,
In influence you yet will wax
With mills for flour and also flax.

STRATFORD.

Our Canadian county Perth,
Commemorates great bard of earth,
Stratford and Avon both are here,
And they enshrine the name Shakespeare.

For here in Stratford every ward
Is named from dramas of great bard,
Here you may roam o'er Romeo,
Or glance on Juliet bestow.

And it is a railway centre,
Many a train doth here enter,

And railroad shops do men employ,
And gives them work and wealth and joy.

LINES ON THAMESFORD.

[Pg 65]

The middle branch of Thames doth flow
O'er pebble bed and it doth glow
And sparkle like silver in the sun,
As it through pasture lands doth run.

In dam is ample water stored,
To drive flour mills in Thamesford,
Besides the power of the stream,
Saw mills and flax are drove by steam.

Our mind it doth with pleasure fill,
To see fine brick church on each hill,
And that substantial one of stone
Owned by congregation of St. John.

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THE VALE OF THAMES.

In vale of Thames oft' times are seen
The cattle graze 'mong sweetest
green,
Or there contented with their fate
The gentle cows do ruminare.

And enjoy a double pleasure
In re-chewing hidden treasure,
The cow is a kindly creature,
Kind and pleasant in each feature.

About her is a homely charm,
And her the dog should not alarm,
But let all safe guard her from harm,
The gentlest creature on the farm.

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DAIRY AND CHEESE ODES.

As cheese making first began in this county and it has already become the chief industry of many counties, it is no insignificant theme. About the middle of this century Canada was a great importer of cheese, and now cheese is the principal article of export from the Province of Ontario, and this Province will soon export no less than ten millions of dollars worth of cheese per annum. Mr. Ranney was doing a thriving business in the dairy line, manufacturing cheese after the century was half gone on the dairy plan from the products of his own cows, and one decade later Mr. Farrington introduced the factory system. Both of these gentlemen have departed this life but Canada is enjoying the fruits of their labors, and about eight hundred cheese factories are in operation in this Province of Ontario.

RANNEY, 1856, DAIRY SYSTEM.

Ranney began with just two cows,
Which he in winter fed on browse,
And now he hath got mighty herds
Numerous as flock of birds,
May he long live our hearts to cheer
This great and useful pioneer.

The farmers they now all make rich
 Since Farrington went to Norwich,
 And the system first there began
 Of making cheese on factory plan;
 He came from Herkimer county,
 To Canada he was a bounty;
 Norwich village moved but slow,
 Till railways made it quickly grow,
 And industries here now take root,
 The township's famous for its fruit.

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Among the earliest champions of the Factory System of making cheese were Messrs. Chadwick, Casswell and Ballantyne. The North Oxford Company were awarded the highest honor at the Centennial Exhibition. Messrs. J. L. Grant & Co. have a fine large cold storage warehouse on the G.T.R., and the C.P.R. have erected one on their line, which is leased by Mr. Riley. Ingersoll being the great dairy centre of Ontario it was deemed requisite to have those facilities for preserving the cheese in the hot season. The following is a list of the most prominent cheese factories in this district and the salesmen thereof:

Dereham and West Oxford—W. Nancekivell.
 Harris Street—T. R. Mayberry.
 W. Oxford—G. Galloway.
 N. Oxford—D. J. Dundass.
 Maple Leaf—Thomas Caddy.
 W. Zorra—John Blair.
 Burnside—H. George.
 Gore—H. C. Hopkins.
 Salford—Foster & Gregg.
 Mt. Elgin—W. Tripp.
 Brownsville—Hopkins & Fulton.
 Prouse's—T. Prouse.
 Kintore—G. Alderson.
 Harrietsville—R. Facey.
 East Nissouri—W. J. Walker.
 Cold Springs—H. Matheson.
 Dorchester—L. D. Monk.
 Lawson—N. Wilford.
 Wilkinson—J. H. Wilkinson.
 Dereham and Norwich Union—W. Fewster.
 Verschoyle—James Hunter.
 Avon and Firby—W. Kirkly.
 Thamesford—F. Patterson.
 Lyons—James Mitchell.
 Lakeside—T. Marshall.
 Belmont—John Evans.
 Cherry Hill—H. Webster.

FATHER RANNEY, THE CHEESE PIONEER.

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This is our earliest cheese ode. The Ingersoll factory has been removed to Thamesford.

When Father Ranney left the States,
 In Canada to try the fates,
 He settled down in Dereham,
 Then no dairyman lived near him;
 He was the first there to squeeze
 His cows' milk into good cheese,
 And at each Provincial show
 His famed cheese was all the go.

Then long life to Father Ranney
 May he wealth and honour gain aye.

He always took the first prize
 Both for quality and size,
 But many of his neighbors
 Now profit by his labors,
 And the ladies dress in silk
 From the proceeds of the milk,
 But those who buy their butter,

How dear it is, they mutter.

Then long life to Father Ranney,
May he his health retain aye.

The farmers can not be beat,
They have both cheese and their wheat,
Though now their greatest care is
For to watch o'er their dairies,
They carefully fill their mows
With provender for their cows,
And they thus enrich the soil
With much profit for their toil.

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We will sing this refrain aye,
Long life to Father Ranney.

The motto "union is strength"
Is carried out at length,
In the most compact array
At every cheese factory,
You'll see without going far as
There is one kept by Harris,
The factory of Ingersoll,
Just out at the first toll.

May he never suffer pain aye,
The Father of cheesemen Ranney.

Or you may go all the way
To see one kept by Galloway,
And out in the Norwiches
Dairymen are making riches,
And honor has been won
By Harvey Farrington,
The same path is trodden
By folks about Culloden.

May his strength never wane aye,
The great dairyman Ranney.

And of late we saw some
Very good cheese from Lawson,
All around Mt. Elgin
Dairymen have well done,
And out in East Nissouri
They make some scores a day,
From Jarvis and Elliott
Some good cheese are bought.

[Pg 71]

And we will all remain aye,
Indebted to Father Ranney.

Now we close this glorious theme,
This song of curds and rich cream,
You can buy your hoops and screws,
And all supplies for dairy use,
Milk cans and vats, all things like these,
In Ingersoll great mart for cheese,
Here buyers all do congregate
And pay for cheese the highest rate.

So we call on you again aye,
To honor Father Ranney.

ODE ON THE MAMMOTH CHEESE.

Weight over seven thousand pounds.

We have seen thee, queen of cheese,
Lying quietly at your ease,
Gently fanned by evening breeze,
Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

All gaily dressed soon you'll go
To the great Provincial show,
To be admired by many a beau
In the city of Toronto.

Cows numerous as a swarm of bees,
Or as the leaves upon the trees,
It did require to make thee please,
And stand unrivalled, queen of cheese.

[Pg 72]

May you not receive a scar as
We have heard that Mr. Harris
Intends to send you off as far as
The great world's show at Paris.

Of the youth beware of these,
For some of them might rudely squeeze
And bite your cheek, then songs or glees
We could not sing, oh! queen of cheese.

We'rt thou suspended from balloon,
You'd cast a shade even at noon,
Folks would think it was the moon
About to fall and crush them soon.

LINES READ AT A DAIRYMEN'S SUPPER.

It almost now seems all in vain
For to expect high price for grain,
Wheat is grown on Egyptian soil
On the banks of mighty Nile.

And where the Ganges it doth flow,
In India fine wheat doth grow,
And price of labor is so cheap
That it they can successful reap.

Then let the farmers justly prize
The cows for land they fertilize,
And let us all with songs and glees
Invoke success into the cheese.

HINTS TO CHEESE MAKERS.

[Pg 73]

All those who quality do prize
Must study color, taste and size,
And keep their dishes clean and sweet,
And all things round their factories neat,
For dairymen insist that these
Are all important points in cheese.

Grant has here a famous work
Devoted to the cure of pork,
For dairymen find it doth pay
To fatten pigs upon the whey,
For there is money raising grease
As well as in the making cheese.

ENSILAGE.

The farmers now should all adorn
A few fields with sweet southern corn,
It is luscious, thick and tall,
The beauty of the fields in fall.

For it doth make best ensilage,
For those in dairying engage,

It makes the milk in streams to flow,
Where dairymen have a good silo.

The cow is a happy rover
O'er the fields of blooming clover,
Of it she is a fond lover,
And it makes milk pails run over.

FERTILE LANDS AND MAMMOTH CHEESE.

[Pg 74]

In barren district you may meet
Small fertile spot doth grow fine wheat,
There you may find the choicest fruits,
And great, round, smooth and solid roots.

But in conditions such as these
You cannot make a mammoth cheese,
Which will weigh eight thousand pounds,
But where large fertile farms abounds.

Big cheese is synonymous name,
With fertile district of the Thame,
Here dairy system's understood,
And they are made both large and good.

LINES READ AT A DAIRYMAIDS' SOCIAL, 1887.

Where the young lady waiters were dressed as dairymaids.

Throughout the world they do extol
The fame of our town Ingersoll,
The capital of dairyland,
To-night it seems like fairy land,
The youth and beauty here arrayed,
So sweet and neat each dairymaid.

And worthy of a poet's theme,
Sweet and smooth flows milk and cream,
For song or glee what is fitter
In this land of cheese and butter,
But no young man should be afraid
To court a pretty dairymaid.

And far abroad he should not roam
But find a charmer here at home,
Find some one now your heart to cheer,
Thus celebrate the jubilee year,
Remember long this ladies' aid
And each bewitching dairymaid.

Lines Read at a Parsonage Opening at the Village where Ranney had once flourished, 1883.

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Some do boast of their pedigrees,
But Salford's parent of the cheese,
Ranney, industrious and wise,
Here started this great enterprise.

He did work on the dairy plan,
While Farrington was factoryman,
Both of these men it well did please
To hear of progress making cheese.

The farmers are in cheerful mood,
For harvest all it has been good,
And all the grain was sown this spring
An abundant yield will bring.

And you can scarcely stow away

The yield of barley, oats and hay,
Such pasture it is seldom seen,
E'en now it is so fresh and green.

This beauteous colour nature decks,
While it insures you large milk cheques,
And certes you've much cause to praise,
For hogs and cattle that you raise.

OXFORD CHEESE ODE.

[Pg 76]

The ancient poets ne'er did dream
That Canada was land of cream,
They ne'er imagined it could flow
In this cold land of ice and snow,
Where everything did solid freeze,
They ne'er hoped or looked for cheese.

A few years since our Oxford farms
Were nearly robbed of all their charms,
O'er cropped the weary land grew poor
And nearly barren as a moor,
But now their owners live at ease
Rejoicing in their crop of cheese.

And since they justly treat the soil,
Are well rewarded for their toil,
The land enriched by goodly cows
Yields plenty now to fill their mows,
Both wheat and barley, oats and peas,
But still their greatest boast is cheese.

And you must careful fill your mows
With good provender for your cows,
And in the winter keep them warm,
Protect them safe all time from harm,
For cows do dearly love their ease,
Which doth insure best grade of cheese.

To us it is a glorious theme
To sing of milk and curds and cream,
Were it collected it could float
On its bosom, small steam boat,
Cows numerous as swarm of bees
Are milked in Oxford to make cheese.

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To prove the wealth that here abounds,
One cheese weighed eight thousand pounds,
Had it been hung in air at noon
Folks would have thought it was the moon,
It sailed with triumph o'er the seas,
'Twas hailed with welcome, queen of cheese.

WINDMILLS AND STONE STABLES.

Cows suffered in the days of old
For want of water and from cold,
Now of good water they have fill
For it is pumped by the windmill.

No matter how well cows were fed
They suffered cold in their board shed,
But good stone walls now them enfold,
And they are warm and safe from cold.

Now they do enjoy their fodder,
And repay with their full udder,
If bran slops you on cow bestow
Of milk it will increase the flow.

And in your efforts do not halt
But let them daily lick the salt,
And never let the dogs them chase,
But let them walk at their quiet pace.

DAIRY ODES.

[Pg 78]

The sweet milkmaid of early days
Her own household she ably sways,
And her daughters now milk the cows,
And her sons they now guide the plows.

These pleasing changes on a farm
Doth give to rural life a charm,
Let occupation none upbraid,
But honor plowman and milkmaid.

For Burns with glory did endow
And wove a garland round the plow,
The source from which all wealth doth spring
And happiness to all doth bring.

Our muse it doth refuse to sing
Of cheese made early in the spring,
When cows give milk from spring fodder
You cannot make a good cheddar.

The quality is often vile
Of cheese that is made in April,
Therefore we think for that reason
You should make later in the season.

Cheese making now you should delay
Until about the first of May.
Then cows do feed on grassy field
And rich milk they abundant yield.

Ontario cannot compete
With the Northwest in raising wheat,
For cheaper there they it can grow
So price in future may be low.

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Though this a hardship it may seem,
Rejoice that you have got the cream,
In this land of milk and honey,
Where dairy farmers do make money.

Utensils must be clean and sweet,
So cheese with first class can compete,
And daily polish up milk pans,
Take pains with vats and with milk cans.

And it is important matter
To allow no stagnant water,
But water from pure well or stream
The cow must drink to give pure cream.

Canadian breeds 'tis best to pair
With breeds from the shire of Ayr,
They thrive on our Canadian feed
And are for milking splendid breed.

Though 'gainst spring cheese some do mutter,
Yet spring milk also makes bad butter,
Then there doth arise the query
How utilize it in the dairy:

The milk it floats in great spring flood
Though it is not so rich and good,
Let us be thankful for this stream
Of milk and also curds and cream.

All dairymen their highest aims
Should be to make the vale of Thames,

Where milk doth so abundant flow,
Dairyland of Ontario.

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CHEESE CURD FOR BAIT.

The following adventure was participated in by Mr. J. Podmore and Mr. W. D. Grant at Matheson's Cold Spring Cheese Factory in Zorra, 1888.

Cheese buyers in hours of leisure
Combine business with pleasure,
And when they wish to go abroad
They take their gun and fishing rod.

This tale is true we pledge our word,
They baited hook with a piece of curd,
And let the rod hang from the boat,
While curd and hook on pond did float.

And then they start for sport and fun,
To try their luck with the shot gun,
And quick they raised from their cover,
Then brought low eight brace of plover.

Now to the pond they do return,
But loss of rod they have to mourn,
They see it rushing through the water,
And wonder what can be the matter.

But the courage of young Grant,
It did not for a moment daunt,
Though rod it now is far beyond,
He plunged into deep, cold spring pond.

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And seized his rod and then drew out
A beauteous seven pound trout,
Which had grown from the seed
From spawn of California breed.

And Californian in its greed,
On the sweet curd wished to feed;
But, alas, for it's sad fate,
It swallowed hook along with bait.

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CANADIAN SKETCHES.

THANKSGIVING ODE, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1888.

September came and with it frost
The season's pasture it seemed lost,
And the wondrous yield of corn
Of its green beauty it was shorn.

Frost it came like early robber,
But gentle rains came in October,
Which were absorbed by grateful soil;
With green once more the pastures
smile.

And cows again are happy seen
Enjoying of the pastures green,
And flow of milk again they yield
From the sweet feed of grassy field.

And we have now a fine November,
Warmer far than in September;
The apple, which is queen of fruits,
Was a good crop and so is roots.

The rains they did replenish springs,
And it gratitude to each heart brings,

When we reflect on bounteous season,
For grateful feelings all have reason.

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AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Poor laborers they did sad bewail,
When the machine displaced the flail,
There's little work now with the hoes.
Since cultivators weed the rows.

Labor it became more fickle,
When the scythe took place of sickle,
Labor still it did sink lower,
By introduction of mower.

And the work was done much cheaper
When they added on the reaper,
Another machine to it they join,
Mower, reaper, binder, all combine.

Machines now load and stow away,
Both the barley and the hay,
And the farmers do get richer
With the loader and the pitcher.

There's very few men now hand sows,
No more broad cast the grain it grows,
They sow and rake by the machine,
Hand labor is 'mong the things have been.

Armed with scythes the old war chariot,
Cut men down in the fierce war riot,
Round farmers' chariot fall the slain,
But 'tis the sheaves of golden grain.

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WHEN TO SELL GRAIN AND FARM PRODUCE.

Grain it should be sold in the fall
Even if the price it should be small,
For if you keep it till the spring
Sometimes a less price it doth bring.

For grain with whole world doth compete,
You cannot raise the price of wheat,
Then at once you should embark it
On its way to world's market.

We hope our views you don't despise,
For grain doth shrink in weight and size,
If you sell wheat you can get gold,
Retain it, damp may make it mould.

Remember too that of your wheat
The rats of it will fondly eat,
Sell it and money then invest,
And you can get good interest.

The same remarks apply to cheese,
It shrinks and frosts make it to freeze,
Then careful man you have to hire
At great expense to keep up fire.

If you your produce quick do move,
The business soon it will improve,
And then mankind will you bless
For alleviating their distress.

And it pays best to sell each pig,
Plump and young, not old, fat and big,
Young and tender now's the vogue
Either in cattle or in hog.

 FOUR ACRE FARM.

This is a tale, but it is truth,
 Of maiden lady named Ruth,
 She owned a small four acre farm,
 Which possessed some rural charm.

This maiden she was past her youth,
 But none e're fell in love with Ruth,
 Though you must not infer from thence
 That she possessed not grace nor sense.

She was handsome in her day,
 But beauty quickly fades away,
 Good vegetables and fine roots
 She growed and choicest kind of fruits.

And a first-class good milch cow
 She kept, and a fine breeding sow,
 Her butter high price did command,
 Cow fed on best of pasture land.

On it was pond where swam her geese,
 From small flock of sheep she sheared
 fleece,
 And thus she passed year after year,
 Her cares they kept her in good cheer.

Each year she raised large chicken brood,
 And for them she grew lots of food,
 In winter time it was her rule
 To knit and spin up her own wool.

And thus her uneventful life
 Doth pass without jar or strife,
 'Tis seldom she e're feels alarm,
 But quietly tills her little farm.

To plow her little fields of course
 She does require to drive her horse,
 This little pony looks quite smart
 Drawing old maid in little cart.

 HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL.

In summer time it doth seem good
 To seek the shade of the green wood,
 For it doth banish all our care
 When we gaze on scene so fair.

And birds do here in branches sing
 So merrily in early spring,
 And lovingly they here do pair
 Their mutual joys together share.

Here nature's charming, never rude,
 Inspiring all with happy mood,
 Tables had choice fruits of season,
 And we too had feast of reason.

To dinner table all did march
 Through evergreen triumphal arch,
 On top the Union Jack it floats,
 On each side sheaves of wheat and oats.

Great pumpkins and big ears of corn,
 They do this rural arch adorn,
 We are reminded now 'tis fall,
 And boys enjoy game of baseball.

With joy at night each one did gaze
 At the mighty bonfire's blaze,

The tree leaves shone like silver bright,
The lanterns too were pleasing sight.

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CORNER STONE LAYING.

The following lines were read at the festival after the stone had been laid by Grand Master Col. Moffat, of a church on the Culloden road, with Masonic honors.

In this quiet spot this day of June,
Which will not be forgotten soon,
For when your little church on hill
You overflowingly did fill,
You then resolved there should arise
Church worthy of your enterprise,
You've laid foundation broad and deep,
And showers of blessings may you reap.

Craft of King Hiram and Saint John
Have come to lay the corner stone,
At the call of our Grand Master
Who was invited by your pastor,
With silver trowel all so fair
He laid foundation on the square,
May you be blessed with Christian love,
And we all meet in Lodge above.

LINES ON METHODIST UNION, SEPTEMBER, 1883.

A pleasing sight to-day we see,
Four churches joined in harmony,
There difference was but trivial,
But strove each other to outrival.
In friendship now they do unite,
And Satan only they do fight,
And they'll plant churches in North
West,
Where they can serve the Lord the best.

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CREDIT VALLEY TRIP.

The Credit Valley Railway Company having placed a car at the service of the council we were kindly invited to accompany them to Toronto.

Whene'er we take a tour abroad
We love to travel o'er new road,
Where scenery to us is new
And landscape pleasing to the view,
When invited for to rally
And take a trip on Credit Valley,
We resolved for to afford
A day with Council and School Board,
For to view the rural charms
Of hills and dales and fertile farms,
With joy we saw the sunbeams gleam
On Grand River beauteous stream,
And those perpendicular walls
Of rock, like old baronial halls,
We saw the great lake ebb and flow,
And queen city of Ontario,
While some enjoyed the genial smile
Of Hanlon on his lake girt isle,
Returning home each one exclaims
"Happiest spot is banks of Thames."

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EAGLE AND SALMON.

Wilmot of fish culutre fame,
To this tale he lends his name,
A pair of eagles built their nest
On a lofty pine tree's crest.

And therein they regular rear
A brood of young year after year,
One day he saw one leave its nest,
When for food it was in quest.

It did wing its flight on high,
And then on water cast its eye,
When it quickly did discover
A great salmon in the river.

Like lightning flash down it doth sweep
And its talons it buries deep,
In salmon of enormous size
He tries to rise in air with prize.

But all in vain he quickly found
He could not carry thirty pound,
And had bit more than he could chew
For in the air no more he flew.

Wilmot he did gaze with wonder
At the spot where he went under,
Resolved to know what was the matter
He poled his boat o'er the water.

And he looked down and there he found
That the eagle it was drowned,
And its wings in part outspread,
But alas it was quite dead.

With grappling hook he drew him out,
But attached to him was monster trout,
Eagle could not extract his claws,
And this the death of both did cause.

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CAPTAIN'S ADVENTURE.

Three years ago my vessel lay
In a port of Hudson Bay,
I started off for the trading post,
But on the way back I then got lost.

And the thought soon gave me the blues,
Trudging along on my snow shoes,
Over the wastes of drifting snow,
While the wind it did fiercely blow.

I feared that I would be froze hard,
For it was a fearful blizzard,
I was growing faint and weary,
Not the slightest hopes to cheer me.

Without compass to bearing,
My yells were beyond crews' hearing,
But at last to my loud halloo
There came a mournful ho, ho.

From creature white I thought 'twas ghost,
And that I was forever lost,
I heard horrid creature flutter,
As it those strange sounds did utter.

At last I found that all this howl
Was from a noble large white owl,
And a happy apparition,

So runs the Indian tradition.

It guides the lost one in distress
And leads him out of wilderness,
This strange bird I soon follow,
And it still kept up its halloo.

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It seem'd that it cried to cheer me,
I thought the ship was now near me,
As I walked o'er the banks of snow
I kept up a feeble halloo.

And but a little ways beyond
From my own crew I got respond,
With joy I was received by crew,
So happy all at my rescue.

It must be that some gentle soul
Did then inhabit that strange fowl,
But O to me 'twas wondrous fair,
For it thus saved me from despair.

The man's my foe who now doth growl
At the strange sounds made by the owl,
The sailors all they took delight
To feed this bird so pure and white.

But soon the poor bird was o'erfed,
Early one morn we found it dead,
And my breast it heaved with sighs,
And the tears poured from mine eyes.

But precious relic in glass case
I oft gaze on its kindly face,
And grateful memories it brings,
When I behold its glorious wings.

To stuff such birds I knew the art
On it I worked with my whole heart,
To preserve each grace and feature
Full of charms to me is creature.

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INDIAN ROMANCE.

We know a hill is smooth and round,
Where Indian relics may be found,
This hill it hath a history,
Though enveloped in mystery.

All the youth do fondly glory
For to read an Indian story,
This hill was ancient camping ground,
In creek near by did trout abound.

And from hill top they caught a gleam
Of the river's broader stream,
They came in their birch bark canoes
Into this place of rendezvous.

When States did Canada invade,
Great Indian host was here arrayed,
Here they rallied from near and far,
In eighteen hundred and twelve war.

Chief big Wolfe led them on to war,
And bade farewell to morning star,
He wedded her one year before,
And her he fondly did adore.

To him she never seemed so sweet,
Her dress had beads worked o'er so neat,
And her toilet to complete,
Grand moccasins upon her feet.

Tribe marches and they boldly fight,
Longside of Brock on Queenstown height,
With glory they do return crowned,
Into the hill so smooth and round.

Here big Wolfe drank much fire water,
And it led to his own slaughter,
His death alas did blast and mar,
And dimmed the light of morning star.

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CANADIAN HUNTER.

Of Kentucky's great hunter bold
Old Daniel Boone oft tales are told,
Of wild beasts he had no fear,
But dangers loved that pioneer.

Canada has hunters many,
Yet perhaps there is not any
For skill and boldness can compare
With our own Daniel Hebner.

In youth he was both tall and strong,
And supple as a willow thong,
He never fled from savage bear,
Though bruin on hind legs would rear.

In hunting mink, or fox or coon,
He was a second Daniel Boone,
His rifle oft brought down the deer,
Which to his table brought good cheer.

But through his life his highest aim
Was to kill the savage game,
To track the wild cat to its lair
And see its eyes so fiercely glare.

But he oft longs for a cut ham,
Sweet as from bear near to Putnam,
For he waged his fiercest war
In big swamp of Dorchester.

Now in the winter Dan he rides
Warm 'mong his bear and coon skin hides,
He lets the younger men now snare
The beaver, muskrat and otter.

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FIGHT WITH A BEAR IN THE NORTHWEST.

Two youths employed at the fur fort
Resolved to have half day of sport,
From Jasper House, in the far north,
For game they joyous issued forth,
The factor of the Hudson Bay
Granted them a few hours play,
And it was in cold winter time
When thick on lake was glassy rime,
But beneath, o'er all their route,
They saw below big speckled trout,
With hatchet ice they did clear,
And the beauteous trout did spear.

Soon bear they saw and youths did skate,
Resolved for to seal his fate,
A pistol shot made bruin roar,
And from him trickled drops of gore,
They round him skate and fresh blood drew,
When they at him the hatchet threw;

He first chased one and then the other,
For men on skates did him bother,
But the bold Scottish lad McBeth
Alas he nearly met his death,
When he so boldly did press near
To probe with the sharp fish spear.

They knew their game was no trifle,
So they secured a trusty rifle,
Returning he had fled to wood,
But they traced him with his blood,
They saw the elder bushes sway
While he did force through them his way,
They skated swiftly o'er the ice
And were near brushwood in a trice,
Full soon the savage beast is slain
With rifle bullet in his brain,
And now these hunters do take pride
In skin as large as Buffalo hide.

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ORIGIN OF THE TOBOGGAN.

I am a hunter by profession,
And when I make this confession,
Of what I saw with mine own eyes,
It may cause you some surprise.

But we at once now you do warn,
That this is not a made up yarn,
It happened in the interior,
Far north of Lake Superior.

When up the hill setting my traps,
I heard on trees peculiar raps,
It made me then attentive hark,
And then I heard pulling off the bark.

It was a bright and pleasant day,
The distance was three miles away,
And it caused me but slight alarm,
When they around bark placed each arm.

And threw the bark o'er their shoulder,
I being a distant beholder
Knew not what end they had in view,
But I must own my wonder grew.

When I saw those men were warm dressed
With good fur robe each one was blessed,
In single file they marched up hill
With strangest thoughts my mind did fill.

When each man in his robe began
With tough bark to make toboggan,
And quick as lightning down they slide,
It seemed to me a dangerous ride.

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The spot was covered o'er with hairs,
And it seem'd mixed with blood of bears,
And my two dogs Bull and Daisy,
At sight and scent of it went crazy.

Could none of these been a true man,
Or was I gross deceived by bruin,
It was a long and glassy slide,
Reached far up the mountain side.

They had been first enjoying the fun
Of sliding down on their bare skin,
Until their hide was getting worn,
And their flesh was somewhat torn.

So Bear invented Toboggan,

Which is a blessing to young man,
And the fair maiden by his side,
For both enjoy the pleasant ride.

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BEAR AND FALLS.

Strange incidents do happen ever
On the famed Niagara river,
This thought to mind it now recalls
Event three miles above the falls.

Thrilling ventures there abound,
A bear which weighed eight hundred
pounds,
Hunters they do him discover
As he was swimming down the river.

They felt he would be glorious prize
This grand fat bear of mighty size,
Three men they jump'd into canoe,
A skilful and determined crew.

Soon alongside of him they row,
But kindly feelings he doth show,
Quick he scrambled o'er the boat side
For to enjoy a good boat ride.

And as o'er the side he straddles
They hit him on head with paddles,
But all in vain, so two of crew
A short time bade the bear adieu.

And soon they swiftly swam to shore,
But current down the river bore
Man, bear and boat, the sound appals
Of roaring mighty water falls.

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But vigorous now he plys the oar,
In hopes to safely reach the shore,
But this made bear to grin and growl
And wear on brow a horrid scowl.

So poor man sore against his will
Finds that in boat he must keep still,
Or else be hugged to death by bear,
While sound of falls becomes more near.

But his two friends so brave and true
Row quick 'longside in a canoe,
And fire in bruin leaden balls,
Thus saving friend from bear and falls.

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BROKEN RAFT ADVENTURE.

A man on Nova Scotian Bay
On broken raft was borne away,
Right out on the open sea
Where the storm did blow so free,
No shelter from the wind or wave
He thought the gulf would be his grave,
He had no food life to sustain,
He laid him down there to remain,
What happened he did know no more,
But old man on Prince Edward's shore
Saw raft drifting near his shed
And thought the poor man was quite dead,
He called for help and soon they bore
His lifeless body to the shore,

But old man he did them desire
To place the body near the fire,
And wrap it up in blankets warm,
Which did act like to a charm,
And soon the breath it did return,
With gratitude his heart did burn,
To think he was again restored
Unto his friends whom he adored.

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FIGHT OF A BUFFALO WITH WOLVES.

A buffalo, lord of the plain,
With massive neck and mighty mane,
While from his herd he slowly strays,
He on green herbage calm doth graze,
And when at last he lifts his eyes
A savage wolf he soon espies,
But scarcely deigns to turn his head
For it inspires him with no dread,
He knows the wolf is treacherous foe
But feels he soon could lay him low,
A moment more and there's a pair
Whose savage eyes do on him glare,
But with contempt them both he scorns
Unworthy of his powerful horns;
Their numbers soon do multiply
But the whole pack he doth defy,
He could bound quickly o'er the plain
And his own herd could soon regain;
His foes they now are full a score
With lolling tongues pant for his gore,
He hears their teeth all loudly gnash
So eager his big bones to crash,
On every side they him infest,
The north, the south, the east, the west
Fierce rage doth now gleam from his eye,
Resolved to conquer or to die,
'Round him they yelp and howl and growl,
He glares on them with angry scowl,
They circle closer him around,
He roars and springs with mighty bound,
And of his powers gives ample proof,
Felling them with horn and hoof,
Though some lay dead upon the plain,
Yet their attack was not in vain,
For they have tasted of his blood,
Resolved it soon shall pour a flood,
He feels that they have torn his hide
And streams gush from each limb and side,
He rushes on them in despair
And tosses them full high in air,
But others rush on him and pull
Down to the earth that glorious bull;
On the flesh of this noble beast
Their bloody jaws they soon do feast,
Full worthy of a better fate
Far from his herd and his dear mate,
Who now do look for him in vain
His bones do whiten now the plain.

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BEAR HUNT.

Two youths came over from York state,
Bill Brown and Tom Dawes his mate,
For many months they were wishing
The sport of hunting and of fishing.

They rowed along the lake in punt,
When tired of fishing they would hunt,
At river's mouth they caught fine trout,
In woods close by they saw bear's snout.

In front of her play little chubs,
Fat and slick her darling cubs,
Kind thoughts in their breasts they smother
And cruelly they shoot the mother.

And bullet fearful tore her jaws,
A bloody wound, but with her paws,
Erect in air an awful sight,
She was prepared for her young to fight.

But this did not daunt bold Bill Brown,
With club he tried to knock her down,
But she gave him an awful hug,
With paws she at him fierce did tug.

He would been smothered but for Dawes,
Who rescued him from her great paws,
With club he knocked her on the crown
And thus he saved the life of Brown.

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She rose again with savage frown
And quickly broke two ribs for Brown,
His clothes were all torn with her claws,
She smeared with blood both Brown and Dawes.

But Dawes now quick doth end the strife
By stabbing her with hunting knife,
And now around this hunter bold
His bear skin coat keeps out the cold.

COON HUNTING.

Canadians oft by light of moon
Love to go a hunting coon,
But this our tale it is no yarn,
While chopping down tree Henry Karn
Found therein a hollow chamber
Full of coons who there did clamber,
It made them a home superior,
Warm and snug in the interior.

And he did count therein eleven
Who long had found it a safe haven,
But it is sad to read their fate,
For out of them he slaughtered eight.
But trouble to him now occurs
What shall he do with those fine furs,
Shall he grand overcoat display
Or make them into robe for sleigh.

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SAILOR'S YARN.

While voyaging on northern seas
For days we could not catch a breeze,
But were held fast as if in vice
Surrounded by the bergs of ice,
We could not move the ship or boat
But on low, flat iceberg we did float;
Of provisions we took good store
With big oars we rowed the berg to shore,
And pride and joy each one feels
When we had caught ten thousand seals,
And our brave boys each one they dare

To boldly capture great white bear;
On floating berg we built with boards
A storehouse for to hold our hordes,
We had a stove and stock of coal,
So we enjoyed this voyage droll,
In centre of berg we dug a hole
And erected a strong pole,
The frost and ice soon held it fast
And well it served us for a mast,
On which we stretched out our sails
And scud along before the gales,
Until we came to an island
And on its sides it seemed highland,
And Britain being queen of seas,
For her this island we did seize,
To give her new coaling station
For to benefit the nation,
So when we had sailed landward
We erected British standard
On the highest mountain top,
Which graceful down to sea did slope,
We cast our anchor in its side
So to explore it far and wide,
But what was our astonishment
Without the least admonishment,
Our island soon away did float
As if it was a mighty boat.
Can you believe this wondrous tale?
It proved to be a monster whale,
And o'er the ocean quick it flew
With our great iceberg and our crew,
Until it came to Newfoundland,
Where all did safe on the ground land;
Poor whale was stranded on the beach
And his sea home no more could reach,
Our crew in great wealth each on shares,
By selling whale and seals and bears,
We hired steam tug to reach our ship,
Now free from ice we had quick trip,
And she being loaded down with seal,
And we all shared in common weal,
For joy each of us had reason,
Making two trips in one season.

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HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS.

Two hunters near to Hudson Bay,
Their names John Grant and Tom McKay,
Their skill and courage naught could daunt,
The boldest one perhaps was Grant.

The winter was their busy time,
When all was snow and frost and rime,
It paid best then to pull trigger,
For then furs were better thicker.

While setting trap Grant cut through boot
And quick the blood gushed from his foot,
The horrid scene, now who can paint,
For loss of blood soon makes him faint.

But his kind partner Tom McKay
The rush of blood he tried to stay,
And when its flow did somewhat slack
He carried him upon his back.

As homeward he doth slowly go,
A track of blood is o'er the snow,
But long and weary is the way
And soon exhausted is McKay.

He feels assistance he doth want,

For to rescue his dear friend Grant,
He stood him up against a tree
While the blood yet flowed quite free.

Now wolves had visited the trap
And blood from snow they eager lap,
Then tracked poor Grant, for on the snow
The blood in heavy drops did flow.

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He soon got help, then John McKay
Doth hurry back without delay,
And what a sight then met their gaze
Filled them with horror and amaze.

The sight their minds will ever haunt,
Mangled by wolves was their friend Grant,
But round him several wolves were slain
With bullet holes right through their brain.

For he had fought hard for his life,
And some he slew with hunting knife,
And he is still quite surrounded,
While fierce brutes are badly wounded.

Now clubs doth soon dash out their brains
And then they gather Grant's remains,
They cut two saplings both same size,
With twigs they lace them acrosswise.

So it then made for the poor dead
A good soft and pliable bed,
Now to his home remains they bear,
Where his poor wife is in despair.

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WILD GOOSE SHOT AT MIDNIGHT, NOV., 1888.

From the regions of the north
Where the waters now are frozen,
Towards the south they issue forth
A flock of wild geese of four dozen.

But when they flew o'er the river
Thames
They swooped down to take a dive,
But sport with shot gun at them aims
And one at least did not survive.

And he now says it tasted fine,
And that it was both fat and big,
A hungry man did on it dine,
Satisfied with just one leg.

He was sorry fowl to kill,
But they awoke him from his slumber,
The air with cackle they did fill,
And thus they lost one of their number.

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ADVENTURES WITH BEARS.

I bought of land two miles square,
I knew not it contained a bear,
I never thought there would be any,
But alas, I found many;
The bush was thick and mat and tangle,
It made it a perfect jungle,
But one mile square of good dry land
Was enough for me to take in hand;
Swamp I could reach but when frozen,
Then I saw bears by the dozen,

Thick as monkees in Africa,
And many a strange trick I saw,
Gamboling with the greatest ease,
High up the trunks of the big trees,
While some were swinging from branches
And hanging on them with their haunches;
But quietly I then tilled my farm,
The bears at first done me no harm,
Till one night I was roused by dogs,
And found a bear was at my hogs,
He threw a pig across each shoulder
And there I was a sad beholder,
But to the house I quickly run
For to procure my loaded gun,
And as he could not run but slow,
So heavy laden through the snow,
I him full soon did overtake,
And his courage quick I did shake,
For by the leg my good bold dog
He bravely caught the thievish rogue,
And this move made him soon fork o'er
To me at once the largest porker,
For moment squeeze it did pig stun,
But up he rose and quick he run,
The bear now scared his only hope,
To let at once the other pig drop,
I shot the bear right through the eyes
And secured a valued prize,
There's nothing I love so to eat
In winter time as the bear's meat,
So a victory I soon won
And sold for high price grease and skin;
The bears on honey love to thrive,
One morn was wrecked my best beehive,
That day I was to sell the honey
For to raise some ready money,
But bear my views he did despise
And proudly carried off the prize;
That night I set a good spring gun,
With rails I built for him a run,
Open all way to hive of bees,
He tried again a hive to seize,
But all his efforts were in vain,
He sprung the gun and he was slain,
O'er the fact I felt quite funny
It well repaid me for my honey;
One bear was playing on me joke,
Carrying off all my young stock,
I set my trap, built round it fence,
Resolved he ne'er would get from thence,
But at the first he did me hoax,
For he was cunning as a fox,
He dug under and stole my bait,
But I next sunk trap and sealed his fate,
My good iron trap again it caught
A great bear but it came to naught,
Breakfast he had at my expense
And he then showed wondrous sense,
Trap he picked up with greatest ease
And dashed it to pieces on the trees,
But blacksmith soon did it repair
For I was bound to have that bear,
I attached to trap a heavy clog,
It was like lifting a small log,
I drove in it some sharp iron spikes
Which would cut deep each time he
strikes,
He tried again to steal my bait
And break my trap at the old rate,
But he soon dashed out his own brains,
His carcass it brought me great gains;
A neighbour man who would not work
I thought that he did steal my pork,
But at last I found long black hairs,
Then I knew it was the bears,

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I put through barrels rods of iron
So they a bear neck would environ,
And rods together they would snap,
I found him choked quite dead in trap,
Since then my strife with bears did cease,
Now many years I've lived in peace.

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QUEEN'S JUBILEE ODE, 1887.

Canada proves her devotion
To her who rules o'er land and sea,
For loyal thoughts do hearts inspire,
To make more glorious empire.

'Tis fifty years since Queen was
crowned,
Her brow with golden circlet bound,
She was a girl, graceful, fair,
And has felt joy and anxious care.

Happy years of married life
She enjoyed as Albert's wife,
But Albert died, the wise and good,
And she was left in widowhood.

In her reign the power of steam
On land and sea became supreme,
And all now have strong reliance
In fresh victories of science.

For man doth lightning now employ
And uses it for message boy,
And when he wants a brilliant light,
Electric orbs do shine most bright.

Britain's empire is extending,
Truth and justice ever blending,
May strife and discord ever cease,
And jubilee inaugurate peace.

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WARS IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

We will now sing in thoughtful strain
Of wars in Queen Victoria's reign.
The Russian bear did ages lurk,
All ready for to spring on Turk,
For Russian statesmen did divine
That they should conquer Constantine,
But like a greyhound after hare
The Lion did drive back the Bear,
And made it feel the British rule
At gates of strong Sebastopol.
Then insolent was Persia,
Till Lion had to dictate law,
And while engaged in scenes like these
He was attacked by the Chinese,
And for this outrage all so wanton
He then resolved to seize on Canton.
But soon there came a dismal cry
Of slaughter'd Britons from Delhi,
The Bengal Tiger sick with gore
Did tremble at the Lion's roar,
But Britain got a serious shock
By losing of brave Havelock,
But Campbell 'mid a numerous foe
Full quick these armed hosts did o'erthrow,
In Abyssinian dungeons vile
Lay captives of Great Britain's isle,

But soon the tyrant Theodore
Lay sadly weltering in his gore.
The savage tribes of Ashantee
From British troops did quickly flee,
In Afghan and Zulu wars
Many did find their deadly scars;
In the land of the Pharaohs
The Christians suffered cruel woes,
Till in Alexandria Bay
The British iron clads did display,
The mighty power they did wield,
While their steel sides from harm did shield,
And British army on the land
Marched bravely o'er the burning sand,
And Arabi found 'twas useless labor,
His strong trench of Tel-el-Kebir,
Egyptians did not wish to feel
In their breasts cold British steel,
Their great power was soon laid low
And Wolseley entered Grand Cairo.
Egyptians now no more revile
The Christians on the banks of Nile.
We have sung three heroes' names.
Havelock from the land of Thames,
And Campbell from the banks of Clyde,
And Wolseley from Liffy's side,
When rose, thistle, shamrock unite
They do prove victors in the fight,
Now Britain once more does command
Respect alike on sea and land,
But now may wars forever cease
And mankind ever live in peace.

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CRIMEAN WAR.

At the announcement that Britain was to declare war Kossuth the Hungarian Patriot declared in an address in England that the British Lion was a sea dog but helpless on land.

When the British Lion offered aid to the Turk,
Round many lips a sneer of serious doubt did lurk,
They said he was at home on sea, but when on land
He would be as a ship wrecked upon the strand,
Or like some huge ungainly crocodile
Upon the marshy banks of sluggish Nile,
Who could move gaily on the deep
But on dry land could scarcely creep,
But up the Alma heights he rushed like greyhound after
hare,
And in a moment by the throat he seized the Russian bear,
Which begged so hard for mercy his life he did it spare,
And closely now it is confined within its native lair,
For its strong fortress of Sebastpol
Was forced to submit to Great Britain's rule.

INDIAN MUTINY.

British infants who were nobly born
Were from their bleeding mother's bosom
torn,
And with the bayonet dashed upon the street
There left to lie for native dogs to eat.

But the British Lion he quick o'erthrew,
Both the high and the low Hindoo,
Now they respect the Christian laws
For fear of British Lion's paws.

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BEAR AND WHALE.

A fable of the British and Russian dispute of 1885.

Russians suffer sad distress
For lack of freedom of the press,
But oft' times they are full able
To enlighten with a fable.

And they enjoy a humorous tale
Of a bear and monster whale,
The bear he went to the sea shore
The mighty ocean to explore.

And this it quick enraged the whale
Who beat the ocean with his tail,
With foaming words he told the bear
That he would strip his hide and hair.

If he ever found him more
Encroaching on his sea shore,
The bear replied I will not quail
At frothing words of any whale.

For you are a lump of blubber,
Whale rejoined you are land lubber,
Thus bandying epithets so vile,
Of bear grease and of whale oil.

Sharks and fishes of the ocean
Were thrown into great commotion,
The hawks and eagles of the air,
Lions and tigers gathered there.

Bear he wished the whale to slaughter,
But he was afraid of water,
The great whale feared that he might strand
If he ventured on the dry land.

So at last great Russia Bear
Went back again to his own lair,
And British whale content to be
Greatest monarch of the sea.

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GORDON AND BURNABY, 1885.

When the Chinese did rebel,
Gordon alone he could them quell,
With justice they his name revere,
The man who bullets did not fear.

It seemed as if his life had charm
That spear or lance could never harm,
He went alone this wondrous man
To fight false prophet of Soudan.

Assistance it arrives too late,
And traitors they have oped the gate,
To meet the foe he doth advance,
But fatal wound receives from lance.

And Britons all they do take pride
In Burnaby's Asiatic ride,
Russian mysteries to discover,
He crossed many a plain and river.

And his brave spirit led the van
To relieve Gordon in Soudan,
With his strong arm every blow
Laid at his feet some Arab foe.

But strong brave man who knew no fear,

He was transfixed by Arab spear,
And thus brave men their lives have lost,
Of war let nations never boast.

Unless it is in self defence,
Then they have glorious recompense,
But arts of peace they should be prized
By nations truly Christianized.

[Pg 118]

ENGLISH POETS.

Tercentenary ode on Shakespeare read by the author at the anniversary concert, 1864.

Three centuries have passed away
Since that most famous April day,
When the sweet, gentle Will was born,
Whose name the age will e're adorn.

That great Elizabethan age
Does not leave on history's page,
A name so bright he stands like Saul,
A head and shoulders over all.

Delineator of mankind,
Who shows the workings of the mind,
And in review in nature's glass,
Portrays the thoughts of every class.

That man is dull who will not laugh
At the drolleries of Falstaff,
And few that could not shed a tear
At sorrows of poor old King Lear.

Or lament o'er King Duncan's death
Stabbed by the dagger of McBeth,
Or gentle Desdemona pure,
Slain by the misled jealous Moor.

Or great Caesar mighty Roman
Who o'ercame his country's foemen,
His high deeds are all in vain,
For by his countrymen he's slain.

[Pg 119]

The greatest of heroic tales
Is that of Harry, Prince of Wales,
Who in combat fought so fiercely
With the brave and gallant Percy.

Imagination's grandest theme
The tempest or midsummer's dream,
And Hamlet's philosophic blaze
Of shattered reason's flickering rays.

And now in every land on earth
They commemorate Shakespeare's birth,
And there is met on Avon's banks
Men of all nations and all ranks.

And here upon Canadian Thames
The gentle maids and comely dames
Do meet and each does bring her scroll
Of laurel leaves from Ingersoll.

MILTON.

Like mightiest organ in full tone,
Melodious, grand, is great Milton,
He did in lofty measures tell
How Satan, great archangel, fell,
When from heaven downward hurled;

And how he ruined this our world,
So full of guile he did deceive
Our simple hearted parent Eve.
He shows how pardon is obtained
And paradise may be regained.

COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY AND WORDSWORTH.

[Pg 120]

England had triplets at a birth,
Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth,
And these three are widely famed,
And the "Lake Poets" they were named.
With joy they did pursue their themes,
'Mong England's lakes and hills and streams,
From there with gladness they could view
The distant Scottish mountains blue.

SHELLY.

We have scarcely time to tell thee
Of the strange and gifted Shelly,
Kind hearted man but ill-fated,
So youthful, drowned and cremated.

BYRON.

Poets they do pursue each theme,
Under a gentle head of steam,
Save one who needed fierce fire on,
The brilliant, passionate Byron.
His child Harold's pilgrimage,
Forever will the world engage;
He fought with glory to release
From Turkish yoke the isles of Greece,
Its glories oft by him were sung,
This wondrous bard, alas, died young.

TENNYSON.

[Pg 121]

Of our Laureate we now do sing,
His youthful muse had daring wing,
He then despised Baronhood,
And sang 'twas noble to be good.
None sang like him of knights of old,
He England's glory did uphold;
In wondrous song he hath arrayed
Glorious charge of light brigade,
And he hath the people's benison,
Greatest of living poets Tennyson.

DRYDEN AND POPE.

Genius of Dryden and of Pope,
Both did take a mighty scope,
The first he virgil did translate,
The second showed us Troys fate.
On English themes they oft did sing
And high their muses flight did wing.

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POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

Bacon, Hogg, Lamb and Shakespeare.

Bacon, philosopher profound,
With mighty thoughts his works abound,
Reflections did his mind engage
Were in advance of his own age.

And Hogg the Ettrick shepherd bard,
High honors all do him award,
Great fame and glory he did reap
While tending to his flock of sheep.

And Lamb, the gentle and the good,
His works all show a happy mood;
About these names there is no waste,
Pleasing to fancy and to taste.

Some critics think they do make clear
The fact that Bacon wrote Shakespeare,
But a gent lives in New York
Asks what effect will it have on pork.

Of course it would quick awaken
A higher estimate of Bacon,
But it is folly for to rear
His fame on ruins of Shakespeare.

Though Will was not college bred,
With Greek they did not cram his head,
But he well knew by translations
The history of the ancient nations.

And mingled daily in the strife
With people in all walks of life,
His plays they are to nature true
Because he wrote of what he knew.

"Alas that I have wandered here and
there"
He does cry out in his despair,
While he did lead a wandering life
And left alone his loving wife.

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IRISH POETS.

Moore found the ballads of Green Isle
Were oft obscured beneath the soil,
As miner digging in a mine
Finds rubbish 'mong the gold so fine,
So Moore placed dross in the waste basket
And enshrined jewels in casket,
Where all may view each charming gem
In Ireland's grand old diadem.

In eastern lands his fame prevails
In wondrous oriental tales,
So full of gems his Lala Rookh,
Hindoos and Brahmins read his book,
And dark eyed Persian girls admire
The beauty of his magic lyre,
Glowing like pearls of great price
Those distant gleams of paradise.

He sang of Bryan Borohm's glory,
Renowned in ancient Irish story,
And shows the wide expanded walls
Which once encircled Tara's Halls,
When joyous harp did there resound
And Ireland's greatest king was crowned,

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All wars and tumults then did cease,
Ireland did prosper great in peace.

He sung of meeting of the waters
And of Ireland's charming daughters,
Great minstrel from his harp both flows,
Ireland's triumphs and her woes,
Canada doth his fame prolong
While she doth sing his great boat song,
And his own countrymen adore
The genial, witty, bright Tom Moore.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith wrote of deserted village,
Now again reduced to tillage,
Once happiest village of the plain,
The place you look for it in vain,
There but one man he doth make rich,
While hundreds struggle in the ditch,
His honest vicar of Wakefield,
Forever he will pleasure yield.

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SCOTTISH POETS.

The following ode was read by the author at the Centennial Anniversary of Burns in the year 1859.

This night shall never be forgot
For humble life none now despise,
Since Burns was born in lowly cot
Whose muses wing soars to the skies.

'Round Scotia's brow he wove a wreath
And raised her name in classic story
A deathless fame he did bequeath,
His country's pride, his country's
glory.

He sang her hills, he sang her dales,
Of Bonnie Doon and Banks of Ayr,
Of death and Hornbook and such tales
As Tam O'Shanter and his mare.

He bravely taught that manly worth
More precious is than finest gold,
He reckoned not on noble birth,
But noble deeds alone extolled.

Where will we find behind the plow
Or in the harvest field at toil
Another youth, sweet bard, like thou,
Could draw the tear or raise the smile.

We do not think 'twas Burns' fault,
For there were no teetotalers then,
That Willie brewed a peck of malt
And Robin preed like other men.

'Tis true he loved the lasses dear,
But who for this would loudly blame,
For Scotia's maids his heart did cheer
And love is a true heavenly flame.

So here we've met in distant land
Poor honest Robin to extol,
Though oft we differ let us stand
United now in Ingersoll.

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BURNS AND SCOTT IN EDINBURGH.

When Burns did make triumphant
entry
'Mong Edina's famous gentry,
A discussion did there arise
Among those solons learned and wise,
About some lines by a new poet.
The author's name none did know it,
Poem was of Canadian snow
And how o'er it the blood did flow,
For it had then been swept by war
Where armies met in deadly jar.

But 'mong philosophers was boy
Of tender years now Scotland's joy,
He there did quickly quote each line
And author's name he did define,
Burns glanced at him with loving eyes,
Youth ever more that look did prize,
The happiest moment in his lot
Ever revered by Walter Scott.
Thus Scotlands greatest poets met,
And they did part with sad regret.

LINES ON SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

The South of Scotland did produce
Heroic Wallace and the Bruce,
And even time will never blot
The record of her Burns and Scott,
And Tanahill renowned bard,
And that sweet songster Ettrick Shepherd.

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REPLY TO THE TOAST OF SCOTTISH POETS.

Burns sang so sweet behind the plow,
Daisies we'll wreath around his brow,
Musing on thee what visions throng,
Of floods you poured of Scottish song.
Scott he did write romancing rhymes
Of chivalry of ancient times;
For tender feeling none can cope
With Campbell the sweet Bard of hope.
Eye with sympathetic tear in
Will shed it for Exile of Erin,
And Tannahill while at his loom
Wove flowers of song will ever bloom.
Hogg, Ettrick Shepherd, did gain fame
By singing when the kye comes hame,
With good time coming Bard McKay
Still merrily doth cheer the way.

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JAMES HOGG.

The wondrous shepherd James Hogg
Was happy with his good sheep dog,
Meditating o'er his sweet lays
While his fleecy flocks did graze.

His education it came late
After he reached to man's estate,
While his flocks were busy feeding

His favourite authors he was reading.

Wondrous tales he did rehearse
Of witches both in prose and verse,
And he in fairy tales did glory
Traditions of each shepherd's story.

The shepherd he sang late and early
Of the deeds of bold Prince Charley,
And how the charming bonnie Flora
Soothed the Prince when in his sorrow.

Few songs possess so much vigor
As his gathering of McGregor,
The lover's heart is all aflame
To meet lassie when the kye comes
hame.

But one who loved the shepherd's songs
And sang them unto countless throngs,
Great Kennedy has passed away
Now mournful is our Scottish lay.

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HIGHLAND SKETCHES.

The Romans, Saxons and the Danes
Did oft o'er run the Scottish plains.
So daring were those mauraders
And skilful too were invaders.

The lowland man enjoyed his farm,
But oft he was in great alarm,
When Highlanders o'er plain would sweep
And drive to hills his steers and sheep.

For highlandmen were taught in song
The lowlands to them did belong,
Each highland chief he ruled like king
And Bards they did his praises sing,

In war the chief he led the van,
Marching to battle with his clan,
And when the foe attacked their chief
The clansmen rushed to his relief.

When they King William's forces mass
In Killicrankie's famous pass,
The highlanders with joy and glee
Rushed on them led by bold Dundee.

Lowland troops they would not tarry
But they strove to ford the Garry,
Soon many on the field lay dead,
In river floated many a head.

For clansmen with the good broad sword
Of battlefield they soon were Lord,
And historians will rank the
Chief highland victory of Killicrankie.

Again there sweeps the highland clans,
Victorious at Preston Pans,
Under Prince Charlie full of hope,
They drove the troops were led by Cope.

But from Culloden Charlie flies
While Highland blood the heather dyes,
For months he wandered 'mong the hills
Young Flora strove to soothe his ills.

While he was hunted by blood hounds,
For sake of thirty thousand pounds,
But Highlanders the gold despise,

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And honor only each doth prize.

At last to Charlie's great delight,
From France a vessel hove in sight,
And safely bore the gallant Prince
To the sunny shores of France.

And may once more each hill and glen
Be filled with hardy Highland men,
Who love bagpipes and bonnets blue
And give to Britain soldiers true.

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THE SHIRES ON THE MORAY FRITH.

Worthy of either song or story
Are the shires round frith of Moray,
Here lies the valley of Strathspey,
Famed for its music, lively, gay,
Elgin cathedral's 'prentice aisle
Is glory of that ruined pile.
What modern chisel now could trace
Fine sculpture of that ancient place,
And Forres famed for Sweno's stane
In honor of that kingly Dane,
'Graved with warriors runes and rhymes,
Long prior to historic times,
For a thousand years its been forgot
Who was victor Dane or Scot,
It is the country of McBeth
Where good King Duncan met his death,
And barren heath that place of fear
Stood witches cauldron of Shakespeare,
Nairn's Cawdor castle strong remains
Full worthy of the ancient Thaness,
And nestled 'neath the hills and bens
Queen of the moors, the lochs and glens,
Full proudly stands in vale of bliss
Chief Highland town of Inverness,
Near here the famous falls of Foyers
Where Burns and others tuned their lyres,
And the fatal field of dark Culloden
Where doughty clans were once down trodden,
Here men yet wear the tartan plaid
Ready to join the Highland Brigade,
And when the Frith you look across
The eye beholds Sutherland and Ross,
Where Duke has harnessed mighty team,
Plows hills and rocks and moors by steam,
Perhaps it may in part atone
For cruel clearings days bygone,
And Cromarty, whose wondrous mason,
First learned his geologic lesson,
Friends may rear a stately pillar,
The old red sand stone of Hugh Miller,
Ben Wyvis towers like monarch crowned,
Conspicuous o'er the hills around,
With crest 'ere white with driven snow,
Strathpeffer's water cure below.

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LINES READ AT A SCOTTISH ANNIVERSARY AT EMBRO.

Scotsmen have wandered far and wide
From Moray Frith to Frith of Clyde,
McDonald from his sea girt isle,
And Campbell from his broad Argyle.

But chiefly here you have come forth
From those counties of the north,

Some oft have trod Dunrobin's halls
And gazed upon its stately walls.

Here to night in this array
Is Murray, McKenzie and McKay,
And there doth around us stand
The Munroe, Ross and Sutherland.

Your young men have high honor earned
In all of the professions learned,
Your bonnie lasses sung in song,
And youths are famed for muscle strong.

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LINES READ AT ST. ANDREW'S ANNIVERSARY, 1868.

Scotia's sons to-night we meet thee,
With kindly feelings we do greet thee,
In honor of the land of heather,
Around this board to-night we gather.

Land where the fields for border
edges,
Have garlands of blooming hedges,
Land of the whin and of the broom
And where the bonnie blue bells
bloom.

Land where you may enraptured hark
To heavenly song of the skylark,
Which soars triumphant in the skies
Above the gaze of human eyes.

Land of bleak hills and fertile dales,
Where they tell oft their fairy tales,
Land where the folks do love the kirk
And on the Sabbath cease from work.

Land of porridge and of brose,
Of blue bonnets and of tartan hose,
The land where all good wives do bake
The thrifty, wholesome, oaten cake.

We hope some day to tread the strand
Of our own dear native land,
And o'er the sea we'll some day sail
To get a bowl of good green kail.

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DICK AND EDWARD.

The Thurso baker Robert Dick^[E]
Armed with his hammer and his pick,
Dame nature's secrets did reveal,
Which she for ages did conceal.

In Banff has genius found regard
In the person of an Edward,^[F]
Who now does rank among the first
In the world as naturalist.

[E] Dick was both a geologist and botanist and was of great service to Hugh Millar.

[F] Edward is a shoemaker by trade, remarkable for his knowledge of the lower grades of animated nature.

CASTLE GORDON.

In youth we spent a pleasant day
Round Castle Gordon on the Spey,
There is no Clan can gird the sword
on,
Can compare with the Clan Gordon,
In India, China and Soudan,
They manfully have led the van.

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PRINCE CHARLIE'S GRANDSONS.

Of't times these handsome gentlemen appeared in the garb of old Gaul.

Long 'ere Her Majesty the Queen
Had visited of Aberdeen,
'Ere she in castle did abide
'Mong glorious hills on the Dee side,
Or visited each Highland glen,
Or won the hearts of Highland men,
Here oft' was seen in celtic dress
Two Stewarts brave in Inverness,
Well worthy of the poet's lyre.
They claimed Prince Charlie as grandsire,
And that they also did combine
Stuart with Royal Polish line,
Their names Sobieskie, Stuart,
They won many a Highland heart,
But Royal order did go forth
To build Balmoral Castle North,
Then wondrous change was quickly seen,
All hearts were captured by the Queen.

The Royal Stuarts are owners of large estates on the banks of the Findhorn and their great rivals were near by the Royal Comyns. The Lion Hunter Gordon Comyn was of this stock. Professor J. S. Blockie has written a fine poem on the wars of the rival houses.

"Here where the dark water'd stream rushes free,
child of the mountain."

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ST. ANDREW.

Read at Anniversary.

Our ancient custom to renew,
We meet to honor St. Andrew,
He was of the Jewish nation,
A fisherman by occupation;
No warlike knight with lance and sword
But humbly following his Lord;
And Scotia she justly claims
Her soil contains his last remains,
In early times the Pilgrims drew
Into the shrine of St. Andrew,
For miracles it gained renown,
And thence sprang up St. Andrew's town;
Now clansmen twine round maple leaf,
When rallying at the call of chief,
And time will come when we'll be one,
And proud of name Canadian,
But Scotia must not be forgot
For sake of Chalmers, Burns and Scott,
But here upon Canadian soil
A man may own where he doth toil,
For here each may enjoy the charm
Of owning fine prairie farm.

Entwining of the thistle around the maple tree, Scotia's sons have indented their names deep in Canadian history. The names of McDonald, McKenzie, Cameron and Mowat stand conspicuous, and Brown second to none. For wealth, enterprise and benevolence those Montreal Scotsmen

RIVER CLYDE.

The Glasgow people do take pride
In their river both deep and wide,
In early times the youth and maid
Did o'er its shallow waters wade.

But city money did not grudge,
And dug it deep with the steam dredge,
And now proudly on its bosom floats
The mighty ships and great steamboats.

No wonder citizens take pride
For they themselves have made the Clyde,
Great and navigable river,
Where huge fleets will float forever.

Dunbarton's lofty castle rock^[G]
Which oft' has stood the battle's shock,
The river it doth boldly guard,
So industry may reap reward.

But more protection still they deem
Is yet required so down the stream
Strong batteries are erected,
So commerce may be safe protected.

Old ocean now he doth take pride
To see upon his bosom ride
The commerce of his youngest bride,
The fair and lovely charming Clyde.

[G] Mr. James Sinclair of this town has written a fine piece remonstrating against the removal of the sword of Wallace from its old place of safety, Dunbarton Castle.

ELF SHOT.

A lad brought up in Highland vale
Who did believe each fairy tale,
Which his grannie oft' to him told,
And of witches and of warlocks bold,
And he himself would often pour
For hours reading wizard lore.
One night his mother to the town
In a hurry sent him down,
So o'er his pony he did stride,
And to the town did fearful ride,
He thought that demons they would rush
On him from every rock and bush,
And as he rode through the quarry
It did great increase his flurry,
He felt that fiends with fiercest hate
Would surely there seal fast his fate.

But town he reached and 'neath his vest
He parcel pressed close to his breast,
The pony now he mounts once more
For to pass quarry as before,
But, alas, at that fatal spot
He heard a gun, he was elf shot,
He felt that from his breast a flood
Was pouring down of his heart's blood,
But he clung fast to pony's back,
Though loss of blood his frame did rack,
But in spite of his alarms
He resolved to die in mother's arms,

And when he reached his own door
He said that he was drenched in gore,
From bullet hole all in his breast.
His father opened up his vest,
And he did sadly fear the worst
But found yeast bottle had but burst.

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HALLOWE'EN.

A tale we'll tell of what hath been
When maids and youths kept Hallowe'en,
It is a tale of old world lore
What happened in the days of yore,
When fairies danced upon the green
So merrily on Hallowe'en,
And witches did play many a trick
Assisted by their auld friend Nick,
And lovers meet around the fire
Near to the one their hearts desire,
For to burn nuts for to discover
The truthfulness of their lover.
They first did give each nut a name,
This was Sandy, that was Jane.
If they did blaze side by side,
She knew her husband, he his bride,
But if one up the chimney flew,
One knew the other was not true.
And one sure test did never fail,
Blindfold to find good stock of kale,
To pull the first comes to the hand
With heavy roots of earth and sand,
For the very weight of mould
Does denote weight of lovers gold.
In tubs children love to splatter,
Ducking for apples in the water,
For such were the delights of yore,
Which soon will cease for evermore;
At Balmoral Castle Britain's Queen
Oft' celebrated Hallowe'en,
But Highland landlords now do clear
Land of men to make room for deer,
But here upon Canadian soil
A man may own where he doth toil.

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AMERICAN POETS.

Like fruit that's large and ripe and mellow,
Sweet and luscious is Longfellow,
Melodious songs he oft did pour
And high was his Excelsior.
He shows in his Psalm of Life
The folly of our selfish strife,
With Hiawatha we bewail
His suffering in great Indian tale.
Indian nation was forlorn
Till great spirit planted corn;
His story of Evangeline
It is a tale of love divine.

POE.

A great enchanter too is Poe,
His bells do so harmonious flow,
Wondrous mystery of his raven

On our minds is 'ere engraven,
His wierd, wonderful romances
Imagination oft entrances.

LOWELL.

With pleasure we would love to dwell
On the charming themes of Lowell.

BRYANT.

Some in front rank will defiant,
Boldly place the poet Bryant.

WHITTIER.

Others seek for music in the twitter
Of the sweet, charming notes of Whittier.

SAXE.

The mind that's sad it doth relax
The humor of the witty Saxe,
He puts us in a cheerful mood,
Mirthful as our own Tom Hood.

WILL CARLETON.

In homely apparel one
Clothes farming songs Will Carleton,
But they have a manly ring
And we his praises hearty sing.

MILLAR.

And Millar poet of Sierras,
For bold deeds he doth prepare us,
And now he lives by the golden gate,
Honored in California's state,
To poet 'tis position grand,
Commissioner of Forest land.

HOLMES.

O'er flowery fields full oft he roams,
The learned and pleasing genial Holmes.

WALT WHITMAN.

For erratic style he leads van,
Wildly wayward Walt Whitman,
He done grand work in civil war,

For he did dress many a scar,
And kindly wet the hot parched mouth
Of Northern soldiers wounded South.

LOFTY ACTORS WITHDRAW.

As one by one the lofty actors of the age
Withdraw from changing play on history's page,
The act of war and peace of old and new contending
For it is long 'ere there's harmonious blending.

And many a noble actor brave and bold
Hath perished in the fight between the new and old,
The victor and the vanquished Lincoln and Lee,
The former he four million slaves set free.

The latter General fought with bravery and science,
The first he on the Lord placed strong reliance,
And in the justice of his cause he bade the North
As grand emancipators they should issue forth.

And o'er great North the conquering name of Grant
His mighty deeds of valour they 'ere more will chant,
And now doth pass from stage this last named actor,
In crushing Southern slavery potent factor.

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UNITED STATES.

The United States is wondrous land,
Within its mighty borders grand,
They are a world unto themselves,
In South the Negro plows and delves.

Raising tobacco, sugar, cotton,
Grapes and rice too may be gotten,
The west for corn, cattle and swine,
On which millions o'er the world dine.

The silver hills of Colorado,
Equaled only by Nevada,
And o'er the world you can't behold
Aught like California's mines of gold.

To vast extent her exports reaches,
Of grapes and oranges and peaches,
And Florida the land of flowers
Is famous for its orange bowers.

Pennsylvania's hills environ
Wondrous mines of coal and iron,
Great marvel of these modern days,
All you require yourselves could raise.

But still Canadians are content
With their own half of continent,
Though Uncle Sam is most wealthy,
Canada's content and healthy.

Sam and her are blood relation,
Sprung alike from British nation,
May peaceful odes alone be sung
'Tween people of one race and tongue.

When Canada's ten million strong,
Then none will dare to do her wrong,
Either as a youthful nation
Or in Imperial Federation.

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CALEDONIA SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

The water spouts up from the ground
And there doth form a pond around,
'Tis fed from no apparent rills,
And it near by drives several mills.

And here the little ponds are seen
Where fish are propogate by Green,
Fish hatcheries here had their birth,
And now they're spread o'er all the earth.

Here in each pond thousands of trout
Rush around their circular route,
Of various breeds, age and size,
Speckled o'er with various dyes.

Geologists do gaze with pride
On specimens all petrified,
Here church is built of those rare stone,
Fish, reptiles, birds, in days bygone.

Strange thoughts in mind it doth awake,
As it is far from sea and lake,
Even the hill tops do abound
With proofs here flowed the sea profound.

With reverence we gaze around
On an ancient burial ground,
Those who once did tread the heather
Now rest quietly here together.

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LOCAL SKETCHES.

On grassy amphitheatre,
Spectators sit to view the war,
'Mong bold contestants on the plain
Where each doth strive the prize to gain.

Come witness the great tug of war,
And see great hammer thrown afar,
See running, jumping, highland fling,
At concert hear the skylark sing.

And the bagpipes will send thrills,
Like echoes from the distant hills,
And the bold sound of the pibroch,
Which does resound o'er highland loch.

Young men and maids and fine old dames
Will gather on the banks of Thames,
And though we have a tug of war
'Twill leave no wound or deadly scar.

GREAT FIRE IN INGERSOLL, MAY, 1872.

'Twas on a pleasant eve in May,
Just as the sun shed its last ray,
The bell it rang, citizens to warn,
For lo! a fire appears in barn.

An ancient barn near hotel stood,
The joining buildings all were wood,
This barn a relic of the past,
There farmers' horses were made fast.

Our once fair town is now in woe,
And we have had our Chicago,

But soon a nobler town will rise,
For our town is all enterprise.

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MASONIC LINES READ AT A BANQUET, 1884.

The prominent names in Masonry are Kings Solomon and Hiram and St. John.

Craft of King Hiram and St. John,
They figurative work on stone,
King Hiram he is the old sire
And he was famous King of Tyre.

But great as King upon a throne
Is the good, kind, true St. John,
Cathedrals did craftsmen raise,
Fills all our minds now with amaze.

No modern chisel has the power
To trace such leaf, and bud, and flower,
But though our structures now are rude
Let us all make the mortar good.

And this injunction never spare,
To have the work both plumb and square,
And it must have no crack nor flaw,
So masters will lay down the law.

Of all our work this is the chief,
To give the needy ones relief,
And with truth and brotherly love
We sublime structure raise above.

The greatest honor has been won
By that great builder Solomon,
And craftsmen o'er the world do sing
The praises of that mighty King.

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ODDFELLOWSHIP LINES READ AT CONCERT, 1883.

We look in vain for our Past Grands,
Now scattered over many lands,
Now some o'er the wide world do rove,
And some have joined Grand Lodge above,
But ever since Father Adams' fall
We are dependent creatures all,
Though man is weak yet he may join
With others strength for to combine.

The illustration it is grand,
Five Oddfellows in one hand,
And yet they all united stand,
Each finger hath a different length,
Each finger varies in its strength,
Each one is weak, but a firm fist,
You can scarcely break or twist,
'Tis same with members of a lodge,
United them you cannot budge.

Then let us linked with pleasant chain,
Friendship, love and truth maintain,
And aid our brothers in distress,
The widows and the orphans bless,
Then let each lodge strive all it can,
Both Oxford and Samaritan
To aid distressed brother man,
Extending influence for good,
And universal brotherhood.

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ADVICE TO A LITTLE GIRL.

The following lines were written at the request of a little girl, who said she would recite them at a Sunday School entertainment. Prof. J. S. Blackie of Edinburgh, in a letter acknowledging the receipt of my book, said he considered this piece worthy of being committed to memory in the public schools. Sir Daniel Wilson of Toronto University also approves of them as containing good sentiments and should be impressed on the minds of the young.

Dressing in fashion will be called vain,
And they'll call you a dowdy if you are plain,
But do what is right, let that be the test,
Then proudly hold up your head with the best.
For people will talk.

You will never be wrong if you do what is right,
And this course pursue with all of your might,
And if you're a child going to school,
Or full grown up take this for your rule.
For people will talk.

The best way to do is to let them rave
And they'll think more of you if you are brave,
For no one will ever think you are rude
If you are determined for to be good.
For people will talk.

Little girl on her way to Sunday School class,
Rude boys sometimes will not let her pass,
But if they see she is not afraid
They soon will respect the brave little maid.
For people will talk.

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Little girls should learn to knit and to sew,
Then if to womanhood they ever grow,
Their hose they can knit and make their own
dress,
And pathway of life for others they bless.
For people will talk.

And their homes they should make tidy and neat,
Everything should be so clean and so sweet,
This line for ourselves out we will chalk
And we are determined in it to walk.
For people will talk.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines on the death of my only son, who died on the 5th of July, 1876, on the anniversary of his mother's death.

His mother from celestial bower,
In the self-same day and hour
Of her death or heavenly birth,
Gazed again upon the earth,
And saw her gentle, loving boy,
Once source of fond maternal joy,
In anguish on a couch of pain.
She knew that earthly hopes were
vain,
And beckoned him to realms above
To share with her the heavenly love.

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PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

Providential escape of Ruby and Neil McLeod, children of Angus McLeod of this town. Little Neil McKay McLeod, a child of three years of age, was carried under a covered raceway, upwards of one hundred yards, the whole distance being either covered o'er with roadway, buildings or ice.

A wondrous tale we now do trace
Of little children fell in race,
The youngest of these little dears,
The boy's age is but three years.

While coasting o'er the treacherous ice,
These precious pearls of great price,
The elder Ruby, the daughter,
Was rescued from the ice cold water.

But horrid death each one did feel,
Had sure befallen little Neil,
Consternation all did fill,
And they cried shut down the mill.

But still no person they could tell
What had the poor child befel,
The covered race, so long and dark,
Of hopes there scarcely seemed a spark.

Was he held fast as if in vice,
Wedged 'mong the timbers and the ice,
Or was there for him ample room
For to float down the narrow flume.

Had he found there a watery grave,
Or borne along on crest of wave,
Think of the mother's agony wild,
Gazing through dark tunnel for her child.

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But soon as Partlo started mill,
Through crowd there ran a joyous thrill,
When he was quickly borne along,
The little hero of our song.

Alas! of life there is no trace,
And he is black all over face,
Though he then seemed as if in death,
Yet quickly they restored his breath.

Think now how mother^[H] she adored
Her sweet dear child to her restored,
And her boundless gratitude
Unto the author of all good.

[H] Mrs. Mary McKay McLeod, the author of some fine poems on Scottish and Canadian subjects.

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Moral and Reflective.

BRAIN ENGRAVINGS.

Great wonder is the human brain,
How it impressions doth retain,
Inscribed on it are autographs,
And there is also photographs.

And every hill and plain and nook,
It is deep graven in this book,
A great variety here belongs,
Snatches of sermons and of songs.

Here you'll find are numerous themes,
Both mighty thoughts and foolish dreams,
Here love and hope so bright and fair,
There hate and doubt and dark despair.

And here is too the bower of bliss,
Where youthful lovers first did kiss,
Here are memories of childhood

And of old ages thoughtful mood.

View well the whole, 'tis a strange sight,
Both of suffering and delight,
You see the parting with old friend,
And where new hearts with yours do
blend.

Greatest blessing, hope of heaven,
For our comfort it is given,
Indented deep in mind of wise
Are glories of the heavenly prize.

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SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Now let the hero of our song,
Be he who gentle treats the throng,
And would not cruel treat another,
But to each be as to a brother.

And he must have both sense and wit,
And be possessed of strength and grit,
Then strong as proof of holy writ,
For to survive he is most fit.

And according to our test,
The fittest only is the best,
These have a right for to survive,
And well they do deserve to thrive.

And this kind of evolution
It will bring no revolution,
But revolve in Christian sphere,
Where scripture truths are prized and
dear.

Give us the man doth persevere,
And presses on in his career,
Undaunted struggling for the right,
Though all mankind 'gainst him unite.

Though now on top of highest mount,
Where he has found true honour's fount,
Yet those below he don't despise,
But strives to aid them for to rise.

MOTTO.

Politeness, perseverance and pluck,
To their possessor will bring good
luck.

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THINGS SHOULD BE JUDGED BY MERIT.

A picture hung in a public hall,
And it was much admired by all,
Painted by a true artist's hand,
The subject it was truly grand.

Its fame o'er the whole world
resounds,
Valued at ten thousand pounds,
Beauteous lady none 'ere passed her,
She was the work of an old master.

At last a critic keen did gaze
And saw 'twas work of modern days,
Then quick it was pronounced a daub,
And artist but a money grab.

The true, the noble and the grand,
Will lend to struggling helping hand,
Then let no man of dues be shorn,
If he a subject doth adorn.

LINES ON A FOUNTAIN.

We love cold water as it flows from the fountain,
Which nature hath brewed alone in the mountain;
In the wild woods and in the rocky dell,
Where man hath not been but the deer loves to dwell;
And away across the sea in far distant lands,
In Asia's gloomy jungles and Africa's drifting sands;
Where to the thirsty traveller a charming spot of green
Is by far the rarest gem his eyes have ever seen;
And when he has quenched his thirst at the cooling spring,
With many grateful songs he makes the air to ring;
For many nights he dreams of this scene of bliss,
And when he thinks of Heaven it is of such as this.

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THE GATES AJAR.

A good kind man who knew no malice,
Happy with wife and daughter Alice,
More precious far to him than gold,
His little darling six years old.

True nobleman with many friends,
His career too soon it ends,
The casket friends enshrined with flowers,
While soul had fled to heavenly bowers.

The wreaths were lovely, but the star,
Admired by all was gates ajar,
The widow led her little girl
To where death his dart did hurl.

And stricken her poor father down,
But child exclaimed he's won the crown,
And he will watch for me afar,
And keep for me the gates ajar.

And when we cross the crystal fount,
He will point out the heavenly mount,
Here neither sun nor moon doth shine,
Lighted with radiance all divine.

For I know well for me he'll wait
Anxious at the pearly gate,
For I would fear to view alone
The glories of the heavenly throne.

Pa will admit his little Alice
Safe into the heavenly palace,
And glories to me will unfold
As we tread the streets of gold.

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CHILD MADE HAPPY.

In a great city hospital

There lay poor Mary Crosby small,
She had no friends her heart to cheer,
So time with her passed sad and drear.

She sought for ease but all in vain,
Month after month she passed in pain,
She had no relative nor friend
Who aid or comfort could her lend.

A surgeon saw her cheerless state,
And deplored the poor child's fate,
She tried to make doll of her finger,
And sang to it poor little singer.

Her's indeed was an awful lot,
The weary days she spent in cot,
For the poor child she could not walk,
And it soon exhausted her to talk.

But surgeon bought her ribbon gay,
And with it she all day did play,
The giver often she did bless,
And thought sometimes she was princess.

For in it she did take such pride,
She fancied she was beauteous bride,
And was possessed of great riches,
Or thought herself a wealthy Duchess.

And she would bind it round her hair,
Imagining that she was fair.
But poor child feels that she must die,
She asks the surgeon to come nigh.

And kindly o'er her he doth stand,
She asked him for to take her hand,
Thanked him for ribbon green and blue,
Then evermore bade him adieu.

POETRY.

Poetry to us is given,
As stars beautify the Heaven,
Or, as the sunbeams when they gleam,
Sparkling so bright upon the stream,
And the poetry of motion
Is ship sailing o'er the ocean;
Or, when the bird doth graceful fly,
Seeming to float upon the sky,
For poetry is the pure cream,
And essence of the common theme.

Poetic thoughts the mind doth fill,
When on broad plain to view a hill,
On barren heath how it doth cheer,
To see in distance herd of deer,
And poetry breathes in each flower,
Nourished by the gentle shower,
In song of birds upon the trees,
And humming of busy bees,
'Tis solace for the ills of life,
A soothing of the jars and strife,
For poets feel 'tis a duty
To sing of both worth and beauty.

POWER OF LOVE.

Love it is the precious loom,

Whose shuttle weaves each tangled thread,
And works flowers of exquisite bloom,
Shedding their perfume where we tread.

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HER LOVER'S STEP.

Step, step, step, 'tis her lover's walk,
She knows his step as well's his talk;
He is the favorite of her choice,
So his step's familiar as his voice.

Step, step, step, she now is wed,
And it is now her husband's tread;
His homeward step it cheers her life,
For she is a kind faithful wife.

But he the husband and yet lover,
His steps at last do cease forever;
And she doth soon hear the tread
Of men who do bear out the dead.

Her heart it now doth throb with pain,
Though she knows sorrow is but vain;
For him she never can recall,
And no more hear his footsteps fall.

But still she hopes he yet will come
And visit her in their old home;
But time approaches, she must die,
Her husband's footsteps she hears nigh.

Step, step, step, we ne'er shall part,
I hear the echo in my heart;
Now happiness dispels the gloom,
Radiant with joy my face doth bloom.

Pain and suffering all are past,
She joyous cried he's come at last;
And soon she breathes out her last breath,
He guides her through the vale of death.

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THE USEFUL WEED.

Do not despise the humble weed,
For the Lord He first sowed the seed,
Perhaps it bears most precious fruit,
And useful leaves and potent root.

Though it seems now a useless weed,
Countless millions it yet may feed,
Or future ages it may prize,
Finding in it beauteous dyes.

Or a valued healing balm,
Will make the heated pulse beat calm,
And the future men of science,
May place on it strong reliance.

And it may play important part,
In advancing skill and art,
And no person now doth know
How useful are the weeds that grow.

Weeds we now look on with loathing,
They may yet be used for clothing,
Producing silken glossy coat,
Or paper fine for the bank note.

But you at present must take heed,

And do not grow the cumbrous weed,
Either in garden or in field,
Where plants with profit now do yield.

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GOLDEN EGG.

In ancient times we have been told
A goose did lay an egg of gold,
She did produce one every day,
So regular this goose did lay.

But her stupid foolish master
Wanted her to lay them faster,
And he at last the goose did kill,
Gold grist no more came to his mill.

But a strange tale we now unfold,
In California's mines of gold,
There they keep both hens and chickens,
'Mong the gravel scratching pickings.

But hens do find the golden shiner,
Is too heavy for their dinner,
For it they cannot well digest,
As it lies solid in their breast.

Then they are slain and you behold
In their craw the shining gold,
Made up of particles so fine,
The purest gold in all the mine.

Then how happy is the miner,
When he has sweet fowl for dinner,
And he doth find within its craw,
A little golden bonanza.

And in Ontario the hen
Is worthy of the poet's pen,
For she doth well deserve the praise
Bestowed on her for her fine lays.

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LITTLE DORA.

I tell you what my little Dora,
You do cause my heart to sorrow,
Tell me now you little misses
What you do with all your kisses.

I see you get them by the dozen
From each aunt and little cousin,
Said she I do intend dear pa
To give them all to you and ma.

And not a single one I'll miss,
But I will give you back each kiss,
And both of you will feel you're blest
When I pay you interest.

You'll better in my bank invest
And put my principle to test,
And you can dividend partake,
For my bank will never break.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FARMER'S WIFE.

This good woman when in this life,
She was kind mother and good wife,
And managed her household with care,
She and her husband happy pair.

And her name it will long be praised
By the large family she has raised,
She laid up treasures in the skies,
And now enjoys the Heavenly prize.

She rose each morn with happy smile,
And ardent all the day did toil,
For work it to her had a charm,
And busy was each hand and arm.

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FIGHTING FOR HOME.

A hawk while soaring on the wing,
O'er a tiny sparkling spring,
Beheld a sleek and beauteous mink,
Was enjoying a bath and drink.

And though the hawk was bent on slaughter
The mink was more at home on water,
And it is strange this curious quarrel
All occurred in a sunk barrel.

In the Township of Nissouri,
There the hawk it came to sorrow,
But it strove often for to sink,
In vain it strove to drown the mink,

But mink it did successful balk,
All the attacks were made by hawk,
The bird was drenched, it could not fly,
And ne'er again it soared on high.

LINES WRITTEN IN A MENTAL ALBUM.

Where each one expressed some sentiment.

In this album you may trace,
If not the lineaments of face,
There at least you will find
Photographs of the mind.

Some in earnest some in fun,
Some do lecture some do pun,
Here the maiden and the youth,
Each proclaim some precious truth.

And there is here some fine pages,
Written by maturer ages,
Where they show that time is brief,
That soon comes sere and yellow leaf.

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EVERY ROSE HATH ITS THORN.

There was a maiden all forlorn,
She loved a youth, his name was Thorn,
But he was shy for to disclose
How he loved dear the sweet May Rose.

Lustre sweet it would give to Thorn,
If this fair flower would it adorn,

Said he all other names above
Your charming name alone I love.

Said she of beauty 'tis soon shorn,
Unless that it is joined to Thorn,
It very soon doth droop and die,
And she heaved a gentle sigh.

Said he we'll wed to-morrow morn,
No more from me you shall be torn,
For you will banish all my woes,
And near my heart I'll wear the rose.

Now little rose buds they are born,
All clinging to the parent Thorn,
In grace and beauty each one grows,
Full worthy of the sweet May Rose.

Some flowers they only shed their bloom
In the sweet month of leafy June,
But May doth bloom each month in year
A fragrant Rose forever dear.

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DANGER OF FIRE ARMS.

For to save life one great solver
Would be to prohibit the revolver,
Weapon of coward and of bully,
Who slaughter friends in their folly.

Let now no man or any boy,
With loaded arms ever toy,
Showing off their manly vigor,
Pointing to friend and pulling trigger.

And sending bullet through their brain,
And then exclaim in mournful strain,
When friends with grief they are goaded,
I did not know that it was loaded.

Fire arms oft' times do bring woes,
And they kill more friends than foes,
Hunting now o'er fertile fields,
'Tis seldom that it profit yields.

BIRD SENT BY PROVIDENCE.

A poor man stood beside his door,
His sad fate for to deplore,
For landlord's heart would not relent,
And seized his furniture for rent.

He hears song sweet as from fairy,
And soon he sees a canary,
Into his cage it did alight
And poured forth notes sweet and
bright.

But owner of the bird did mourn,
And sadly longed for its return,
Without it she found no delight,
So she did landlord's bill requite.

The poor man thinks the bird was sent
By the Lord to pay up his rent,
And he now stout maintains from thence
That there is a kind Providence.

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HELP IN NEED.

A poor man's horse it ran away,
Soon man upon the roadside lay,
With his leg all badly broken,
Of sympathy some gave token.

One said your trouble grieves my
heart,
But with his money would not part,
Another said, while heaving sighs,
It brings the tears into mine eyes.

But a good true hearted man,
His heart with kindness it o'er ran,
The poorest man among the three,
A pound he did contribute free.

Others gave in empty feeling,
But this poor man he did bring
healing,
The giver only Lord doth prize,
Who helps afflicted for to rise.

O FOR A LODGE.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness"
A man cried out in his distress,
For he was tired and sick of life,
And weary of this worldly strife,
And longed for to be far away
From the continuous daily fray.

But the fond partner of his life,
His own dearest, loving wife,
Those sentiments did not admire,
For fiercely they did rouse her ire,
Said she, I'll never let you budge
To go and join another lodge,
Your lodges take six nights each week,
And still another lodge you seek,
Continuous abroad you'll roam,
And never enter your own home.

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A BIRD'S NEST.

An old man who had charge of field,
With pride he saw two birds did build,
A broad capacious warm nest,
So full of young with speckled breast,

And when the old man there did pass,
They soon ran merry 'mong the grass,
But of the youth they were so shy,
They made strong efforts for to fly.

Youths tried with old man to prevail,
To let them blaze away at quail,
But though they longed for a fat pot,
At them they never got a shot.

No more the old man doth them shield,
For they have flown to broader field,
Long may they spread their wings and tail,
And may no foe them 'ere assail.

LINES ON THE FINDING OF A YOUNG MAN'S BODY IN TORONTO BAY.

His identity was discovered by finding the maker's name on the suit he wore and by sending a strip of the cloth to the maker in Montreal.

A young man's body long it lay
In bottom of Toronto Bay,
But at last the waters bore,
And raised him up near to the shore.

But no one knew his rank or station,
No one knew his home or nation,
But his form and dress were genteel,
And sorrow many they did feel.

Kind man took charge of the remains,
And was well rewarded for his pains,
So skilful he did him embalm,
Restored the features sweet and calm.

The father came and he did bless
The man who did restore the face,
And saved for him his son's remains,
And thus he fame and honor gains.

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LINES ON A LAWN PARTY.

Where it was announced ten days previous that the cereus would bloom, August, 1888.

We own we felt a little curious,
To see the rare night blooming cereus,
And as if 'twas divine anointed,
It came in bloom at the time
 appointed,
And gorgeous too their oleander,
None 'ere saw shrub blossom grander.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN OLD BACHELOR.

In summer time we roam o'er dingle,
But winter draws us round the ingle,
Why do you remain thus single,
When love would make two hearts
 tingle,
Pray, tell me why my dearest wingle,
With the fair you do not mingle,
Better with love 'neath cot of shingle,
Than all your yellow gold to jingle.

For married life you would enjoy,
And soon a little girl and boy,
They would your leisure hours employ,
At Christmas you could buy each toy,
And fill their little hearts with joy,
For their amusements never cloy,
Business cares do men annoy,
Child's happiness knows no alloy.

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LINES READ AT A LADIES' AID.

After chatting with each friend,
We our way to the table wend,
On it we all do make a raid,

And this we call a ladies' aid.

'Tis pleasant way of taking tea,
Improvement on the old soiree,
On such a time as this I find
Food for body and for mind.

Gladly all obey the call,
To attend this pleasant social,
And we hope none will lament
The time and money they have spent.

FEMALE REVENGE.

"Revenge is sweet, especially to women."—Byron.

I heard Bill say to-day, Mary,
That you are a charming fairy,
And that to town he'd give you drive,
But just as sure as you're alive,
He does intend to have the bliss,
Of stealing from your lips a kiss.

I'll let him drive me now, Jane,
His efforts they will all be vain,
I hate him, and I him defy,
And anger flashed from her eye,
The monster's wiles I will defeat,
Peck of strong onions I will eat.

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LINES ON A TYPEWRITER.

Having received a letter from a gentleman glorying in his typewriter we replied as follows:

You glory in your typewriter,
And its virtues you rehearse,
But we prefer the old inditer,
For to write either prose or verse.

And let each man work his will,
But never never do abuse
The ancient and glorious quill
From the wing of a fine old goose.

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS.

We are in ancient stories told,
All were brothers in days of old,
But these with facts they do not chime
For all mankind do love the dime,
And worship the mighty dollar,
And admire the golden collar,
The rich man's washed with whitest
lime,
The poor man's cover'd o'er with slime,
But we should try to love each other
And treat each man as our brother.

THE GOOD MAN.

Cheerful and happy was his mood,

He to the poor was kind and good,
And he oft' times did find them food,
Also supplies of coal and wood,
He never spake a word was rude,
And cheer'd those did o'er sorrows brood,
He passed away not understood,
Because no poet in his lays
Had penned a sonnet in his praise,
'Tis sad, but such is world's ways.

[Pg 170]

Humorous.

LAY OF THE SPRING.

Let others sing their favourite lay,
From early morn till close of day,
More useful themes engage our pen,
We sing the lay of our good hen.

For she doth lay each morn an egg,
And it is full and large and big,
Abroad she doth never travel,
Happy she when scratching gravel.

And she loud cackles songs of praise
Every morn when e'er she lays,
Proud she is when she finds pickings
For to feed her brood of chickens.

It greatly puzzled her one day
When she found white nest egg of clay,
She knew some one did trick play her,
For she was no brick layer.

Vain and stately male bird stalks,
Leading his hens along the walks,
Proudly each feather in his tail
Makes rival roosters for to quail.

Our muse now soars on feathery wing,
And cheerful it doth hail the spring,
Bringing the sunshine and showers,
Green grass and buds and leafy bowers.

So pleasant is the month of May,
When bushes shoot out blooming spray,
'Ere spring we're tired of winter's white,
Spring's varied colours do delight.

[Pg 171]

HIGH IN MASONRY.

Give me a board so I can trace on
How high I have gone as a mason,
Said worker on true square cut stone
Unto some knights of good St. John.

Each one of them could trace with
ease
The highest Masonic degrees,
Tell us how high then you have gone
They said to worker on cut stone.

Who said to their astonishment
To top of Washington monument,
I solemnly to you declare
And will swear to fact upon the square.

I there stood thirty-three degrees,
While the mercury did freeze,
And none of you will have desire
In masonry for to go higher.

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Tales.

TRAMP AND FISH.

A hungry tramp did long for dish,
And he stole a big bunch of fish,
But he full soon did come to grief,
He was quick captured as a thief.

And brought before the magistrate,
So judge he would pronounce his fate,
Judge asked him how he came by fish,
The thief said for them he did wish,

The best fish ever came from brook,
I own, my Lord, I did them hook,
Said constable, he speaks what's true,
And you must give the devil his due.

Then judge did constable rebuke,
He owns fish if he did them hook,
He has not broken any clause
I know of in our fishery laws.

Unless you can show this reason,
He has hooked them out of season,
Your duty you have thus mistook,
For man had right the fish to hook.

Fishing here it is not treason,
Him you had no right to seize on,
And when the poor man did fish hook,
He had a right the same to cook.

[Pg 173]

SEAL FISHING AND HUNTING.

Where frosts doth northern bays congeal,
There you will find the finest seal,
They do pursue them o'er each bay
From early dawn till close of day.

The Indians display great zeal,
Engaged in hunting of the seal,
And ladies love for to display
Their seal furs from this famous bay.

Most precious of all furs is seal,
Their flesh is good as finest veal,
And the seal it is a squatter,
Lives on either land or water.

The Indian boys happy feel,
When they capture the young seal,
They do seem so happy ever,
Sailing o'er each bay and river.

They train them their canoes to tow,
And o'er the waters merry go,
Full quick to right or left they wheel,
Guided by reins the docile seal.

Like lad on colt without a saddle,
These youths use no oar nor paddle,
But swift o'er water rushes keel,
For 'tis propelled by the fast seal.

To Uncle Sam we do appeal,
How can you own the whole sea's seal,
And at the same time claim our cod,
If from the shore a mile abroad.

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SNAKE AND ITS YOUNG.

There is a peculiar snake,
You might almost call it squatter,
It loves to dive in pond or lake,
At home on either land or water.

But it excited my good dog
To see small snakes bask in the sun,
Enjoying themselves on a big log,
Near into where the water run.

But their mother she was watching
Her numerous brood on the log,
She thought to them was danger hatching,
When she beheld myself and dog.

For she gave a hissing sound,
All her offspring to awake,
She ope'd her mouth and at a bound,
Down her throat did rush each snake.

I scarcely my own eyes could trust,
To see those small snakes disappear,
I really thought that she would burst,
For the sake of her offspring dear.

But I soon hid among the brakes,
To view the young ones leave their prison,
Will you believe this tale of snakes,
If I did count right just four dozen.

[Pg 175]

WHALE AND ITS FOES.

Six hundred miles north of Cape
Flattery,
On sea there seemed a floating battery,
And stream of blood did dye the water,
Sailors wondered what was the matter.

But they soon saw a great sword fish
With its bayonet make a quick rush,
Into which proved to be large whale,
And thrasher too did it assail.

The whale dived deep to save its life,
But thrasher eager for the strife,
Knew whale must rise for to get breath,
Then it would thrash the whale to death.

At last the great whale it arose,
And in distress it spouts and blows,
In anger sweeps its mighty tail,
Defensive weapon of the whale.

But thrasher high in air did leap,
And fell on monster of the deep,
The sword fish then it did advance,
And assaulted it with its lance.

Thus united foes soon do prevail,
And quick there floated a dead whale,
The thrasher now victorious winner,
From off the whale expected dinner.

But ship's crew they secured the prize,
Whale bone and blubber monster size,
Others fought but they only reap,
The spoils of mammoth of the deep.

[Pg 176]

TIGER AND ELEPHANT.

On Ganges banks roams the tiger,
And lion rules by the Niger,
Hunter heard shrill cry of peacocks,
In Indian jungles go in flocks.

And he saw tiger crouch and spring,
To crush a bird with beauteous wing,
But the tiger missed his aim,
And he hung his head with shame.

Then there came a mighty crush,
Of elephants rush through the bush,
The tiger cat-like crouched on ground,
And elephants rushed in with bound.

In front was baby elephant,
To crush its bones did tiger want,
But mother saw fierce forest ranger,
And she gave a cry of danger.

Leader of herd he madly rushed,
Resolved the tiger should be crushed,
But tiger strove to run away,
Willing to relinquish prey.

But when he found that he must fight,
On elephant's back he strove to light,
But elephant struck him with his foot,
And then with tusks he did him root.

So now once more must praise be sung,
To beasts who nobly fight for young,
And grateful feelings were now stirred,
Towards the leader of the herd.

[Pg 177]

STRANGE LIFE PRESERVER.

A sailor he was swept from deck,
In minute he seem'd as a speck,
Tossing on each briny wave,
They feared the sea would be his grave.

Though they full quickly launched the
boat,
They could not see where he did float,
He now was a long ways astern,
His whereabouts they could not learn.

But while he on the waves did toss,
He was seized by great Albatross,
Who had been looking round in quest
Of something whereon it could rest.^[1]

It hover'd o'er him with its wings,
And its great webb feet on him clings,
And it tore him with its sharp beak,

For it was longing for some steak.

But sailor seized it by the throat,
And found with ease he then could float,
So sailor's life was saved by loss
Of the life of the Albatross.

The boat's crew found him none too soon,
For he had fallen into a swoon,
Him they would not have come across
Had they not seen the Albatross.

And thus poor Jack his life was saved,
For fierce rage of bird he braved,
Though in a faint he still did cling,
One arm round neck and one round wing.

For as a friend he did hug close
That fine large bird the Albatross,
Sailors row comrade back to ship,
Where he relates his wondrous trip.

Sailors fear that many a cross^[I]
Will fall on crew kill Albatross,
This was slain in self defence,
And so no harm it came from thence.

"The lone Albatross incumbent on the air."

[I] According to E. A. Poe the Albatross sleeps in air.

[J] See Coleridge's Ancient Mariner for the calamity befell a crew for wantonly killing this bird.

VIRTUES OF A DIAMOND RING.

Of the strange virtues of a ring,
In simple strains we now will sing,
Brave warrior of ancient France,
Where danger was he did advance.

But he at last was struck by ball
And on the battle field did fall,
They dug for him a shallow grave
And slightly cover'd warrior brave.

But his servant man with warm heart,
Loathed with his master thus to part,
So he moved soil from where he lay
And found a lump of lifeless clay.

He turned away in sad despair,
That could not be his master fair,
That famed brave youth of noble birth,
Now all stained o'er with blood and earth.

As he begins to move away
The moon reflects on brilliant ray,
From diamond ring on dead man's finger
The servant now doth fondly linger.

For he knows it's his master's ring,
And hopes to life he may him bring,
In finger he discovers heat
And hopes his heart it still may beat.

Though surgeons they pronounce him dead,
For long he bathes his breast and head,
And slowly master did restore
To fight more brave than he had before.

And now this tale to close we bring,
Of warrior saved by a ring,
Full oft again to fight for king,

CHILD SAVED BY DOG.

Johnston he is an engineer,
He always looks if track is clear,
For he hath a keen eagle eye,
Danger afar he doth espy.

And he hath too a warm true heart,
Of others woes he shares a part;
One day he gazed far down the line,
And a large dog he could define.

So eager busy on the track,
In mouth it seemed to lift a pack,
But it oftentimes did fail
For to raise it o'er the rail.

The engineer put on his steam
And he loud made his whistle scream,
So that the dog would take alarm
And thus preserve his life from harm.

This noble dog, it feared not danger,
Fear to him it was a stranger,
His mistress child he wished to save,
And all the danger he would brave.

His last great effort did prevail,
He raised it safe beyond the rail,
Into a snug and hollow spot,
A place seem'd formed for a child's cot.

This dog of noble mastiff breed,
For his own safety took no heed,
But at approaching train did bark,
To make them to his troubles hark.

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The engineer did sad bewail,
To see the dog still on the rail,
A moment more the beast is slain,
Cut in two by the cruel train.

The engineer now shuts off steam
For to investigate the theme,
That caused the dog to die at post,
Finds to save child its life it lost.

Faithful in the cause of duty,
Saving life of little beauty,
A little darling three year old,
More precious than her weight in gold.

On track she wandered for to play,
But soon she in quiet slumber lay,
And all the efforts of old Towser,
Were not able to arouse her.

The mother now in agony wild,
Rushed down to train to find her child,
There she found it sweetly sleeping,
While some for faithful dog were weeping.

And a brave man was engineer,
For he himself knew not of fear,
But his heart was filled with pain,
Because the noble dog was slain.

[Pg 182]

LEACH THE ENGINEER.

The engineer who drives the train,
From scalds he oft doth suffer pain,
And they are more noble scars,
Than hirelings gain in foreign wars.

Our hero's name should live forever,
Train wrecked in Columbia River,
And fatal scalded was Frank Leach,
In mid the river far from beach.

Heroic deed it should be sung.
Though his flesh in ribbons hung,
He saw a man who could not swim,
And he resolved to rescue him.

And success his efforts crowned,
He saved the man from being drowned,
For him upon his back he bore,
And boldly swam with him to shore.

Heroic deed we now enroll,
And grave it deep on fame's scroll,
For this great truth we wish to teach,
High 'mong our heroes ranks Frank Leach.

When he had but short time to live,
His strength and skill he both did give,
His poor fellow man to save,
From laying in a watery grave.

The heroes oft in days of old,
Were those who hired to fight for gold,
But the true heroes we revere
Doth fight for home and country dear.

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JACKAL AND CHILD.

In the great Province of Bengal,
The scavenger is the Jackal,
For it doth love each night to feast,
On the carrion of some beast.

The stench of which pollutes the air,
But to this beast 'tis sweet and fair,
Carcass to it is source of wealth,
Jackals promote the public health.

When the "Seapoys" did rebel,
A strange adventure child befell,
An English Colonel and his wife,
They thought still distant was the strife.

And left their little girl at home,
While they to distant village roam;
And thus saved their lives from slaughter,
But rebels carried off their daughter.

Their servant woman, a Hindoo,
They knew her to be kind and true,
It almost drove her crazy wild,
To see them dragging off the child.

The Colonel soon he doth return,
And in his breast fierce rage doth burn,
He knows the child is doomed to die,
But he the rebels will defy.

So quick he doth gird on his sword,
And asks for blessings from the Lord,
He puts his pistols in their case,
And carries with him trusty brace.

Seapoys by the river side

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Left child to drown in rising tide,
But Jackal went there for water,
And spied the Colonel's daughter.

He knew the river soon would rise,
So quick he carried off the prize,
Though love for child he does not feel,
He only wants her for a meal.

He ran with her towards the south,
Carrying her in his broad mouth,
The Colonel had a strong desire
On this savage beast for to fire.

But from it he refrained for fear
The ball might strike his little dear,
He saw that brute was now weary
Running with his little dearie.

So he then quickly gave it chase,
And full soon then he gained the race,
The coward beast then dropped the child
And fled away in terror wild.

With joy Colonel he doth weep
When he finds babe is still asleep,
And on it neither scar nor trace
Can disfigure its fair face.

And now he takes it in his arms,
With joy and pride surveys its charms,
We fear that kisses did it smother
When he handed it to mother.

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LITTLE HERO.

'Mong silver hills of Nevada
There is many a wild bravado,
Who oft indulge in lawless vice,
And there are pearls of great price.

Rough hearts, but true at the core,
There is the genuine silver ore,
But it needs skill of the refiner
To find pure gems in the miner.

Far from their home two children stray,
Among the mountains far away,
The eldest of these travellers bold,
Jack Smith he was but six years old.

So far poor children went abroad,
That both at last they lost their road,
But their good dog the trusty Rover,
By scent and search doth them discover.

Their friends they search for them in vain,
Dark night comes on and heavy rain;
And savage wolves around them howl,
But they fear Rover's bark and growl.

On the third day the searchers hark
For sounds and they hear Rover's bark,
Joyous that boys were alive,
And that though feeble they survive.

Miners they left their silver ore,
And for more precious pearls explore,
And when the children they discover,
'Tis unbounded then their pleasure.

The eldest little hero bold
Had stripped his coat to keep the cold

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From little brother three years old,
A worthy deed should be extolled.

From home they were many a league,
And weak with hunger and fatigue,
Each clung upon a miner's back,
On their way home down mountain track.

GRAY HAIRS.

Once on a time a lady quarrelled
With the witty Douglass Jerrold,
Because that he had been so bold,
To hint that she was growing old.

She said her hair was dark 'till one day
She used an essence turned it gray,
O, yes, said he, tincture of time
Affects the hair in this our clime.

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GOOD SHOT.

At great reunion of the South,
Of those had faced the cannon's
mouth,
Where each could show a glorious scar
He had received in the war.

And there was an artillery major,
Said he, I am free to wager
I fired the best shot in the war,
And fame of it was heard afar.

The Federals fired at us a shell,
And near our battery it fell,
It gave us momentary alarm,
But it caused us little harm.

For the fuse it ceased to burn,
And I resolved shell to return
To the same spot from whence it came,
I put in fuse was sure to flame.

From mortar's mouth it went forth
Seeking for vengeance on the North,
And this swift messenger from South
It entered their great cannon's mouth.

And blew the gun all into atoms,
Which left desolate many homes,
But North had justice on her side.
In truth and virtue was her pride.

And high Heaven had well decreed
That the poor slave he should be freed,
And even the South doth prosper more
With freedom than she did before.

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LOST SON FOUND.

An English ship when homeward bound,
Near to its port was shipwrecked found,
For it had struck a sunken rock,
And was slowly sinking from the shock.

In port they quick did man life boat,
Which o'er tempestuous sea did float,
They rescued all the crew, save one,
And were content with what they done.

But they had not their captain, Harry,
Who on the shore was forced to tarry,
And knew not of the disaster,
So crew had worked without a master.

But when he heard of the shipwreck,
And that a man was left on deck,
He quickly hurried the boat's crew
For to again attempt his rescue.

But earnestly his old mother,
Reminded him of his lost brother,
Perhaps drowned in foreign sea,
She cried, son, stay and comfort me.

But wreck they reach and rescue man,
And thrill of joy o'er city ran,
When it was found 'twas Harry's brother,
Had returned to comfort mother.

Thus providence rewards the brave
Who strive their fellow men to save,
The mother's griefs it did assuage,
And happy now is her old age.

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SHOE BLACK.

Gent on sidewalk held out his foot
While boy in gutter brushed his boot,
But at this time, how sad, alas,
An unruly horse did o'er him pass.

The child for friends he sad did lack,
They said he was but a shoeblack,
Kind hearted man the poor child bore,
To a soft cot in back of store.

And brought from hospital ward
A skilful nurse the lad to guard,
She often listened for his breath,
As he was passing the vale of death.

But, poor child, once he ope'd his eyes,
And he looked round in great surprise,
Feebly he asked, heaving a sigh,
Where in the world now am I.

The tender nurse bent o'er his face,
And said, dear boy, you're in good place,
She asked his name, he said it was Tom,
And that for long he had no home.

And since his mother was stricken dead,
He had not once reposed in bed,
And while suffering child did rack,
He eagerly asked will mother come back.

The nurse she gently answered, no,
But, to your dear mother you can go,
In his last sleep he had a dream,
Shining up boots it was his theme.

He soon awoke and called out, mother,
I see you and little brother,
Christ, I know, has me forgiven,
For they are beckoning me to Heaven.

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DUCK AND OYSTER.

Once on a time there lived a duck,
And by its fishing it did thrive;
So one day it longed to suck
An oyster and for one did dive.

The oyster near shore lay open,
The duck, its gizzard for to fill,
Resolved that he would pop in
Between the shells his sharp bill.

And then he would have glorious treat,
But oyster closed on it its shell,
And duck it got no oyster meat,
But worse than that the duck befell.

This oyster was so very large,
It held the duck's head under water,
And towed small oysters like a barge,
Each one clung to it like squatter.

Duck it died of too much moisture,
And it floated towards the beach,
And to its bill clung big oyster,
Sticking to it like a horse leach.

On the shore there stood a shyster,
Watching fat duck floating to him,
And the wondrous big oyster,
How fine it would be to stew them.

Alas the duck lost its dinner,
And at the same time lost its life,
But on it dined a hungry sinner,
Who did reap all the spoils of strife.

For when the duck to land did float,
It towed small oysters not a few,
For it sailed like to a boat,
With fat duck pie and oyster stew.

None can the poor duck's fate bewail,
For it reckoned without its host,
It strove for conquest and did fail,
Fighting for spoil it battle lost.

You see the wild duck did not know,
When it attacked the big oyster,
It had to fight a numerous foe,
Of these shell fish a whole cluster.

Borne feathers on briny billow,
They were full of springy down,
And they made a glorious pillow,
Where fellow he could rest his crown.

This chap he did not plow nor sow,
But from sea and land he did reap
The wealth that others caused to grow,
And thus he treasures up did heap.

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BABY DARLING.

A miner in California mine,
For his distant home he did repine,
In a far off Eastern state,
Where did live his own dear mate.

And one great source of all his joy,
His little darling baby boy,
One night to drive his cares away

To concert hall his footsteps stray.

And loud resounding o'er the hall,
He heard a little boy squall,
The sweetest music he e'er heard,
Sweeter far than singing bird.

For his thoughts it caused to roam,
To his distant eastern home,
Near to the mine there were no trace
Of baby dear or woman's face.

When violinist with his bow
Did make exquisite music flow,
The miner he did loudly bawl
Stop fiddle and let baby squall.

My sad heart his cries doth cheer,
Reminding me of my own dear,
For sooner I would him behold,
Than if I found a mine of gold.

For what are all the joys of life,
So far away from child and wife,
But few more months I will stay here
Then join my wife and baby dear.

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RIDING AN AVALANCHE.

With our Canadian snow shoes,
O'er snow you walk where'er you choose,
But on long shoes Norwegian
They are like narrow toboggan.

And all your movements you control
By the aid of a stout long pole,
With it you balance or propel
But we show now what once befell.

Two miners full of pluck and game,
Wished to locate a mining claim,
On a high steep mountain crest
In Colorado of the West.

Though snow was deep they would attempt
Their good mine for to pre-empt,
So up the mountain they do climb,
Covered o'er with snow and rime.

Norwegian shoes slide over the snow,
High and higher still they go,
One was two hundred yards ahead,
Till snow gives way where he doth tread.

Which quickly starts an avalanche,
He seizes on a stout tree branch,
But all in vain he rushes fast,
His snow shoes in the avalanche.

His friend on shoes Norwegian,
Like lightning down the hill he ran,
Or rather o'er the ice did glide
Down the long steep and glassy slide.

And after him the Avalanche,
Tearing up trees both root and branch,
The man on Avalanche doth yell
To his friend you are doing well.

With your shoes Norwegian,
Swifter than a toboggan,
Go on, go on, you'll win the race,
For we are slack'ning in our pace.

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But, alas! poor runner feels
The Avalanche doth touch his heels,
Shall he be buried in the mass,
Or will the vast pile o'er him pass.

He stops quite sudden 'neath a rock,
It passed o'er him with mighty shock,
Though it did cause him great alarm,
Yet still he was all safe from harm.

The Avalanche yet downward slides,
And his friend on it he rides,
Until it safely him doth launch
On outer edge of his own ranch.

After three miles down the gulch,
They both might have been crushed to
mulch,
The one he seemed to run a race,
While one on Avalanche did chase.

But it was not for bravado,
One rode, one run in Colorado,
For it was desperate the strife
Each had for to secure his life.

This tale of shoes Norwegian
Is not for the collegian,
But for such youths as do take pride
In reading of a wondrous slide.

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FINAL ADDRESS TO OUR PATRONS.

To those who have so cheerfully subscribed for our poetic works at this early stage, and whose names have been obtained in this town, we feel ourselves deeply indebted, and it affords us great pleasure to record their names:—Dr. McKay, M.P.P.; Thomas Seldon, mayor; Joseph Gibson, postmaster; Dr. Williams, reeve; Walter Mills, Wm. Ewart, Thomas Brown, George Brown, Dr. Dickson, G. Alderson, William Watterworth, Dr. Canfield, James Smith, Peter Stuart, A. Grant, W. Partlo, Noxon Bros., Samuel, Stephen, T. H. and W. R. Noxon, C. E. Chadwick, J. A. Richardson, C. Simpson, James Brady, Peter Kennedy, M. T. Buchanan, W. A. Sudworth, C. Kennedy, H. Brooke, A. Pearson, John R. Warnock, Evans Piano Company, James Kirby, Dr. Carroll, Stephen King, D. Kerr & Co, W. Underwood, M. Walsh, J. S. Smith, W. McBain, James McKay, John Boles, J. E. Boles, J. C. Norsworthy, James Stevens, Angus McLeod, G. A. Turner, David White, James Sinclair, A. Murdoch, W. Woolson, William Dundass, James Badden, W. H. Jones, A. N. Christopher, G. A. Rose, L. Thompson, James Chambers, J. W. Marsden, Dr. Kester, A. D. Hoagg, W. C. Bell, F. Richardson, H. Richardson, John Morrow, O. E. Robinson, J. F. Morrey, W. Thompson, W. Gibson, G. H. Sharp, W. Hook, D. Secord, N. H. Bartley, W. Beckes, H. D. McCarty, John Ross, J. T. Malone, James H. Noe, L. Noe, G. Bloor, C. Bloor, T. H. Barraclough, T. F. Fawkes, J. Stephenson, J. H. Berry, Paul Berry, Hault Manufacturing Co., Dr. Walker, H. E. Robinson; T. H. Torren, W. Briden, John Birss, David Garlick, William Noxon, W. A. Knox, C. R. Patience, E. H. Hugill, J. A. Young, D. I. Sutherland, D. M. Sutherland, W. Thompson, R. McNiven, E. Livens, E. M. Walker, H. R. Cotton, D. W. Augustine, R. Gemmell, C. W. Waldron, J. W. Browett, R. H. Young, G. F. Clark, G. F. Mason, G. R. Thompson, W. A. Sinclair, W. Moore, James Kay, E. Caldwell, W. Davidson, G. McBurney, John Husband, R. A. Skinner.

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Our dairy friends whose names appear on [page 68](#) responded almost unanimous and the cheese buyers Messrs. Riley, Cook and Simister, manifested a similar spirit. To Podmore and Wilson of Grant & Co. we are also indebted. Several ex-wardens of the county are on our list, and James Sutherland, M.P., B. Hopkins, Gordon Cook, T. R. Mayberry, G. Walker, R. Wilson, J. C. Harris, W. Nancekivell, G. Chambers, R. Mayberry, Andrew Mitchell and J. H. Rowse, are among our country friends, and those prominent cheesemakers Ireland and Wooliever.

But as the printers are awaiting this sheet we must now close this list.

Now to our friends who proved so true,
We bid you for short time adieu.

Those who may wish to procure a copy of this book will receive one neatly bound in cloth, with postage prepaid thereon, by remitting us One Dollar.

JAMES McINTYRE, &
Jingress, Canada.

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Transcriber's Notes

No changes were made, unless noted.

[Page 6](#)

(And you'r a poet yet.) A short version for you're.

[Page 27](#) and [60](#)

(Mingling with St. Lawrance motion,). Spelling as shown. St. Lawrence in other poems.

[Page 38](#)

(when we used the smooth plain,). Possible typo for plane.

[Page 47](#)

(D Arcy McGee,). May be D'Arcy.

[Page 81](#)

(Which had grown from the seed). Changed whih to which.

[Page 85](#)

(But none e're fell in love with Ruth,). Perhaps e'er rather than e're.
('Tis seldom she e're feels alarm,). Same.

[Page 89](#)

(Wilmot of fish culutre fame,). Possible typo for culture.

[Page 120](#)

(The brilliant pasionate Byron,). Possible typo for passionate.

[Page 140](#)

(His wierd wonderful romances). May be weird.

[Page 144](#)

(Where fish are propogate by Green,). Possibly propagate.

[Page 169](#)

(glorying in his typewriter). Changed typewiter to typewriter.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS OF JAMES MCINTYRE ***

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