Jacques Cartier.

How grand the adventurous days of old
When half the world was yet untold
When men looked out upon the deep
And dreamed as we do but in sleep;
Dreamed of far lands, where gems & gold
Lay on the white sea sands untolled,—
Of rivers slid on golden sands
Where spice trees hung on either hand.—
'Twas then three ships their sails unfurled
To seek the newly found, new world
Small as they were none then could say
They'd shape a country's destiny,
But on the foremost floated high
Jacques Cartier's pennon gainst the sky
That flag had crossed the seas before
And waved by many an unknown shore.

Day sinking in th' illumined west
Lights every rolling bellow's crest
As with gay songs the seamen free
Their sails, upon the open sea.

+ + + + +

'Tis night, the stars hang thick on high
And glassy waves reflect the sky.
Three ships lie rocking on the deep
And the wild sea seems hushed to sleep.
The seamen sleep & some return,
In dreams to where their firesides burn
While others in their thoughts explore
The treasures of some unknown shore.

+ + + + + +

Dark clouds are rushing from the north
Pregnant with storm, and thunder forth
Their rage that man should dare invade,
The sea where they so oft have played.

And bounding on the hungry waves
To drag the ships to ocean graves.
While the mad winds without control
Rush unopposed from pole to pole,
The ships rush on amid the storm
With fear, & dreadful darkness borne
Plunging before the furious blast
While every plunge appears the last.

\+ + + + +

Dawn breaks across the pulsing deep
And night's black pinions westward sweep
Morn lights with gold the pointed mast
On the white sails its beams are cast
The sleepy steersman marks the sun
That shows his weary watch is done
And then he eastward turns his eyes
His face lights up with glad surprise
"Land! Land! awake the land's in view
Far in the distance looming blue!"
Then with a rush from down below
Comes the glad crew; and from the glow
Each with his brown hand shades his eyes
And for himself the land descries.
Now with glad shouts some shake the air
While others bend in thankful prayer.
And all day long the ship doth ring
With song, & joy drowns everything;
Till when the sun goes down to rest
Mid the red curtains of the west
They float beside a pine clad shore
Where on black rocks the billows roar
And coasting onward soon they find
The shelter of a haven kind
Shut in by rocks & just before
There spreads a little bow of shore. —
The red man peering through the trees
Sees the great ship but scarce believes

So silently it nears the shore
Without the splash of dipping oar,
But when the crew with joyful shout
Throw the long useless anchor out.
He thinks of monsters from the deep,
Of evil spirits seen in sleep;
He turns, & through the forest flies
Silent, to where his wigwam lies.

Then rest they there a little space,
And though 't was but a rocky place
After the turmoil of the sea.
It seems to them all heavenly.
They pluck the may-flower neath the trees,
And revel in the perfumed breeze;
They climb with joy each neighbouring hill,
And drink from every secret rill.
Till when the other ships appear,
They set their sails, & westward steer. —
Then they sailed by many islands,
Rocky islets, fringed with trees,
On whose rocks forever jabber
Warblets, driven by the breeze.
Till they reached the broad St Lawrence
Where it mingles with the sea,
Where its banks are blue & distant
Ebbing flowing ceaselessly.
'Twas the river which beforehand
From the red men Cartier knew
And its flood they said flowed westward
Passing any human view.
But some thought its sources bubbled
In the cavern of the west,
Where the sun retires each evening
In the islands of the blest. —
Westward! Westward, ever West-ward
Tacking on from side to side

Blue

Where the mountains rise in clusters
With their feet beneath the tide,
Till again they dropped their anchor,
Where the Saguenay's dark tide
Stretches up among the mountains
Hung with cliffs at either side.
There at Tadousac they rested
In the little rock girt bay
Mountains crowding up around it
Dark with pines at highest day.
On those waters fished the indian
Hunted deer among the hills
And when they had been successful
Slept away all cares & ills. —

Once again the sails were set,
And yielding to the favouring wind,
They shot out on the St Lawrence
Left the mountain's gloom behind.
Passed they then where green clad islands
Lie asleep upon the stream,
Where the woods are thick, & silent,
And among them brooklets gleam.
Till soon Cape Diamond's cliffs arise
Tall rugged rocks against the skies.
As if a manitou in war
Had torn it from some mountain far.
Had thrown it there upon the ground,
Had traced the river's course around,
And there his enemies defied,
And dared their strength to cross the tide. —
Where at its foot a village lay
Dark in its shadow all the day.
They stayed, & made the cliffs resound
With joyful cannon's thundering sound.
Full often since, that rock of fame
Has belched its mingled shot & flame

How often round its steepy side,
Has rolled the conflict's dangerful tide.
But then, all peacefully it stood
Reflected in the untroubled flood;
And in canoes the red men came
Singing, with fruit, & flesh, & game,
And laid them at the traveller's feet,
That they the country's food might eat.
And Donnacona, lord & king
Did offerings & presents bring. —
But still the ardent traveller's pressed
Into the dim & unknown west,
In boats they stemmed the river's tide,
And rowed along its tree clad side;
And when at eve their work was done,
They gazed upon the setting sun,
In thought preceded their slow course,
And traced the mighty river's source.
Till after many days of toil,
They came to where mad waters boil,
Hurrying, surging, on their way,
Fill all the quivering air with spray.
No longer could their journey go
Nor pass the rushing rapid's flow.
No further could the adventurous band
Explore the far extending land. —
Then came the red men as before
With song & dance upon the shore.
And offered flesh, & fish, & maize,
And sung wild sonnets in their praise.
Then Cartier through the forest-old
They led, to where their great strong hold
Their village, fortified around
Lay in a circle of tilled ground.
They brought him to the centre square
And laid gay mats of grasses rare,
The chief was brought, infirm & old

Dual school
Thal-

And shuddering with an agnish cold.
That Cartier's hands might on him rest
And cure him was his strange request.
He, wondering, chafed his limbs & prayed
That God & Mary would him aid.
Then Cartier asked if they would guide
Him up the neighbouring mountain's side.
They led him through the woods of oak,
Where chattering squirrels silence broke,
Where glossy acorns ~~silence~~ lay around
And autumn leaves sailed to the ground,
Till by a devious path, they came
To where the loftmost maples flame
In gorgeous hues of red & gold,
That all the craggy summit infold.
And standing on the rugged side
They view the prospect stretching wide.—
Far on the westward river lay
Like molten gold, the dying day,
Far to the east the waters glide
Till lost in twilight's swelling tide:
While all around, on either hand
Spread the broad, silent, tree-clad land;
And in the distance far & blue
Long swelling mountains close the view.

Darkly against the glowing sky,
Stood Cartier pondering silently,
The red men stood as silent round,
Or stretched their length upon the ground.
They saw not in that setting sun,
The sign that their long day was done;
Saw not the night of dreadful war
With pale faced strangers from afar;
Nor could they see the dearer dawn
That broke, when all they loved was gone.

Now, where the forest trees then spread
And all was silent as the dead;
The busy hum of thousands rise
And churches pointing to the skies,
O'er all the vast & smiling plain,
Stand homes amid a sea of grain.
Great vessels plough the unchanging stream,
Whose paddles move by pressed steam
And where the Indian wigwams lay,
Stretches a city, vast & grey.—
Say you no stone, of Cartier's name
Blazons the never dying fame?
Yon mighty sculpture, riding high
Towers darkly up against the sky?—
Look round!— could any wealth, or gold,
Purchase this land, of worth untold?—
This, Ross, his record to the world
A banner that can n'er be furled!

George M. Dawson

Poem on Jaques Cartier

Written as a prize Essay
while at McGill as a partial student
in 18 — First year he was too young
to attend classes — Dr Leach was delighted
with this poem saying it was the best he
ever received from a student

Dr. George Dawson

West

Scene
Dr Dawson's Library
May 30 - 1881

A group of poets!!! hard at work
Who "cool the air with sighs"
Searching for rhymes that will not come
For thoughts that will not rise.

They look with envy at the "chair"
Whose rhymes flow like a rill,
The "divine afflatus" has seized his soul
And he grinds them out at will.

Our eyes with "frenzy fine" may roll
But not poetic fire
Our hair in wild confusion fall
And still no muse inspire.

"Poets" we're told are "born not made"
Why then this labour vain?
Why can't we send our thoughts in prose
And look more calm & sane?

The "Literary" now aspires
Her absent ones to greet
And send to both the East & West
An answer, apt and meet.

Westward, she ~~looks~~ sees across the plains
A River banked with mud,
Where one poor member pines away
Upon Missouri's flood.

Eastward, she looks across the wave
And searches a well-known form,
Midst uncongenial company
Disconsolate & forlorn.

That she may soothe these troubled minds
Is now her earnest hope,
And to the sets her brains to work
The heavenly muse to invoke.

What though her efforts are in vain
To raise this muse divine
We send our greetings all the same
In disconnected rhyme

May 30th

My dear Dr George,

I am told we're to send
a few lines of greeting to our
absent friend,
To thank him for writing this
chat his nice letter,
About which we agreed that it
couldn't be better.
But as we're to have of minutes
but ten
Pray don't expect much, as I
have got the pen
Of what someone calls, "that of a
ready writer"
This is very bad rhyme but I know
you're polite
Than to laugh & make fun of
a lady's endeavor

Especially when it's to give you
some pleasure).
We feel very sad, & think it a
scandal
That we are no greater light
than ~~from~~ a tallow candle,
(This is a metaphor merely you see,
Taken from your own letter to "we")
The least thing therefore that you
can do
Is to bring your own light into view,
Not hide it behind a bushel
(of sand?)
But try to illumine that dismal
land.
The time is up, & I own this to be
From your insignificant friend,
M. C.

Written "calamo currente" at
a meeting of Ye Literary, May 1881.

To Master George Dawson, this couplet,
greeting.—

1. Your very good news
Drove away all the blues
That had settled down on the old Club;
And I hope that this letter
Which might have been better
You will not throw away or 'Sir Snub'.

2. As I now gaze around—
A murmuring sound
Distracts me but that is no matter—
I see Mr Charles Fleet
Still a lark very sweet
Twitting amidst the great clatter

3. Miss Greenfield is writing
Miss Badley is biting
Her pencil in stern task of duty

While some Mistress
Is admiring a Steady
Lady, which once was a beauty.

4. Our friend Miss S. Lennox
Will not be outdone
By some abstruse point she is
Searching,
While Mr J. Nelson
Who will get his dole soon
Deserves a thought good birching.

5. He keeps talking to me
And behaves shamefully
When he ought to be writing to you:
Mr Nicoll's begun
Mr Heath's nearly done
While ~~Miss~~ some thus sweet taste
Quite escher.

6. Now, my dear Mr George
I am on a real forge

And cannot ring out much more rime;
But don't play these pranks
On those horrid mud-banks
Where Mississippi rolls down his grey slime.

—

7. My weary brain
I tax in vain
To solve your awful sum
The weather changes —
& poets' ranges
Are just whatever 'll come.

—

8. You are a dreamer
On board that steamer
And think like a sage of old Greece
Your letter is dear
To us and we cheer —
(The Chair has no power to appease)

9. I am and remain quite dry
And will wish you good bye
Look after your body and soul, Sir;

And be very wary
of the Heathen Chinee
And come back here smiling and whole,
Sd.

Yrs HM

if it will not
work out proper-
ly I hope you will
be reasonable
enough to tell
us so & don't lose
any time as it is
bad for our brains
to be working hope-
lessly over insol-
uble problems -
I hope the scen-
ery is less mud-
dy now & the
funeral atmosphere
not quite so intolerable
as when you wrote &
so. We are glad your hair
cut & your drink so
refreshing. We so
are expecting Oren.
Bronson. We do
not see the Clyde so
per chance you can

Dear Mr Dawson

It was very nice of you to remember the library & we all were very glad to hear from you. I cannot truthfully say I was able to cope with your problem tho' I tried hard to do so. I wonder if you have found it out yet

and if you do let us know

I wonder - we shall look forward to your return

Robert & you will have a delightful summer

Thanking you again for the letter

Yours sincerely

Ethel Mitchell

The Literary
Monday evening
date unknown

Dear Mr. Wilkinson –

Surrounded by the members of the Club – my paper supported on a volume of Disraeli surely some happy inspiration should come to my pen – or rather my pencil – or rather still Mr. Redpath's pencil for my instrument is a borrowed one. –

We have just been hearing some most reasonable ideas of Disraeli on the subject of matrimony wh. I never heard before – I think it was new to the club also judging from the exclamations of astonishment – horror &c &c wh. burst ~~tr~~ tumbling tarile from the

different members. — I hope you are having a tolerably pleasant time — your letter sounded very gay — so unless you are smothering your real feelings to a disgraceful extent we must conclude you are very jolly in spite of curled up risers & Thursday Banks. — you will hear — (Pause here for Ice-cream) — all about the picnic from Eva — it was most enjoyable — the only drawback to our pleasure being the heat wh. was quite quite too muchly & a little misunderstanding about the boats wh. prevented the actual picnic from taking place on the island though we did go over afterwards. — we did not forget to think of Tumtum and Lilt-lil-ha-wa & wished you had been there this is my bow wh. should

accompany this last remark; —
wh. I hope is not of such a flatter ing
nature — as to impair your moral
tone. — You would laugh if
you could see this room — Mr.
Nichols in the distance at the
dining table inditing verses &
all down the sides of the room
earnest literary figures bending
over different sheets of your
epistle — dont let this budget
interfere with your observa-
tion of the moon &c if it ar-
rises in the evening — we
should not like to draw you
away from the path of duty even
through such an edifying medium
& besides if you neglect the heavenly
bodies you might lose your
earthly path & get all tangled
up in the rivers — prairies &c &c
a sudden call for the letters
so good bye Yours sincerely
Farewell Isabella B. Greenshields

G. M. Dawson Esq.

We meet once more, companions
Have fraught
With mingled joy & sorrow,
Oh would that our poor
muse were taught
Expression fit, to borrow
From those whose ready
words can frame
Their thoughts in language proper
Our words would seem less
poor and tame
Less like unto the copper
Which we fear our efforts would
Too aptly be compared
when ~~we~~ bring thy fair golden flow
Of Eloquence which dared

The stormy elements to come
and cheer us to the last
To pass our lonely hearts like some
Fair vision of the past.

Ah friend, most really do
we grieve
That thou canst not be near us
Yet joy that thou dost
still yet conceive
A thought to send & cheer us.

We know our memories
retain
A kindly wish that
Could bring thee

A.D.V.

D. 2.

D. S.

Received Robin from
Lebrecy Club / 88 / May 30

MONT
CA

Dr Geo. Dawson
Fort McLeod
N. W. Territory
via Fort Benton
Montana U.S.A

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11 29 5

Sat 11 [illegible]

Dear Dawson

Irrespective to your graphic geographical alphabetical communication, I feel impelled to take my pencil in hand hoping this will find you in good health as the same leaves me, likewise the club in council assembled – bar the heat. The very speech of your officium was gratifying to the pecuniary "literati" dealing as it did, with the cool & verdant mind of th Muscovite. Dawson!! Bugs of June are on us. Have you seen Roaring Ma there boundless prairies herds of there moneless? If you have not you will not be able fully to appreciate the cheerful sight of Sicalbs in the war-path. To explain the whole picture graphically

its necessary to playing - by & following on to audience or alphabet the problem - we will call the "Bug" - the well known quantity + insert the after-then being "paid for money" & 7m have needles before the Bug or after the Bug as for above - check out the common quantity + BUG = BUG -

Time is up

"More anon"

C. J. Dick

ROBERTSON & FLEET,
ADVOCATES.
28 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Montreal, June 17 1881

Dear Dawson

"Officially" I enclose you letters addressed to you by the Club, the Evening your effusion was read. – As I would like to send you something more than a line, & am pressed for time today, I will send you a letter in my private capacity later on

C. F. F.

ROBERTSON & FLEET,
ADVOCATES,
28 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Montreal, June 11 1881

Dear Dawson "Affectionately" yours also for Mr. Ten authors at Toronto to the Chief, to Mary. Your children were very - I hurriedly write I send you something more than a line. I am pressed for time today, but will write a letter in reply to your welcome letter so soon as I.

My love! Dear [illegible] loved
So long ago
You chose your path & went another
way
I was rich not great, & told you so
But in my love to you could never
stray.
With in me rose, I knew, some tide
of the divine
Long purpose of the world, some pulse
of that great heart
That rules. Had you been mine
It seemed we might have lived a
life apart
Here breathed some air all consecrate
& true,
Inviolate & pure; your love & me
& mine alone & you.
But that may be no more, time past
is dead.
When last you turned left mine, that
tower

We two were parted, never
understood
That turned two drops upon the
mountain ridge
Of some great continent was greater
bad.
Our lives diverged & ever wider spaces
spread all between, & far
Far from our childhood's place
We drift ~~[illegible]~~ & drift, & soon
left in mourning
To me it seemeth ~~lost in [illegible] sands~~
~~while I touch but impotate rocks~~
are lost. While I, touching the barren
rocks
Go onward through grey lands
To that great sea that looks ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
The habitable world in one embrace.
God grant we three may some day
meet & face to face
For ~~[illegible]~~ but one love for me & one
for you
& in some flux of time this meant return
as truth is true.

Oh yes! There's plenty golden hair
But none so purely gold
As that which floated on the air
By me, in days of old.

Oh yes! There's many a winning smile
But none so dear to me
As that I sometimes could beguile
From her, across the sea.

Bright eyes may dance or downward turn
Reflect the night, or azure sky
May coldly glance or warming burn
But they will never make me sigh.

Euripides.—

"θάλασσα κλύζει πάντα
τάντα τάνθρώπων κακά"

"The Sea washes off all the woes of men".

+

Life hath no joy
naught but abiding sorrow
Death hath this word to say
Be there no morrow

I care nothing for her personally now, I think. By this time she is no doubt a stout middle-aged party who finds with regret that she must add to the girth of her zone every year; but in her apotheosis my youth was buried. — I am fifty now & have been an old man for twenty years. So my story is retrospective & reconciliation & orange blossoms, & end in the high-happy-sorrowful style, but a reminiscence of defeat & the tale of the extinction of a soul — such as it was.

X

So, worn by age, he lies there – dead,
and all the weary lines of stress
That grew upon his face have fled.
Once more, a after half-success,
His brow is confident & clear,
And sure & strong, amid white hair,
But as in some ~~long~~ past early year.
He lies there pondering destiny.
And unperturbed & ~~calm~~ still
~~I am his son.~~
Toil passed & all before him clear.
I am his son.

X

The end has come — the mind that sought to know
The very secret & true soul of things,
~~Sees~~ Is now in all its courses spent & stayed
By dark intolerable death with sable wings.

And yet, beyond, it seems he must awake;
As in some ancient city, with the ~~light~~ Light ~~dawn~~
The note of unfamiliar bells upon the ~~early~~ dawn
Speaks to the pilgrim coming overnight.

T. D. FORM 2.

LWAY COMPANY'S TELEGRAPH.

en by this Company are subject to the following terms:

the following message and this Company that the said Company shall not be liable for or deliver, or from any error in the transmission or delivery of an unrepeated telegram, ts servants or otherwise, or from delays from interruption in the working of its lines, for or for errors from illegible writing, beyond the amount received for sending same. ill repeat back any telegram for an extra payment of one-half the regular rate, and in es beyond fifty times the amount received for sending and repeating.

messages can be insured by contract in writing, stating agreed amount of risk, and owing rates, in addition to the usual charge for repeating messages, viz.:—One per 00 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance.

r the act or omission of any other Company, but will endeavor to forward the telegram ry to reaching its destination, but only as the agent of the sender, and without liability ponsible for messages until the same are presented and accepted at one of its transmitting by one of the Company's messengers, he acts for that purpose as the sender's agent; if ent of the sender, being authorized to assent to these conditions for the sender. This me be claimed in writing, within sixty days after receipt of the telegram for transmis-

JENKINS, SUPT., Winnipeg, Man. J. WILSON, SUPT., Vancouver, B. C.
R PINGLE, SUPT., Toronto, Ont. JAMES KENT, SUPT., Montreal, Que.

TIME SENT.	TIME FILED.	CHECK.

ct to the above terms, which are hereby agreed to:

189

E AND AGREEMENT AT T

X

all fails — The tide of
life runs down;
The long hope of a better
day sinks into night —
Or in the west — light fades
in sombre tones of grey:
Then welcome death. — Not with
a keen delight —
But with that rest which his
in endless night —
abiding sleep —

X

He had great love for this green world ~~[illegible]~~,
For growing things & for the lightly day.
He did not fear to die, but in his soul
abhorred death & all its disarray
& night & loss & lapse into decay.

To plant & ~~[illegible]~~ tend, to pray & toil
& seek increase from barren soil
To see the germ, the leaf, the flower
& ~~[illegible]~~ look for harvests to fling towards
was his strong life.

He was a tower of strength to us, who were his sons
~~His children~~

He knew his task would be relieved
When God willed
& that by other hands his garden
must be tilled

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S TELEG

All Messages taken by this Company are subject to the following terms:

It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company that the said Compan for damages arising from failure to transmit or deliver, or for any error in the transmission or delive telegram, whether happening from negligence of its servants or otherwise, or for delays from interrup of its lines, for errors in cypher or obscure messages, or for errors from illegible writing, beyond the a sending same. To guard against errors, the Company will repeat back any telegram for an extra pay regular rate, and in that case it shall not be liable for damages beyond fifty times the amount recei repeating.

Correctness in the transmission of messages can be insured by contract in writing, stating agreed payment of premium thereon, at the following rates, in addition to the usual charges for repeating m per cent. for any distance not exceeding 1,000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance.

This Company shall not be liable for the act or omission of any other Company, but will endea telegram by any other Telegraph Company necessary to reaching its destination, but only as the agent without liability therefor. This Company shall not be responsible for messages until the same are pres one of its transmitting offices; if a message is sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, he acts for that pur ent; if by telephone, the person receiving the message acts therein as agent of the sender, being authorized to assent to t e sender. This Company shall not be liable in any case for damages unless the same be claimed in writing, within sixty d the telegram for transmission. No employee of the Company shall vary the foregoing.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, PRESIDENT.
CHAS. R. HOSMER, MANAGER TELEGRAPHS.

B. S. JENKINS, SUPT., Winnipeg, Man.
HOMER PINGLE, SUPT., Toronto, Ont.

J. WILSON, SUPT
JAMES KENT, SU

SENT NO.	SENT BY	REC'D BY	TIME SENT	TIME FILED	CHECK

Send the following Message, subject to the above terms, which are hereby agreed to:

TO

READ THE NO CE AND AGREEMENT AT T

Say you no stone of Cortez's name
Blazons the never dying fame?
Or mighty sculpture rising high
Towers darkly up against the sky? —
Look round! — could any wealth, or gold,
Purchase this land, of ~~wealth~~ untold?
~~This then the marble that shall hold~~
~~His name~~ for always in marks of gold!

2 {This then ~~is~~ his record to the world
a banner then can never be furled!

3 {~~This then the marble that shall keep~~
~~His name, nor let his memory sleep~~

G. M. Dawson

Poem on
Fortune Cortez
1869

Then came the Indians (red men) as before ~~red men to the shore~~
With song and dance upon the shore. ~~and as before~~
and offered flesh ~~meat~~ and fish and maize
and sung wild sonnets in their praise
Then Cartier ~~to their~~ through the forests old
They led, to where their great stronghold
Their village fortaqua around
Lay in a circle of tilled ground.
They brought him to its central square—?
and layed gay mats of grasses rare
The chief was brought infirm and old
and shuddering with an aguish cold.
That Cartier's hands might on him rest
and cure him was his strong request.
Chafed his wrapping limbs, with prayer ~~& rubbed~~
That God and Mary would ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~and~~ then Cartier he asked if they would guide
him, up the neighbouring mountain's side.
They led him through the woods of oak
Where chattering squirrels the silence broke,
Where glossy acorns ~~[illegible]~~ lay around
and Autumn leaves sailed to the ground. —? autumn
Till by a devious path, they came
To where the tophroot maples flame
In gorgeous hues of red and gold
That all the craggy mount enfold.
and standing on the rugged side
They view the prospect stretching wide.

Far on the westward river lay
Like molten gold, the dying day,
Far to the east its waters glide
Till lost in twilights swelling tide.
While all around on either hand
Lay the broad, silent, tree-clad land.
And in the distance, far and blue
Long swelling mountains closed the view

Sadly against the glowing sky
~~The stood, and pondering silently,~~ stood centre pondering
The red men stood as silent around
Or stretched their length upon the ground
They saw not in that setting sun
The sign that their long day was done; That their day too, was done
Saw not the night of dreadful war
With pale faced strangers from afar;
Nor could they see the clearer dawn
That broke when all they loved was gone,

Now, where then the forest trees then spread
And all was silent as the dead;
The busy hum of thousands rise
And churches pointing to the skies,
Or all the vast and smiling plains,
Stand homes among a sea of grains.
Great vessels plough the unchanging stream
Whose paddles move with prisoned steam.
And where the indian wigwam village lay,
Stretches a city vast and grey

I wrote her name on the white sea sand
as the waves came rippling on
They rubbed it out with their silent hands
But the memory was not gone

For the winds take up what the wavelets say
& are wafted across the seas
And they whisper the word that they cannot speak
To the many-longued trees

And the trees translate what the winds have told
And babble it to & fro
Till my love hears the word from she knows not where
As she walks in the shade below

S. M. D.

"O vita! misero longa felici brevis."

When happiness is near, Oh life! how short thy day.
When wretchedness and fear, Oh! why dost thou delay?

Oh! cruel time why dost thou cut so short the days of joy?
And yet thy power, in lengthening years of misery employ?

When aught is worth the living for, life flies;
While many a weary wretch, for death sigh dies.

Life is a paradox,
When bright with happiness it speeds away,
When gloomy with despair makes longest stay.

Oh life! to happiness, how short thy stay,
And yet to misery, an endless day.

G. M. Dawson

C

Days of old so fully pleasure
Days gold so void of pain
Comes your memory like the measure
Of some well remembered strain.
Like the music heard in dreamland,
Sweet & sad, but full & strong
Like a tide of calm deep water
All the olden memories throng

Sadness fills my soul — & longing,
Longing, deep & strong, but vain
For those paths of youth & childhood
We may never tread again
~~[illegible]~~ By the ways that lead us gently
Through bright childhoods dreams & play
Through its warm, dim, woods of story fancy
Now we never more may stray.

Oh my heart! Thou beatest wildly
When I think of friends of yore
Of the warm true love that bound us
? (Of the daily love that bound us)
Scattered now on every shore

What If Childhoods Dreams have
vanished.
Those old bonds of love still hold
& shall bind our souls together
When the universe is grow cold. —

Ella D

Jan 23 1870

C

Hung with silken tassels
as the willows swing.
Shaking down their fallen
In the days of spring

× × ×

And my Darling's tresses,
Wavy golden hair
Move to the caresses
of the Balmy air.

× × ×

C

A little maid with heaving breast,
And sunny golden hair;
With auburn eyes that never rest,
A rounded face & fair.

For from her home, in distant lands
I met & marked her mien.
The music of her busy hands,
And smiles that fell between

But of her hair a lock was gone;
One glimmering ray of gold
Now moved not where it should have shone
And spoke the story old.

It told me of a boyish form
Than other friends more dear,
A parting, & a promise warm;
A silent hidden tear.

Of sighs that moved her gentle breast,
A whisper in her prayer;
An undercurrent unconfessed
But flowing everywhere.

SMD.

Tonight I turn to my old love,
as fair as light, as false as as hell.
I give her all there is in life
with no reserve. I loved her well,
may foolish, threw my ardent soul
upon the earth that she might tread
on purple thro, & soft & ~~warm~~ whole
Escape the mire & clay & lice.
I loved her well – But she was false,
~~Inbred~~ Inbred & tainted with a lie
That virtue is not truth & may
~~Ma~~ In spart decree that men shall die.
Yet if she would return to me
Though ~~old~~ poor & grey & false & ~~[illegible]~~ old
I would receive her like a queen
& throne her on a seat of gold.

over

She took my youth, ~~took~~ in her weak hand,
A plaything for an idle day

The house opposite:- What wonderful theme of discussion the house opposite is. The people whom for some time we have observed, in their coming in & going out move away, & then a period of suspense intervenes - Who will the next tenants be. At last they appear & after observing their furniture as it goes in, & taking stock of their own appearance, we begin to ask, "Who are they" "What does he do". This is especially a never failing ~~theme~~ subject at dinner time. When other conversation flags, when politics are dull, & no news in the papers; we naturally fall back on the "house opposite" & notes are compared on that all important subject. One thinks he looks very like a photographer, & having met him in the street, own fancies he has

detected on his hands those black marks to which photographers are so subject. Another scouts the Idea. & has all sufficient reasons for believing that he is in a government office. The very same reasons in the mind of another definitely identify him as a Broker. But it is impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on this subject any more than on the number of Children belonging to the family. There are a great many — Two little boys go to school every morning at eight & ~~[illegible]~~ on this point from the very numerous observations — no doubt — can be allowed. But then the diversity of opinions on their ages is most surprising, & on this subject our party has been obliged to agree to differ. Then there is the eldest daughter whose age has been hotly disputed fixed at twelve & who practises upon the piano, pieces which (in this warm summer weather)

can be heard all over the little street, & which no doubt greatly pleases her fond parents. Of the little children there are so many & all so like each other that no proper identification or seperation of them has as yet been come to. Very few visitors stop at the house, they family seem very self contained, probably they have come from the country & have left all their friends there. The milkman, at any rate has told our servant so & his information comes with undoubted authority from their chairwoman. And now having got so far we have about exhausted all our means of knowing anything about them — but no how could we forget, — they take in a morning paper, but it has not yet been ascertained whether it is the Telegraph or the Standard, & this you will easily see has a very important bearing on the government office theory. On this subject "Biddy" has been instructed

to take an early opportunity of gaining information from the obnoxious milkman, or if possible from the newsvendor himself. But here at least we would have arrived at the Ultima Thule our knowledge, but for a most important & unexpected flood of light which was thrown upon it last Sunday.

~~Shall I~~ Will we ever forget the excitement of that day? That something was going on, or was expected was quite evident all day. Materfamilias spent a great part of the time sitting at the window, sometimes accompanied by the practising young lady, both dressed, & ~~xxx~~ the children old & young were all in apple pie order & in even better than their usual Sunday clothes.

Towards seven o'clock when many of the inhabitants of the street were at evening service, the long expected event ~~xxx~~ came to pass. A horse & vehicle

of a nondescript character. Came up the street & drew up at the "house opposite". In a moment the windows of all the neighbouring houses were lined with faces, & ~~the dice~~ to watch the dismounting party. They consisted of an old lady & gentleman & two young ladies daughters <u>of course</u>. The stopping of the carriage was the signal for the doors or rather door, of the house to fly open, & the simultaneous issue of Mater-fam & the whole flock upon the steps, & then began a most animated scene of hand shaking kissing & welcoming. The youngsters were kissed all round most vehemently, some doubtless receiving more than their share, as the kissers must to some extent have lost count. And as this scene still went on the whole party retreated into the house, with the exception of the two gentlemen, who ~~seemed to~~ wished to be as polite as possible to

each other but hardly seemed to know how to begin, ~~However by their~~ Probably they were brothers in law. However by their united efforts they succeeded in spreading the horse cloth upon the horse in a satisfactory manner & having summoned three little boys out of the house to take care of the horse, went in themselves. ~~to~~

Now these three little boys did not seem to exactly know what to do with the horse, nor did the owner of the same animal seem to place very great confidence in their ability, as he was observed to keep near one of the windows & glance at it occasionally. A bright idea came however & taking advantage of their mothers absence of mind they brought out the products of a successful raid upon the sugar bowl for his pacification. But here a serious

difficulty arose who was to give it to the horse. One bolder than the rest at last consented, but invariably dropped the cigar as soon as the horse brought down ~~his~~ his mouth, being evidently afraid that his fingers would go as well ~~as the cigar~~. But necessity is mother to invention, & happy thought! he placed the cigar on the crown of his Sunday hat. The horse made several attempts but did not entirely succeed, in anything but spoiling the hat. Glancing nervously at the windows the delinquent drew out his handkerchief & having made his hat all right again put it on his head.
And then began music in the house mostly dance music, & the important question arose are we dancing on Sunday night? Well after about an hour the friends came out again. The horse cloth was carefully folded

& put under the seat, the handshaking & kissing were repeated, & away they went. Leaving us with all this additional information, just about in the same state of ignorance in which we were before. But perhaps when all these facts are connected with more, & fully discussed, something more satisfactory may be arrived at. Which may furnish the subject of another chapter. And it is only to be hoped that when that arrives ~~takes place~~ another moving will not take place ——.

C

I wrote her name on the white sea sands
As the waves came ripling on; —
They rubbed it out with their silent hands
But the memory was not gone

For the Winds take up what the wavelets say,
And are wafted across the seas —
And they whisper the word that they cannot speak
To the many tongued trees

And the trees translate what the winds have told
And babble it too & fro
Till my love hears the word, from she knows not (when
as she walks in the shade below.

Then she whispers a wish

C

Deep in the breasts of those
Whom we call savage men
a mighty river flows
Of thoughts beyond their ken

They take not form in words,
Wild fables clothe them round
Yet they are rocks of truth
With years of ivy bound

As generations pass
Grown greyer with their rhime
Stronger & more fant astic still
The aged ivys climb.

When all the world is very still,
And sunset o'er the land
Painting the hoary, crashed, trees
That cluster hand in hand

Great thoughts, as dim as vast steal in
Upon the savage unthought mind
The loosening of the world unseen
The things that lie behind

A mighty anecdoth fill the soul,
A hush so vast, so dread;
The hollow silence of the woods
When a great wind has fled.

E M D.

C

Oh how I long to live
in some fair tropic clime
Crowned with perpetual summer
where, no winter marks the time
Nor Autumn gathers leaves,
and strews them down the forest dim arcades

Naught but the fostering sun,
Which wakes rises on a summer morn
and sets to chant of birds, & closing flowers;
Which ushers in the vast & voiceless palace
of the night
Vaulted with stars, & carpeted below,
with the dim woods

C

I love to hold her little hand
And gaze into her eyes
And read the depth of the still thoughts
With wonder and surprise

I'd love to lay my hand upon
Her wavy golden hair
Ah! there is nothing in the world,
That with it will compare

Yes once I saw ~~some~~ a lovely cloud
Hung gleaming in the dawn
All golden with celestial light

2-C.

By far too lovely for this world of sin,

Too trusting for its constant guile;

She ~~only~~ came here only on her way to heaven,

And tarried ~~but~~ for a little while.

C

A Flower Beside the sea.

A growing flower, beside the sea;
A year, beside eternity
A wish, beside the ruling laws
Of all things governors & causes
A life amid universal death
One planned for, wished for, hoped for breath.

Thus do we fight against an iron wall
And throw our destinies (in the rock) on the rock of fate
That answers only by the death of all.
And even as we die, our hearts still long
As wildly for the things that cannot be,
As if stern fate would yield, & right the wrong

Grow on sweet flower beside the murmuring sea
And throw thy tinted petals to the sun
Would that I were, or could be like to thee.

over.

Grow on, beside the universal tomb
Nor heed if the expectant billows roar
Ere all things have the deep for their
vast grave
Thou wilt be gone, nor ever will be
more

Man feels that he in all things is a slave;
To time, to every law —
Laws are his dungeons, & the chains they have
The laws that curb the mind.

G. M. D.
August 1870.

C

Indian Summer Reverie

How the autumn winds are gleaning
Gleaning gently in the trees
Here a leaf, & here another
Floateth down along the breeze

Blue the autumn haze is lying
In the valleys round the hills
Tinted leaves are fickly flying
On the placid woodland rills.

Fallen leaves are ever gathering,
Running circles in the vales
Filled with their mysterious talking
Whispered songs & whispered tales

Songs & tales of by-past Summer;
How they basked at midyall noon;
Of the stars whose silence speaketh,
Of the dew beneath the moon.

But my mind is roaming, roaming,
Now along the forest glades,
Now, within the peopled city
Or in palace's arcades

over

Musing, Musing, Musing ever
On the passing sands of time.
Sometimes sunlight sometimes shadow,
On the virtue, on the crime

On the ever restless moving
On the hurry, too & fro;
On the hating & the loving
That is ceaseless here below

Sometime singing sometime weeping ~~[illegible]~~
Now in laughter, ~~then~~ in tears
Still the sands are sifting, slipping. —
Turns the glass, & marks the years

J. M. D.
Sept 1870