



THE  
CHARIVARI:  
OR  
CANADIAN POETICS:

---

A TALE,  
AFTER THE MANNER OF BEPPO.

---

BENEDICK.—Is it come to this—i'faith?—Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?—Go to, i'faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.

SHAKESPEARE'S  
*Much ado about Nothing.*  
Act 1st, Scene 1st.

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OR

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I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man of a terrible taint—Poetry; with which idle disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him in a state course; *actum est* of him for a commonwealth's man, if he go to it in rhyme, once.

BEN JOHNSON'S  
*Bartholomew Fair.*

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1

AWAKE my Muse, whatever be thy mould,  
That deign'st thy minstrels humble hand to grace,  
Whether akin to those well known of old,  
And bear'st the features of Thalia's face,  
Or, one whom o'er the moderns we behold  
Urging the sonnets of that inky race,  
Still, still inspire me 'midst thy rhyming pack  
Lend me, old Pegasus, thy jaded back!

Alas, how lean of late, poor hackney'd horse  
 Wher'on the legs of sonnetteers now straddle,  
 Gall'd by thy crupper, which thou must, per force  
 Still bear, lest on thy neck should slip the saddle,  
 And thy blythe votaries then get a toss  
 Whilst soaring fancy's singing "fiddle-faddle!"  
 Poor beast, alas, how alter'd thy condition,  
 Work'd by the bards of ballad-verse fruition.

Could I but give thee power to speak, and chime  
 In words—thy tale would be a tale of woe,  
 Then suiting cadence to thy rider's rhyme,  
 When thought was dull, sing out "hey nony-no!"  
 Truly pathetic—ultra wrought sublime—  
 A sample of what bards, when fancy's slow  
 Will write—as ship-board making us just as sick,  
 Yet dignified by them above the classic!

And Oh, ye Muses, by whose bright invention,  
 Some beings more than mortal have been deem'd,  
 When having gain'd thy mountain's vast ascension,  
 Caught the bright spark of fire, which from thee stream'd,  
 Is it, that ye of late have caus'd suspension,  
 And only, feebly on this sphere have beam'd,  
 That scribblers have sprung up—profan'd thy art,  
 Nor one to lash them—and hurl satire's dart?

Oh, what a motley group of bards to war at,  
 Calling upon thy name—some, who perchance  
 Within the murky confines of a garret,  
 Invoke a muse of rueful countenance,  
 With palid cheek—grey eyes—and locks of carrot,  
 More like fierce Hecate, than Thalia's glance,  
 Others, who Harpies—Furies—Fates, combine,  
 Thus cast a libel on the immortal Nine!

Indeed 'twere vain to dwell enumerating  
 All, who before a self imagin'd shrine,  
 On humble knee, their various forms prostrating,  
 Would fain that some one might an ear incline,  
 Whilst they but shew (their joys or sorrows stating.)  
 How faint the sparks of wit which in them shine;  
 Therefore I'll leave them plodding ode, and sonnet,  
 And turning to my theme—begin upon it.

Now—gentle reader, tho' preparatory  
 To all my labours—I have thus began  
 And striv'n to give a hint what vain-sought glory  
 Is their's, who launching on a scribbling plan  
 Seek, public praise—it is not that my story  
 May prove much better than the lays I scan,  
 But 'tis a story, and as stories chime  
 In verse more fluent—I've begun in rhyme.

Words, when in verse, a silvery smoothness have,  
 Convey an easy, pleasing—soft emotion,  
 As the sweet glidance of a summer wave  
 When undulating on the ambient ocean;  
 As mine is jocund—where no tempests rave  
 To frighten priests, and damsels to devotion,  
 No elfs or goblins—I have thought it fitter  
 To tumble into verse, and write in metre.

In Canada's cold clime—no matter where,  
 (For it might put a fetter on my lay,  
 To tell you it was such a spot, and there  
 Phœbus arose in splendour every day,)  
 Liv'd an old Bachelor and Widow fair,  
 Nor yet quite fair—for she I needs must say  
 Was rather a brunette—and yet with woman,  
 We call them fair, *en masse*, the phrase is common,

If I were Annette's lover, I might write,  
 Endow her form and features with a million  
 Of charms and beauties : eyes of sparkling light,  
 Hair auburn, cheek of rose, and lips vermilion,  
 Such as some poets in their tales indite,  
 When Fancy seating them in Love's pavilion,  
 Upon their heroïnes such flatteries shower,  
 And metamorphose woman to a flower.

Not being such a votary of Apollo,  
 And all Love's rich vocabulary scann'd,  
 How to describe the sex, their graces hollow,  
 As they were Peris from some fabled land,  
 I must the groveling—prosy way fain follow,  
 And own, mine is no personage so grand ;  
 No form of flowers, and fragrance decks my lay,  
 But such as one sees mostly, every day.

Yet Annette was a widow ; there are some,  
 Who like the blown rose, rather than the bud,  
 Tho' the first incense of expanding bloom,  
 Some sense hath feasted ; some the mid-day flood  
 Of light prefer—to when the hours illumine  
 The morn—(Aurora harnessing her stud,)  
 But it were difficult to say what station  
 Suits man—that pendulum of vacillation.

I like thee Canada ; I like thy woods  
 When Summer's splendour shines on every tree ;  
 I like thy cataracts, and roaring floods  
 As if, old Chaos in Titanic glee,  
 Had set the elements in tuneful moods  
 To rack their voices in rude revelry ;  
 Thy Seasons too, when Nature can imprint her  
 Steps on the green—but the deuce take thy Winter.

'Tis pleasant to get rid of some curs'd care  
 Of aching malady, or blustering people,  
 Life hath enough of ill for each man's share,  
 And Fortune's ladder gainless as a steeple  
 With no ascent to't but a broken stair ;  
 Few are there born, who do not oftener reap ill,  
 Than gather good, for life we know, at best  
 Is care—and we, its riddle and its jest.

'Tis pleasant too to feel—no matter why  
 Sensations of agreeable surprize ;  
 Man loves variety, and when the sky  
 Hath scorch'd for days, and Heav'n drops from its eyes,  
 Rain-showers; we thank it, being wondrous dry :  
 All these things, when they suddenly arise  
 Delight; but unexpectedly a nose  
 Or ear to lose, your fingers or your toes.

Is certainly not pleasant; mighty Thor  
 The Scandinavian god, did this no doubt,  
 With good intent; having perceiv'd what wår  
 The passions wage, where the hot sun shows out  
 Its rays in warmer climes; deem'd it a bore  
 To set mankind's weak senses to the rout,  
 And so to cool the sad effects of season,  
 Sent his priest Boreas, to bring Love to Reason.

But Love is Love; 'tis difficult to say  
 Where it asserts not its imperious power,  
 In palace or in hovel—night or day,  
 (Tho' people say that night's its loveliest hour)  
 Do not accuse me, because I convey  
 What's known to all, and look a little sour,  
 What hast thou never sigh'd, and never kiss'd,  
 And art that prude in love, a Platonist?



Oh Love, infusing draught of sweet, and acid,  
 Oh Cupid, king of hearts! say princely minion,  
 How many that would otherwise have passed  
 Life without cares—when borne upon thy pinion,  
 Have been depriv'd of all their moments placid,  
 Snar'd in the nets, thou spread'st in thy dominion,  
 How many lur'd with promises of frolic,  
 Then left to groan beneath the spleen and cholic.

Princes or peers—the purse-proud, poor or peasant  
 All fall in turn a victim to thy dart,  
 Just as men shoot, at woodcock, snipe or pheasant,  
 When practis'd in that sanguiferous art,  
 In fact, all sorts, and some not over pleasant,  
 Hoaxes, thou play'st upon the human heart,  
 Not to recount the many sins for certain  
 Caus'd by thy wiles, behind Love's bed room curtain.

Was it not thee, who stirr'd great Alexander  
 With Thais by his side, to fire the porch,  
 Of fam'd Persepolis—and young Leander,  
 Whose love the waters quench'd, tho' Hero's torch  
 Shone bright to guide—myriads to whom a pander,  
 Thy aid hath been, besides—to kill or scorch;  
 Not to omit poor Petrarch in his cowl,  
 Thou mad'st to rove like any midnight owl.

Or shall I hail thee, Love, as minstrels sing,  
 Whose Muse inspir'd by rapture's glowing powers,  
 Paint all thy blessings with the Iris wing  
 Of Fancy—blooming as th'immortal bowers,  
 Where Venus' self reclin'd—fresh as the Spring,  
 And balmy as the breeze that breathes o'er flowers,  
 Fair as the lily when at morn bedew'd  
 And fragrant as the couch with violets strew'd.

Sweet as the tones which flow from music's numbers,  
 Which o'er the waters mellows all its sound,  
 Calm as the zephyr when all nature slumbers,  
 Chaste as Diana's orb in azure bound,  
 Pure as the vestal, whom no guilt encumbers,  
 Bright as the vision of some fairy ground,  
 Soft as the sunny radiance of the skies  
 And as the essence sweet that never dies.

But pardon, gentle reader, that before ye,  
 This long digression's laid, and I have stopp'd  
 From the stright forward seq'el of my story,  
 And amongst Cupid's darts, and mazes popp'd  
 But as some people like the amatory,  
 And time of some few moments may be lopp'd,  
 I fain would tell ye this, and having done,  
 Plead for your grace—take breath, and so go on.

*Baptisto*, was a goodly man, at least  
 As the more common meaning of the word  
 Admits, to those who stick to law, and priest,  
 And make appearance say, they've seldom cri'd,  
 And by the rules of honesty increas'd  
 Their worldly weal, and tho' it seems absurd  
 To class the terms, pass'd by the general rule,  
 For the best natur'd soul alive, *id est*, a fool.

And none know wherefore, such terms we should class,  
 Save that in humouring mankind's caprices,  
 He verified, "the poor man, and his ass,"  
 A Fable, which instructs, (as well as pleases),  
 That 'twere in vain, to strive the motley mass  
 Of minds to satisfy, which only teazes,  
 And leaves us, when our labour is all done,  
 Far from the goal, as where we first begun.

'Twere strange to say so, yet th'extreme of good,  
 Is much man's ridicule, as that of folly,  
 Unless we tread the step, or suit the mood  
 Of those around, in mirth, or melancholy.  
 Opinion sneers at this one for a prude,  
 And that, for being rather free and jolly.  
 Such different paths do our ideas take,  
 To stamp, the one a bigot, one, a rake.

I said, Baptisto was a goodly soul,  
 And got thro' years, as other folks must do,  
 His temper was phlegmatic, whose controul  
 Barely allows the reason e'er to rue  
 Such sad effects as when fierce passions roll,  
 Angry as billows, when the fates imbue  
 The skies with wrath ; his mind had no such evil,  
 Which makes us oft compare man to the devil.

He had his foibles too, if we can deem,  
 Sometimes a slight excess in punch or wine;  
 An act of sinning—but not in the extreme ;  
 His heart 'tis said too softly did incline,  
 In admiration of the sparkling beam  
 Of a fair woman's eye—Love's loveliest shrine :  
 And tho' a bachelor, did not disparage  
 The silken chain, which binds two hearts in marriage.

Yet had he heard of some connubial blisses,  
 Ending like Summer's heat in rain and thunder,  
 After the protestations sweet of vows and kisses,  
 For there in seeking happiness we blunder  
 As often as succeed, and men and misses  
 Who tie the knot which Death alone can sunder,  
 Rob'd in the dress of Hymen's masquerade,  
 Do all but shew of what the spirit's made.

The heart's electrical and like the air,  
 Gathers within its atmosphere of life  
 Vapours and storms—and beautifully fair,  
 Tho' morning dawns with every increase rife,  
 Who hath not seen its loveliest smiles ensnare,  
 Caution itself, and end in tempest strife?  
 I wonder much if Socrates, the wise,  
 Thought so, when first he saw Xantippe's eyes.

These, and a few more matrimonial pleasures,  
 Such as a few sweet chubby brats so squalling,  
 (Forgive the term, the heart's exhaustless treasures  
 I should have said ;) for cake and comfits bawling,  
 And after all the malady of measures  
 To keep them still—still bless'd in caterwalling,  
 I've seen the man, tho' ever so uxorious,  
 Find his impatience get at this, victorious.

We seldom please ourselves, and 'twould be odd,  
 If we could always please the world's opinion,  
 Tho' Shakespeare liken'd man unto a god,  
 It was in apprehension—whose dominion  
 But rarely proves contentment's sure abode,  
 For after all the real woes—Fate's pinion  
 Bears us unto—Fancy as many more  
 Begets, to add to care—incessant bore,

And thus, Baptisto single had remain'd,  
 For with a wife he deem'd his cares would double,  
 Besides the bore he thought of being chain'd  
 Without the means of getting rid of trouble,  
 If such should prove the bargain he had gain'd,  
 For like the rest of joys, he knew a bubble  
 Was that same happiness below, call'd marriage,  
 Which ended frequently in a miscarriage.

After the many years of judgment pass'd,  
 It seems quite strange, a different resolution,  
 Should all at once, upon his sense have cast  
 A change, so visible in its conclusion,  
 But so it was, his nearest friends at last,  
 Latest impress'd, that Love's all strong infusion  
 Had work'd its subtle poison in his frame,  
 Began to join the table-talk's acclaim.

Besides his cloaths had fashion'd been of late,  
 To the most novel cut,—the dandiest Schneider  
 Was now consulted, and the very fate  
 Of having his small cloaths, more tight or wider  
 Than taste prescrib'd, engross'd his pride innate,  
 And at a rout, when'er he sat beside her,  
 The laughable queer habit he forsook  
 Of twitching constantly his prim perruque.

Sit beside who you ask?—Did I not mention,  
 Some twenty stanzas back, a widow's name,  
 Have Annette's charms not caught then your attention?  
 If so, 'tis I, not she, that is to blame;  
 Deuce take my mind's poetical invention,  
 Which never will attain a niche of fame;  
 What was she like, oh Muse?—Come don't be stupid  
 At similes; the mother of boy-Cupid?

Pshaw, that is flattery; a lilly—rose,  
 A gem—a star—the moon, for sweet variety,  
 In her first quarter, when she softly glows,  
 Who rules the tides to regular sobriety;  
 (And if comparison, I may not close  
 Nor overstep the bounds of verse propriety,)  
 Like her chaste simile, who sways the tides,  
 So sways men's hearts, when'er her dark eye glides.

Oh, woman thou wert form'd for Love,—and Love  
 Nurtur'd for thee ;—thy very looks enthrone  
 A symbol, and a charm of those above  
 Whose attributes of being, are thine own ;  
 The air, that stirs around, where thou dost move  
 Is fraught with incense,—as the heav'nly zone  
 Which our first parents witness'd at their birth  
 For thou hast here, imparadis'd the Earth.—

Thou art the fountain of our purest pleasure  
 As the fair altar of our warmest praise,  
 Thy tender love, the heart's exhaustless treasure,  
 From which man draws, the sunshine of his days,—  
 Thy glowing charms, surpassing far, the measure  
 Of word, or thought, to paint,—tho' Fancy's rays  
 Soar'd to the heavens,—where it alone could find  
 A charm of grace,—eclipsing womankind.—

And, where, the heart should stray, that once has seen  
 Earth's various climes, where, woman, in the pride  
 Of Beauty, most enamours by her mien  
 And wins the soul, to thoughts beatified ;—  
 Vain, vain,—indeed, to muse on every scene  
 And every form, which memory on her tide—  
 Brings to the fond remembrance of the breast,  
 By Beauty hallow'd, and by Love, impress'd.—

Shall Albion's daughters first inspire my lay,—  
 The maids of Scotia, and the emerald Isle ?—  
 Or thine, oh France,—all innocently gay,  
 Italia's glowing with their look and smile,—  
 Or fair Castille's,—where Love its warmest ray  
 Hath beam'd, angelically, to beguile,—  
 Or sailing on, hail those of Grecia's shore  
 Where Sappho sung, and Helen charm'd of yore.—

Let, these, be number'd in some future song  
 With thee, oh Hochelaga,—noted city,  
 The present tributes of the muse belong :  
 Beauteous, and meek,—the pious, and the pretty  
 All, all, commingled in the worship'd throng  
 Aspiring to be charming or be witty ;—  
 But, hush,—I hear the muse, will not admit  
 There can be charms, seen in a female wit.—

Man, strikes the heart with powers which are his own ;—  
 The forcible and grand,—the firm, and brave,  
 To rouse the multitude with deed, or tone,  
 To succour, and defend,—to seek, and save ;—  
 But, woman, should be tenderness alone,—  
 Hers, is the sweetness of the summer wave,  
 Which heaves its panting breast, and as it flows  
 Wins with the loveliness with which it glows.

Compare her cheek to the soft blooming rose,  
 Contrast her eye-beam to the sapphire's blaze,  
 If parted lips, to fruit, on which there glows  
 Crimson's rich tints—and her sweet smile which plays  
 To fair Aurora's beauty, when she throws  
 Her opening blushes on the face of day,—  
 Her bosom,—to the consecrated shrine  
 Of Love,—encircled with a charm divine ;—

Who would not love at this,—altho' at fifty  
 (Such was Baptisto's age,)—and feelings grow  
 The older, we become, still the more thrifty,  
 And count their means with the all cautious throe  
 Of prudence ;—In our youth we make each shift, I  
 Remember caring little what might go,  
 In the extravagance of youth's excesses  
 For funning,—feasting,—revels,—dice,—and dresses.—

But now, that I am somewhat older grown  
 I turn each shilling twice before I spend ;  
 " Experience makes us wiser,"—is well known  
 Yet, still I doubt, where Love's attractions blend  
 Their strong magnetic qualities,—(so prone  
 To lead us where they will,)—we can defend  
 Our hearts,—when 'twixt, Reason and Love,—the schism  
 Grows desperate to our animal magnetism.

Love's a true alchymist,—for as the flame  
 Purges the gold, by heat the most intense  
 So, he creates within the mortal frame  
 A furnace of the heart, to bring the sense  
 Of Passion to his purpose,—whilst the same  
 Evil, arising,—we may inference  
 From both,—for as, gold oft corrupts the mind  
 So Love, inflames the feelings of mankind.—

'Tis well enough to talk of love ;—however  
 Thanks to my fortunes, I've not felt his dart,—  
 God help the piteous mortal soul,—for never  
 Did, the gods practise such a cruel art  
 As that, which oft in spite of each endeavour  
 Makes, a small mad house of the human heart,—  
 Talk of the torments of that place below,  
 To love, and to despair is deeper woe.—

Not that I say, Baptisto, did despair,—  
 But oh,—poor man.—was wild in lover's mazes,—  
 You've seen a clown in England, at a fair  
 When expectation all his feeling raises,  
 Hoping, in grinning thro' a collar there  
 To bear the prize, and gain the rabble's praises :  
 Of poor Baptisto,—fancy then at his age  
 The ludicrous expression shown, of visage.—



Whatever are the hindrances of youth  
 Which bind their modesty to fear's alarms,  
 Yet, diffidence disturbs not age, forsooth ;—  
 The modesty of fifty, ne'er disarms  
 The heart from an attempt,—howe'er uncouth  
 The manners are,—or destitute of charms  
 The person,—so the purse hangs rich and heavy  
 The suitor's welcom'd at the lady's levy.—

And more than welcom'd, for Pa, smiles to catch  
 His school-cotemporary by the hand,—  
 Nor dreams, his years a barrier to the match,  
 Whilst mammon's wings, on every side expand :  
 And Ma', too eyeing eagerly to watch  
 How, miss receives the lover she has plann'd  
 Thinks, how the town will envy at her marriage  
 Young Mrs. Thingum, riding in her carriage.

And thus is it when parent's power enforces  
 An act of tyranny upon their child,  
 It opens out a channel,—where the sources  
 Of misery spring,—and then of love run wild,—  
 Of dire elopements,—duels, and divorces,—  
 By means, at last of the young heart beguil'd ;—  
 Acts so enforc'd,—where ages great, disparage,  
 Make,—(I'll not tell)—so plentiful in marriage.

But Annette was a person of that ilk  
 Called widows,—and Love's little charms had known  
 Not one, who laid out snares, young men to bilk,  
 And left them, then, to look, and die alone—  
 (Her evening dresses, by the by, were silk,  
 And gingham in the morning was her gown ;)  
 But, oh, her pastry, 'twas said to surpass  
 That of the queen of pie-crusts, Mrs. Glass.

Now, good Baptisto, was an Epicure,  
 And lik'd good living, such as soups, and sauces,  
 Ragouts, and curries,—but could not endure  
 Your meats plain boil'd and roasted ;—his applauses  
 Ran on made dishes, and no sinecure  
 Did his cook have, amidst the doubts and pauses  
 Of how to please the taste of one, who never  
 Knew, how to suit, the cravings of the liver.—

The liver is the cause of free digestion,  
 For from it flows the bile,—and appetite  
 Created or destroy'd by its connexion  
 With other organs ;—But kind Nature, right  
 In all her plans, made for her own protection  
 To cause pure health, or curb the sensual might  
 Of grosser feeders,—sets the bilious matter  
 To war, with all the gluttons of the platter.

Whether it was the culinary merit,  
 Or glance of blue, and dimple of her cheek  
 Which set in motion, the elastic spirit  
 Of fond desire, her second love to seek,—  
 And made Baptisto, as he strove to dare it,  
 Look like Acteon, (when inflam'd to wreak  
 Her vengeance stern, Diana rais'd her hand  
 And swift, transformed him,) with her magic wand.

But not like Dian's yet in consequence,—  
 Unless prophetic ministry could tell  
 She would adorn her spouse, thro' some offence,  
 With what,—I will no longer loudly knell,  
 For fear of saying, what is low in sense  
 Tho' sometimes very true,—each fool knows well,  
 And every spouse, when for this sin of woman's  
 He hears of lawyers' suits, and Doctors' Commons.

But, what have I to do with this already,  
 When the first heats of Love have scarce begun?  
 Come, Pegasus, now curb thee, and be steady,  
 We have as yet, an awkward course to run,  
 Besides, who ever heard of taxing, "Lady"  
 With what might be, until the thing is done.  
 I hate those folks, who ever are suspicious,  
 'Tis love of scandal, makes mankind so vicious.

Now, Annette, had no frolic or vagary  
 Beyond, the usual joys of mirth and revel—  
 Pure as a rose and playful as a fairy  
 She scorn'd those feelings which will ever cavil,  
 But was as meek,—even as the Virgin Mary,  
 And had no one inheritance of evil,  
 Save that which all must have—born to receive  
 Their genealogy from mother Eve.

I've told you, Annette was as sweet a creature  
 As ever, man, could wish to call his own,—  
 Graceful in form, and charming in each feature,  
 Meekness in mind, and melody in tone,—  
 She seem'd so fram'd, to model human nature  
 So thought her first spouse,—(and what's said is known  
 To be quite true;)—poor man, he went beyond  
 His bounds,—and killed himself, from being too fond.

Like other fries,—Love may be over-done,  
 And not exactly to the stomach suited;—  
 Like other other races,—may be over-run  
 'Till out of breath,—unless, by time recruited;—  
 Eggs,—by the by, 'tis said, improve the tone  
 And strength of voice,—and truly if reputed,  
 (Tho' I don't understand the reason why)  
 Improve Love's powers, as well as voice or fry.

Didst ever read Don Juan,—if you've not  
 Leave it alone,—that terrible Lord Byron  
 Hath nurtur'd there a devil of a plot ;—  
 His verses, molten as the polish'd iron  
 Which dazzles yet endangers us,—hath got  
 Nature pourtrayed,—as when dark storms environ,  
 Yet the soft Iris, beaming o'er the whole  
 Brilliant, and beautiful to woo the soul.

It wins with its enchantments, and displays  
 Amidst the thunder of his awful lay  
 All the soft harmony of heavenly rays  
 Which captivate, and bear the heart away ;  
 We start and tremble, yet we pant and praise,  
 Ev'n as the maiden, whose fond thoughts survey  
 Her lover, known to be imperfect still,  
 Yet loves, and looks,—despite her half-form'd will.

But hark, I hear a moralist exclaim,—  
 “ How canst thou praise at all,—'tis dreadful shocking,  
 “ Who, but a soul of Satan e'er could frame  
 “ A poem,—which our character is mocking  
 “ In every line ? ”—For my part I'm to blame,—  
 But not being fortunately, a blue stocking  
 Nor of the sex, have something to learn still,  
 Why he who speaks Truth boldly, should do ill.

It certainly would rather be alarming  
 If folks, for instance were no cloaths to wear—  
 You've seen the “ Venus Medici,”—how charming  
 The *beau-ideal* represented there,—  
 And the Apollo ;—yet there seems no harm in  
 Exhausting feeling in insatiate stare  
 By maids, and matrons ;—why should we distress  
 Poor Truth then, with Hypocrisy's vile dress.

I hate deception under any guise,  
 But mostly under virtue's, and to say  
 What's witness'd constantly by all our eyes  
 And echoed to our ears, each passing day  
 Is crime to publish, and to satyryze  
 Admits a doubt,—but Truth is, that we play  
 All our parts badly, and when found in fault,  
 Exclaim, “*tu quoque*,” likewise, and revolt.

All are imperfect, and this Byron, durst  
 Speak boldly out, whether of sage or hero ;—  
 He praises sparingly,—and to be just,  
 Has all his feelings too much down at zero,  
 Save when his thoughts to woman's love, are vers'd,  
 But on most other subjects,—acts like Nero,  
 Who fiddled as Rome blaz'd,—but who is he  
 That loves not satire's aim in some degree ?

'Tis Rochefoucault, who tells us in a maxim,—  
 “ There's something in th'adversity of friends  
 “ Which does not quite displease us ;” —Byron backs him,  
 As I suppose, when he so oft extends  
 To all, his satire,—(though not fair to tax him,)  
 But Man,—his mind so seldom rightly lends  
 To Heav'n,—'twere hard to say and scan Earth's throng,  
 If Rochefoucault and he, are much in wrong.

What is the life of all,—but will of power  
 Or wish of avarice,—filling up the mind,—  
 Pride fires the soul,—whilst Envy is the dower  
 Its never varying prejudices find ;—  
 And Charity,—that all its means should shower,  
 Alms,—aid,—advice,—to benefit mankind,  
 Too often flows from the corrupted stream  
 Of vanity,—its vices to redeem.

But this is prosing ;—'twas, as I remember  
 A sparkling, frosty, and unclouded day,  
 One of those, we so often in December  
 Have seen, tho' Sol, then with phlegmatic ray,  
 Gives no more warmth, (than would a dying ember  
 With its last spark,) as the year flits away ;  
 But it was frosty, and folks called it fine,  
 With hoary Hyems,—seated at his shrine.

It might be fine, perchance, and healthy weather,  
 But I cant't say it's suited to my taste ;  
 In robe of fur, or raiment made of leather,  
 Like some strange animal profoundly cas'd  
 Hits not my airy fancy altogether ;—  
 Nor do I like the feeling of nerves brac'd  
 When the stern rigours of the cold benumb  
 To the sensations of a muffled drum.

You comprehend this meaning, I suppose ;  
 If not,—about thirty degrees below  
 The point of zero, fastening on your nose,  
 (As I have said) or on your hand or toe,  
 Will bring your comprehension to a close  
 Sooner than any other thing I know ;—  
 With hail, and snow, as if for days together  
 The Gods had liv'd on geese,—and tossed the feathers.

From out their cloud-built mansions ; yet to many  
 Such things have their delights,—to me 'tis strange  
 They should prefer it,—as I like days rainy,  
 (If the high priest of weather must have change  
 From clear to clouded skies,)—sooner than any  
 In all the stormy atmosphere's wide range,—  
 But, what think ye,—of being found—(tho' odd,)  
 As stiffly frozen as a tommy cod ?—

The ultra climax of all preservation,—  
 To which th' Egyptian's art of mummy-fying  
 Were a poor offering quite, of consolation  
 To keep the frame, unputrified on dying,—  
 That is provided,—Sol's consideration  
 Would hide his beams, to keep the skin from frying ;—  
 But with the frost, the flesh looks so like marble,—  
 That you might say, it was,—the "*véritable*."—

The sculptor's then would be a sorry trade,  
 Ye powers,—how many would we then behold  
 Stuck up in mortal effigy ;—array'd  
 As deities upon the shrines of old ;  
 And Hook's Pantheon, tho' it hath display'd  
 Olympus and its gods,—could not unfold—  
 With Jove himself,—with Hercules, or Venus  
 So much, pride, strength, (or chastity between us.)—

Reader, you've been in Canada,—if not  
 I would not have you, on what I've express'd  
 Rely ;—we all our fantasies have got ;—  
 "*De gustibus non disputandum est ;*"  
 But if to travel there should be your lot,  
 Do not tax me, if you go lightly dress'd, —  
 Remember to take worsted drawers and flannel  
 Nor think of these, when in the Irish Channel.

For of all maladies of any schism  
 Which spring from natural or moral causes  
 There 's nothing half so bad as rheumatism,  
 That tiresome, irritating pain, which gnaws us,  
 Is worse than any stubborn syllogism  
 Which words cannot make good ; nor ever pauses  
 In its dire achings,—irritating yet,  
 As some curs'd scold,—whos' ever on the fret.

But with the winter, and the frost there comes,  
 Many good pastimes, such as sleigh, and skate  
 Soon as the snow, and ice, the grass entombs  
 These are the measures ta'en to recreate  
 The frame,—particularly if it sums  
 Your labours up with broken limb, or pate,  
 But such slight accidents, alone can check  
 Those, who are fools enough to risk their neck.—

Behold, the sleigh neat trimm'd,—the harness'd *tits*  
 Ready, as willing winds to fly along,  
 Rul'd by their guide's dexterity, who sits  
 And reins them now, now cracks the lashing thong  
 Away, they go, almost as wild as wits  
 Career, or Folly's capering thro' a throng ;  
 And are an emblem in their sliding carriage,  
 Of the first, smoothe, swift, merriments of marriage.

But then there 's such a thing as an upset  
 And, oh, those curs'd *cahots*,\* but to be sure  
 This rests upon the course you take, and yet  
 Suppose they're found on all roads, where 's your cure?  
 It makes my simile,—(if you so get  
 A toss, or jolt,) not at all premature,  
 For Hymen is the road, most of us take  
 And they are fortunate, who get no shake,

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\* The literal meaning of the word *cahot*, is jolt,—to the Canadian, or to those who have sojour'd in the country, the explanation of its meaning is superfluous,—to some, however, it may be necessary to describe the term “ Cahot,” which is a rut or hollow found in the snow, by the cariole or traineau, passing along its surface on the snow first falling.



Or ache, or accident,—for there are few  
 Who choose so carefully, as not to fall  
 Sometimes in error, or mistake,—and rue  
 The portion honey'd o'er,—tho' too oft gall  
 Savours beneath, as apples which men view  
 Round the Asphaltés Lake,—and under all  
 Their bright luxuriancy, but dust contain  
 As if to shew us, all below was vain.—

What mortal is there who's not given to Folly,  
 Some way or other in his roving life,—  
 It were impossible to reason wholly  
 Where true perfection is completely rife,—  
 For too much Reason, makes us melancholy  
 As too much frolic sets the soul at strife—  
 The captious world grows prudish at much laughter,  
 Joining the mirth, then scandalizing after.

So that those people not much given to care  
 Or what is better turn'd, not being hippish,  
 Are sure censoriousness will be their share  
 When fun and feeling in them becomes skippish,  
 And there are such temptations to ensare  
 The soul no way inclin'd in being sheepish,  
 That 'twould be odd, if any one escap'd  
 Of being damn'd, denounc'd,—abus'd, or ap'd,

And what could poor Baptisto do,—but given  
 To like a little laughter,—nothing more—,  
 He was a soul, who thought that gaining Heaven  
 Was no ways bought, by seeming jaundic'd o'er  
 With spleen and care,—(schismatically driven  
 As a vile wanderer on the Stygian shore,)  
 The evils of to-day,—suffic'd his reason,—  
 To-morrow's,—would come soon enough in season.

Days glided onwards, as most moments do,  
 A certain medley of both hopes, and fears,—  
 Desires, and doubts, with dissipations too,  
 Smiles, at this hour, and at th' ensuing, tears ;—  
 Nature presents both aspects to our view,  
 But in her mirth, more often a mask wears  
 Than we suspect :—so little is the portion  
 Pleasure makes real,—who brings forth an abortion.

And what are its abortions ;—wants, ennui,  
 Desires, temptations,—restlessness of change,  
 Extravagance and folly,—which we see  
 In fashion's futile mimicry and range,  
 These, all arise, from the cupidity  
 Of Pleasure's pastimes, which at length estrange  
 All sober habits,—such as greatly shock  
 The soul who goes to bed at ten o'clock—

But wherefore preach ;—has not the world for ages,  
 Had sermons,—lectures, essays, penn'd to guide us,  
 Tracts,—strictures written, 'till the countless pages,  
 Would paper over, all the Georgium Sidus  
 And satellites too ?—mankind such warfare wages  
 With pen, and ink, to teach what will betide us  
 If we go wrong ;—and yet with all this teaching  
 I don't think, we improve much, by the preaching.

What thought Baptisto ? and what thought Annette ?  
 Their minds were now absorb'd in other measures,  
 For Love will keep its followers on the fret  
 Alloying frequently their choicest pleasures,  
 And as the heart gets deeper into debt  
 With its own feelings,—oft exhausts the treasures  
 Of Hope, and fancied Happiness ;—so real  
 A connoisseur is Love of the "ideal."

Not that bright Hope,—was, at all clouded there  
 But beam'd a meteor,—beauteous as the light  
 Of Annette's eye,—which, 'neath her raven hair  
 Flash'd forth like Dian's, under veil of night  
 Chasten'd, and crystaliz'd, and was the lair,  
 Of tender looks,—which annation bright  
 Hallow'd with loveliness,—and,—and sweeter things  
 Which woman's glance bears on its dove-like wings.—

You've heard, Baptisto, was a bachelor  
 With fortune, term'd in easy circumstances,  
 He had no curse of being leagued in war  
 With poverty,—no straiten'd sour finances  
 As to have duns, each morning at his door  
 To mar his breakfast-meal with stern advances :—  
 That partnership of Poverty, and Co—  
 Is one, unpleasant in th' extreme to know.—

At least I've found it so,—tho' you perhaps  
 May have been favour'd by that fickle jade,  
 Who, some times showers profusely in our laps,  
 And makes her heights, an easy escalade ;—  
 Curse her inconstancy,—if like poor Nap's  
 Career,—she ends the labours of our trade  
 Wheher it be, for empire,—Love, or money  
 To give us gall, when we expected, honey.—

Baptisto's share was honey now,—secur'd  
 As far as Hope, can make us deem we are,  
 In any thing below, not quite insur'd  
 Perpetually to shine, as doth the star,—  
 And after half a century endur'd  
 Of martyrdom in solitude's dull bar,  
 Or single blessedness,—which e'er you please,  
 Found Hymen come to tickle with its sneeze.

I recollect some thirty years ago  
 For I am old, and these things pass with years,  
 Once to have felt the heav'n inspiring glow  
 Of Love,—which all the youthful soul endears,  
 To one fair object, as the feelings flow  
 Warm, pure, and fervent,—when no vale of tears  
 Hath cross'd our youthful wand'rings,—and no care  
 Has fallen to our unembitter'd share.—

And tho' 'tis past, I can recount with some  
 Pleasure of memory's smile, that such hath been,  
 When from the studious toil, I hasten'd home  
 Where every wish, enraptur'd all the scene  
 And found the welcome sweet,—for those who come  
 From far, to find Health, sparkling in each mien ;  
 But above all to see one face, more dear  
 Than all beside,—o'erjoy'd e'en to a tear.—

And these are things, which make us so regret  
 Parting with life,—kind friends,—soft smiles,—sweet eyes ;—  
 When Death endangers, and gives as a threat,  
 That from our sickness, we no more, may rise ;—  
 Cares, may encompass sometimes,—we forget  
 Ev'n cares, when true affections sympathize,—  
 Envy may reach,—and Calumny may dart,—  
 But we live, safe, at least, in one fond heart.—

And he who hath known this,—hath tasted Joy  
 From its pure fountain, gushing into sight,—  
 When no one stain hath mingled to alloy  
 The uncontaminated lip's delight  
 Which first sips this,—when manhood, from the boy  
 Steps forth, to woo, the hopes which so invite  
 The dawning fancy on its youthful wing,  
 Smiling and sweet, as the first bloom of Spring.—

But as years creep,—cares heap upon the head  
 A thousand burthens,—and our natures prone  
 To imperfection, fatefully are led  
 In errors, which the heart cannot disown ;  
 These we may shun, in pondering where we tread,  
 But there are ills, Adversity hath sown  
 Along our path,—which come, despite of all ;  
 And like some stars, assuredly must fall.—

But to my tale ;—behold, the vow was pass'd  
 Which made Baptisto happy,—at the least  
 Made him suppose, that all his hopes, amass'd  
 In one sole object, where his eyes could feast  
 Intensely,—was his happiness at last ;—  
 It only wanted now, the ring, and priest,  
 To fix his fate,—the dame was all consent :—  
 I hope, like some folks, they would not repent—

For they had wooed as do most other lovers,  
 And many a raillery on their wooing pass'd,—  
 And then the tell-tale blush which most discovers  
 Some feeling, holds the heart of woman fast,  
 Suffus'd, and glowing as when sunset hovers  
 And a rich hue o'er Nature's cheek is cast :—  
 But the world talk'd,—setting its tongue at work  
 On what,—touch'd it, no more, than the Grand Turk.—

The day arriv'd,—the clock had now struck “ Seven,”—  
 A clear cold night,—the moon was in the sky  
 And seem'd to shine, more beautiful, than even  
 Than she was wont,—the stars were spread on high,  
 Bespangling o'er the azure arch of Heaven :  
 A glorious, golden fretted canopy ;—  
 It was th' appointed hour,—to seal the fate  
 Of Annette's, and Baptisto's single state.—

The wedding party met, and there was seated  
 Annette's papa, and ma',—her sister,—brother,—  
 The first was bred a surgeon,—but he treated  
 Cases of physic too,—or any other  
 Which added to his practice,—and had cheated  
 (As it was said,)—Death of some later pother  
 In being before-hand with him,—and ending  
 His patient's pains,—which is one way of mending,—

Altho' not the most pleasant,—then his son,  
 His father's counterpart, was smiling Billy  
 Who, also, in the practice had begun  
 And look'd a very Bolus,—rather silly  
 But quite good-natur'd, and more fond of fun  
 Than Physic,—whilst, the sister like a lily  
 All white appear'd,—and Ma', whose orange gown  
 For twenty years, at least,—had grac'd the town.—

Then came Baptisto's friend,—an honest chap  
 To act his father upon this occasion,—  
 Which in reality, (as by mishap  
 Report made known,) his kind consideration,  
 Had done to others ;—Nature's is a lap  
 The softest, and the sweetest in creation,  
 And Love, without a chain, has charms, they say,  
 Beyond the zest, of law's more fetter'd sway.—

And there was Dibs, the merchant and his spouse,  
 And daughter too, a schoolmate of the bride,  
 His trade was wholesale, and the wealthiest house  
 Upon this side, the vast Atlantic's tide,—  
 And then a great North-Wester, Sammy Grouse  
 Alias, term'd "Buffalo,"—who terrified  
 His hearers, with the wonderful relations  
 Of all, he'd seen, amongst the Indian Nations.

He'd talk to you, of beaver, and of bear,  
 'Till your hair bristled as upon their backs,  
 And how, he liv'd for days upon such fare  
 As bark, stew'd down, 'till you believ'd the acts  
 And of grass soup ;—next,—he would make you stare  
 Of wrestling with a buffalo,—and facts  
 I scarcely dare, in seriousness here mention,  
 For fear you'd think they were my own invention.

Then of the savage tribes,—and of the squaws,  
 Lord, how he'd prate with intellectual chatter,  
 The Crees,—the Castors,—and the Chicasaws,  
 And hundred other one's,—but of the latter  
 (The squaws, I mean), where Love, has no curs'd laws  
 'To make a jurisprudence of the matter  
 His praises grew exstatic, in their service,—  
 Nor wonder, when, you know, Sam, was no Dervise.—

“ For in those cold, clad regions, where the weather  
 “ Runs down to fifty below zero's point,”  
 Why, Sam, would say, “ to keep the soul together  
 “ With frame,—and rheumatism from each joint  
 “ Requir'd some substance like a bed of feather  
 “ To cause the radical heat, so to anoint  
 “ The body over with its perspiration,—  
 “ To keep its vigour, in due preservation.”—

Then of the party too, came lawyer Shark—  
 Who lik'd no law, so well as a good dinner,—  
 And laugh'd at Sam, who spoke of eating bark,  
 Saying, “ indeed?—you must have got much thinner ;”—  
 And yet the lawer could make trite remark  
 And had prevented many a flagrant sinner,  
 (By quibble, quirk, and eloquentual hum)  
 Making his “ exit,” like a pendulum.—

But before all arriv'd—now he, and Sam,  
 Got in to argument on those sad matters  
 Which, in the North, occur'd—this said, "I am  
 "Most positive, that Selkirk, sham'd "the Ratters,"  
 At which odd sound,—Sam, answer'd with "a damn"  
 And said aside,—“lord, how the jackdaw chatters;”—  
 Whilst Shark talk'd on, saying "I can assure ye  
 "You were all wrong, *de facto, et de jure.*"

At length, a loud rap, whilst they held this farce on,  
 Caus'd a slight silence in this wordy two,—  
 When with his book and register, the parson  
 Enter'd, and made their oratory clue  
 All canvass up,—for Sam's mind, soon to arson  
 Had been inflam'd, so high his feelings grew  
 Whilst Shark an insult courted,—on the itch  
 For a law-suit,—knowing that Sam was rich.—

They were all met now,—but I fain must mention  
 Beau Beamish, and two sisters, but the elder  
 Said a bad cold prevented her intention  
 Of being there,—the fact is, what withheld her  
 Was the dislike of finding her declension  
 Into the lists of old maids, when age quell'd her  
 Bright dreams of Hope, and therefore direly hated  
 To go, where she saw others elevated,

Beyond her rank of Miss;—for at the age  
 Of forty, and beyond, when younger Misses  
 Who were not born, when she first trod the stage  
 Of life, at dances, dinners, routs, (for this is  
 The *entrée* of a belle's first pilgrimage  
 To Love's young shrine,)—had long receiv'd the blisses  
 Which marriage showers,—no wonder, that the bile  
 Arose, to jaundicè o'er her looks, and smile.



Then, there was aunty Margaret,—lac'd and capp'd  
 With a rich satin, which had been in vogue  
 About the time, when first, the Fronde, enwrapt  
 All France in it,—from Lyons to La Hogue ;—  
 Not to forget, gay Captain Casey,—strapp'd  
 From head to heel in gold,—who spoke the brogue  
 In all its elegance,—and as to cousins  
 And their connexions,—they came by the dozens.

You know what sort of thing a wedding is,—  
 Therefore I need not occupy your leisure  
 In recapitulating every kiss  
 Relations gave each other,—when the pleasure  
 Of seeing two united in one bliss  
 Was consummated by the priest, (a measure  
 Which must be done,) and the affair was over,  
 And wife and husband transform'd from the lover.

They feasted, frolick'd now ;—all sorts of funning  
 Went on with spirit,—dancing for the young—  
 Cards for the old, (who had giv'n over running)  
 Were the convivial sports,—whilst raillery's tongue  
 Jok'd the new pair,—and Casey, fond of punning  
 When he could get a listener, among  
 Those, who surrounded,—set his wits to fret,  
 And said Baptisto had got in a net.

But Annette took all frolic in good part,  
 Even the Captain's pun, altho' so bad,—  
 For she was all good nature to the heart,  
 And rarely knew, what *it* was to be sad ;—  
 All had throughout been merry, save the tart  
 Words, between Sam, and Shark,—but they had had  
 So many onsets with such like offences,  
 That both knew how to parry consequences,

117

The clock struck twelve ;—it was the hour for rest,  
 Particularly for a new-match'd pair,—  
 The doves of Venus, lay upon her breast  
 Nestled in tenderness,—all softly there,—  
 It was the time for those who being blest  
 With Love's return, seek its enchanting lair,  
 And court sweet Nature's languishing desire  
 To woo soft sleep, and to its couch retire.

118

The happiest friends must part, so off they went,  
 Some to a sound, and some to restless sleep,—  
 The old, had no wild visions to prevent  
 Their aged souls from rest,—no dreams to sweep  
 In rich luxuriance,—as if Queen Mab sent  
 Her charioteer across their nose to creep ;—  
 But in the young,—'tis difficult to say  
 How far her magic influence held its sway.

119

As Shakespeare tells,—the fairy queen presides,  
 And as the heart in slumbering reposes,  
 Now o'er the balmy lips of maiden rides,  
 Whose breath is, as the perfume of sweet roses,  
 Who, dreams of kisses, and of aught besides  
 Which the voluptuous little elfin chooses  
 To charm the brain with, and o'er every range  
 Of years, or purport, acts with varied change.

120

Now for the Muses' sake,—be it suppos'd  
 That at the least, two hours had flitted on,  
 And all the wedding party slept, or doz'd,  
 Saving the bridal couple,—tho' upon  
 Their joyous footsteps, let the veil be clos'd,—  
 Perhaps kind Morpheus had usurp'd the throne  
 Of Cupid by this time,—for even Love  
 Must have its rest, as nightingale, or dove.

## 121

And if it had,—it was a grievous thing  
 To have it waken'd up by rude alarms,  
 To scare sweet slumber on its downy wing  
 When it repos'd in soft enchantment's arms,  
 And that so soon, after it droop'd,—to bring  
 Fresh hours of rapture with the morning's charms,  
 But all at once, as if the house 'twould shatter,  
 There rose a tintinabulary clatter.

## 122

A noise of drum, and kettle, whistle, horn,  
 As if King Oberon had arm'd the fairies  
 To ride the air, on noisy errands borne,  
 And play a thousand fanciful vagaries ;  
 Or rather, as if Æolus had torn  
 The winds, at once from their cloud-circled aeries,  
 To blow and bellow with a certain force  
 Of sound,—in moan and tone, both shrill and hoarse.

## 123

But know,—'tis not at all a way romantic  
 To have a poem, or a tale, without  
 Some sad disaster, or some being frantic  
 With sentiments of love, or fear or doubt,  
 Hope, grief, despair, and every other antic  
 Which poets can invent or fancy rout  
 From out the kalendar of thought and Time  
 To give its cast, a seasoning of sublime.

## 124

Annette woke first, and hearing such a medley  
 Of mingled sounds, and at a time of night  
 When every thing around looks grim and deadly,  
 By the lamp's pale and dimly glimmering light,  
 Gave her lov'd lord a shake, who, as his head lay  
 Close by her side, snor'd forth in concert quite  
 To the odd sounds, which in the street she heard  
 But who, at this first summons had not stirr'd.

The sound increas'd ; 'till thundering at the door  
 Palsied her delicate limbs,—her voice forsook  
 Its musical domain,—whilst her lord's snore  
 Still groan'd aloud,—again,—again, she shook  
 (For her tongue fail'd), more sharply than before,  
 When with a sudden, startled bound, which took  
 All her remaining power away, with fright,—  
 Baptisto jump'd, and rais'd himself upright,

Unconscious of the noise ;—he star'd around  
 (For Reason had not yet reta'en its sway)  
 And hurried forth these words of queerest sound,  
 “ Holo,—my wife's not dead,”—away, away.”  
 “ Annette, Annette,” then with his arms he wound  
 Here lovely form,—all speechless as she lay,—  
 “ Why, what's the matter,”—whilst returning sense  
 Reliev'd him, as he heard the blows intense.

The noise was strange,—but stranger still his figure,  
 Who, in his night-cap, and his shirt up, jump'd,  
 And seizing an old pistol,—held the trigger  
 Ready for bloodshed,—whilst his nerves now pump'd  
 All his heart's courage, which swell'd somewhat bigger  
 As the shouts bellow'd louder, and hands thump'd,  
 And opening forth, the shutter there beheld  
 A sight, as if the city had rebell'd

Against his marriage ;—there were men, and boys,  
 And, God knows who, all ;—some with blacken'd faces  
 And some with masks,—those hypocritic toys  
 Which libel Nature into odd grimaces ;  
 With every sort of implement for noise,  
 Join'd to the yell of fools, and bray of asses,—  
 But above all,—one group, equip'd and dress'd  
 Deserves to be describ'd, beyond the rest,

Within the centre, on some quadruped,  
 For whether horse, or poney, mule, or ass,  
 Would be most difficult to say,—as spread  
 Over its hide were things of every class  
 Which Folly could procure, or Fancy's head  
 In ridicule or satire so amass,—  
 But on this animal of some queer genus  
 There sat a youth,—though not the boy of Venus,

But one whose raiment mimic'd all the dyes  
 Of the bright Iris, with its varied hue,  
 Bepatch'd, and harlequin'd,—with paunch, whose size  
 Surpass'd Sir Hudibras', or Falstaff's too;—  
 And visage cas'd within a mask's disguise,  
 To which vile Caliban, in every view  
 (Nor yet comparison, more closely follow)  
 Had seem'd Antinöus, or Apollo.

But of the strangest part of this strange wight,  
 There rose majestically high, array'd  
 A pair of horns, which in their towering height  
 Surpass'd most antlers, which were e'er display'd  
 By stag, or goat, and seem'd a pattern quite  
 Or I may say, a sign of some odd trade,  
 But wherefore deem'd, when so profusely crown'd  
 I leave for sager reasoners to expound.

And by this figure, there stood one, no doubt,  
 With meaning, to personify, old Time,  
 Whose flaxen locks, which fell in curls about  
 His shoulders, certainly look'd most sublime;  
 His scythe, was most tremendous,—but without  
 His wings, which he forgot, (as I, my rhyme  
 Too oft when in a hurry;)—all in all  
 He look'd antique, and awful,—gaunt, and tall.

The crowd around were of a motley sort,  
 All shout, and bustle,—wantonness,—vulgarity,—  
 Some vicious, as the hirelings of a court  
 (Nor speak of these things, with a mark'd disparity,)—  
 And some in frolic, made it a resort,  
 For such a crowd in Canada's a rarity,  
 Not as in England,—where your mobs', a measure  
 For people to declare their "Freedom's" pleasure.

John Bull is fond of rows,—if nothing more  
 Than to declare, what he terms, "Independence;"  
 His "Magna Charta,"—"Reformation's" roar  
 Of Liberty with him has the ascendance,  
 When'er he thinks that you would close the door  
 Against his Freedom's will;—the smallest tendency  
 To bar his rights,—Hunt,—Hone,—or any job,—  
 (No matter what,) are pretexts for a mob;—

You've seen a mob,—perchance at an Election,  
 For instance,—Westminster's,—if e'er you went;  
 Where, there are persons for the stern protection  
 Of Constitution,—chos'n, to represent  
 A mass of others,—and this same selection  
 Is term'd "the Common's House of Parliament;"  
 The jurisprudence, ruling o'er the nation  
 The same, that caus'd King Charles' decapitation.

First, there's your Tory, now so high in fame,  
 And in each news monger's wide mouth as pat  
 As any other more than common name  
 Tiresome to sound; and means "Aristocrat;"  
 Whose wisest measures tow'rd's poor Nap, took aim  
 And laid his proud schemes of dominion, flat,—  
 Tho' some cry out they never knew so mean, a  
 Trick, as to keep him, coop'd at St. Helena.—

Then there's the Whig, or alias "Opposition,"  
 Who, 'gainst the Tories raise a strong demur,  
 And calling every day for their dismissal,  
 Say, that their judgments on each measure,—err,—  
 But, to my mind, tho' no great politician  
 'Tis for their places, that they make such stir,  
 How'er their actions,—whether good, or ill,  
 Old England seems to keep, her standard, still.—

Then, your Reformer comes,—who thinks each measure,  
 Conjur'd within his brain, must be much wiser,  
 Than those, which Britain has esteem'd its treasure  
 For generations past,—a mark'd despiser  
 Of old establish'd rules,—who, for his pleasure  
 Says, "'tis Reform we need, you may rely, Sir,"  
 Such are these fools,—one of the ranting set,—  
 As W——n, C——t, H——e, and B——t.—

But to my readers,—let me here avow it,  
 Lest, by mistake, or not, they should suppose  
 I deem'd them, uninform'd as not to know it.  
 And pros'd on Parliaments, and dar'd to prose,—  
 But 'tis enough to say, I am a poet,—  
 Poet's are licens'd every body knows,—  
 Therefore, I will not utter more excuses  
 But stand to critics, cavils, and abuses.—

Besides in Canada,—like other places,  
 Have you not parliaments,—aye—staunch one's all,—  
 Particularly so,—too,—when the cases,  
 Upon supplies, or on finances fall,—  
 The reason obviously clear to trace is,—  
 They understand, "the Arithmetical,—  
 Profit and Loss,—Tare,—Tret—Discount or Barter,—  
 And any "Bill,"—better than "Magna Charta,"—

They'll knock you, Resolutions, down with clamour  
 Upon all subjects, understood, or not,  
 As speedily as dry goods to the hammer  
 And think th' entail of Liberty has got  
 Most specious\* pleaders, (barring slips of grammar)  
 To bind their privileges to a spot,  
 But these, "soi-disant" patriots,—their communion  
 Bars any creed, whose psalmody is "Union."—

But I forgot, that I had left my hero,  
 Standing, poor fellow, only in his shirt,  
 And that, with the thermometer at zero,  
 Most probably, would do him, monstrous hurt,  
 But he was, a most valiant Cavaliero,  
 And stood, with nerve, and limb, on the alert  
 Whilst Annette, now recover'd from her swoons,  
 Cried out, "pray, love,—put on your pantaloons;"—

Oh, sad, disastrous night,—oh, lightning, thunder,—  
 Oh, feuds of nations, or domestic quarrels,  
 What hands, and hearts do ye oft tear asunder  
 Spoiling all mirth, and fun,—or spoiling morals,  
 Particularly those, who must knock under  
 With bleeding nose, and face, or tarnish'd laurels,  
 For, none, whatever be their rank, or station,  
 Whose Pride 's not sore, at getting molestation,—

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\* The meaning of this word, according to Atterbury, signifies  
 "not solidly right."



And, why this burly-burly now,—yclept  
*Charivari*,—whence was the term deriv'd?—  
 I'll leave some literati move adept  
 At telling you,— why Custom had contriv'd  
 To make it customary,—it had crept  
 Into repute,—when'er a widow wiv'd  
 With bachelor ;—or widower with spinster  
 And set the wags of sporting humour, in stir.—

But my opinion, if not deem'd romantic  
 Supposes 'twas imported here about  
 The time Jacques Cartier, came across th' Atlantic  
 And put the tribes of savages to rout  
 Where heretofore,—Nature was wild and antic,  
 And men, and women roam'd the woods, without  
 More cloaths, than Adam, or than Eve, invented  
 With leaves, to hide the sexes, being idented ;—

And certainly, about the time, Apollo,—  
 (That is the sun) showers down beams perpendicular,  
 (Instance July, or August,)—then to follow  
 A mode of dress in some way made, reticular—  
 Is pleasanter assuredly than wallow  
 In woollens,—which, ('twixt you and I, auricular  
*Id est*, in secret,) is the nastiest fashion  
 Of keeping up, a violent perspiration.—

However, as the atmosphere now stood  
 Some cloaths, at least, had not been deem'd unpleasant,  
 But yet, Baptisto,—(whether Fear inbrued  
 A certain glow, when Nature effervescent  
 Is thrown out in a warm perturbed mood  
 From hurry or from danger,)—still at present  
 Stood, as uncover'd, as the gods of old  
 Nor even, once, had shiver'd with the cold :—

At length some servants bursting in the room  
 Brought back his startled faculties to reason—  
 One pale with fright, one sobbing at her doom,  
 And some half naked, tho' in that cold season,—  
 And all exclaiming, “ Do pray, master, come,”—  
 Whilst, Betty, with his drawers,—said, “ Sir, put these on,”—  
 And John, tho' frighten'd as the maids, nought saying,  
 And the two Catholics,—crossing themselves, and praying,

And there was Annette bursting into tears.  
 And calling to her spouse,—“ love, do not venture  
 “ Without the doors,—those vile Chari-variers,  
 “ Will seize you then,—or in the house will enter ;”—  
 But to all this, Baptisto,—(tho' his fears  
 Had made upon his feelings an indenture)  
 Nought said,—but putting on his dressing gown  
 And inexpressibles, and cap, went boldly down.

All, was still uproar without side the walls.  
 As it was fear within,—the shrieks,—the cheering  
 With the incessant, undiminish'd calls  
 For poor Baptisto,—who, at length appearing  
 Brought forth a clap, like that when thunder palls,  
 And startles every sense, and deadens hearing,—  
 And made the street, so echo with the strain  
 You would have thought, Chaos had come again.—

I like a row myself,—that is to say,  
 I like to see some frolic for variety,—  
 A good stout pugilistic match,—or fray  
 Betwixt two vulgars, deep in inebriety,—  
 A fair,—or fire,—or any other way  
 (For Time without some change, is dull society,)—  
 What signifies a broken head or two,  
 Provided it is neither I,—nor you?—

Man is carnivorous,—and therefore, must  
 Contrive to pamper up his appetite ;—  
 In all things epicurean,—whether lust  
 Of woman, war, or wine be his delight  
 He is the same incentive piece of dust,  
 And acts by instinct's, more than Reason's flight ;—  
 What think you of Longinus o'er a bottle,  
 Or every mortal, his own Aristotle ?—

“ Give physic to the dogs,”—and Care, to canker  
 In the weak breast, which pines beneath its weight ;—  
 Altho' without Pandora, (we must thank her,  
 Who has preserv'd us, Hope, to alienate  
 Our soul from ill, and be our best bower anchor)  
 We should oft fall in a dejected state ;—  
 No matter,—banish Care ;—Does it avail ye, a  
 Sorrow the less ?—if not,—make Life, a Saturnalia.

But stay, these long digressions metaphysical  
 Are always thrusting themselves in, between  
 Me, and my story ; and in authors,—this I call  
 Tiresome to a degree, to intervene  
 Some curs'd advice or other, grave, or quizzical  
 When on the plot,—attention should have been,—  
 The only man, who does not, this way, tire one,  
 Is that most fascinating fellow—Byron.—

Here let impartial tribute add one more  
 Digression to the Muse's wandering flight.  
 Oh, Byron, thou, whom Poesy's bright lore  
 Has made immortal with her glorious light ;  
 Who, in thy dawn of Fame, first hail'd the shore  
 Where, all that Glory's smile, or Beauty's site  
 Can hallow into praise, the soul to haunt :  
 Still,—still, around that all inspiring font

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Where Grecian relics stand with glow sublime  
 To catch the honour'd bright acclaim of man ;—  
 Shrines where the unexpiring voice of Time  
 Speaks of proud deeds since Freedom first began  
 To gild with greatness this resplendent clime  
 Eternaliz'd in Glory's glittering van,—  
 And fraught with charms, which Nature's bounteous hand  
 Hath shower'd in loveliness along the land ;—

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Oh, Byron, as thy heart upheld in song  
 The triumph, and the memory of each deed  
 Which won the world, when Greece, in honour strong  
 Shew'd man, what 'twas, to conquer, and be freed ;—  
 Behold, thy hand, as well as heart, among  
 Her remnant offspring, dares them on to bleed  
 In a devoted cause,—whose glorious aim  
 Shall memorize them, and thee, in endless Fame.—

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Now, to my tale again,—Baptisto stood  
 As you may well suppose,—betwixt the feeling  
 Of Pride, and Fear ;—as any person would  
 Who saw a hundred looks,—before them dealing  
 Their jibes and ridicule in waggish mood  
 And many other different modes, appealing  
 To the splenetic organs, which arouse  
 The bile, in every cause, which we espouse —

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He tried addressing them,—but at each trial  
 The horn, and whistle rose in treble shakes,  
 With the harsh scraping of an old crack'd viol  
 And an odd sound such as the cuckoo makes  
 In spring-time ;—each attempt had a denial  
 Sufficient to arouse all nervous aches ;—  
 Then follow'd murmurs, with an oath or two,  
 At which the laughter more excessive grew,

At length, a minute's silence having reign'd,—  
 He said,—“ Pray, gentlemen, your will make known,  
 “ Or at the least, the meaning you have deign'd  
 “ To mark in this incomprehensive tone,—  
 “ The compliments, your voices have maintain'd  
 “ No doubt, most flattering adulations own,  
 “ How'er, you've not been understood, in these,  
 “ More than the cackling of so many geese.”

Here came a roar,—“ It may be fun, no doubt  
 “ For all of you,—I can't say the transaction  
 “ Of being brought at dead of night from out  
 “ A comfortable bed, much satisfaction ;—  
 “ But being of small use, to fume, and pout—  
 “ Knowing particularly each protraction  
 “ Would only bring my doors down, and my dishes—  
 “ Pray, have the goodness to explain your wishes?”

I told you long before, Baptisto had  
 An evenness of temper, most unshaken  
 Even, when things, vexatious were, and bad ;—  
 Knowing no petulance, could save his bacon  
 When Fate determin'd to be sore, and sad,  
 Had upon this occasion rightly taken  
 The only likely method, to appease  
 A mob,—who are most difficult to please.—

It is, as difficult, to check the motion  
 Of any mob, almost,—as it would be  
 To check the impetuous surges of the Ocean,  
 Which Canute in his power's voracity  
 Thought to controul,—and which, a salted potion  
 Had nearly to some courtiers been, whom he  
 Bade not withdraw,—and striving thus to rule,  
 Proved himself, like some since,—a royal fool.

Reader, if you suppose,—the rich, and great  
 Cannot be foolish, you mistake it much,—  
 For Pride is Folly in its first estate,—  
 And rich, and pow'rful, mostly bred to such  
 Have Pride more influenc'd in their heart innate  
 Than others born in Poverty's gaunt clutch ;—  
 It is too oft, the custom to suppose  
 The rich, are wisest,—who wear finest cloaths.

The world has Timons still,—and let us ask  
 If he, or Apemantus was the wiser ?—  
 If all the folly screen'd behind Pride's mask  
 We could survey,—stern Reason, a despiser,  
 Would have enough to do with record's task ;—  
 Not that from spendthrift, we should be the miser,  
 And live for self,—or cynically grub  
 Like stern Diogenes, within his tub.—

But really in the world, so much of evil  
 Falls to the lot of some, that 'tis no wonder  
 What betwixt chance, and change, and care, and caviil  
 And all the other ills, we labour under,  
 That we should oft wish mankind to the devil  
 Or any thing to part our steps asunder :—  
 Now, poor Baptisto's was the situation  
 Just, now, to wish, all people to damnation.

To vent a good round oath, or two possesses  
 A keen sensation, in the electric spirit ;—  
 Sparks of the heart's champagne, which effervesces  
 And which we all, the more, or less inherit ;—  
 Besides, sometimes, a hearty damn redresses  
 A host of ills, and tho' it has no merit,  
 If chance we should be sermoniz'd ;—what then ?—  
 Why we forget, and swear an oath again.—

And 'midst the miseries of human life  
 A lazy valet, or a drunken groom  
 Just at the hour you need them, and Time, rife,  
 With hurry, which if lost, will spoil your doom ;—  
 (And, oh, forgive me,—dames,) a scolding wife  
 Or two, or three spoilt children in a room,  
 A rain storm when you wish the day serene  
 Are all most curs'd promoters of the spleen.

And what think ye, of poor Baptisto's case?  
 Just as young Love had lull'd him in the arms  
 Of one, whom Cytherea's soft embrace  
 Had scarce surpass'd with all her glowing charms.  
 It was indeed, lamentable, to chase  
 Such pastimes of delight, with rude alarms,  
 Oh, think, from heat to cold, if one should force you  
 Like Falstaff hissing hot, as any horse-shoe.

“ Joy to Baptisto, and his wife ; some cried  
 Who were the most offenceless of the crowd,—  
 “ Let 's drink a health to the elected bride,”—  
 The more impetuous call'd with voices loud,  
 “ Crown him with horns then, if it is denied  
 “ Come, come, no wavering ;” others there avow'd ;  
 Whilst some most forward in this resolution  
 Stepp'd forth to put the threat in execution.—

They took the ill-starr'd bride groom, and without  
 Much preface to the matter's agitation,  
 His forehead with the antlers round about  
 Encircled soon, like any coronation,  
 Tho' not with so much fuss, and useless rout  
 And dire expence to put folks to taxation,—  
 This difference also,—that it cost Baptiste  
 Full thirty gallons of old rum, at least.—

They plac'd him on the quadruped, and hail'd him,  
 With wishes bountiful of every sort,  
 And with much ridicule, and jeer assail'd him—  
 But all in Humour's laughter loving sport,  
 And he took all in patience which avail'd him  
 More than inflam'd resistance, or retort,—  
 And at each salutation frankly bow'd  
 To the obsequious wishes of the crowd.—

And after some short time's inauguration  
 They led him to his door, with cheers, not hisses,  
 " Prince of good fellows,"—was their exclamation,  
 Whilst some relented, they had marr'd the blisses,  
 Of one short half hour's space,—by the creation  
 Of this same frolic, not so sweet as kisses,  
 But as there's Time for all things,—we may say  
 The future hours repaid, the past's delay.—

And having got Baptisto to his bed  
 Once more—in safety to his heart's delight  
 And all the crowd dispers'd who had been led  
 To join in sports, which Custom form'd, not spite,  
 And which, I trust, will ever still be said ;—  
 Tir'd of my idle rhymes,—I wish, Good night,  
 To all, who may or have not been amus'd  
 With thoughts, in harmless humour here diffus'd.

There's nothing good or bad in Life,—but thinking  
 Makes it to-sense, and feeling so appear ;  
 If you get drunk with wine, the act of drinking,  
 Is not so bad, as to get drunk with beer,  
 For that is fashionable, and not sinking  
 To the low practice of the vulgar cheer,—  
 But I cant say, that Satire, we should suffer  
 More than th' abuse of sweep, or candle-snuffer,



“ Who steals my purse steals trash,”—most gentle reader  
 So says the bard, you all know the quotation,  
 I hate a Critic, that voracious feeder  
 On words, and works, and all, which litigation  
 Can construe into faults,—of which his pleader,—  
 Whose sects are the vile bug-bears of creation :—  
 He filches us of reputation,—nay, man  
 Is a more noxious thief, than your highway man.

And then of poets,—inconsistent creatures  
 Who sigh, and shift, unsettled as the wind,  
 Who talk with every thing—but that which Nature’s  
 Idea form’d us for,—a reasoning mind ;—  
 But there’s is Fancy, in its falsest features  
 To huddle metaphor and trope combin’d ;—  
 To torture words into the oddest things,  
 And strive too oft to soar with leaden wings.

But I have said enough, to scare the patience  
 Of the most patient soul,—who may reply,—  
 “ Thine is no cargo rich as that of Jason’s,  
 “ No golden fleece to lure the gazer’s eye.”—  
 These may be weighty,—stern considerations,  
 To those, whose hearts are puff’d with vanity ;—  
 But mine is simply in my roundelay  
 To wile, perchance, an idle hour away.—

And now to finish with my moral’s gage  
 From all that I have written, and which this is  
 Let no one wait, until *a certain age*,  
 That is,—old bachelor, for Hymen’s blisses  
 But think, (if Canada should be the stage,)  
*Charivari*, may hail his wedlock kisses,—  
 And not delay his happiness, so late,  
 But learn a lesson from Baptisto’s fate.—

THE CHARIVARI is an ancient custom, which, as far as can at this remote period of time be learned, had its commencement in the Provinces of Old France; and from them spread over the whole Kingdom; from thence it was transplanted into Canada with the earliest settlers from that country, and has been kept up ever since. Like every other practice which excites to hilarity and mirth, it became a favourite amusement. It began from a respectful feeling, among the friends of any couple who entered a second time on the state of matrimony; and who took this method of testifying their regard for the parties, by assembling with horns, pots, pans, and other kitchen utensils, and serenading the new married pair, with the discordant noise produced by the collision of these instruments; thereby intending to represent the jingling and confusion attendant on the assembling of the furniture of the widow and widower. At first it was applied only to persons in the higher ranks of life, commonly by their vassals and dependants, who, assembling in this manner, formed a procession, and respectfully accompanied the parties from the Church to their residence. It deviated from this original plan in the lapse of time, and from the lower classes being captivated with the amusement attendant on the practice, it was employed, whenever they had an opportunity; so that whenever one of the parties had been married before, it was resorted to, and still is so. With the increasing desire to render their amusements subservient for useful purposes, it has been employed to obtain money for charitable appropriations; and to those whose feelings did not beat responsive to this virtue, the Charivari has been obnoxious. The chief features in it are the ludicrousness of the masks and dresses which are assumed, whose diversity afford ample scope for the indulgence of whim, and the display of humour.

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ERRATA.—Stanza 11, line 3, for *hollow* read *hallow*.