**Classic Poetry Series**

# James McIntyre

## - 165 poems -

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## James McIntyre (25 May 1828 – 31 March 1906)

James McIntyre (baptised 25 May 1828 – 31 March 1906), called The Cheese Poet, was a Canadian poet.

McIntyre was born in Forres, Scotland and came to Canada in 1841 at the age of 14. He worked as a hired hand to begin with, performing pioneer chores that formed the basis of a number of his works. Later, he settled in St. Catharines, Ontario, where he dealt in furniture. There he married and had a daughter and son. He later moved to Ingersoll, Ontario, then a town of 5,000 on the banks of the Thames in Oxford County, the then-heart of Canadian dairy country. He opened a furniture factory on the river as well as a store which sold furniture, along with such items as pianos and coffins.

He was well-loved in the community, from which he often received aid in hard times, due in part to his poesy and oratorical skills -- he was called on to speak at every kind of social gathering in Ingersoll. The region seems to have inspired him, and it was in celebration of the proud history of Canada, the natural beauty and industry of the region, and especially (as noted above) its cheese, that the majority of his oeuvre was written.

McIntyre was uninhibited by minor shortcomings -- such as his lack of literary skills. The Toronto Globe ran his pieces as comic relief, and the New York Tribune expressed amusement, but their mockery did not dampen his enthusiasm. He is assumed to have continued writing until his death, in 1906.

McIntyre was forgotten after his death for a number of years, until his work was rediscovered and reprinted by William Arthur Deacon -- literary editor of the Toronto Mail and Empire and its successor the Globe and Mail -- in his book The Four Jameses (1927).

In recent years a volume of his work, Oh! Queen of Cheese: Selections from James McIntyre, the Cheese Poet (ed. Roy A Abramson; Toronto: Cherry Tree, 1979) collected his poems together with a variety of cheese recipes and anecdotes. However, the greatest boost to his fame probably came from a number of his poems being anthologized in the collection Very Bad Poetry, edited by Ross and Kathryn Petras (Vintage, 1997). This included his masterpiece and possibly best-known poem, "Ode on the Mammoth Cheese Weighing Over 7,000 Pounds," written about an actual cheese produced in Ingersoll in 1866 and sent to exhibitions in Toronto, New York, and Britain.

An annual poetry contest is held in Ingersoll, Ontario, to honour McIntyre. The contest is sponsored by The Ingersoll Times and the Corporation of the Town of Ingersoll, and includes a cheese-themed poetry competition.

Works:

Musings on the Canadian Thames (1884);
Poems of James McIntyre (1889)
Oh! Queen of Cheese: Selections from James McIntyre, the Cheese Poet (1979)

## A Bird's Nest

An old man, who had charge of field,
With pride he saw two birds did build
A broad, capacious, warm nest ;
Soon full of young with speckled breast.

And when the old man there did pass,
They soon ran merry 'mong the grass ;
But of the youth they were so shy,
They made strong efforts for to fly.

Youths tried with old man to prevail,
To let them blaze away at quail;
But, though they longed for a fat pot,
At them they never got a shot.

No more the old man doth them shield,
For they have flown to broader field ;
Long may they spread their wings and tail,
And may no foe them 'ere assail.

James McIntyre

## A Christmas Tree

To night the children meet with glee
To view the fruits on Christmas Tree,
And when its beauties we behold
We're very sorry we are old.
The children all they have good cause
To feel grateful to old Santa Claus,
And to each teacher, and each friend,
Who did these handsome presents send.
To us it is a pleasant treat,
With so many friends here to meet,
You've well conducted public school
Where master doth judicious rule ;
The union it doth give its strength,
Gives section breadth, as well as length.
Nissouri here should build a Hall,
For exhibitions in the Fall;
Its claims they cannot be ignored,
For first in township stands Thamesford.
This village keeps up with the age,
For it hath a good daily stage
And in its efforts never fails
To carry passengers and mails.

James McIntyre

## A Civic Holiday Trip

Lines on a civic holiday trip on the Grand Trunk,
to Toronto, August, 1882. Address to Mr. Hodge,
conductor of Caledonian games at Ingersoll.

From Ingersoll, on Canadian Thames,
We come to greet mine host of the St. James,
This being our town's civic holiday ;
Yet we remember twenty-fourth of May,
For then at our Caledonian games
He did loud proclaim the victors' names .
We came in part to contribute
To our town's mechanics' institute,
Who got up this grand excursion
Where each one has his own diversion.
Some did remain at Burlington Bay,
While we to Toronto did wend our way,
And came to see this presentation
To stalwart son of Scottish nation.

James McIntyre

## A Concert İnvitation

The following invitation appeared on the programme of a concert.

If pleasant night you wish to spend,
Go and invite your lady friend;
Oddfellow's concert is the place
Where happiness beams in each face.
When you resolve to call her wife,
And to enjoy the rest of life,
All furniture you may require
You can get cheap from McIntyre.

James McIntyre

## A Concert-Impromptu

The following impromptu was delivered in the Methodist Church Concert, March, 1883. It was expected that several announced in bills world take part, but from various causes they were not present. We were unexpectedly requested to fill one of the vacencies. Doctor Gardiner delivered an address, showing how he had triumphed o'er the great snow drifts during the remarkably severe winter then passing away, that we thought his courage and perseverance was worthy of being commemorated in verse; and
the music of the White Brothers though simple, is natural, touching and sweet, and reaches the heart more easily than some of the highly artistic styles now in vogue, on arising, we first gave some recitations from the Poets and concluded with the following Impromptu. It was of course impossible for me to have anticipated any of the above occurrences, as the Doctors speech took the turn it did from the remarks of a previous speaker.

James McIntyre

## A Crooked Looking Glass

Dangerous effects of seeing onesself in a crooked glass.

A maiden cried, ' Alas ! .
With horror I'll expire,
Unless you bring me
That true glass
I bought of McIntyre.'

James McIntyre

## A Providential Escape

Providential escape of Ruby and Niel McLeod, children of Angus McLeod, Ingersoll, little Neil McKay McLeod, a child three years of age, was carried under a covered raceway, upwards of one hundred yards, the whole distance being either covered over with roadway, buildings or ice.

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

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

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

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

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

Had he found there a watery grave,
Or been borne on crest of wave ?
Think of the mothers agony, wild,
Gazing through dark tunnel for her child.

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

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

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

Swept through dark passage 'neath the road,
Saved only by the hand of God,

No wonder Father now feels proud
Of little Niel McKay McLeod.

James McIntyre

## A Romance of Canada

An English youth to Canada came,
A labourer, John Roe by name;
His little wealth had made him bold-
Twenty sovereigns in gold,
He was industrious and wise,
And e'en small sums did not despise ;
He added to his wealth each year,
For independence he loved dear.
He knew a labourer he would be
Forever, in the old country ;
His forefathers had tilled the ground
And never one had saved a pound ;
On beds of down they did not lie,
And frugally their goods did buy,
Their one luxury around the door
A few choice flowers their garden bore ;
But never hoped to own the soil,
But serve as hinds to sweat and toil.
To work and toil, for him had charm,
He hoped, some day, to own a farm ;
So he hired with Rueben Tripp,
The wealthiest man in the township.
Tripp's only child, his daughter Jane,
He sought her love, and not in vain ;
As Jacob served for Rachel, dear,
So John he served, year after year-
Till, rich enough to buy bush farm
For to chop down with his strong arm.

The truest nobleman of all,
He lives not in ancestral hall,
But sheltereth family from harm
By logs rolled up with his strong arms
In this young glorious land, so free,
Where each may rear his own roof tree ;
And the chief glory of old days,
Broad fire place, where big logs did blaze-
As much as two strong men could handle-
They served alike for heat and candle.
He his young oxen did adorn
With fine gay ribbons on each horn,
And to his home with joy and pride
he did bring sweet, blooming bride
Such happiness is seldom seen,
Happier far than King or Queen ;
She helped him in the fields to reap,
And span the wool from off their sheep,
And from the yarn she wove the cloth,
All they required, they had for both,
And she was a good tailoress-
Did make his coat and her own dress.
The golden butter that she made

Was of the very finest grade ;
Each grace and virtue she possess'd-
Where 'ere she was that spot was blessed.
And, though they did not have stove then-
Neither did they own an oven-
She filled large pot with well knead dough
And baked fine bread 'mong embers glow.

He each winter the forest trees
Did quickly hew them down with ease ;
For, he to work had a desire
And the skill did soon acquire ;
But, 'round great giants hewed a ring,
Then storms would soon them prostrate bring
For many a time the furious breeze.
Would quick o'erthrow the girdled trees,
And sometimes they would kill the cows .
When they did feed on grass or brouse.
But after reckoning damage all,
A benefit was each windfall ;-
Though good fortune now he sees
Might have been got from walnut trees.
But trees were foes, in his hurry,
All were slain, both oak and cherry,
And to this day he doth incline
To mourn o'er slaughter of the pine,
And reflects how he did o'erwhelm
Many a maple, beach and elm,
And each summer day did toil,
With his steers, drawing logs in pile.
These giants of the forest dead,
Fire did reduce to an ash bed,
And soon potatoes, wheat and corn,
They did the rugged stumps adorn.
And Jane did help him with the hoe,
And well she did keep up her row-
No organs then they had to play,
But she could work and sing all day.
In spring he did live maples tap,
To draw from them the luscious sap ;
He gathered it in big log trough,
Then boiled it down and sugared off
Enough the household for to cheer,
With all its sweets, for the whole year.
And no such thing those times were seen,
As the swift raising stump machine,
And where main road was low and damp
With logs he built a road through swamp.
But a smooth ride could not enjoy
While it was naught but corduroy-
Each year added earth and gravel,
Now smoothly o'er they can travel ;

For, it doth make an excellent road
For John and Jane to go abroad,
And it is now a great highway

Where hundreds travel every day.
There were no roads in early days,
But bridal path, their guide the blaze,
And mills and marts so far away
They never could return same day.
Log school house served as church for all
Of various creeds, and for Town Hall.
These scenes to youth do now seem strange,
So wondrous quick hath been the change.
O'er paths where oxen only trod,
Cars quickly speed o'er the railroad,
And every way, both up and down,
There has sprung up a thriving town.
No more he fights with Forest trees,
But both enjoy their wealth and ease.
Long since the old folks both are gone,
And left the whole to Jane and John.
The log house, too, hath passed away
With all its chincks filled in with clay,
And in its place fine house of stone,
With lawn where choice shrubs are grown,
With sons and daughters they are blest-
The young men say they'll move north-west.
This gives their mother some alarm,
She wants them still on the home farm,
But father will not have them tarry-
They can plow so quick on prairie-
And they find coal makes a good fire
And build their fences of barbed wire ;
They would not be forever gone,
As they could talk by telephone,

James McIntyre

**Abundant Harvest**

The following was composed and read at a gathering in the new Parsonage, Salford, in the fall, 1883.

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

And you can scarcely stow away.
The yield of barley, oats and hay ;
Such pasture it is seldom seen,
E'en now it is so fresh and green.

This beauteous color nature decks
While it insures you large milk checques [sic],
And certes you've much cause to praise
For hogs and cattle that you raise.

James McIntyre

## Adventure on a Raft

The following adventure happened in the experience of an Ingersoll man.

' Truth is strange, stranger than fiction.'

A man rafting down the river,
Time he will remember ever,
He shouted, ' Pole, the raft to land,
Or we'll be wrecked upon the strand.'
But captain gave him a reply
That all danger he would defy ;
But, in another moment more
Part was wrecked upon the shore
Of a Nova Scotian bay ;
The other half was borne away.
Enough to make a person shiver,
Man was drifted out of river,
All alone on the broken raft,
Driven where e'er the wind did waft ;
Right out on the open sea,
Where the storm did blow so free.
No shelter from the wind or wave,
He thought the gulf would be his grave.

He had no food, life to sustain,
He laid him down, there to remain.
What happened he did know no more,
But old man on Prince Edwards shore,
While gazing through his good spy glass,
' What do I see?' he cried, ' Alas !
Some poor man, and I fear he's dead,
Drifting to my humble shed.'
The body acted like a sail,
And wafted raft before the gale;
He called on men to man a boat,
And quickly crew had it afloat,
And in haste full soon they bore
His lifeless body to the shore.
But old man did them then desire
To place body near the fire,
And wrap it up in blankets warm-
Which did act like to a charm-
soon the breath it did return.
With gratitude his heart did burn,
To think he was again restored
Unto his friends, whom he adored;
But worse misfortunes him befell,
Yet he bears up 'neath troubles well.

James McIntyre

**Agricultural, Implements and Machinery**

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

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

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

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

Theres little work now for the hoes,
Since cultivators weed the rows ;
They sow and rake by the machine-
Hand labor's 'mong the things have been.

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

This harvest, now, of eighty-four,
Will great wealth on farmers pour,
For there is abundant yield
Of fruitful crops in every field.

James McIntyre

**American Poets: Longfellow**

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

James McIntyre

**An Autograph**

Lines written at the request of a young lady and inserted in a mental Album.
We looked over the book, it was in form of questions and auswers. One
of the questions was 'who is your favorite poet?' We were quite amused
to find a number of different persons had written in answer, 'McIntyre.'
We believe that the most of them were joking, but we hope to inspire them
With loftier idea of our poetic power in the future.

In this Album you may trace-
If not the lineaments of face-
Here, at least, you will find
Photographs of the mind.

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

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

But we must cease, 'ere your ire
Be aroused 'gainst McIntyre,
Who doth reside in Ingersoll-
you'll think that he is droll.

James McIntyre

**Book Agent Story**

As we have given several humorous Scottish stories in verse we will venture to trespass on your good nature by giving an American specimen. The scene is laid in the suburbs of New York. It was a prose tale, and we fancy we have not diminished the height, breadth or depth of the humour by grinding it in our poetical mill and having it flow out in rhyme.

There is a man, his name is Brown,
He lives in a suburban town
And has an office in the city,
His misfortunes you will pity.
His mind it was on stocks and change,
He cared not for things new or strange ;
But agent managed him to hook
And sold to him a costly book.
Brown cared not for those glorious names-
Died for religion in the flames;
Now he felt agent was a Tartar
For selling him a book of martyr.

The agent knew it would make strife,
But sold another to his wife;
She did not know that Brown had bought,
And agent on her easy wrought .
Approaching her with winning smile
He poor woman did beguile.
He made her believe without a doubt
No Christian could do without
This book, which would all inspire
With spark of celestial fire,
With feelings like the first martyr
Who had died for Christian charter.

When Brown did home return at night
His wife, to add to his delight,
Resolved that she would, after tea,
Get chatting with her husband free
And tell him of fine book she bought ;
Of trouble fresh she never thought,
But she noticed a gloomy frown
On the brow of her husband Brown,
But thought when I my purchase tell
Those dark clouds they will dispel ;
She said, my dear, I bought martyr,
He looked as if he her could quarter.

And said the scoundrel sold me book ;
Out of the window then he did look
And saw the agent haste to train ;
He tried to stop him, but in vain ;
Smith then was passing in spring waggon,
And he had his trotting nag on ;
He told him to stop book agent ;

His escape for to prevent,
Smith told him Brown wanted him ;
But agent-nothing daunted him ;
Said he : He only wants to barter
With me for my book of Martyr.

If thats all, said Smith, with quick dash,
Give me his book, and here's your cash ;
Book agent jumped aboard the car,
For he knew there would be war;
Smith met Brown with triumphant look-
Said he : I have got you the book ;
Brown's feelings now no one could paint,
He there did show he was no saint ;
But to big own home he now returned,
And fierce rage in his bosom burned ;
He was not fit for Knight of Garter
When he brought in the third martyr.

James McIntyre

**Brantford**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

**Brodie Castle**

The following sonnet on Brodie Castle Nairnshire, Scotland, was written by my venerable Uncle, Thomas McIntyre, of St. Catherines, and father of John B. McIntyre, Ex-Grand Master of the Independant Order of Odd -fellows, and now, and for many years, an Alderman of the city of St. Catherines. It was written by him as an acrostic on the words Brodie Castle. I have taken the liberty of transfusing it into common verse. The lines prove the old gentlemen to be kind hearted and as having a great affection for his native land. He has been in. St. Catherines for half a century, engaged in the same business I have been employed in for about one-third of a century, in Ingersoll.

Scotland has produced three great shepherds
Talford, the inventor of Suspension Bridges,
Ferguson, the Astronomer, and Hogg the
Ettrick shepherd, the great song writer.

Brodie Castle,ever dear to my heart,
For there I first played my humble part.
When only thirteen, I there had employ.
In the position of a shepherd boy ;

For I was born on that fine estate,
Famed for its trees, so lofty and great,
And its magnificent avenue grand,
Which hath been famed over the land.

And, though I did leave to learn my trade,
And in Western world a home I have made,
Yet, whan I look back, my heart it still cheers,
Though it is now more than threescore years.

Since first I went there as a shepherd boy,
Thoughts of the time fill my heart yet with joy,
Though, that I ne'er shall see Castle more,
Fond memory reverts to the days of yore.

James McIntyre

**Bryant**

Some in front rank will defiant
Boldly place the Poet Bryant.

James McIntyre

## Burns and Scott

Meeting of Burns and Scott in Edinburgh.

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

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

James McIntyre

**Byron**

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

James McIntyre

## Caledonian Games

Lines on Caledonian games, May, 1884.

On grassy amphitheater
Spectators sit, to view the war
'Mong bold contestants on the plain,
Where each doth strive the prize to gain ;
And when the little boys and girls
In highland dress and waving curls,
From London, danced the Highland fling;
The whole mass did their praises sing ;
And at the concert did applaud
The little charmers Blanch and Maud.

James McIntyre

**Campbells Block**

You may look but look in vain
For stores with such immense pane ;
All other shops they do surpass
With their enormous lights of glass.

One night by chance through them we gazed
But we did quickly stand amazed ;
Three moons they did beauteous glow,
And gleams so lovely they did throw.

But a still more wond'rous story
Mid day showed three suns in glory ;
At the sight we scarce could gaze,
So full of brilliancy the rays.

We had to curtain off the glory ;
If you don't believe this wondrous story
Ask Editon of the Tribune
About this tale of sun and moon.

Which did bewilder McIntyre
Gazing on mighty orbs of fire ;
Eclipsing the electric light
So brilliant in their glorious might.

Luminaries no more invade,
Excluded now by window shade ;
Pray think that this if no intrusion
This tale of optical illusion.

James McIntyre

## Canada Our Home

The following response to ' Canada, our Home,' was given
at a banquet of the Caledonian Society, Ingersoll.

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

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

But Canada is a young giant in its infancy. With the noblest chain
of lakes in the world on its frontier, and the most magnificent river,
the St. Lawrence, this land also possesses the largest fertile
wilderness on the globe ; but it is one which will, o'er many years
have passed away, blossom like a garden, and where naught but
grass and flowers now grow in wild luxuriance, soon the
husbandman will plow and sow and reap a rich reward in yellow,
golden grain.

James McIntyre

## Canadian Rivers and Lake

We have here a sight as fair
As bonnie Doon or banks of Ayr.
Like modest worth, meandering slow,
The quiet waters gently flow.
Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, all combine
Around the Maple Leaf to twine-
Whose outstretched arms, so gigantic,
Clasps Pacific and Atlantic.
Embracing lakes like burnished gold,
With joy a Shakespeare might behold,
For either poet Barns or Moore *
Such scenery they would adore.

James McIntyre

**Canadian Sports and Games and Plays**

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

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

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

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

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

In summer time, the youth do toss

The ball at the keen game, lacrosse,
And tradition doth for it claim
That it is ancient Indian game ;
And if a foe invade; we can
Drive them back with clubs Canadian.

James McIntyre

**Canadian Thames**

Westward it winds past each town,
Growing broader as it flows down.
Onward it glides, never weary,
Meandering so soft and cheery.

The sunbeams on the waters glance,
Skipping about in silvery dance,
From morn till eve the cattle feed
'Neath lofty elms along the mead.

And on its banks, in warrior pride,
The brave Tecumseh fought and died,
Peace and prosperity now reigns
Along the fertile vale of Thames.

Now soon the waters meet and pair
With the wavelets of St. Clair ;
As maids when wed do lose their names,
No longer is it called the Thames.

James McIntyre

## Coleridge, Southy and Wordsworth

Like mightiest organ in full tone
Melodious grand is great Milton.
He did in lofty measures tell
How Satan, great archangel, fell,
When from heaven downward hurled,
And how he ruined this, our world,
So full of guile, he did deceive
Our simple hearted parent Eve,
Shows us how pardon is obtained,
And Paradise may be regained.

James McIntyre

## Crimean War

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

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

James McIntyre

**Dairy Ode**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where milk doth so abundant flow,
Dairyland of Ontario.

James McIntyre

## Departed Statesmen

Lines on our departed Canadian Statesmen, with a glance at our two living leaders.

Joseph Howe, none higher stood than thou,
Thou wert a man with lofty brow ;
D'Arcey McGee, so brillant and free,
From Green Isle you came, 'oer the sea.

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

George Brown, thou man of renown,
Confederation you did crown ;
You now are all free from the strife,
The wrangle and jangle of political life.

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

James McIntyre

## Dick and Edward

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

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

James McIntyre

## Disaster To Steamer Victoria at London

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

James McIntyre

**Donald Ross**

A Scottish - Canadian tale.

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

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Dr.Springer

Lines on presenting Dr. Springer with a diamond ring, when he was bidding farewell to Ingersoll, and was about journeying to California.

Though we know we are no singer,
Yet we will chaunt farewell to Springer,
One of our oldest past grands,
About to visit distant lands.

And we all sincerely hope
You may enjoy Pacific slope,
And when you gaze on this ring
May it pleasant memories bring.

Of good old Lodge, Samaritan,
Where friendship makes us all as one;
'Tis hard to strike your name from roll
With us so long in Ingersoll.

Though we regret to say farewell,
May blessings rest where 'ere you dwell,
And on the partner of your joy
Happiness without alloy.

James McIntyre

## Dried Apples

We fear to say, and yet we must,
Dried apples once were full of dust,
And you all know it is no joke.
Saturate with tobacco smoke,
And the hole where string did go through
Was nest for animalcule,
And collected the kitchen steam.
But process now is sweet and clean,
Viewed with pleasure by spectator,
Work of the evaporator.

James McIntyre

## Dryden and Pope

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

Genius of Dryden and of Pope,
Both did take a mighty scope ;
The first he Virgil did translate,
The second showed us Troy's fate.
On English themes they loved to sing,
And high their muses flight did wing.

James McIntyre

**Electric Light**

When the great Bulwer's pen did trace
The history of the coming race
His hero to us he hath unfurled
The glories of his new found world.

This bold traveller be did venture
Far below our world's centre ;
He entered through an ancient mine
And to us doth new world define.

Once all was discord and fierce jars,
Continuous engaged in wars
Till they discovered great vrill power,
Then wars did cease from that same hour.

Mighty bolts from it were hurled ;
Would soon have laid waste the world ;
So for world's preservation
At once they stopped desolation.

All wars by them are now despised
Unfit for nation civilized ;
Their peaceful glories they do sing
And fly on artificial wing.

Great blazing artificial light
It ever burns both day and night,
For they have neither sun nor moon,
But radient, always 'tis high noon.

When we beheld the glorious sight,
High in the air did shine so bright ;
It seemed that it could banish night,
Great refulgent electric light.

But after all, 'tis children's play,
Compared with the great orb of day,
Or when the moon it doth shine bright,
And stars do beautify the night.

James McIntyre

**Elf Shot**

A lad, brought up in Highland vale,
Who did believe each fairy tale
Which his granney oft to him told,
And of witches and of warlocks bold,
And he himself would often pore
For hours reading wizard lore.
One night his mother to the town
In a hurry sent him down,
So o'er his poney he did stride,
And to the town did fearful ride;
He thought that demons they would rush
On him from every rock and bush,
And as he went through the quarry
It did great increase his flurry ;
He felt that fiends with fiercest hate
Would surely there seal fast his fate.
But town he reached, and neath his vest
He parcel pressed beneath his vest ;
The poney now he mounts once more
For to pass quarry as before,
But, alas ! at that fatal spot
He heard a gun-he was elf shot;
He felt that from his breast a flood
Was pouring down off his heart's blood,
But he clung fast to pony's back,
Though loss of blood his frame did rack ;
But in spite of his alarms
He resolved to die in mother's arms;
And when he reached his own door
He said that he was drenched in gore
From bullet hole all in his breast ;
His father opened up his vest,
And he did sadly fear the worst,
But found yeast bottle had but burst.

James McIntyre

## English Names on Canadian Thames

England hath given us the names
To adorn Canadian Thames,
And charms to them she hath lent,
In Oxford, Middlesex and Kent.
She Essex kisseth in her mouth,
And Scottish names, one north, one south ;
And London now she justly claims
She's capital of vale of Thames,
And her strong castellated tower .
Doth on the river frowning lower ;
And Chatham is the river's port,
There slaves for freedom did resort,
And they did industrious toil
And now many own the soil.
Stratford, now, shall be our theme,
On Avon, tributary stream,
And its clear waters it doth launch
Into the Thames, northern branch.
Near that substantial stone town,
St. Mary's, with mills of renown.

Some imagine the Thames is too insignificant a stream to be sung in verse.' Distance lends enchantment to the view. and they fancy the old Scottish rivers are more worthy of song ; but many of them are polluted of late years with vile odors from factories ; and, as the county of Oxford is agreeably diversified with hills and dales, the clear, sparkling stream, flowing over a pebbly bottom, is indeed 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

James McIntyre

**English Poets: Shelley**

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

James McIntyre

**Ensilage**

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

For it doth make best ensilage,
For those in dairying engage
It makes the milk in streams to flow,
Where dairymen have a good silo.

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

James McIntyre

**Episcopal Harvest Home**

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

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

With joy at night each one did gaze At the mighty bonfires blaze ;
The tree leaves shone like silver bright,
The lanterns, too, were pleasing sight.

James McIntyre

## Facts About Cheese

When the price of cheese was so low a few years ago that the dairymen seriously thought of giving up the manufacture of cheese and of selling their cows, we published the following lines and distributed them by the thousand :

Price soon will rise, though now 'tis low,
And brooks of milk will onward flow ;
Were it collected in one stream
There would be floods of milk and cream.

Mr. T. D. Millar has just secured, Sept., 1884, the first prize for cheese at the great cheese fair at Amsterdam, Holland. They weighed over 600 pounds each, and were manufactured by the Burnside Factory of Dorchester. The Galloway Factory is manufacturing several cheese weighing one ton each. The mammoth cheese, alluded to in cheese ode, was manufactured by Mr. James Harris, Ingersoll Factory. The Dnnn Cheese Factory, North Oxford, secured first prize at the great Centennial Exhibition, but where all factories produce such excellent cheese perhaps it would be making invidious distinctions to specify the honours won by any particular factory. The West Oxford Company have recently built a fine factory on the Culloden Road.

James McIntyre

**Fairy Tale**

Babies carried off and changed by fairies. In mid winter of last winter of 1884, in Burghed, in the North of Scotland, around great fires, incantations were pronounced to drive away the evil spirits. The custom has come down from the time of the Druids.

Where'er you find the Fisher folk
There, under superstitions yoke,
For a strong faith 'mong them prevails.
Of truth of witch and fairy tales.
They think that witch could hurl a shaft
Which would o'erwhelm their fishing craft,
For witches do with Satan truck,
They can give good or bring bad luck ;
Fish women do their children teach
To bait the lines down on the beach ;
Themselves do wade in sea for net
So husband's feet will not get wet,
For the women are barefooted,
And the men are heavy booted.

In Fisher, Town of Cromarty,
There once did meet a noisy party,
Confusion worse than Babel's Tower,
It did prevail for a whole hour;
When from sea shore wives did return
Each one did find good cause to mourn,
For each babe was left in cradle,
Had been changed, 'tis no fable ;
They said 'twas fairies did them change,
And left with them but weaklings strange.
Old wife, to end confusion wild,
Said each must bring to her the child ;
Soon mothers they did find their dears,
And did wipe then from eyes all tears,
While few young men across the way
They glorious did enjoy the fray,
For while the mothers were at beach
They changed all babes within their reach.

James McIntyre

**Father Ranney, the Cheese Pioneer**

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

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

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Female Revenge

' I heard Bill say to-day, Mary,
That you are a charming fairy,
And that to town he'd give you drive;
But, just as sure as you're alive
He does intend to have the bliss
Of stealing from your lips a kiss.'
'I'll let him drive me, now, Jane,
His efforts they will all be vain ;
I hate him, and I him defy'-
And anger flashed from her eye.
'The monster's wiles I will defeat,
Peck of strong onions I will eat.

James McIntyre

## Fertile Lands and Mammoth Cheese

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Fight of A Buffalo with Wolves

We were so deeply impressed with the courage displayed by a buffalo in a prose tale that we transposed the description into verse.

A buffalo, lord of the plain,
With massive neck and mighty mane,
While from his herd he slowly strays,
He on green herbage calm doth graze ;
And when at last he lifts his eyes,
A savage wolf he soon espies ;
But scarcely deigns to turn his head,
For it inspires him with no dread.
He knows the wolf is treacherous foe,
But feels he soon could lay him low.
A moment more, and there's a pair,
Whose savage eyes do on him glare ;
But with contempt them both he scorns,
Unworthy of his powerful horns.
Their numbers soon do multiply,
But the whole pack he doth defy ;
He could bound quickly o'er the plain,
And his own herd could soon regain.
His foes they now are full a score,
With lolling tongues pant for his gore ;

He hears their teeth all loudly gnash,
So eager his big bones to crash.
On every side they him infest,
The north, the south, the east, the west ;
Fierce rage doth now gleam from his eye,
Resolved to conquer or to die.
'Round him they yelp and howl and growl,
He glares on them with angry scowl ;
They circle closer him around,
He roars and springs with mighty bound ;
And of his power gives ample proof,
Felling them with horn and hoof.
Though some lay dead upon the plain,
Yet their attack was not in vain,
For they have tasted of his blood,
Resolved it soon shall pour a flood.
He feels that they have torn his hide,
And streams gush from each limb and side ;
He rushes on them in despair
And tosses them full high in air.
But others rush on him and pull
Down to the earth that glorious bull ;
On the flesh of this noble beast,
Their bloody jaws they soon do feast.
Full worthy of a better fate,
Far from his herd and his dear mate ;
And they do look for him in vain,
His bones do whiten now the plain.

James McIntyre

## Fight With A Bear

The following appeared in Truth in the form of a prose tale of
considerable length. We have concentrated the essence
thereof into the few verses below. It is a tale of the
Canadian North-West, during the times of the Hudson
Bay Company's rule.

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

For they were longing for a dish
Of this sweet and savory fish,
And they caught many, too, with bait,
For in the day it was not late,
But it was cloudy with snow storm ;
Yet they saw the noble form,
While the hurricane did blow,
Of a fine, noble buffalo,
So they resolved to have a treat
Of the delicious buffalo meat ;
But he did on his haunches rear-
To their surprise it was a bear.

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

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

For with fell swoop the paws of bruin
To him they almost did bring ruin ;
But he so dexterously did skate
That he escaped such horrid fate.
And now they skated back to fort
For aid for to renew the sport,

They knew their game was no trifle
So they secured a trusty rifle.
Returning he had fled to wood,
But they tracked him with his blood,
For they did not yet despair
But that they would capture bear.

They saw the elder bushes sway
While he did force through them his way,
And heard the brushwood loudly snap,
Where he went through he left a gap.
They skated swiftly o 'er the ice
And were near brushwood in a trice ;
Full soon the savage beast is slain,
With rifle bullet in his brain.
And now these hunters do take pride
In skin as large as buffalo hide,
For Indian stripped the skin of bear
And left the carcass in his lair.

James McIntyre

**Finale**

It is folly now to aim
Or to seek for distant fame,
But rest content if we can claim
Something of a local name
Oh the pleasant banks of Thame,
Because in simple strains we sung
The glories of this country young.

James McIntyre

## Galt and Dunlop

Galt was manager of the Canada Companies Lands, and a Scottish Novelist, Dunlop was once a leading British journalist, but finally settled near Goderich.

Galt and Doctor Dunlop, witty,
Located and did plan city
Of Guelph, and cut the first tree down,
The stump was centre of the town,

From thence streets radiate like fan,
And Stratford and Goderich on same plan,
This last town stands on bluff so grand,
'Neath which doth flow the clear Maitland.
You may of glorious view partake,
Gazing on Huron's mighty Lake.

James McIntyre

## George Menzies Poems

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

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

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

But poet's lives are often brief,
And he lead his full share of grief-
Which to his life did gloom impart ;
But, he bore up with his brave heart.

James McIntyre

## Gordon Cumming - The Lion Hunter

Some thirty years ago, in conversation with an old sea captain who had visited or voyaged to all quarters of the globe, he was denouncing fiercely the degeneracy of these costermonger times. He said there was a book in our town library which was a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end, and that there never existed such a man as Gordon Cumming, the Lion Hunter. I told the old gentleman that I had seen the Lion Hunter hundreds of times and conversed with him in the woods of Aylter, and that be was a descendant of the Royal Comyn, one of whom was killed by King Robert the Bruce, and that I had seen the magnificent person of Gordon Cumming in the garb of old Gaul, successfully punish a huge prize fighter who kept grossly insulting him during the excitement of a general election-when Cumming's uncle, Major Cumming Bruce, was running for member, this Major being father-in-law to Lord Elgin, formerly Governor of Canada. I also told him that Hugh Millar was a warm friend of the Lion Hunter's mother, as she was distinguished both as a geologist and a botanist, and that Livingstone, the great traveller, was a great admirer and intimate friend of the Hunter. After his return to Britain he exhibited himself and his magnificent trophies throughout all the cities and towns of Britain and Ireland. His own noble figure in full Highland costume was perhaps no insignificant part of the exhibition. Barnum afterwards secured the noble specimens of hides and horns and monstrous tusks for his New York museum.

Now the youth in fertile Moray
Do in Gordon Cumming glory,
Bold lion hunter-first who made
With Africa tribes successful trade ;
First in those wilds to fire a gun,
While he the mighty trophies won.

The moat celebrated lady traveller in Britain is Miss Cumming, a niece of the Lion Hunter. She has written several volumes of her travels in distant lands.

James McIntyre

**Gratification**

We occasionally get a few gleams of encouragement while struggling through the trials of life.A number of years ago a person employed by the Dominion Government to give sketches of the various towns in Canada, and especially to describe the power of the various streams and the number of streams in each town or neighborhood ; he came to us,
as we had written rhymes on the rivers and creeks. Years afterwards we were informed by
persons who came from Britain, as the book was to encourage emigration,that my name was
the only one they had ever heard of in Ingersoll until they came here.The celebrated Spaulding, manufacturer and inventor of prepared glue, was in town a few days ago. He
expressed to a gentleman in town that he was gratified with a conversation he had with me on poetic themes. As there is no natural affinity or adhesion binding glue to poetry, we might say we discovered that the inventor possessed a refined and cultivated mind and a fund of American humor.An old lady expressed herself very warmly after reading my
Canadian romance, that it was a true history of herself and husband ; that 35 years ago
they were not worth a dollar,and now they had 500 acres paid for of good land. The reason why we alluded to this is:-Some have no faith that there is anything worthy of commemorating in their own country, but consider worthy themes for either song or story
are three thousand miles across the Atlantic.

James McIntyre

**Harvest Home Festivals**

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

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

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

James McIntyre

**Hints to Cheese Makers**

Addressed to Jonathan Wingle, Esq.

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

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

James McIntyre

## Holmes

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

James McIntyre

## Hope for Ingersoll

Of Ingersoll we're justly proud,
Though o'er it hath hung a cloud;
It was heavy, dark, profound,
Weighing o'er ten thousand pound.
But now the clouds do disappear,
And the sun is shining clear-
Now, with pleasure, we do behold,
Our railroad bonds are good as gold.
The people now need not despair,
But thank our Council and our Mayor.

James McIntyre

## Hope Macniven

Mr. Hope Macniven, of Ingersoll, had the pleasure in his
younger days, during the first quarter of the present
century, of seeing and hearing many of the most eminent
men in Britain. He heard Doctor Chalmers and Edward Irving preach, before Irving
went to London, where he became so famous ;
he saw on the stage those eminent tragedians, the elder and the younger
Kean; he was also fortunate enough to have seen Sir Walter Scott and
Thomas Campbell, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope' and 'Exile of Erin ;'
And he also saw, in Glasgow, the distinguished author of 'Virginius,'
Sheridan Knowles, famous also man Elocutionist ; he had an opportunity of
frequently seeing Lord Brougham, and Lord Byron's friend, Sir John Cam.
Hobhouse ; he also beheld the burly figure of that bold champion of popular
rights, William Cobbett; and was in close intimacy with Henry Scott Riddel,
author of that magnificent song ' Scotland Yet,' Mr. Macniven sent a copy
of his poems to that distinguished statesman, W. E. Gladstone, and received
a letter of thanks, under the seal of the Royal arms, with the Premier of Great
Britain's autograph attached; he received a similar mark of favor from Lord
Lorne. Mr. Macniven has had the honor of conversing with the brillant D'Arcy
MacGee, and of an intimate acquaintance with A. McLauglan and Evan McCol,
and Hamilton's sweetest song writer, William Murray. The late Mrs. Macniven
published a small volume of poems some 20 years ago.

James McIntyre

**Impromptu**

On a young girl showing me a scar on her cheek where a stick of wood struck her.

In its own place 'tis very good
Always to have plenty of wood ;
But, striking fair maid, that is rude,
And puts me in an angry mood.

James McIntyre

**In Memoriam**

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

James McIntyre

**Indian Mutiniy**

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

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

James McIntyre

**Irish Poets: Oliver Goldsmith**

Goldsmith wrote Deserted Village,
Now again reduced to tillage;
Once happiest village of the plain,
Place now you look for it in vain;
There but one man he doth make rich,
And hundreds struggle in the ditch;

"Ill fare the land to many ills a prey
Where wealth accumelates but men decay."
His honest Vicar of Wakefield
Forever he will pleasure yield.

James McIntyre

**Ladies Aid**

After chatting with each friend,
We our way to the table wend ;
On it we all do make a raid,
And this we call a Ladies' Aid.

'Tis pleasant way of taking tea,
Improvement on the old soiree;
On such a time as this we find
Food for body and for mind.

Gladly all obey the call
To attend this pleasant social,
And we hope none will lament
The time and money they have spent.

The matron and the comely maid
And youths attend the Ladies' Aid ;
But now we close our short refrain,
And hope to meet you all again.

James McIntyre

## Lament of the Maple Tree

I laid me down one day in June;
It was late-long after noon-
A very sultry summer's eve,
Such times the senses oft deceive.
The place was 'neath a maple tree,
Soon from all cares and troubles free,
By a gentle, kindly slumber,
No more our sorrows we could number.
But we heard a plaintive wail,
Such as we find in fairy tale ;
It was the genius of the tree,
Who, in sad guise, appeared to me.
And then she sadly did give vent
Unto this awful, grave lament,
'Though I am gay in month of June,
All decked in green ; yet very soon,
Alas ! my beauty will be faded,
And my charms be all degraded,
For is my time of glory brief ;
So often flattered is my leaf.
In Canada, so broad and free,
All poets sing of the maple tree.
High I stand, in their opinion,
Emblem of the New Dominion.
The reason I do them upbraid,
Some never slept beneath my shade ;
And yet they take the liberty
To chant about the maple tree.
They dare to poetize my leaf -
is the source of all my grief.
I think their praises all so rude,
And as but base in gratitude ;
So often hackneyed is my name,
That every fall I burn with shame-
Like maiden's cheek which blushes red

When vain rash youth asks her to wed.
Then do these foolish ones descry
In me fresh beauty, and they sigh,
And then renew their songs of praise-
But unto me now sad their lays ;
For then I know my days are brief,
'Tis hectic flush upon my leaf.
True poets, then, should mournful sing,
When the destroyer's on the wing ;
For then I know my leaves of gold
Will all soon mingle with the mould.
No one does ever think to praise
The fell destroyer when he slays ;
No one rejoice in the flushed cheek,
When the poor girl is low and weak.
Perhaps they'll say, and it is true,

In Spring my glory I'll renew ;
But' tis poor comfort after all
To lose my offspring every Fall.
Small consolation to mother
To tell her that soon another
Will replace her fond darling boy,
Who has been source of all her joy.
But you know all about my wood,
You know that it is strong and good ;
And I have full many a curl,
And pleasing eye and charming nurl.
Some love me as fond nature grain'd
And some prefer my beauties stain'd ;
But my dear friend I hope that you
My varied shades like pure and true,
For of the woods you know the staple,
Stoutest and best, is good maple.
The youth my sugar eat with glee
And old maids love me in their tea.
In me do various uses meet-
In summer shade, in winter heat,
For I do make a glorious blaze,
All worthy of the poet's lays ;
But to their praises I'll be deaf
If more they harp about my leaf-

They call me gay when I am sober,
To me 'tis gloomy month, October.
But saints on earth, when they die
Hope for true bliss beyond the sky,
So winter does bring no alarms
Though it strip bare my trunk and arms,
For now I know that time will bring
More glorious foliage in the spring.
Then, all nature will rejoice,
Triumphing with glorious voice,
And birds will, in my branches, sing
Hosannas to the lovely spring.

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

James McIntyre

**Let Her Go**

Will you please to let me go, Ma,
To McIntyre's, to buy a Sofa.

James McIntyre

## Life in the woods

Lines on the struggles of the early settlers.

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

James McIntyre

## Lines

Addressed to Jonathan Wingle, Esq.

In summer time we roam o'er dingle,
But winter draws us round the ingle ;
Why do you remain thus single,
When love would make two hearts tingle ?
Pray tell me why, my dearest Wingle,
With the fair you do not mingle ?
Better with love 'neath cot of shingle
Than all your yellow gold to jingle.

For married life you would enjoy,
And soon a little girl and boy
They would your leisure hours employ.
At Christmas you could buy each toy
And fill their little hearts with joy,
For their amusements never cloy.
Business cares do men annoy,
Child's happiness knows no alloy.

James McIntyre

## Lines of South Scotland

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

James McIntyre

**Lines of Violets**

Once, while digging 'neath the snow,
'Mid Canadian winter, lo !
To our joy and surprise,
We saw some violets in full bloom,
Gazing at us with loving eyes,
Thanking us for opening their tomb ;
Yet still they seemed so cozy and nice,
Enshrined in the crystal ice.
While all else was drooping, dead,
Gaily they held up their head.

James McIntyre

**Lines on A Canadian Hunter**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on a Fountain

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on a Type Writer

Having received a letter from a gentleman, done with a type writer, and glorying in its superiority to the pen; we replied as follows :-

You glory in your type writer,
And its virtues you rehearse,
But we prefer the old inditer-
Moves two-forty, prose and verse.

And let each man work his will,
But never, never do abuse
The ancient and glorious quil
From the wing of a noble goose. *

James McIntyre

## Lines on A.B

Who was expected to attend a Banquet given by the Odd fellows in London nearly thirty years ago. Several of the London Brethern were asking for Brother Abel.

When we went down to London in midst of the champaign
A brother looked at me as though I had been Cain,
And in a voice of thunder, as I sat at the table,
He fiercely asked of me 'where is your Brother Abel?'
To which I did reply 'I'm not my brother's keeper,
But at home you'll find him, in his bed asleep, sir.'

James McIntyre

## Lines on Beachville

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on Col. Wonham

Formerly of Ingersoll, now of the North West.

When Wonham got orders
To advance to the borders,
His boys they were ready
And fell in quite steady.

They first marched to Woodstock,
To prepare for war's shock,
And soon camped at Windsor,
Facing American shore.

James McIntyre

## Lines on Corner Stone

Impromptu lines delivered at the laying of the corner store
of the church on Culloden road, with Masonic honors.

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

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on Embro and Zorra

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on Gunn

My dear friend Gunn,
May you prize won,
But to us hark
When you shoot mark,
High you must aim
And at right game,
And truth employ
Wrong to destroy.
Your friend the Bard
Hopes your reward
Will be furriore
For Courier.

James McIntyre

**Lines on Ingersoll**

The Thames, and tributary rills
Here they do drive numerous mills,
Enabling millers, to compete,
To pay high price for oats and wheat.
Here streams do drive many a wheel
For to grind both flour and oat meal,
And town will extend its boundries
With its enterprising foundries;
And, brighter day for it yet dawns
With its grand mansions, and fine lawns.

James McIntyre

## Lines on London

They once in wilderness did ride
On beast with horn and shaggy hide-
A savage goat or unicorn,
But now parade in uniform ;
As gay as ancient Knight or Lord,
With their grand plumes, and belt and swords.

Their graceful movements at their drill
Doth all with admiration fill,
And the chief glory it was won
By the encampment of London ;
For they at every tournament
For drill are the chief ornament.

So skillfully they sword do wield,
Victorious on every field ;
For victory's graven on their shield
Doth make their rivals for to yield ;
Drill companies they out maneuver
From Newfoundland to Vancouver.

James McIntyre

## Lines on Methodist Union

Sept. 1883, whereby the whole of the churches of that denomination were united into one body.

A pleasing sight to-day we see,
Four churches joined in harmony ;
There difference was but trivial,
But strove each other to outrival.

In friendship now they do unite,
And satan only do they fight ;
And they'll plant churches in North-West,
Where they can serve the Lord the best.

James McIntyre

**Lines on Mt. Elgin**

Delivered at opening of Odd-Fellows' Lodge.

Dereham now hath wealthy yoemen
Whose fathers overcame the foemen ;
The enemy they boldly slew
Was mighty forests they did hew,
And where they burned heaps of slain
Their sons now reap the golden grain.

All will rejoice they took a trip
Onboard the craft Odd: Fellowship ;
Your candidates now, in their yonth,
Will soon learn friendship, love and truth.
We hope your influence will be good,
A blessing to the neighborhood.

James McIntyre

**Lines on Niagaras [sic] Charms and Death**

Gazing on rapid's mighty sea,
Struggling fiercely to be free,
But drawn downward in its course
By gravitation's wonderous force,
O'er those perpendicular walls,
Hurled 'mong mighty rocks it falls,
Causing the earth tothrob and shake
Like to the termor of earthquake ;
Thus the world's greatest wonder
Reverberates likes peals of thunder.
Reshrined with mist and beauteous glow
Of varied tints of the rainbow,
Most glorious sight the human eye
Hath ever seen, beneath the sky ;
Along these banks none ever trod
But did feel grateful to his God
For lavishing, with bounteous green ;
Plunged by whirlpool's dread commotion,
It becomes a seething ocean
Where furies join in surging dance
From centre to circumstance.
This is the favourite abode
Of Neptune, mightiest sea god-
He hat hdecreed none shall survive
Who will into this vortex dive.

Webb swam the English channel brave,
Like sea bird he did love to lave
His breast upon the mightiest wave,
Alas ! Found here a watery grave.
Torrent onward rushes, frantic
On its course to the Atlantic,
But on its way doth gently flow
Through blue Lake Ontario ;

Rejoicing on its way it smiles,
Kissing the shores of thousand isles,
Mingling with St. Lawrence motion
It soon is blended with the ocean.

James McIntyre

## Lines on Norwich

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on Removal

Come, listen, while we sound the lyre,
To announce the fact, that McIntyre
Is back again to his old block,
And he has got a splendid stock.

He also hath a strong desire
To see old friends, and new acquire ;
His Furniture is cheap and good,
In every style and kind of wood.

But none in health need 'ere despair,
If they buy from him an easy chair.
When you his Warehouse then do seek,
'Tis where the brick bridge spans the creek.

James McIntyre

## Lines on Salford

Read at the opening of the New Parsonage.

Some do boast of their pedigrees,
But Salfords parent of the cheese;
Rennie, industrious and wise,
Here started this great enterprise ;
He did work on the dairy plan,
While Farrington was factoryman.

James McIntyre

**Lines on Stratford**

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Lines On T.D. McGee

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

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on Thamesford

Delivered at Masonic concert, Thamesford-Grand Master
Col. Moffat in the chair.

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Lines on the Credit Valley Trip

The Credit Valley Railway company having placed a car at the disposal of the Ingersoll corporation, the Council kindly asked us to accompany them to Toronto, a short time after the opening of the road.

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

James McIntyre

## Lines On The North Of Scotland

Lines on the North of Scotland, delivered in Embro nearly a quarter of a century ago:

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

But chiefly here you have come forth
From those countries of the north;
Some oft have trod Dunrobins's Halls,
And gazed upon its stately walls.

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

Your young men have high honour earned;
In all of the professions learned;
Your Bonnie Lasses sung in song,
And youths are famed for muscle strong.

James McIntyre

**Lines on Tilsonburg**

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

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

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

Elsewhere, the firemen slave like Turks,
But you have got good water works ;
And some do many a mile go
For to see your famous silo.

James McIntyre

## Lines on Woodstock

We fancy the lustre of the old town is reflected
on the new. English Woodstock was a royal residence.

English Woodstock had a Palace
Where the Queen in jealous malice
Slew romance's fairest flower,
Fair Rosamond, in secret bower,
Our Woodstock, pleasant county town-
(This brings it both wealth and renown)-
To your strong castle some are sent
For to give them leisure to repent,
And the Reeves will, in their bounty,
Build court house worthy of the county.
A charming vista you do view,
Gazing on each street and Avenue,
Mansions and lawns embowered 'mong trees
Where wealthy owners live at ease ;
And through the air there sweetly floats
Harmonious Woodstock organ notes,
And men employment secure
In Factory for Furniture ;
And the pacing of your horses
It is famed o'er many courses.
Old Oxford was a seat of knowledge,
Woodstock it hath a fine College.

James McIntyre

**Lines Read at a Dairymaids' Social, 1887**

Where the young lady waiters were dressed as dairymaids.

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Lines Read at a Dairymen's Supper

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

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

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

James McIntyre

**Lineson Thorold**

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

Thorold is famous for its mills,
And the grand view from off its hills-
A view so charming and extended,
Natures beauties sweetly blended.
Poetic thoughts it doth awake
To view Ontario's broad Lake,
And husbandmen have their reward in
Fruits of this provincial garden.
For from the hill you see below
Gardens, where choice fruits do grow,

The landscape all within your reach
Doth both produce the grape and peach.

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

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

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

You see Niagara's ancient town *
Though,it has lost its old renown ;
And you have a splendid view
Of boats on old canal and new.

* Niagara, once the capital and business centre of Upper Canada, and also
an important fortress. It is located at the mouth of the Niagara river.

James McIntyre

**Little Lake**

Sonnet on an incident which occurred on a small Lake in Northern Ontario.

Pleasant memories it awakes,
When musing on our northern lakes ;
For there I saw a charming Reed,
A friend to me in hour of need.
I wished to cross to other shore,
And deftly she did ply the oar,
And o'er the Lake me swiftly bore.
I was plunged in deep despair,
Before I met this charming fair ;
I could not go around by land,
And I felt like shipwrecked on the strand ;
Until fair vision hove in sight
Graceful as a fairy sprite.
May she be blest, is the desire
Of her true friend James McIntyre.

James McIntyre

## London Children

We have had the pleasure of hearing and seeing several clever children from the city of London. We commemorate them in the following.

Do you unto this world belong,
To cheer us merrily with song ?
Are you mortal like ourselves,
Or are you, charming little elves,
Sent from some higher sphere
To bliss and comfort us while here?
May you be spared from earthly woes
And each blossom like the rose.

James McIntyre

**London West**

While the Thames meanders gently through the green pasture fields of Ingersoll, a pleasing picture to behold, how different, alas, is the feeling in London West, where the river is an object of dread and terror, neither pleasing to the eye or nostrils. As we have been living for the last quarter of a century on the edge of one of the tributary streams of the Thames and were once o'erwhelmed with ruin dire by a number of the dams giving way, we can sympathise with them. They are now built strong and substantial, and the ponds are an ornament to the town, as well as a source of wealth. The Caledonian Society, of Ingersoll, donated $50 to the flood sufferers.

The citizens of London West
Their patience oft is put to test
When they behold the various dams
Do cause the floods and the ice jams.
'Tis true that fiercer rages floods
Since country it was stript of woods,
Acid river it doth broader spread
With numerous tile drains quicker fed.
If they did raise embankment high
They might the raging floods defy.
Shall they with sadness gaze ever,
Or with gladness on the river?
River with dams it will not wed,
It wants no strangers in its bed,
And 'gainst them it will rage and fret
for 'tis no gentle rivulet.

James McIntyre

**Longfellow**

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

James McIntyre

## Lorne and Louise

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

The tidings now all hearts do please
That she has landed safe-Louise,
Victoria's beloved daughter
Who boldly has crossed the water.
For Royal Princess doth adorn
The title of the Lord of Lorne,
For this union it doth join
Campbell with Royal Stuart line.
Lorne will be Duke of broad Argyle
And the lord of many an isle.
When he inherits broad domain
May he strive tennants' hearts to gain.
To us it seems a brighter morn
Hath dawned on us with Governor Lorne.

James McIntyre

**Lowell**

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

James McIntyre

**Masonic**

The prominent names connected with Masonary are Kings
Solomon and Hiram and Saint John, the parent Lodge
is King Hiram in Ingersoll, and Saint John is the off-spring.
Both masters in 1884 are legal gentlemen.

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

But great as King upon a throne
Is the good, kind, true Saint John ;
Cathedrals did craftsmen raise,
Fills all our mind now with amase.

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

And this injunction never spare
To have the work both plum and square,
And it must have no crack or flaw
So masters will lay down the law.

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

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

James McIntyre

**Millar**

And Millar, Poet of Sierras,
For bold deeds he doth prepare us.

James McIntyre

**Mrs. Moody**

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Musings on the North West

Domestic cattle quiet will graze where now the Buffalos roam,
and in spots now covered o'er with Indian Wigwams,
where white men never trod, cities will occupy their
sites with busy trade, and millions throng from Eastern
lands to take possession of the great North-West; then
Winnipeg, perchance, may be the capital of the Domin-
ion. In the days fortold, when this indeed shall be the
'Greater Britain,' with Ontario's towns for work shops
for this vast Prairie land.

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

James McIntyre

**Nova Scotia**

If you are sulky, Nova Scotia,
We'll gladly let you float away
From out our Confederation;
You sicken us with sily agitation.
If any more our patience you do tax
We'll let you go to Halifax.

James McIntyre

## Nuptial Ode on Canada

Written during the visit of delegates from the Lower Provinces
to negotiate for confederation.

Hail Britannia's noblest daughter,
Who is surrounded by the water
Of many a lake and broad sea,
Land of Beaver and Maple Tree.

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## O For A Lodge

'O for a Lodge in some vast wilderness,'
A man cryed out in his distress,
For he was tired and sick of life,
And weary of this worldly strife,
And longed for to be far away
From the continuous daily fray.

But the fond partner of his life,
His own dearest, loving wife,
Those sentiments did not admire,
For fiercely they did rouse her ire.
Said she. ' I'll never let you budge,
To go and join another Lodge;
Your Lodges take six nights each week,
And still another Lodge you seek-
For your whole time they soon will steal,
You won't get home even to a meal,
Continuous abroad you'll roam,
And never enter your own home.'

James McIntyre

**Oddfellowship in Ingersoll**

We look in vain for our past grands,
Now scattered over many lands ;
For some o'er the wide world doth rove,
And some have joined Grand Lodge above.
But ever since Father Adam's fall
We are dependent creatures all.
Though man is weak yet he may join
With others, strength for to combine-
A single rod is easily broken,
Bundle is of strength the token.

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

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

James McIntyre

## Oddfellowship in Woodstock

Well tell a tale, it shall be brief
It is of rise of Maple Leaf,
From noble Olive Branch it sprung,
And its good deeds shall yet be sung ;
This Encampment, though in its youth,
Glories in friendship, love, and truth
Of all our lodges yet the chief
May be this youthful Maple Leaf ;
Built of good timber, it doth launch
Well worthy of the Olive Branch,
And though it only is a shoot
We hope that it will take deep root,
And soon be vigorous Maple tree
In Canada so broad and free.
And may its usefulness ne'er cease
Sprung from the Olive Branch of peace,
But comfort brothers in distress,
Widows and orphans it will bless,
And console them in their grief,
Protected by the Maple Leaf.
Poor travellers in the wilderness
They oft do suffer great distress,
But may no pilgrim get rude shock
Sojourning here in Woodstock.

James McIntyre

**Ode on the Mammoth Cheese**

We have seen the Queen of cheese,
Laying quietly at your ease,
Gently fanned by evening breeze --
Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

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

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

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

Of the youth -- beware of these --
For some of them might rudely squeeze
And bite your cheek; then songs or glees
We could not sing o' Queen of Cheese.

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

James McIntyre

**Oliver Goldsmith**

Goldsmith wrote Deserted Village,
Now again reduced to tillage ;
Once happiest village of the plain,
Place now you look for it in vain ;
There but one man he doth make rich,
And hundreds struggle in the ditch ;

' Ill fare the land to many ills a prey
Where wealth accumelates but men decay.'
His honest Vicar of Wakefield
Forever he will pleasure yield.

James McIntyre

## On Doctor Gardener

Gardner told a sad tale of woe,
How he was oft o'erwhelmed in snow
But was he frightened ? no ! no ! ! no ! ! !
He onward cheerfully did go,
And though that he did freeze his cheek
The fire side he did never seek,
But straight went onward, in his course,
So happy, driving his good horse,
And merrily along the way
The bells did ring around his sleigh.

James McIntyre

**On White Brothers**

To us it is a pleasing sight,
To see so many here to night;
All listening with so much delight
Unto those worthy men of might
The charming songsters, Brothers White,

James McIntyre

## Opening Ode

Delivered at an Odd-Fellows' Concert.

Some have formed strange conceptions about the mysteries of our order.
They believe that enshrouded 'mong the deep and mysterious
surroundings of our dark recesses and caves we have chained
'Gorgans and Hydras, and Chimeras dire,' and that in our mazes
and labyrinths,

A horrid goat we have to ride,
With long horns and shaggy hide,
And that the beast we have to stride well
Without saddle or a bridle.

Friends, with pleasure we do meet you,
And with hearty welcome greet you ;
With many we have met before,
So pleasantly in days of yore.

But some new faces we do find,
And hope they'll criticise us kind ;

Abroad for talent we don't roam,
But friends and neighbors here at home

Will give us now a splendid treat,
With speeches good and songs so sweet ;
And instruments whose soothing charms
Will banish cares and our alarms.

In friendly deeds they lead the van,
Both Oxford and Samaritan,
To relieve brothers in distress,
And bounteously the widows bless.

James McIntyre

## Our Firemen

Lines delivered at a Firemen's Soiriee [sic] in the days of the hand engines.

Our youth and beauty here arranged,
In honor of the Fire Brigade ;
And now every man is ready
To obey the bugle of Brady.

And always willing for to ralley
At the trumpet sound of Walley,
To the fire they rush at once,
Led on by gallant Captain Vance.

The firemen, now, their only strife,
It seems to be a race for life,
Which engine first shall reach the fire
And cause the wild flames to expire.

James McIntyre

**Oxford Cheese Makers Song**

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

CHORUS.
Then long life to Father Ranney,
May he wealth and honor gain, aye !

He always took the first prize,
Both for quality and size ;
But many of his neighbors
Now profit by his labors.
And the ladies dress in silk
From the proceeds of the milk :
But those who buy their butter,
' How dear it is,' they mutter.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.
May he never suffer pain, aye,
The father of cheesemen, Ranney.
Or you may go all the way

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

CHORUS.
May his strength never wane, aye,
The great dairyman, Ranney.
And of late we saw some
Very good cheese from Lawson ;
All around Mount Elgin
Dairymen have well done;
And out in East Nissouri
They make some scores a day ;
From Jarvis and Elliott
Some good cheese is bought.

CHORUS
And we will all remain, aye,
Indebted to Father Ranney.
Now we close this glorious theme,
This song of curds and rich cream,
Subject worthy of our muse,
You can buy your hoops and screws,
Boxes and vats, all things like these,
In Ingersoll, great mart for cheese ;
Here buyers all do congregate,
And pay for cheese the highest rate.

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

James McIntyre

## Oxford Cheese Ode

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

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## Patriotic Ode

Written during the last excitement on the Canadian frontier.

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

James McIntyre

## People Will Talk

The following lines were written at the request of a little girl, who said she would recite them at a Sunday School entertainment. She wished it written to the refrain people will talk. I presume the ideas in the following are nearly, altogether original, or they are very differently worded from the old pieces under the title of 'People will Talk.'

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

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

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

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

Little girls should learn to knit and to sew,
Then, if to womanhood they ever grow,
Their hose they can knit, and make their own dress,
Then to their homes they will bring bless-
For people will talk.

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

James McIntyre

## Poe

A great enchanter too is Poe,
His bells do so harmonious flow ;
Wondrous mystery of his raven
On our minds is ere engraven ;
His weird, mysterious romances
Imagination oft entrances.

James McIntyre

## Poetry

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

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

James McIntyre

## Port Burwell

About a quarter of a century ago, when Port Burwell was a busy, thriving place, several friends accompanied me to the port to attend a concert, we all being specially invited. It was in the winter, and there had been a race on the ice, in which the Port Burwell horse took the lead. We gave a local piece of some length, but only retain now a few lines. The people at the concert were highly pleased with the effusion.

In winter time, who here resort
To pay a visit to your famous port,
They must be clad in fur well,
For it blows cold at Burwell.

But when you wish to trot your horse
You make lake Erie your race course,
And we believe at every heat
All other horses you do beat.

James McIntyre

## Port Stanley

Lines composed on an excursion to port Stanley, 1883.

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

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

No one here need ever weary
On the borders of lake Erie,
With quadrille parties at Stanley
And games and sports all so manly,
Or bathe in waves with friends near thee,
You fear not storms of lake Erie.

James McIntyre

**Potato Bug Exterminators**

During the summer of 1883 we were walking along past a large field of potatoes in North Oxford, where we beheld the strange spectacle of a pair of bipeds drilling their offspring to march up one potato row and down the other, so as to annihilate the enemy, who had assembled in vast armies, dressed in yellow garments, and who were committing fearful depredations on the fruits of the husbandmen, until the valuable auxilliary forces rushed to the rescue of the farmer, o'erwhelming the enemy and with one fell swoop, bringing on them consternation and ruin dire. It appears that the foe, or their progenitors, had been citizens of Colordo in the far West. And that, having conquered all before them, they sought another World to conquer here.

When we do trace out nature's laws,
And view effects, and muse on cause,
For the future there's great hope
If we our eyes do only ope.
With joy they will often glisten,
If to truth one doth but listen ;
But people often turn deaf ear
And what is useful will not hear.

Now for a minute, lend your luggs [sic],
Our theme, it is potato bugs.
Just buy a pair of young peafowl,
Their voice may be like to screech owl,
But soon as the potato shows
You there will find the peafowl goes,
Up one row and down the other
Like loving sister with brother.

And you will find that down their muggs
Have disappeared potato bugs,
Theres no more need of Paris green
For they will keep potatoes clean.
And faithful they will work all day,
For to them 'tis gay sport and play ;
No more you need their voice bewail,
But admire beauties of the tail.

James McIntyre

**Prof. Longmuir**

It hath been a source of considerable gratification to me that one of my school teachers afterwards became Professor Longmuir, of Aberdeen. Mr. Longmuir had large, black, lustrous eyes. He was an enthusiastic geologist and botanist. His name is referred to by Hugh Millar, as he was one of his correspondents. Longmuir died at Aberdeen in 1883.

James McIntyre

**Prologue**

My friends, we sing Canadian themes,
For in them we proudly glory;
Her lakes, her rivers and her streams,
Worthy of renown in story.
And in these leaves we hope is strewn
Some wheat among the chaff
And maple boughs, by rude axe hewn
Where one may find a rustic staff
To help him o'er the rugged lines.
Some see no beauties near to home,
But do admire the distant far -
They always love abroad to roam,
View glory in but far off star;
But, let it never be forgot
That distant hills, when closer seen,
Are after all a barren spot -
Not like your own hills, clad in green.
You'll find they are but idle dreams,
To search for happiness afar:
At home there's lovely lakes and streams,
Remain content now where you are.
At us we hope you will not rage
Because we sing of local charms
In each varied town and village,
As well as round our rural farms.
But our address it must be brief,
So we bid you now all adieu;
But, of our book, pray read each leaf,
Until the whole you have gone through;
Each one doth know it is not wise,
Though our song may not be vocal,
Chants of our home for to despise,
But prize them 'cause they are local.

James McIntyre

**Prophecy of a Ten Ton Cheese**

In presenting this delicate, dainty morsel to the imagination of the people, I believed that it could be realized. I viewed the machine that turned and raised the mamoth cheese, and saw the powerful machine invented by James Ireland at the West Oxford companies factory to turn the great and fine cheese he was making there. This company with but little assistance could produce a ten ton cheese.

Who hath prophetic vision sees
In future times a ten ton cheese,
Several companies could join
To furnish curd for great combine
More honor far than making gun
Of mighty size and many a ton.

Machine it could be made with ease
That could turn this monster cheese,
The greatest honour to our land
Would be this orb of finest brand,
Three hundred curd they would need squeeze
For to make this mammoth cheese.

So British lands could confederate
Three hundred provinces in one state,
When all in harmony agrees
To be pressed in one like this cheese,
Then one skillful hand could acquire
Power to move British empire.

But various curds must be combined
And each factory their curd must grind,
To blend harmonious in one
This great cheese of mighty span,
And uniform in quality
A glorious reality.

But it will need a powerful press
This cheese queen to caress,
And a large extent of charms
Hoop will encircle in its arms,
And we do not now despair,
But we shall see it at world's fair.

And view the people all agog, so
Excited o'er it in Chicago,
To seek fresh conquests queen of cheese
She may sail across the seas,
Where she would meet reception grand
From the warm hearts in old England.

James McIntyre

## Questions and Answers

Are you a mason?
No ; I prefer To work at the trade of carpenter.
Are you then an Oddfellow ?
No ; I married Annabella.
Are you a Son of Temperance ?
No ; I am son of Joseph Vance.
Are you then a Forrester ?
No ; town life I prefer.

James McIntyre

**Rabbit Story**

Our friend, Mr. Romley,
He told the tale homley,
And yet full of fun,
How the Rabbits did run,
In numbers a score,
All around his door.
They were red, black and white,
Their play folks did delight ;
But they got small by degrees,
For the cats did them seise-
All but one big black Rabbit,
He got into the habit
Under ground he would dive-
He long time did survive,
'Till owner, wanting fat pot,
He this great beast then shot.
When police heard the gun,
Full quickly he did run,
In a furious rage ;
But his wrath did as-uage
When he got a quarter
Of the last martyr.

James McIntyre

**Reminiscences**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'For peace hath victories by far
More glorious than horrid war.'
England doth Longfellow revere
And America loves Shakspeare.

The oration on the above interesting occasion was de-

livered by the late Hon. William Hamilton Merritt, projector of the Welland Canal. He served at the battle when a young man. The remains of the General had been removed to a gentleman's residence in the valley while the vault under the new monument was being prepared. We witnessed the impressive ceremony and shall never forget it.-THE AUTHOR.

James McIntyre

**Response To Sentiment of Scottish Poets**

In replying to this toast, we have no hesitation in saying that Burns stands pre-eminently
in the first rank. His mind was so sensitive to the beauties of nature that he regretted plowing a daisy under, as evinced in the following tender lines :-

' Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the stour
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.'

He was well aware that he was but little indebted to education, and he finely expresses it
in the following :-

'Gie me a spark o' nature's fire,
'Tis a' the learning I desire ;
Then though I trudge through dub and mire,
At plow or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.'

He has encouraged many a poor man who was depressed and in despair with the ill assorted way
in which this world's goods are distributed with his grand song.

'The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the goud for a' that.'

Thomas Campbell had a warm feeling for depressed nationalities, and warmly expressed it on the
fall of the Polish Patriot Kosciusko :-

' Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.'

He had a deep sympathy for Ireland, down-trodden as it was eighty years ago, when he visited it,
and gives vent to his feelings in the touching lament of the Exile of Erin:

'O where is my cabin stood by the wild wood?
Mother and sister did you weep for its fall?
And where is the sire watched over my childhood?
And where is my bosom friend dearer than all?'

Tanahill composed while at the loom. His best known, sweetest and most tender song is :
'Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane.'

Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, composed while tending his flock. One of his finest and most

tender pieces is:
'Meeting a Bonnie Lassie when the Kye comes Hame. '

Charles McKay, the greatest living Scottish Poet, is most favourably known by his splendid manly song :

' The pen shall supercede the sword,
Right, not might, shall be the Lord;
There's a good time coming-wait a little longer.'

James McIntyre

**Robert Burns**

The following ode was delivered by the author at the Centennial Anniversary of Burns, Ingersoll, in presence of a large assembly in the year 1859:

This night shall never be forgot,
For humble life none now despise,
Since Barns was born in lowly cot,
Whose muse's wing soared to the skies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So here we've met in distant land
Poor honest Robin to extoll,
Though oft we've differed,
Let us stand united now in Ingersoll.

Burns sang so sweet behind the plow,
Daisies well wreath around his brow,
Musing, on thee, what visions throng
Of floods you poured of Scottish song

Scott, he did write romancing rhymes
Of chivalry of ancient times.
For tender feeling none can cope
With Campbell, the sweet Bard of hope.

Eye, with sympathetic tear in
We'll shed it for exile of Erin,
And Tannahil, while at his loom,
Wove flowers of song will ever bloom.

Hogg, Ettrick shepherd, did gain fame
By singing when the Kie comes hame,
With good time coming Bard McKay
Still merrily doth cheer the way.

James McIntyre

**Robert Fleming Gourley**

There came to Oxford Robert Gourley,
In his old ago his health was poorly ;
He was a relic of the past,
In his dotage sinking fast,

Yet he was erect and tall,
Like noble ruined castle wall.
In early times they did him impeach
For demanding right of speech,
Now Oxford he wished to represent
In Canadian Parliament ;
But him the riding did not honor,
But elected Doctor Connor.

James McIntyre

## Salford Parsonage

Lines delivered at housewarming of Salford Parsonage.

Your pastor's fame first got abroad
By his success on Culloden Road ;
He filled the church so that the fold
No longer it the flock would hold.
But soon a larger church did rise,
With fine neat tower points to the skies;
When you o'erwhelmed with ruin dire
Did lose your parsonage by fire.

To his call with generous bounty
You built best parsonage in county,
But some good people in the town
At this idea they might frown.
Unless we made this correction :
The best in a rural section ;
Your pastor he doth vigorous push,
He's not afraid to enter bush.

And 'tis a fact there's very few
With him can stick of timber hew ;
Ready for to superintend,
Or a helping hand to lend.
When bold man's wanted at the front,
You've but to call on Reverend Hunt;
In pulpit he conviction darts,
And points the way to troubled hearts.
But solemn thoughts we won't employ,
As this is all a scene of joy ;
Maids and matrons all charming
Do grace this pleasant house-warming.
Here people come from near and far
To purchase goods at this bazar ;
And all is happiness and glee
At festival of this soiree.

James McIntyre

**Saxe**

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

James McIntyre

## Scottish Names in Oxford County

We have the Murray and McKay
From the country of Lord Rae ; *
McKenzie too from many a loch,
From Dingwall, Fain, and old Dornoch.

*Lord Rae, chief of the clan McKay. The family formerly owned large estates in Sutherland, which they lost. The present Lord Rae was born in Holland, and he married a rich lady with an estate near Edinburgh. He is one of the foremost scientific men in Britain at the present time, and he frequently presides at assemblies both in London and Edinburgh for the advancement of education and science.

James McIntyre

**Shelley**

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

James McIntyre

## Snake and Potato Bug

A TRUE TALE.

'Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud,
without our special wonder, '-SHAKESPEAR.

In a grocery store in Ingersoll our attention was called to a copper-headed snake wriggling in a glass jar. We noticed a peculiarity about its head, but soon found out it was a potato bug, which was afraid of being drowned ; and the only above water being the snake's head and neck, it was fondly clinging thereto. There being 'no jutty-frieze buttress or coigne of vantage, where it could make its pendant bed, elsewhere.

Some poets they abroad do roam,
But we find themes are near to home ;
As we do seldom travel far,
This is a song of a glass jar.

Snake of species of the copper,
And on its head there was live hopper,
For we saw that funny sight
In a store, it was last night.

There in water was a snake,
And a bug so wide awake;
He was afraid that he would drown
So he clomb up on the snake's crown.

This snake it is near a foot long,
Which doth suffer this great wrong,
It thinks the bug wants it to throttle
This makes it wriggle in the bottle.

But fondly the kind hearted bug,
It doth its preserver hug,
For the bug when on the water
It is only but a squatter.

And hath taken up homestead
On the top of the snake's head,
And on the waters it doth float
Safe and happy on this boat.

James McIntyre

## St. Andrew and Halloween

Our ancient customs to renew,
We meet to honour St. Andrew,
He was of the Jewish nation;
A fisherman by occupation.
No warlike knight with lance and sword,
But humbly following his Lord,
And Scotia she justly claims
Her soil contains his last remains.
In early times the pilgrims drew
Unto the shrine of St. Andrew;
For miracles it gained renown,
And thence sprang up St.Andrew's town.
And here to night we meet together,
Rose, shamrock and blooming heather,
For no more the Scottish thistle .
With warlike thorns it doth bristle.
But clansmen twine round maple leaf,
When rallying at the call of chief.
And time will come when we'll be one
And proud of name Canadian.
A tale we'll tell of what hath been
When maids and youths kept Hallowe'en.
It is a tale of old-world lore,
What happened in the days of yore,
When faries danced upon the green
So merrily on Hallowe'en,
And witches did play many a trick,
Assisted by their auld friend nick ;
And lovers met wound the fire
Near to the one their hearts desire-
For to burn nuts, for to discover
The truthfulness of their lover
They first did give each nut a name-
This was Sandy-that was Jane ;
If they did blaze side by side-
She knew her husband - he his bride ;
But if one up the chimney flew.
One knew the other was not true.
And one sure test did never fail :
Blindfold to find good stock of kale,
To pull the first comes to the hand
With heavy roots of earth and sand,
For the very weight of mould
Does denote the lover's gold.
In tubs children love to splatter;
Ducking for apples in the water ;
For such were the delights of yore,
Which soon will cease for evermore.
At Balmoral Castle Britain's Queen
Oft celebrated Hallowe'en.
Princess Beatrice lights bonfire
'Neath the mock witches funeral pyre.

But Highland landlords now do clear
Land of men to make room for deer
And where brave race did once abound
'Tis wilderness of hunting ground.
But Scotia must not be forgot,
For sake of Chalmers, Burns or Scott.
But here upon Canadian soil
A man may own where he doth toil,
For here each may enjoy the charm
Of owning fine prairie farm.

James McIntyre

## St. Andrews Anniversary

The following is a clipping from an old Ingersoll paper
on St. Andrew's Anniversary, 30th November, 1868 :

The Anniversary of Scotia's tetular [sic] saint was celebrated on Monday with great eclat
by a dinner at Mr. Douglass' Hotel. The spread on the occasion was excellent ; not only Scotia's sons, but many who came from merry England and the Green Isle were present. After the cloth had been removed Mr. McIntyre took the chair, and Mr. Sorley the vice chair. Songs, speeches and toasts became the order of the evening The following original piece was rendered by Mr. McIntyre in good style :-

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

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

Land where you may enraptured hark
To heavenly song of the sky lark
Which soars triumphant to the skies
Above the gaze of human eyes.

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

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

We hope some day to tread the strand
Of our own dear native land,
And see the lasses shear the corn *
Near the banks of the Findhorn.

Where the Jeans and the Maggies
Excel is making glorious haggies,
And o'er the sea we'll some day sail
To get a bowl of good green kail.

James McIntyre

## St.Catharines

Lines read at a banquet at the Welland House, St. Catharines[sic],
where the brotherhood of Odd-Fellows, attending Grand
Lodge, were entertained.

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

## St.Thomas

At time of Oddfellow's Grand Lodge meeting, 1884.

Oddfellows once they had to trudge
O'er rough stage roads to the Grand Lodge,
But now they town of metal seek
And find it on the Kettle Creek ;
For industry it here prevails
As it was built by the steel rails ;
And here the wide expanded bridges
Do connect the distant ridges.
No more need to stay at home, as
There's lots of railroads to St. Thomas.
You pluckily did boldly venture,
Now you are great railroad centre ;
Your city now it hath high hopes
From its great railway work shops,
And higher yet it still will rise,
This seat of so much enterprise.
When young man longs for wedded mate,
He seeks Alma girl graduate.
St. Thomas is baby city named
And for its youthful vigor famed.

James McIntyre

**T.D Mkee**

While referring to past glories of Ireland, perhaps we might refer to that great Irish Historian,
the late Honourable T. D. McKee, of whom we have written a poem in the earlier portion of this work,
and we will give you an anecdote of him while here, showing his ready wit while he was rising from
the supper table around which was a number of guests assembled, all eyes being naturally turned on
him as the great centre of attraction, but the chair, being new, stuck to him ; he instantly exclaimed, I
wish the Montreal people were as anxious to retain me in my seat as you are in Ingersoll. He being a
member for Montreal, wrote a fine poem on the St. Lawrence, where in Cartier describes to the King,
on his return to Europe, the great river.

' He told them of a river whose mighty torrent gave
A freshness for a hundred leagues to oceans briney wave.'

James McIntyre

**Tennyson**

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

James McIntyre

**Tercentenary Ode on Shakespeare**

We had the honour of delivering in 1864 the principal address at the tercentennial anniversary of Shakspeare in the Town Hall, Ingersoll, before a large audience, and we read the following ode on the occasion:

' Shakespeare requires no marble monument;
He lives forever in our wonder and astonishment.
BEN JONSON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And now on every land on earth
They commemorate Shakespeare's birth.
And there is met on Avon's banks

Men of all nations and all ranks.
And here upon Canadian Thames
The gentle maids and comely dames
Do meet, and each does bring her scroll
Of laurel leaves from Ingersoll.
Milton

James McIntyre

## The Brothers Stuart

In the year 1843 we were, though but a boy, at a fair at Cawdor Castle. Readers of Shakespeare's Macbeth will have often found Cawdor mentioned therein; the village of Cawdor is but a few miles from Culloden Moor While we were there the old Highland people, in their broken English, were declaring that the Stuarts were collecting arms, and that the Clans were going to join them ; those gentlemen wore the Highland garb, and were highly respected. They had lived in Cawdor for some years ; one of them built a Hermitage of wicker-work on high bank of river, which remains entire and in good repair to the present day.

Long 'ere Her Majesty the Queen
Had visited of Aberdeen,
'Ere she in castle did abide
'Mong glorious hills on the Dee side,
Or visited each Highland glen
Or won the hearts of Highlandmen,
There oft was seen in Highland dress
Two Stuarts brave in Inverness ;
Well worthy of the poet's lyre,
They claimed Prince Charlie as Grandsire,
And that they also did combine
Stuart with Royal Polish line ;
Their names, Sobieskie Stuart,
They won many a Highland heart.

But Royal order did go forth,
To build Balmoral Castle North,
Then woundrous change was quickly seen-
All hearts were captured by the Queen.

James McIntyre

## The Cheese Pionner

Lines on Rannie, the cheese pioneer, written a quarter of a century ago.

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

James McIntyre

## The Great Fire of Ingersoll

Written at the time of the disaster.

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

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

Our once fair town is now in woe,
And we have had our Chicago ;
But soon a nobler town will rise,
For Ingersoll's all enterprise.

For water far town need not seek,
As there is river and the creek
Just find the means it to apply
And then all fires must quickly die.

James McIntyre

## The Joys of Prairie Farmers

We let Ontario farmers sing
About the joys the woods do bring,
But we, in regions of North-West
Do think prairie farms the best,
For those poor men who swing the axe
On their strength 'tis a heavy tax ;
For several years they naught can grow,
While from the first we plow and sow,
And while we plow we dont get thumps
By running it against the stumps ;
And where wild buffalo now doth feed
There very soon we'll sow the seed ;
Where Indian wigwams now do stand
Will be the site of cities grand,
And where the deer and wolf doth roam
Millions will build each happy home,
So quick as if by magic wand
They will arise o'er the whole land ;
But this one fact we wont deny
Ontario, she can supply,
For so skilfully she doth invent
Each agricultural implement.

James McIntyre

## The London Flood

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

What is called in Canada a 'creek ' is Scotland called
a 'burn.'

'The muse, nae poet ever fand her;
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander.' -BURNS.

James McIntyre

**The Power of Steam**

We now do sing a new theme,
It is prodigious power of steam ;
And our little fast steam horse,
How he works with mighty force.

Instead of hay and oats, we thrust
In his mouth chips and saw dust ;
Which heats the blood in his veins,
Then how he saws and bores and plains.

He's never troubled with the botts,
But all the time he gaily trotts,
And every day he is full able
To make many a chair and table.

Work for him is only sport,
He feels so good he oft does snort,
As he trotts along his course,
Our little frolicksome steam horse.

James McIntyre

## The Shires on the Moray Frith

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

James McIntyre

**Thomas Campbell**

As musings on Banks of Canadian Thames doth not necessarily consist of meditations in verse, but the monotony of the cogitations may be relieved by a soliloquy in prose, and as Campbell manifested a deep interest in American subjects, we will give the following anecdote related by that genial American Author Washington Irvine, to Sir Walter Scott. Irvine, while in Britian, visited Campbell, but found him absent and he expressed a regret to Campbells wife that her husband did not write more. She said that he was timid and he felt Byron and Scott o'ershadow him with their great poems. Sir Walter replied, ' I myself produce pebbles, Scottish pebbles, but Campbell is the creator of Diamonds of the first water.' Byron also expressed himself in a similar strain as follows :-

'Arise, O Campbell, give thy talents scope ;
Who dares aspire if thou has ceased to hope '

Campbell wrote thus of America in the beginning of the century, and by comparing the facts as he describes them it shows the wonderous strides which the United States, especially, have taken on the Banks of Lake Erie, as Lake Ontario seems to be favorite location for Canadian cities.

On Erie's banks were tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chaunts his dismal song.
Where human fiends their midnight errand walk ;
And bathe in brains the murderous tomehawk.

The poet then predicts that cities will there arise, but more wonderfully quick they have arisen then poets pen ever imagined. The poet also imagines the time will come when the fleecy flocks will be straying o'er the thymey pastures and the shepherds dancing at early morn and dewy eve, but alas, these predictions have never been verified, for the lands on Erie's shores are too valuable for sheep walks, and it is no Arcadian bower where the romance of the dreamy imaginations of the ancient philosophers are being enacted, but a vigorous, intelligent, and industrious population have arisen, who have built villages, towns and cities along its shores. But the foundation of the whole prosperity is the intelligent, well directed industry of the farming population.

Their industry is not in vain,
For they have bounteous crops of grain,
And you behold on every field
Of grass and roots, abundant yield ;
But after all the greatest charm
Is the snug home upon the farm.
And stone walls now keep cattle warm,
The cold blast now doth them no harm.

James McIntyre

**Tom Moore**

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

In eastern lands his fame prevails
In wondrous Oriental tales ;
So full of gems his Lala Rookh
Hindoos and Bramins read his book,
And dark eyed Persian girls admire
The beauties of his magic lyre
Glowing like pearls of great price
Those distant gleams of Paradise.
He sang of Bryan Borohm's glory,
Renowned in ancient Irish story,
And shows the wide expanded walls
Which once encircled Tara's Halls
When joyous harp did there resound
And Ireland's greatest king was crowned
All wars and tumults then did cease,
Ireland did prosper great in peace.

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

James McIntyre

## Transformation Scene

A plain building was removed to a pleasant grove, and in a few weeks it was transformed into the neatest frame building in town.

As westward we of late did rove
We beheld in the maple grove
An old church now owned by Peter ;
In town there is no house looks neater,
For those bay windows do look sweeter
Than anything in prose or meter.

James McIntyre

## Victoria Park and Caledonian Games

Lines on the naming of Victoria Park, on Queen's Birthday, 1881. The ceremony was performed by Thomas Brown, Esq., Mayor of the town.

Come one, come all, to Scottish games
On the banks of Canadian Thames ;
You'll find that 'tis most pleasant way
You can enjoy the Queen's Birthday.

In future years it will be famed
The day whereon the park was named,
With its boundry great extended
And nature's charms sweetly blended.

Full worthy of the poet's theme
Is hill and dale, and wood and stream,
And glittering spires, and busy town.
Where mansions' do each mount top crown.

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

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

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

James McIntyre

**Walt Whitman**

For erratic style he leads van,
Wildly, wayward Walt Whitman.

*Mathew Arnold saw fit to say that Longfellow was not
the National Poet of America, but we presume few believed
him; one of Longfellows grandest pieced the scene is laid in
Canada.

It is a tale of love divine;
Charming faithful Evangeline.

James McIntyre

**Wars In Queen Victorias Reign**

We will now sing in thoughtful strain
Of wars in Queen Victoria's reign,
The Russian Bear did ages lurk
All ready for to spring on Turk,
For Russian Statesmen did divine
That they should conquer Constantine;
But like a Grey hound after Hare,
The Lion did drive back the Bear,
And made it feel the British rule,
At gates of strong Sebastapool,
Then insolent was Persia,
Till Lion had to dictate law;
And while engaged in scenes like these,
He was attacked by the Chinese.
And for this outrage all so wanton
He then resolved to seize on Canton,
But soon there came a dismal cry
Of slaughtered Britons from Delhi;
The Bengal Tiger, sick with gore,
Did tremble at the Lion's roar,
But Briton's got a serious shock
By losing of brave Havelock,
But Campbell, 'mid a numerous foe,
Full quick these armied hordes did o'erthrow
In Abyssinian dungeons vile
Lay captives of Great Britain's Isle,
But soon the tyrant Theodore
Lay sadly weltering in his gore.
The savage tribes of Ashanteee
From British troops did quickly flee.
In Afgan and Zulu wars
Many did find their deadly scars.
In the land of the Pharaohs
The Christians suffered cruel woes,
Till in Alexandria Bay
The British iron clads did display
The mighty power they did wield,
While their steel sides from harm did shield
And British army on the land
Marched bravely o'er the burning sand,
And Arabi found 'twas useless labor
His strong trench of Tel-el-Kebir.
Egyptians did not wish to feel
In their breast cold British steel.
Their great power was soon laid low
And Wolseley entered Grand Cairo.
Egyptians now no more revile
The Christians on the Banks of Nile.
We here have sung three heroes' names,
Havelock from the land of Thames,
And Campbell from the banks of Clyde,
And Wolseley from Liffey's side.

When rose, thistle, shamrock unite;
They do prove victors in the fight.
Now Britain once more does command
Respect alike on sea and land.
But now may wars forever cease
And mankind ever live in peace.

James McIntyre

## Welcome to the Prince of Wales

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

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

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

In the woods the axe is ringing,
And the yeoman merry singing ;
The song resounds o'er hills and dales -
Our future king, the Prince of Wales.
'Round the brow of our future chief
We'll weave a wreath of maple leaf,
For o'er broad Canada prevails
Kind feelings to the Prince of Wales.

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

James McIntyre

## Whittier

James McIntyre

**Will Carleton**

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

James McIntyre

**Windmills and Stone Stables**

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

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

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

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

James McIntyre

**Witch Stone**

At Forres is a large round stone,
A relic of the days by gone;
For here there were two witches burned,
Underneath their ashes urned.

A man with veneration small
Broke stone and built it in his wall,
But the authorities of town
Made him full quickly pull them down.

Replace each piece, and it environ
With large bars of good Scottish iron ;
May fine old town thrive and adorn
The beauteous banks of the Findhorn.

James McIntyre