

POETS' CORNER.

A LYRIC FOR THE TIMES.

Breathes there a man whose servile breast  
Is sunk in languor's fatal rest,  
While o'er him, midst the gathering storm,  
Oppression rears her hateful form,  
Who, when her feet to earth would tread  
Those rights for which our fathers bled,  
Hopes not, nor strives, to stay their fall,  
But one by one resigns them all?

Breathes such a man, I will not ask  
What country gave him birth,  
He did not come of English mould,  
For such a soul thus tame, thus cold,  
Would rouse his angry sires of old,  
And bring them back to earth.

Breathes there a man whose servile eye  
Ne'er pierced the film of slavery;  
Who never felt a glow of shame  
O'erspread his cheek at freedom's name,  
Nor blushed to deem himself accurst,  
Of slaves the veriest and the worst.

Breathes such a man, o'er eastern climes  
Unheeded let him roam,  
His law a haughty tyrant's frown,  
A den of slaves his home,  
There let him roam, for climes like those  
May well the dastard spirits please,  
Where burning sands and deserts dry  
Parch up the springs of energy,  
There let him roam, to freedom lost  
Contented if he can,  
While nature shrinking from his stitich,  
Shall view with scorn the thing she made,  
And blush to call it man.

But I, whom northern climes have reared,  
Whose cheek the cutting wind hath stung,  
Whose ear hath fancied, as it past,  
That freedom spoke in every blast,  
And oft have traced the historic page  
The record of a former age,  
That paints my hardy sires of yore,  
The hopes they felt the fears they bore—  
Shall I, thus recreant, basely tame,  
Renounce th' glories of their name  
And quit the path they trod?  
While busy infamy shall trace  
The recreant Losel of his race,  
His children's scorn, his sire's disgrace,  
The outcast of his God.

Never! oh, never! come the thought,  
That dwells on ease by freedom bought,  
Perish the heart that does not burn  
When justice weeps o'er freedom's urn,  
And be that eye in darkness set  
That views, yet views not with regret,  
No, mine be the choice my fathers made,  
Be mine their battle cry,  
When fighting for their rights of yore,  
Dauntless and brave each warrior swore  
To conquer or to die.

A DIGGER.