

## The Bradford Beck, the Canal, and the Smoke Nuisance.

Yea 'tis strange, " 'tis strange but true,"  
We had once as bright a dream  
As e'er burst upon the view  
In some sweet celestial stream.

Nothing in this vale of ours  
Riveted the stranger's eye,  
With its banks all fringed with flowers,  
Like that stream in days gone by.

O'er the glittering pebbles there,  
How we watched the fishes glide,  
(Free from every anxious care)  
In that gently flowing tide.

But how changed that stream at last,  
Who exults to see it now?  
Who as in the years long past,  
Cares its winding course to show.

On its banks no verdure springs,  
Not a floweret blossoms there,  
No melodious warbler sings  
To beguile our daily care.

Not a trout is to be seen  
Glittering in the midday sun;  
Not a daisy decks the green  
Where my infant sports begun.

Tainted is the very breeze  
As it sweeps along the vale,  
And amidst the leafless trees  
Makes its soft but mournful wail.

Sickening, too, the very sight  
Of our pestilent canal,  
Where diseases day and night  
Hold their rendezvous, and shall

Still continue, for who cares  
For the poor man's dying lay,  
Whilst the plague creating shares  
Still so well, so nobly pay?

Still continue? no, not so,—  
Fate at last has sealed its doom,  
Justice must heaven's bidding do,  
Shut the floodgates of the tomb.

Such a doom awaits the smoke,  
Long its tried and constant friend,  
Making earth and heaven look  
As if both were at an end.

Yes, ere long shall dawn the day  
When that needless curse shall be  
Banished from our land away  
Plunged into oblivion's sea!