

No satire e'er shall tinge the simple song,
No venom'd slander e'er defile my tongue.
The pow'r that wakes the joyful wood-
land strain,

And breathes the voice of Love along the
plain,

Shall kindle in my breast the soft desire;
Which modest beauty's conqu'ring smiles
inspire:

My NELLY's smiles shall tune my pipe to
love,

Content with her I'll range the vernal
grove;

We'll wander far among the wild retreats,
Where bounteous nature strews her various
sweetsets;

Delighted linger in the fragrant field;
Collect the blooms our native valleys
yield;

The laughing primrose from its mossy bed,
The violet blue, the daisy ting'd with red,
The fragrant pink that decks the grass-
grown rill.

The honey'd wild thyme on the rising hill,
The tender lily scatter'd o'er the vale,

The pansy fair that scents the roving
gale,

Whose sweets combin'd, around her brow
shall twine,

Or on her sweeter bosom gayly shine.
With her, thro' summer's flow'ry scenes
I'll stray,

With her, enjoy meek autumn's temp'rate
day;

And when destructive winter's gloomy
power

Deforms the scene and rifles ev'ry flow'r,
Scatters the fading honours of the shade,

And blasts the lively verdure of the mead;
While gath'ring storms burst dreadful from
the hill,

And icy gales restrain the noisy rill,
My humble cot, from rigid fashion free,

Still boasts a blazing hearth and cheerful
company.

There while bleak tempests rage along
the plain,

And shake the leafless woods and dash the
main;

To him, that breathes the western winds
in May,

That paints the blooms which render
summer gay,

to view them) might be deemed out of
place. Many of the American writers ab-

surdly appropriate the rural images of Eu-
rope: They tell you of the *gentle western*

breezes, enough to freeze one to death;
and every night piece is enlivened by the

Nightingale, where her voice was never
heard. But our Author has abundantly

more judgment than to fall into such errors.

That cheers the world with autumn's
rich supplies,
And shields us safe from winter's angry
skies,
My voice in ardent gratitude shall
rise!

And she, whose smiles made nature's
smiles invite,

In spite of winter's pow'r shall bless my
sight:

Tho' ev'ry warbler's silent in the shade,
And not one blossom cheers the forest
glade,

Endearing converse, and her melting song
Right well supply the woodlark's tuneful
tongue;

The lily's white her snowy breasts dis-
close,

Her dimpling cheek excels the damask
rose;

O'er all her form ten thousand charms ap-
pear

Sweeter than spring, and blooming all the
year.

Thus blythe, we pass our youthful
hours away,

In blissful love, and guiltless pleasure gay;
And when life's dreary winter comes at
last,

And every joy and pleasing scene is past;
When all the fleeting charms of life are
o'er,

And even the sweets of love delight no
more,

Our innocence shall ev'ry fear assuage,
And cheer us through the darksome vale
of age.*

POLLIO.

Halifax, Dec. 22, 1789:

POLLIO, by some, has been accused of
vanity, in affixing '*An original Poem*' to

the Verses on Winter: He is proud of the
Editor's approbation.—Rural Happi-

ness is abruptly taken from a manuscript,
which is too long and too unfinished for a

place in the Nova-Scotia Magazine.—
The above lines he submits to the Editor's

superior judgment.

* We are much obliged by this gentle-

man's correspondence; and greatly regret
that he has not favoured us with the whole

of the poem, of which *Rural Happiness*
makes a part: Its length would by no

means have prevented its insertion.—With
regard to the addition to the title of his

last, it was made only to give the whole a
fairer appearance on the page. We can

not see (supposing it done by himself) how
it could be imputed to him as a mark of

vanity;—a failing which seldom attends
such merit as his.

CHRO