

Sweet landscape! thou'rt nature enthroned in
her greatness,
Thou art nature enshrined in her glooms and
her light!
Thy lofty dark hills, and thy cataract's fleetness,
Contrast in proportion eternally bright.

Thy blue mountain reared in some wild freak
of nature,
Sublimely exalts its dark head to the skies;
And trees hoar with age, and of colossal
stature,
Midst lightning-cleft rocks most majestic arise.

Thy pure crystal streamlets unceasingly flow-
ing,
Untroubled and smooth through the wood-
mantled vale;
On their emerald banks the sweet wild flowers,
blowing,
Greet the eye with delight, and the senses re-
gale.

Sweet landscape! thy scenery never could tire
The eye that for scenes of reflection would rove;
Thou art union of all we in nature admire,
An emblem of mightiness, beauty, and love.

I have feasted mine eyes on thy beauties Ovoca,
Have drank of thy witching charms lovely
Lough Greine;
Have trembled beholding thy FALL, Pool na
Pooka,
And almost knelt down to adore thee Lake
Leine.

O nature, of all thy delights I've partaken!
With thy scenes all my dreams of enchantment
on wine!
But I never till now saw a scene that could
waken
A throeb of emotion so purely divine.

Lovely landscape! the atheist who in darkness
has trod,
And forgotten that being he ought to adore!
If thy grandeur be viewed, he should turn to
his God!
Blush, tremble, and weep, and deny him no
more.

A STONE MASON.

THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

The view from the high hill at the rear of the old Three-Mile House almost baffles adequate description. This hill is named Geizer's, after an old German settler, who once lived in the locality. Looking north from this height to the blue distances are revealed unfathomable woody dells, and constant views of the sparkling waters of Bedford Basin and its numerous little coves and miniature bays. It will require no stretch of imagination to fancy a summer trip on the blue Mediterranean and its thousand bays. But instead of alo and olive groves, there are pines, maples, ash and European trees clustering in great profusion upon the green hills, which descend into the sea.

The shore is broken into innumerable little bays and wooded points which seem to vie with each other for superiority until they all yield to their

queen—*Birch Cove*. Along the curve of the shore a number of summer residences and a beautiful convent mark the fringe of the wooded hills on the west. There is romance along these shores—from Sherwood to Birch Cove. Looking back a hundred and twelve years there looms up in imagination many a gay boating party upon the ever restless waters of the Basin, while sweet music is wafted across the bay from the rotunda occupied by the band of the 7th Fusilier regiment, of which the Duke of Kent was colonel.

Gay young officers of the Prince's staff, and the youth and beauty of the town beyond Block house hill, gathered here upon the invitation of the Duke and the talented Madame, to picnic in the beautiful groves and sweet retreats of the Lodge, or to dance in the gay saloon, the short summer nights away. Authentic his-



MADAME ALPHONSINE THERESE BERNARDINE JULIE DE MONTGENIN DE ST. LAURENT, BARONNE DE FORTISSON.

tory tells of some of the fair dames and damsels who graced with their beauty this once famous mansion through a malicious satirical poem by a grum, but a remarkably clever, old judge who once lived at Studley—the site in Halifax which Dalhousie University will, in the near future, adorn. Frances, Lady Wentworth, beautiful and vivacious, Mrs. Belcher, charming and lovely, Mrs. Murray, the gay wife of Captain Murray, R. N., Mrs. George Brindlay,