

And NEW BRUNSWICK acknowledge, enrapt with surprise,
 Such a picture, till now, never ravish'd *her* eyes !
 And CANADA own, that a "garden" so green
 As *this*, in *her travels*, she never had seen ! !
 Then the day was delightful—the weather *so fine*,
 So pleasant the party, *so cheering the wine*,
 That they never once thought of returning to town
 Till they came to a place of some note and renown,
 Where the BAYFIELDS retreat, from the dust to be free,
 Where STANHOPE, like "*Marathon*, looks on the sea ;"
 While only this odds in the picture we find,
 No "mountains" on *Stanhope* look down from behind.

Here, tying their horses not far from the shore,
 Our party *pedestrian* proceeded once more,
 Till they came to a *beach*, very like to the place
 Where CANUTE his *courtiers* rebuk'd to their face.
 Here the good Colonel G—y, with knowledge profound,
 Remark'd on the prospect above and around.
 "See there," quoth the Colonel—the Colonel shoots high—
 "See," pointing above, "what a heavenly sky !
 Did you ever behold, till you witness'd it here,
 Overarching your heads a *cerulean* so clear ?
 Look ! westward the village of RUSTICO shows ;
Monsieur CARTIER should visit that place ere he goes—
Cicerone I'll be, if the time we can spare,—
 And rub up his *French* with the *habitans* there !
 Still westward, another fine place may be seen,
 Once fam'd as the sylvan abode of the Queen,
 Which a curve in the coast from our vision conceals,
 That is TRACADIE, still very famous for eels ! "

Thus the Colonel, quite proud of his own native Isle,
 Discours'd on its points in most eloquent style ;