

The shy Hare couches, and the Squirrel springs
 For the sweet nut the laden beech-bough flings ;
 The speckled Partridge steps with dainty feet,
 And the Moose browses in his green retreat,—
 Safe—while on turf still bright the warm rays fall—
 From the train'd hound, and eager huntsman's call.

And silent, in the Indian Summer noon,
 Or silvering 'neath the white late risen moon
 That, like some wak'ning beauty, pale and proud,
 Parts, as she comes, a sombre curtain-cloud—
 Lie small unruffled Cove, and crescent Bay,
 For fishing shallop on its homeward way ;
 The shoreman's skill the great deep doth not foil :
 His bark comes laden with the briny spoil.
 Down the rude coast the scatter'd hamlets reach
 Their low white walls to the broad glitt'ring beach,
 Where the wave leaves that pink and tiny shell
 Whose hue the fisher children love so well ;
 The sun-burnt children, that by winter fire,
 Shall hear, with eager eyes, their browner sire
 Tell of the Voyage past, the dark fierce shore.
 And lingering July day of ' Labrador.'

To their own shadows, now red branches wave,
 Across thy bosom, picturesque ' Lahave ;'
 And in the fancy of this dreamy time,
 I see the grace that may elude my rhyme :
 But other songs in future Autumn light,
 Shall ask thy charm to make their numbers bright ;
 By thee adorned, then, may the skillful strain
 Bestow the meed my verse essays in vain ;
 In the still evening shall the singing bird,
 Answering his kind, among the leaves be heard,
 The warbling Mavis the soft pause shall fill
 That breaks the plaintive strain of Whistling-Will,
 The sweet grey Linnet keep his famous tale,