

And O ! delightful Albyn's task would be,
To praise (if meet) the Muses' protege.

Unnumber'd incidents make known, how bold,
The men of Nova Scotia were in old,
But ah ! but ah ! tho' fondly then revered,
In converse now, their names are never heard.
And aught that is not pompous, or polite,
Has been forever banish'd out of sight.

Lo ! ev'n in Quakertown the fiendish raid,
Is quite forgotten that the Micmac's made,
And all the legends which it once could boast
Have, with itself in DARTMOUTH, long been lost !
Nor is there any vestige left, that says,
Where stood the Blockhouse, in the former days ?
Nor is there any relics to engage,
The Antiquarians of the present age.
But *shoddy's* there in greatness overgrown,
By villas vast their origin is known.
They in fantastic structures seek to hide,
How near allied is poverty to pride.
And what is not, with novelty combined,
Can no admission to their presence find !
And where respect or veneration's paid,
They outward symbols purposely evade.

With this digression, we are apt to make,
Digressions simply for the readers sake,