

Strive but in vain, bereavements to forget.  
 Aye, in our sanctum, brooding o'er the past  
 So oft' exhausted, but will not exhaust.  
 Sick of a world, where promises abound—  
 In youthful days ; but tantalizing found.  
 And, in maturer years, the bright display  
 Eludes the grasp and vanishes away.  
 We eagerly ERATO's aid embrace,  
 To soothe, if not our sufferings efface ;  
 Or, in sensations song can give assuage  
 The melancholy that pertains to age.  
 And, as our fingers o'er the harp strings sweep,  
 Awake the echoes that in " Camp-hill " sleep.

Needs it be told, we're so fastidious grown,  
 The greatest *Bore* in Nova Scotia known—  
 Is truthfulness ; but any idle tale,  
 Is preferable wherein *lies* prevail !  
 " Largely inaccurate " some,—some wanting in  
 The " essential element " when they begin !  
 Nay, even some, nor few in number they  
 Exhibit carelessness in what they say,  
 And, in a hurricane of words, is shown  
 As facts, what are but fictions of their own.  
 But we profess—nor is it without pride,  
 Our inclination to the *better* side ;  
 And deem it quite excusable that we,  
 To vamping characters do not agree.  
 Nor ought—tho' plausible it may appear,