

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

INTERCOLONIAL PLOVER SHOOTING,

AT STANHOPE, P. E. ISLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

“The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.”—BYRON.

’Tis said—I believe there is truth in the say—
When the grand delegation was here, that one day
Some sharp-sighted members belonging thereto,
Took a drive out of town, the *interior* to view.
’Twas a beautiful country ! a charming display,
On the right and the left, which they saw on the way.
The hay-ricks appear’d where the meadows were shorn,
The harvest-fields wav’d with redundancy of corn,
Potatoes and turnips look’d thriving and green,
In short, such a promising crop had not been
On the Island before—or the *Muse* has forgot—
Since the wheat took the *weevil*, and “murphies” the *rot*.
All this, and I pen down the fact *con amore*,
Surpass’d anything they had look’d at before !
NOVA SCOTIA might here, with unwonted delight,
See the sun *unbefogged* shining peerlessly bright ;