

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face :
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too :
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 And e'en though vanquished he could argue still :
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 sound,
 Amaz'd, the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew."

The Rising Village does not paint the
 the new world pedagogue with as
 congratulatory a brush. Perhaps the
 poet had in mind the fact that his grand-
 father was a school master, and with
 jealous pen he would not raise that one
 of his creation to the standard of his
 ancestor.

"Beneath the shelter of a log-built shed,
 The country school-house next erects its head,
 No "man severe" with learning's bright display,
 Here leads the opening blossoms into day;
 No master here, in daring art refined,
 Through fields of science guides the aspiring mind,
 But some poor wanderer of the human race,
 Unequal to the task, supplies his place;
 Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill
 Consists in reading, and in writing ill;
 Whose efforts can no higher merit claim,
 Than spreading Dilworth's great scholastic fame
 No modest youths surround his awful chair,
 His frowns to deprecate or smiles to share,
 But all the terrors of his lawful sway,
 The proud despise, the fearless disobey,
 The rugged urchins spurn at all control,
 Which cramps the movements of the free born soul
 Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown,
 They think their knowledge far exceeds his own."

The sports of summer and winter,
 innocent amusements, beneath the spread-
 ing tree and about the glowing fire, are re-
 lated. And then he gives answer to the
 injunction of the great poet to those who
 should follow him—

"Still let thy voice * * * *
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain."—

By an invocation to virtue,

"Oh, virtue! that thy powerful charms could bind
 Each rising impulse of the erring mind;
 That every heart might own thy sovereign sway,
 And every bosom fear to disobey:
 No father's heart would then in anguish trace
 The sad remembrance of a son's disgrace:
 No mother's tears for some dear child undone

Would then in streams of poignant sorrow run;
 Nor could my verse the hapless story tell
 Of one poor maid who loved—and loved too well

Among the youths that graced their native plains,
 Albert was foremost of the village train ;
 The hand of nature had profusely shed
 Her richest blessings on his youthful head ;
 His heart seemed generous, noble, kind, and free,
 Just bursting into manhood's energy.
 Flora was fair, and blooming as that flower
 Which spreads its blossoms to the April shower ;
 Her gentle manners and unstudied grace
 Still added lustre to her beaming face;
 While every look, by purity refined,
 Displayed the lovelier beauties of her mind."

And then is told the old, old tale of
 wooing, troth and desertion, and on the
 bridal day, when her lover breaks his
 vows and appears not, her reason flies.
 Now follows this pretty picture :

"While time thus rolls his rapid years away,
 The village rises gently into day.
 How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,
 Before the silvery dew has left the lawn,
 When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,
 Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,
 To gain some easy hill's ascending height,
 Where all the landscape brightens with delight
 And boundless prospects stretched on every side
 Proclaim the country's industry and pride.
 Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,
 Until its limits touch the distant main ;
 There verdant meads along the upland spring,
 And grateful odours to the breezes fling.
 Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise,
 And wave their golden riches to the skies ;
 There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
 Or gardens bounded by some fence of green:
 "The farmer's cottage bosomed 'mong the trees,
 Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze,
 The winding stream that turns the busy mill,
 Whose clacking, echoes o'er the distant hill.
 The neat, white church, beside whose walls are
 spread,
 The grass-clod hillocks of the sacred dead,
 Where rude-cut stones or painted tablets tell
 In laboured verse, how youth and beauty fell ;
 How worth and hope were hurried to the grave,
 And torn from those who had no power to save.

* * *
 Dear lovely spot! Oh may such charms as these,
 Sweet tranquil charms, that cannot fail to please,
 Forever reign around thee, and impart
 Joy, peace, and comfort to each native heart.

* * *
 Those are thy blessings, Scotia, and for these, ;
 For wealth, for freedom, happiness, and ease,
 Thy grateful thanks to Britain's care are due:
 Her power protects, her smiles past hopes renew,
 Her valour guards thee, and her counsels guide,
 Then, may thy parent ever be thy guide!

The volume contains several other
 poems, such as New Year's addresses for
 the years 1826, '27 and '28, written for
 the Nova Scotian, (Halifax), at the time