

## TO HON. W. S. FIELDING.

## PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

FIELDING, a grateful land has viewed  
A chief with patriot zeal imbued  
Place public good o'er party feud,  
Till head and shoulders,  
He towers above the multitude  
Of office-holders.

Not with the politician's tact  
Of specious word and spurious act,  
But with fidelity and fact  
Uniting all,  
The honest leader builds compact  
The Spartan wall.

When rights that chartered states endow  
Are used to deck some barren brow,  
There falls the mantle of a Howe,  
Who fought to gain them,  
On one who not less nobly now  
Dares to maintain them.

Our country needs such men to save  
Her honor from an early grave,  
Her substance from some grasping knave—  
Some Jacob dressing  
In pilfered furs\*, that he may crave  
Her blindfold blessing.

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\* The allusion here is not to Bremner's furs, but to the  
kidskins by means of which the purblind patriarch was  
shamefully deceived.—See Genesis xxvii, 16-22.