



Halifax, Nova Scotia.

My theme shall be a city's birth,
Its rise, its progress and its growth ;
Halifax derives its name
From a noted gentleman of fair fame.

Who first the city's site began,
'Twas to their rapid growth and rise ;
Our growth's been healthy, not a boom,
Still, for more capital there is room.

Our glorious future ever near,
Bespeaks the praise of pioneer.
Snugly encased in valley fair,
With water pure and blissful air.

In winter cold, in summer mild,
Contented man is reconciled,
'Mid all the scenes where mortal thrives,
And man from nature help derives.

Halifax is by nature blest,
With fruit the choicest and the best,
The soil teems with every root,
Good for food and abundant fruit.

While soil and climate here combine
To rapid growth and flavor fine,
The husbandman may surely earn
By raising fruit a rich return.

Our farmers all are amply paid
For all they raise in cash and trade ;
Our merchants carry in their stores
Fine merchandise from foreign shores.

Their stocks embrace, within their range,
All needful things for fair exchange,
Which proves that man on man depends,
And varied wants make many friends.

Here is a truth for all to know
Man's wants are constant here below,
No fairer place to man is given
Beneath the smiling stars of Heaven.

Then Nova Scotia with its fruit
To raise, it is a grand pursuit ;
By care and culture of the fields
A hundredfold each harvest yields.

The rivers and winding courses,
A waterpower of mighty force,
Affords the manufacturer here
A never-failing power each year.

Railroads connect east, west, south and north,
Daily coming, daily going forth ;

All things combine for our success,
To yield us peace and happiness.

Our schools are free, they therefore teach
The poor and all their children teach ;
The higher branches too are taught,
Ennobling mind with lofty thought.

Man may be poor and poorly fed,
Yet rich in treasures of the head ;
This satisfaction he may feel ;
This wealth and power none may steal.

Our churches, too, instruct the mind,
Beyond this vale of tears to find
A home where peace eternal reigns,
And endless joy shall banish pains.

Our hotels are our honest pride,
All patrons too are satisfied ;
The weary drummer of the road,
Here finds the best of wholesome food.

With spotless linen sheets, the best,
And mattress fine for every guest,
The charges are for bed and food
Quite reasonable for service good.

Electric lamps our streets illumine,
Dispel the darkness and the gloom ;
Our buildings are of brick and stone,
And give our town a stylish tone.

Our fire department is so secure,
It costs but little to insure ;
Our banks and bankers are content
To loan money for a small per cent.

Men with capital to invest
Will find inducements here the best,
For constant crops with markets near,
Make real estate advance each year.

The only source of revenue
Is land and water that we view,
No other source within—without,
Man must dig or fish it out.

Therefore from water—earth depends
Our lives, our objects, and our ends,
In fact we are a happy band
And feel we have found the Promised Land.

Unselfish, too, we'll gladly share
Our soil, our climate, and our air.
Now let us view suburban part,
The home of culture and of art.

Here neat and tasty homes abound,
And peace and plenty all surround ;
The cheerful fire and easy chair
Welcome the worthy stranger there.

Strains of music delight and charm,
Our blues chapel, our cares disarm ;
Shade trees adorn the yard and lawn,
While birds announce the coming morn.

The fragrant flowers yield sweet perfume,
Pervade the air and scent each room,
Nature and art, wherever we go,
Combine to make this heaven below.

Such are the blissful scenes I view,
I would I were a native too,
Where each and all for daily food
To neighbors as themselves are good.

Where one enjoys they all enjoy,
No malice mars, or strifes alloy ;
Here law's enforced, and justice reigns,
High Heaven approves, and God ordains.

Each honest man, with welcome warm,
Who will to order, law conform,
We'll find for such a happy home,
And only such we wish to come.

The only safeguard of content
Is virtuous life--good government ;
Abundance makes people blessed,
A fertile soil relieves distressed.

Prosperity has marked our course,
Through Nature's never failing source,
And four score years is ample time
To test the vineyard and the vine.

The stranger from a foreign shore,
Enraptured sighs for home no more.
It is no boast, no vain pretense,
Here labor finds just recompense.

The poet's pen can ne'er express
The advantages we here possess ;
Elysian fields and sylvian shades,
Gallant men and pretty maids.

Themes oft immortalized in song,
Ages on ages wafted on ;
Here lives again those scenes disclosed,
In rich reward and sweet repose.