

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

SPRING.

A NOVA-SCOTIA PASTORAL.

What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move?
POPE.

ALEXIS, STREPHON.

THE fierce north-west is calm'd,—the
Southern gale
With vernal mildness cheers the ravag'd
vale:
The grove by winter shatter'd and decay'd,
The icy streamlet and the delug'd glade
Feel the soft influence;—the length'ning
day
Sheds o'er the forest the reviving ray;
The budding copse is green;—the robin's
song
Sounds cheerful in the woods;—the wan-
dering throng
Of timid deer forsakes th' inviting flood
And seeks again the immeasurable wood;
Rous'd by the gentle breeze, the geese on
high
Fill with their wild notes all the fleecy
sky,
Rejoic'd to see amid the vernal scene,
The lakes are liquid and the marshes
green;
Soft shines the vernal sun; his chearing
beams
Have freed from winter's chains the wood-
land streams;
Nature revives;—before the gladdening ray
The fertilizing snows dissolve away:
Hear'st thou the linnet and the robin sing,
Yet fail'st to welcome the returning spring?
And hearest thou Pollio* in the smoky
town
Acadia's wild romantic sweets cry down?
For shame, young shepherd, sit no longer
mute.
But let some pleasing ballad join my flute.

STREPHON.

Throughout the coast is hush'd the wat'ry
roar,
The placid billow gently laves the shore;
And spring's soft gales, our dark green
woods among,
Awake the warbling of the robin's song.
My heart perceives the grateful change in
vain;
There winter holds his turbulent domain:
Young Betsey's blue, expressive eyes, in-
spire

The anxious languishings of soft desire;
Spring's opening sweets no more can
claim my lays,
If Strephon sings, it must be Betsey's
praise.

ALEXIS.

Shall then the *by-ming* seldier proudly boast
The meaner blossoms of his distant coast?
And all Acadia's shepherds tamely yield
The prize of beauty to a foreign field?
Shall gay, descriptive Strephon fondly sing
Some hackney'd love-song, and forget the
spring?
Old tipling bachelors shall mock your lay,
Ev'n our young maids will scornful turn
away:
Beauteous are Betsey's eyes, her soul is
meek,
Her auburn locks curl lovely on her cheek;
And tall and graceful shines the blooming
maid
As the straight fir-tree in the barren shade;
Ev'n tho' her charms deserve thy fondest
praise
Leave the trite gingle of a lover's lays;
When merit's wanting, silly is the swain
That woo's his mistress with an hackney'd
strain;
Such awkward pedantry will only move
Her lively ridicule, in place of love.

STREPHON.

No more Acadia's rural sweets I sing;
With me her beauteous form obscures the
spring:
Ah, praise her still;—indulge my fond de-
fire,
And tell me 'tis with reason I admire.
Hail thou not seen her smile, and with
surprise
Mark'd the soft animation of her eyes,
Her lovely eyes that all my soul enslave,
Mild as the May-sky in the glassy wave?
Yet once with liberty I glad could trace
The sweet expression of her lovely face;
Yet once her smiles or frowns were like
to me,
I then could fondly gaze and yet was free;
Now Betsey smiles—I own her pleasing
chain,
Delicious poison thrills thro' every vein,
Subdu'd by love, I nurse my anxious care,
A voluntary victim to despair.

ALEXIS.

But why, O vain, presumptuous youth,
aspire

To