

He saw the honest uninstructed swain
 Exhaust his strength, and till his lands in vain ;
 He called fair science to the rustic's aid,
 And to his view her gentle path displayed.
 His fruitful field with Britain's soil new vies,
 And as to Heav'n his grateful thanks arise,
 Thy name, Dalhousie, mixes with his prayers,
 And the best wishes of the suppliant shares.

" Nor culture's arts, a nation's noblest friend,
 Alone o'er Scotia's field their power extend ;
 From all her shores, with every gentle gale,
 Bright commerce wide expands her swelling sail :
 And all the land, luxuriant, rich, and gay,
 Exulting owns the splendor of their sway.
 These are thy blessings, Scotia, and for these,
 For wealth, for freedom, happiness, and ease,
 Thy grateful thanks to Britain's care are due ;
 Her pow'r protects, her smiles past hopes renew ;
 Her valour guards thee, and her councils guide ;
 Then, may thy parent ever be thy pride !

" Oh, England ! although donbt around thee play'd,
 And all thy childhood's years in error stray'd,
 Matur'd and strong, thou shin'st, in manhood's prime,
 The first and brightest star of Europe's clime.
 The nurse of science, and the seat of arts,
 The home of fairest forms and gentlest hearts ;
 The land of heroes, generous, free, and brave,
 The noblest conqu'rors of the field and wave ;
 Thy flag, on ev'ry sea and shore unfurl'd,
 Has spread thy glory, and thy thunder hurl'd.
 When o'er the earth, a tyrant would have thrown
 His iron chain, and call'd the world his own,
 Thine arm preserv'd it, in its darkest hour,
 Destroy'd his hopes, and crush'd his dreaded power.
 To sinking nations life and freedom gave,
 'Twas thine to conquer, as 'twas thine to save.

" Then, blest Acadia ! ever may thy name,
 Like hers, be graven on the rolls of fame ;
 May all thy sons, like hers, be brave and free,
 Possessors of her laws and liberty ;
 Heirs of her splendour, science, pow'r and skill,
 And through succeeding years her children still.
 Then as the sun, with gentle dawning ray,
 From night's dull bosom wakes, and leads the day,
 His course majestic keeps, till in the height
 He glows one blaze of pure exhaustless light ;
 So may thy years increase, thy glories rise,
 To be the wonder of the western skies ;
 And bliss and peace encircle all thy shore,
 Till sun, and moon, and stars shall be no more."

We cannot conclude this article, without expressing a desire that Mr. G. may at some future period, again favor the public with the poetic effusions of his pen. Though we do not think his productions will ever equal those of his great model, yet a very fair proportion of poetical imagery, which the extracts before us show him to possess, and the smoothness of his versifications, will, we think, always ensure him a favorable reception from the Public of Nova Scotia.