

P O E T R Y.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

S P R I N G.

WHILE win't'ry storms, in dark array,

Deform our April's doubtful day,
And not a flower its bloom displays,
And not a songster charms the sprays,
What vernal sweet invites to sing.

A tuneful welcome to the lingering spring?

Yet here, tho' clouds obscure our day,
And winter long maintains his sway,
Yet roving fancy gladly flies
To fairer meads and milder skies,
Where many a vernal sweet appears,
And changeful April smiles amid her tears.

The Muse, with fancy, fondly roves
From wild Acadia's leafless groves,
And joyous leaves our delug'd mead,
To ramble thro' the vales with Tweed;
To trace, once more, the rising greens,
And mark each opening flower in fond
paternal scenes.

She views, amid the happy plain,
Inspiring Spring resume her reign—
While 'wakened by the fragrant gale
The blackbird warbles in the vale
And the sweet lark, ascending high,
With artless music gladdens all the sky.

She strays, where wild-thyme scents the
hill,
Or water-mint perfumes the rill,
Or the pale primrose lifts its head
Beneath the waving willow-shade;
Where the shrill *scowit* shrieks around,
And anxious hovers o'er the marshy
ground.

On uplands, where cool zephyrs breathe,
Where yellow furz perfumes the heath,
She listens to the plough-boy's song,
While round the noisy *sea-mew* throng;
Where the shy *curlew* frames her nest,
And whistles mildly o'er the moorland
waste.

And memory delights to dwell
On every glen and mossy dell,
Where fragrant violet-beds were seen,
Where daisies deck'd the pastur'd green,
Where lambkins gambol'd round the rills,
And rural bleatings ran along the hills.

To cheer the tedious, drizzling day,
While Spring delays to deck the grove,
Impetuous fancy bursts away,
In blest Britannia's woods to rove—
~~When~~ May adorns our rural seats,
The Muse no more shall roam from wild
Acadia's sweets.

POLLIO.

* * POLLIO returns his respectful acknowledgments for the unmerited honour A. Z. was pleased to confer on him.—He is resolved, that, however undeserving his Muse may be of A. Z.'s flattering encomiums, or however incapable of affording amusement, she shall never give cause for any greater displeasure, than that of a generous mind in perusing an unsuccessful attempt to please.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

E L E G Y

On Mr. HENRY FERGUSON, who was
burnt to Death by Accident, April 21,
1791.

WHAT mournful language can the
muse supply
More apt than that now obviously
known?

The full-swollen heart, the bitter-streaming
eye;

Proclaim the dreaded fate of him that's
gone.

A sound more horrid never wak'd surprise
Than that sad tale which brought his
fearful end;

A sight so awful never struck my eyes
As the dire exit of my aged friend.

I saw the Christian victim, where he lay,
Nature recoil'd and durst not abhor the
sight:

I turn'd to Heav'n and was compelled to say
In this respect—'Whatever is, is right.'

(Oh best of Systems, wisest Providence!
To thee we attribute the seeming ill,
Thy ways far supercede our grosser sense
And serve the purpose of thy righteous
will.)

Where