

“ Or, when the summer’s dry and sultry sun
Adown the West his fiery course has run ;
When o’er the vale his parting rays of light
Just linger, ere they vanish into night,
’Tis sweet to wander round the woodbound lake,
Whose glassy stillness scarce the zephyrs wake ;
’Tis sweet to hear the murm’ring of the rill,
As down it gurgles from the distant hill ;
The note of Whip-poor-Will ’tis sweet to hear,
When sad and slow it breaks upon the ear,
And tells each night, to all the silent vale,
The hopeless sorrows of its mournful tale.
Dear lovely spot ! — Oh may such charms as these,
Sweet tranquil charms, that cannot fail to please,
For ever reign around thee, and impart
Joy, peace, and comfort to each native heart.”

He concludes his Poem with an address to Acadia, in which a tribute of respect is paid to the Earl of Dalhousie.

“ Happy Acadia ! though around thy shore
Is heard the stormy winds terrific roar ;
Though round thee Winter binds his icy chains,
And his rude tempests sweep along thy plains,
Still Summer comes with her luxuriant band
Of fruits and flowers, to decorate thy land :
Still Autumn, smiling o’er thy fertile soil,
With richest gifts repays the lab’ers toil ;
With bounteous hand his varied wants supplies,
And scarce the fruit of other suns denies.
How pleasing, and how glowing with delight,
Are now thy budding hopes ! How sweetly bright
They rise to view ! How full of joy appear
The expectations of each future year !
Not fifty Summers yet have bless’d thy clime
(How short a period in the page of time !)
Since savage tribes, with terror in their train,
Rush’d o’er thy fields, and ravag’d all thy plain.
But some few years have roll’d in haste away
Since, through thy vales, the fearless beast of prey,
With dismal yell and loud appalling cry,
Proclaim their midnight reign of horror nigh.
And now how chang’d the scene ! The first, afar,
Have fled to wilds beneath the northern star ;
The last have learn’d to shun the dreaded eye
Of lordly man, and in their turn to fly.
While the poor peasant, whose laborious care
Scarce from the soil could wring his scanty fare ;
Now in the peaceful arts of culture skill’d,
Sees his wide barns with ample treasures fill’d ;
Now finds his dwelling, as the year goes round,
Beyond his hopes, with joy and plenty crown’d.

“ And shall not, then the humble muse display
Though small the tribute, and though poor the lay,
A country’s thanks, and strive to bear the fame
To after ages, of Dalhousie’s name.
He who with heroes oft, through fields of gore,
The standard of his country proudly bore ;
Until on Gallia’s plain the day was won,
And hosts proclaim’d his task was nobly done.
He who ‘ not less to peaceful arts inclin’d,’
Cross’d the deep main to bless the lab’ring hind :
The hardy sons of Scotia’s clime to teach
What bounteous Heav’n had placed within their reach.