

OUR PREFACE.

REFLECTING on how soon the traces fade,
That have among the dust of Time been made
By the departed, in the brief career
Kept them conspicuous for a season here.
And, tho' once prominent in speech or pen,
Are now *forgotten* by their fellow men !
We deprecate, and even blush to own,
Such apathy is universal grown.
Astonishment is ours, to mark the air
Of nonchalence, so patent ev'rywhere !
Since fashion only finds room to expand,
In our adopted—not, our "native land."
Ah ! then with our propensity for song,
Can it be counted strange, if we do long,
(Beyond life's farthest limits now) to claim,
Some souvenir to bear the poet's name,
And, from among the Nova Scotian flow'rs,
Select a boquet may be known as ours.

We pause not now to note, the rank and file,
As Legislator's flourish'd here a while,
Such politicians as could only show,
Their eloquence by saying "Aye" and "No"
Nor, to take notice of the would-be great,
That in the council chamber had a seat.