

equal to those of the Great Unknown, be received with that courtesy and caution, which hospitality and prudence may suggest. and have been translated into French, Spanish, &c. As we have introduced him to our readers, we hope he will

THE RISING VILLAGE.

A Poem. By Oliver Goldsmith, descendant of the Author of the "Deserted Village," with a Preface by the Bishop of Nova-Scotia. London—1825. pp. 48--price 2s. 6d.

(Concluded from page 19.)

Flora then leaves her home amidst tempests of drifting snow, to seek her lover. Unable to pursue her journey, her fragile frame sunk beneath the storm ; and

“ Just as the morn had streak'd the eastern sky
With dawning light, a passing stranger's eye,
By chance directed, glanc'd upon the spot
Where lay the lovely suff'rer : to his cot
The peasant bore her, and with anxious care
Tried ev'ry art, till hope became despair.
With kind solicitude his tender wife
Long vainly strove to call her back to life ;
At length her gentle bosom throbs again,
Her torpid limbs their wonted pow'r obtain ;
The loit'ring current now begins to flow,
And hapless Flora wakes once more to woe.
But all their friendly efforts could not find
A balm to heal the anguish of her mind.”

The author's description of his village in an advanced state is simple and truly characteristic of Nova-Scotia.

“ While time thus rolls his rapid years away,
The Village rises gently into day.
How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,
Before the silv'ry dew has left the lawn,
When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,
Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,
To gain some easy hill's ascending height,
Where all the landscape brightens with delight,
And boundless prospects stretch'd on every side,
Proclaim the country's industry and pride.
Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,
Until its limits touch the distant main ;
There verdant meads along the uplands spring,
And to the breeze their grateful odours fling ;
Here crops of corn in rich luxuriance rise,
And wave their golden riches to the skies ;
There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
Or garden bounded by some fence of green ;
The farmer's cot deep bosom'd 'mong the trees,
Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze ;
The saw-mill rude, whose clacking all day long
The wilds re-echo, and the hills prolong ;
The neat white church, beside whose walls are spread
The grass-clod hillocks of the sacred dead,
Where rude cut stones or painted tablets tell,
In labour'd verse, how youth and beauty fell :
How worth and hope were hurried to the grave,
And torn from those who had no power to save.”