

'Tis this secures the blooming artless maid,
When false delusive flattery would invade—
Thus guards the heart 'gainst treachery and surprize,
And teaches to bestow on worth the prize.

More of interest lingers round the authoress of our next extracts—Grizelda Tonge, great-grand daughter to the lady whose poem we have just given. She was the daughter of Cotnam Tonge, a member of the Bar, and who was elected Speaker of the House of Assembly in Nova Scotia, November, 1805. She was born and passed the greater part of her short life in Windsor, N. S. She is described by persons who knew her, as singularly graceful and elegant in appearance, with much sweetness of disposition and large powers of intellect. While still very young, she went to Demerara to join a portion of her family residing in that Colony, but shortly after her arrival fell a victim to the fever of the climate. She has left behind her many poems, from which space only permits us to make a brief selection, but these will be sufficient to convince the reader, that in Grizelda Tonge her native land of the Mayflower lost one of the sweetest minstrels that ever tuned a harp upon her shores.

The following effusion, addressed to her Grandmother on her 80th birth-day, nearly thirty years ago, is full of exquisite poetry, and the Spenserian measure in which it is written, (the most difficult in our language to manage) by its smoothness and gracefulness, strongly attests the superiority of the writer in mechanical execution as well as poetical excellence :—

How oft from honour'd *Portia's hallow'd lyre
In tones harmonious this lov'd theme has flow'd—
Each strain, while breathing all the poet's fire,
The feeling heart and fertile fancy showed ;
Oft times, in childhood, my young mind has glow'd
While dwelling on thy sweet descriptive lay—
Oh, that the power had been on me bestowed
A tribute fitting for the theme to pay !—
With joy I'd touch each string to welcome in this day.

But thou wilt not despise the humble song
Though genius decks it not—though rude and wild
Its numbers are ; ah, surely no ! for long
Thy kindness I have proved ; while yet a child
Pleased I have sought the Muse, and oft beguil'd
With her low plaintive tones the passing hour—
On the young effort thou hast sweetly smiled,
And reared my mind even as an opening flower—
Watching, with anxious love, o'er each expanding power.

Oh, more than parent, friend unequal'd, how
Can I my love for thee confess ? or say
With what a hallow'd, what a fervent glow,
I hail thy mental beauty through decay,
While I thy venerable form survey ?

* The adopted Poetical name of the writer's Great Grandmother.