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WESTERN SCENES.

To cheer the wanderer from Britannia's isle  
See in the West a little England smile,  
Varied with hill and dale, with lake and bay,  
Now lock'd in ice—now with sweet sunshine gay :  
Where Nature holds a wild yet fruitful reign,  
And throws her emerald mantle o'er the plain.  
Tho' yet but thinly deck'd by arts refined,  
Acadia's landscape charms th' untainted mind.  
Thus, when her shepherd kings Italia knew,  
Ere yet o'er vanquish'd earth Rome's ensign flew,  
While teeming Greece still sent her children there,  
To combat with the savage for his lair ;  
When rising states had quelled their lawless foes,  
And Rome, lov'd seat of Liberty, arose ;  
As the wild forests fled th' improving hand,  
New nations rose and cities grac'd the land :  
So shall Columbia, with true English fire,  
To match her parent isles in time aspire,  
In powers of Science and of Art increase,  
And equal strength cement eternal peace ;  
Whose dove-like spirit England's every son  
With Western Britons shall unite in one.

Oh ! who that passion's power has felt,  
Or at the shrine of fancy knelt,  
Or who that wears no icy heart,  
(Whose soul is moulded not by art)  
Can see his native land possess  
Of charms by Nature's hand imprest,  
Such as would warm the coldest breast  
To view it in its loveliness,  
Its sunniest and most varied dress,  
With beauty that may charm the eye,  
Or fill the dreamer's fantasy,  
Without a son whose patriot lay\*  
Shall charm its winter night away,

\*This part of the poem was written long before the appearance of the Rising Village,  
or the poetical description of Melville Island.