

Ah gifted one, no omen else we need
 Than what is yours to shadow Albyns' need.

Nor has McPherson, (is it not a crime)
 Had more indulgence shown to him, as time
 Already tells how little the regard
 That is oppotion'd to "Acadia's Bard."
 The boon he had so fervently desired,
 A boon, the labour of his life inspired :
 The sleeping, waking, soul entrancing dream
 Of meriting his countrymen's esteem.
 Alas, for him, that in his native land,
 Such genius could no countenance command.
 In his effusions is a pathos felt,
 A Hermit's heart to sympathy would melt,
 And ev'ry couplet coming from his pen
 Thrill'd like soft music from a far off glen.
 But, he was poor, unfortunate, and gloom
 Gave him a passport to an early tomb.
 The learn'd look'd on but did not care to own
 The Brookfield Poet merited renown.
 Nor came the proud, or pleasure seeking nigh
 The settled sorrow that eclips'd his eye,
 But left, in christian charity, they left
 The dying one of earthly aid bereft,
 And his requiem, sad, but silver lined,
 Was to the wail of his "Irene" confined.