

O come Erato! guardian of our lays,
 Beloved enchantress in precocious days,
 Attend us still, still thy approving smile,
 Can all the anguish from the Bard beguile.
 Delightful guest, O come, the task is yours,
 To prompt the poet in his pensive hours,
 And guide our pencil as it wakes to woo
 Reminiscences of the long ago.
 And, as Pierian patroness bequeath
 The cyprus cincture or the civic wreath,
 On such as did our Cabinets adorn.
 Nor would ignobly have a sceptre borne.
 And when life's drama, closes their reward,
 A length'ning cortege to the lone churchyard.
 Enough! should silence be their earthly doom,
 Nor calumny disturb them in the tomb.

Chief of the Nova Scotian men of note,
 Why is the "Master of the Rolls" forgot?
 ARCHIBALD! the friend of *Albyn*—tried and true!
 To Archibald,—Albyn's gratitude is due.
 Of all our native Nova Scotians—none
 In the assembled wisdom brighter shone.
 An attitude commanding, and an ease
 That never fail'd an audience to please.
 To pierce or parry, equally prepared—
 Tho' few to meet him in a conflict cared.
 Keen as an Advocate—but did disdain
 Whatever gave unnecessary pain;