

From: Oliver Goldsmith, *The Rising Village, with Other Poems*. Saint John, New Brunswick, 1834. Ed. Gerald Lynch (London: Canadian Poetry Press, 1989).

Preface

In presenting this little volume of Poems to the notice of his Countrymen, and the Public in general, the Author is not without hope that it will merit their approbation, and receive, at their hands, a reasonable share of favor and encouragement; and while he avails himself of the present opportunity to return his thanks to those friends, who, in the first instance, aided by their advice and assistance his poetical efforts; he begs also to offer his kindest acknowledgements to those who have taken so lively an interest in this publication; and to the expression of his warmest hopes for their individual happiness and comfort, he would add, at the same time, his sincere and ardent wishes for the prosperity and welfare of the Inhabitants of Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick.

Saint John,
October 1, 1834.



William Eager, "St. Paul's Church, Halifax" (circa 1831).

To
HENRY GOLDSMITH, ESQ.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

MY DEAR HENRY,

Allow me to address this Poem to your notice, that in so doing I may gratify the feelings of affection which a fond Brother entertains for you.

The celebrated Author of the “DESERTED VILLAGE” has pathetically displayed the anguish of his Countrymen, on being forced, from various causes, to quit their native plains, endeared to them by so many delightful recollections; and to seek a refuge in regions at that time unknown, or but little heard of. It would, perhaps, have been a subject of astonishment to him, could he have known, that, in the course of events, some of his own relations were to be natives of such distant countries, and that a grandson of his brother Henry, to whom he dedicated his “TRAVELLER,” would first draw his breath at no great distance from the spot where

*“Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.”*

In the RISING VILLAGE I have endeavoured to describe the sufferings which the early settlers experienced, the difficulties which they surmounted, the rise and progress of a young country, and the prospects which promise happiness to its future possessors. You, my dear Brother, were born in this portion of the globe, and no person can form a better opinion how far I have succeeded in the attempt which I have made, or judge more correctly of the truth of the descriptions.

I remain, my dear HENRY,
Your affectionate Brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Rising Village

Thou dear companion of my early years,
 Partner of all my boyish hopes and fears,
 To whom I oft addressed the youthful strain,
 And sought no other praise than thine to gain;
 Who oft hast bid me emulate his fame 5
 Whose genius formed the glory of our name;
 Say, when thou canst, in manhood's ripened age,
 With judgment scan the more aspiring page,
 Wilt thou accept this tribute of my lay,
 By far too small thy fondness to repay? 10
 Say, dearest Brother, wilt thou now excuse
 This bolder flight of my adventurous muse?
 If, then, adown your cheek a tear should flow
 For Auburn's Village, and its speechless woe;
 If, while you weep, you think the "lowly train" 15
 Their early joys can never more regain,
 Come, turn with me where happier prospects rise,
 Beneath the sternness of Acadian skies.
 And thou, dear spirit! whose harmonious lay
 Didst lovely Auburn's piercing woes display, 20
 Do thou to thy fond relative impart
 Some portion of thy sweet poetic art;
 Like thine, Oh! let my verse as gently flow,
 While truth and virtue in my numbers glow:
 And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand, 25
 To paint the Rising Village of the land.
 How chaste and splendid are the scenes that lie
 Beneath the circle of Britannia's sky!
 What charming prospects there arrest the view,
 How bright, how varied, and how boundless too! 30
 Cities and plains extending far and wide,
 The merchant's glory, and the farmer's pride.
 Majestic palaces in pomp display
 The wealth and splendour of the regal sway;
 While the low hamlet and the shepherd's cot, 35

In peace and freedom mark the peasant's lot.
 There nature's vernal bloom adorns the field,
 And Autumn's fruits their rich luxuriance yield.
 There men, in busy crowds, with men combine, 40
 That arts may flourish, and fair science shine;
 And thence, to distant climes their labours send,
 As o'er the world their widening views extend.
 Compar'd with scenes like these, how lone and drear
 Did once Acadia's woods and wilds appear;
 Where wandering savages, and beasts of prey, 45
 Displayed, by turns, the fury of their sway.
 What noble courage must their hearts have fired,
 How great the ardour which their souls inspired,
 Who leaving far behind their native plain,
 Have sought a home beyond the Western main; 50
 And braved the perils of the stormy seas,
 In search of wealth, of freedom, and of ease!
 Oh! none can tell but they who sadly share
 The bosom's anguish, and its wild despair,
 What dire distress awaits the hardy bands, 55
 That venture first on bleak and desert lands.
 How great the pain, the danger, and the toil,
 Which mark the first rude culture of the soil.
 When, looking round, the lonely settler sees
 His home amid a wilderness of trees: 60
 How sinks his heart in those deep solitudes,
 Where not a voice upon his ear intrudes;
 Where solemn silence all the waste pervades,
 Heightening the horror of its gloomy shades;
 Save where the sturdy woodman's strokes resound, 65
 That strew the fallen forest on the ground.
 See! from their heights the lofty pines descend,
 And crackling, down their pond'rous lengths extend.
 Soon from their boughs the curling flames arise,
 Mount into air, and redden all the skies; 70
 And where the forest once its foliage spread,
 The golden corn triumphant waves its head (¹).
 How blest did nature's ruggedness appear

The only source of trouble or of fear;
 How happy, did no hardship meet his view, 75
 No other care his anxious steps pursue;
 But, while his labour gains a short repose,
 And hope presents a solace for his woes,
 New ills arise, new fears his peace annoy,
 And other dangers all his hopes destroy. 80
 Behold the savage tribes in wildest strain,
 Approach with death and terror in their train;
 No longer silence o'er the forest reigns,
 No longer stillness now her power retains;
 But hideous yells announce the murderous band, 85
 Whose bloody footsteps desolate the land;
 He hears them oft in sternest mood maintain,
 Their right to rule the mountain and the plain;
 He hears them doom the *white man's* instant death,
 Shrinks from the sentence, while he gasps for breath, 90
 Then, rousing with one effort all his might,
 Darts from his hut, and saves himself by flight.
 Yet, what a refuge! Here a host of foes,
 On every side, his trembling steps oppose;
 Here savage beasts around his cottage howl, 95
 As through the gloomy wood they nightly prowl,
 Till morning comes, and then is heard no more
 The shouts of man, or beast's appalling roar;
 The wandering Indian turns another way,
 And brutes avoid the first approach of day. 100
 Yet, tho' these threat'ning dangers round him roll,
 Perplex his thoughts, and agitate his soul,
 By patient firmness and industrious toil,
 He still retains possession of the soil;
 Around his dwelling scattered huts extend, 105
 Whilst every hut affords another friend.
 And now, behold! his bold aggressors fly,
 To seek their prey beneath some other sky;
 Resign the haunts they can maintain no more,
 And safety in far distant wilds explore. 110
 His perils vanished, and his fears o'ercome,

Sweet hope portrays a happy peaceful home.
 On every side fair prospects charms his eyes,
 And future joys in every thought arise.
 His humble cot, built from the neighbouring trees, 115
 Affords protection from each chilling breeze;
 His rising crops, with rich luxuriance crowned,
 In waving softness shed their freshness round;
 By nature nourished, by her bounty blest,
 He looks to Heaven, and lulls his cares to rest. 120

The arts of culture now extend their sway,
 And many a charm of rural life display.
 Where once the pine upreared its lofty head,
 The settlers' humble cottages are spread;
 Where the broad firs once sheltered from the storm, 125
 By slow degrees a neighbourhood they form;
 And, as its bounds, each circling year, increase
 In social life, prosperity, and peace,
 New prospects rise, new objects too appear,
 To add more comfort to its lowly sphere. 130

Where some rude sign or post the spot betrays,
 The tavern first its useful front displays.
 Here, oft the weary traveller at the close
 Of evening, finds a snug and safe repose.
 The passing stranger here, a welcome guest, 135
 From all his toil enjoys a peaceful rest;
 Unless the host, solicitous to please,
 With care officious mar his hope of ease,
 With flippant questions to no end confined,
 Exhaust his patience, and perplex his mind. 140

Yet, let no one condemn with thoughtless haste,
 The hardy settler of the dreary waste,
 Who, far removed from every busy throng,
 And social pleasures that to life belong,
 Whene'er a stranger comes within his reach, 145
 Will sigh to learn whatever he can teach.
 To this, must be ascribed in great degree,
 That ceaseless, idle curiosity,
 Which over all the Western world prevails,

And every breast, or more or less, assails; 150
 Till, by indulgence, so o'erpowering grown,
 It seeks to know all business but its own.
 Here, oft when winter's dreary terrors reign,
 And cold, and snow, and storm, pervade the plain,
 Around the birch-wood blaze the settlers draw, 155
 "To tell of all they felt, and all they saw."
 When, thus in peace are met a happy few,
 Sweet are the social pleasures that ensue.
 What lively joy each honest bosom feels,
 As o'er the past events his memory steals, 160
 And to the listeners paints the dire distress,
 That marked his progress in the wilderness;
 The danger, trouble, hardship, toil, and strife,
 Which chased each effort of his struggling life.
 In some lone spot of consecrated ground, 165
 Whose silence spreads a holy gloom around,
 The village church in unadorned array,
 Now lifts its turret to the opening day.
 How sweet to see the villagers repair
 In groups to pay their adoration there; 170
 To view, in homespun dress, each sacred morn,
 The old and young its hallowed seats adorn,
 While, grateful for each blessing God has given,
 In pious strains, they waft their thanks to Heaven.
 Oh, heaven-born faith! sure solace of our woes, 175
 How lost is he who ne'er thy influence knows,
 How cold the heart thy charity ne'er fires,
 How dead the soul thy spirit ne'er inspires!
 When troubles vex and agitate the mind,
 By gracious Heaven for wisest ends designed, 180
 When dangers threaten, or when fears invade,
 Man flies to thee for comfort and for aid;
 The soul, impelled by thy all-powerful laws,
 Seeks safety, only, in a Great First Cause!
 If, then, amid the busy scene of life, 185
 Its joy and pleasure, care, distrust, and strife;
 Man, to his God for help and succour fly,

And on his mighty power to save, rely;
 If, then, his thoughts can force him to confess
 His errors, wants, and utter helplessness; 190
 How strong must be those feelings which impart
 A sense of all his weakness to the heart,
 Where not a friend in solitude is nigh,
 His home the wild, his canopy the sky;
 And, far removed from every human arm, 195
 His God alone can shelter him from harm.

While now the Rising Village claims a name,
 Its limits still increase, and still its fame.
 The wandering Pedlar, who undaunted traced
 His lonely footsteps o'er the silent waste; 200
 Who traversed once the cold and snow-clad plain,
 Reckless of danger, trouble, or of pain,
 To find a market for his little wares,
 The source of all his hopes, and all his cares,
 Established here, his settled home maintains, 205
 And soon a merchant's higher title gains.
 Around his store, on spacious shelves arrayed,
 Behold his great and various stock in trade.
 Here, nails and blankets, side by side, are seen,
 There, horses' collars, and a large tureen; 210
 Buttons and tumblers, fish-hooks, spoons and knives,
 Shawls for young damsels, flannel for old wives;
 Woolcards and stockings, hats for men and boys,
 Mill-saws and fenders, silks, and children's toys;
 All useful things, and joined with many more, 215
 Compose the well-assorted country store (²).

The half-bred Doctor next then settles down,
 And hopes the village soon will prove a town.
 No rival here disputes his doubtful skill,
 He cures, by chance, or ends each human ill; 220
 By turns he physics, or his patient bleeds,
 Uncertain in what case each best succeeds.
 And if, from friends untimely snatched away,
 Some beauty fall a victim to decay;
 If some fine youth, his parents' fond delight, 225

Be early hurried to the shades of night,
 Death bears the blame, 'tis his envenomed dart
 That strikes the suffering mortal to the heart.

Beneath the shelter of a log-built shed
 The country school-house next erects its head. 230
 No "man severe," with learning's bright display,
 Here leads the opening blossoms into day;
 No master here, in every art refined,
 Through fields of science guides the aspiring mind;
 But some poor wanderer of the human race, 235
 Unequal to the task, supplies his place,
 Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill
 Consists in reading, and in writing ill;
 Whose efforts can no higher merit claim,
 Than spreading Dilworth's great scholastic fame. 240
 No modest youths surround his awful chair,
 His frowns to deprecate, or smiles to share,
 But all the terrors of his lawful sway
 The proud despise, the fearless disobey;
 The rugged urchins spurn at all control, 245
 Which cramps the movements of the free-born soul,
 Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown,
 They think their knowledge far exceeds his own.

As thus the village each successive year
 Presents new prospects, and extends its sphere, 250
 While all around its smiling charms expand,
 And rural beauties decorate the land.
 The humble tenants, who were taught to know,
 By years of suffering, all the weight of woe;
 Who felt each hardship nature could endure, 255
 Such pains as time alone could ease or cure,
 Relieved from want, in sportive pleasures find
 A balm to soften and relax the mind;
 And now, forgetful of their former care,
 Enjoy each sport, and every pastime share. 260
 Beneath some spreading tree's expanded shade
 Here many a manly youth and gentle maid,
 With festive dances or with sprightly song

The summer's evening hours in joy prolong, 265
 And as the young their simple sports renew,
 The aged witness, and approve them too.
 And when the Summer's bloomy charms are fled,
 When Autumn's fallen leaves around are spread,
 When Winter rules the sad inverted year,
 And ice and snow alternately appear, 270
 Sports not less welcome lightly they essay,
 To chase the long and tedious hours away.
 Here, ranged in joyous groups around the fire,
 Gambols and freaks each honest heart inspire;
 And if some venturous youth obtain a kiss, 275
 The game's reward, and summit of its bliss,
 Applauding shouts the victor's prize proclaim,
 And every tongue augments his well-earned fame;
 While all the modest fair one's blushes tell
 Success had crowned his fondest hopes too well. 280
 Dear humble sports, Oh! long may you impart
 A guileless pleasure to the youthful heart,
 Still may your joys from year to year increase,
 And fill each breast with happiness and peace.
 Yet, tho' these simple pleasures crown the year, 285
 Relieve its cares, and every bosom cheer,
 As life's gay scenes in quick succession rise,
 To lure the heart and captivate the eyes;
 Soon vice steals on, in thoughtless pleasure's train,
 And spreads her miseries o'er the village plain. 290
 Her baneful arts some happy home invade,
 Some bashful lover, or some tender maid;
 Until, at length, repressed by no control,
 They sink, debase, and overwhelm the soul.
 How many aching breasts now live to know 295
 The shame, the anguish, misery and woe,
 That heedless passions, by no laws confined,
 Entail forever on the human mind.
 Oh, Virtue! that thy powerful charms could bind
 Each rising impulse of the erring mind. 300
 That every heart might own thy sovereign sway,

And every bosom fear to disobey;
 No father's heart would then in anguish trace
 The sad remembrance of a son's disgrace;
 No mother's tears for some dear child undone 305
 Would then in streams of poignant sorrow run,
 Nor could my verse the hapless story tell
 Of one poor maid who loved—and loved too well.

Among the youths that graced their native plain,
 Albert was foremost of the village train; 310
 The hand of nature had profusely shed
 Her choicest blessings on his youthful head;
 His heart seemed generous, noble, kind, and free,
 Just bursting into manhood's energy.

Flora was fair, and blooming as that flower 315
 Which spreads its blossom to the April shower (3);
 Her gentle manners and unstudied grace
 Still added lustre to her beaming face,
 While every look, by purity refined,
 Displayed the lovelier beauties of her mind. 320

Sweet was the hour, and peaceful was the scene
 When Albert first met Flora on the green;
 Her modest looks, in youthful bloom displayed,
 Then touched his heart, and there a conquest made.
 Nor long he sighed, by love and rapture fired, 325
 He soon declared the passion she inspired.
 In silence, blushing sweetly, Flora heard
 His vows of love and constancy preferred;
 And, as his soft and tender suit he pressed,
 The maid, at length, a mutual flame confessed. 330

Love now had shed, with visions light as air,
 His golden prospects on this happy pair:
 Those moments soon rolled rapidly away,
 Those hours of joy and bliss that gently play
 Around young hearts, ere yet they learn to know 335
 Life's care or trouble, or to feel its woe.
 The day was fixed, the bridal dress was made,
 And time alone their happiness delayed,
 The anxious moment that, in joy begun,

Would join their fond and faithful hearts in one. 340
 'Twas now at evening's hour, about the time
 When in Acadia's cold and northern clime
 The setting sun, with pale and cheerless glow,
 Extends his beams o'er trackless fields of snow,
 That Flora felt her throbbing heart oppressed 345
 By thoughts, till then, a stranger to her breast.
 Albert had promised that his bosom's pride
 That very morning should become his bride;
 Yet morn had come and passed; and not one vow
 Of his had e'er been broken until now. 350
 But, hark! a hurried step advances near,
 'Tis Albert's breaks upon her listening ear;
 Albert's, ah, no! a ruder footstep bore,
 With eager haste, a letter to the door;
 Flora received it, and could scarce conceal 355
 Her rapture, as she kissed her lover's seal.
 Yet, anxious tears were gathered in her eye,
 As on the note it rested wistfully;
 Her trembling hands unclosed the folded page,
 That soon she hoped would every fear assuage, 360
 And while intently o'er the lines she ran,
 In broken half breathed tones she thus began:
 "Dear Flora, I have left my native plain,
 And fate forbids that we shall meet again:
 'Twere vain to tell, nor can I now impart 365
 The sudden motive to this change of heart.
 The vows so oft repeated to thine ear
 As tales of cruel falsehood must appear.
 Forgive the hand that deals this treacherous blow,
 Forget the heart that can afflict this woe; 370
 Farewell! and think no more of Albert's name,
 His weakness pity, now involved in shame."
 Ah! who can paint her features as, amazed,
 In breathless agony, she stood and gazed!
 Oh, Albert, cruel Albert! she exclaimed, 375
 Albert was all her faltering accents named.
 A deadly feeling seized upon her frame,

Her pulse throb'd quick, her colour went and came;
 A darting pain shot through her frenzied head,
 And from that fatal hour her reason fled! 380

The sun had set; his lingering beams of light
 From western hills had vanished into night.
 The northern blast along the valley rolled,
 Keen was that blast, and piercing was the cold,
 When, urged by frenzy, and by love inspired, 385

For what but madness could her breast have fired!
 Flora, with one slight mantle round her waved,
 Forsook her home, and all the tempest braved.
 Her lover's falsehood wrung her gentle breast,
 His broken vows her tortured mind possessed; 390

Heedless of danger, on she bent her way
 Through drifts of snow, where Albert's dwelling lay,
 With frantic haste her tottering steps pursued
 Amid the long night's darkness unsubdued;
 Until, benumbed, her fair and fragile form 395
 Yielded beneath the fury of the storm;
 Exhausted nature could no further go,
 And, senseless, down she sank amid the snow.

Now as the morn had streaked the eastern sky
 With dawning light, a passing stranger's eye, 400
 By chance directed, glanced upon the spot
 Where lay the lovely sufferer: To his cot
 The peasant bore her, and with anxious care
 Tried every art, till hope became despair.

With kind solicitude his tender wife 405
 Long vainly strove to call her back to life;
 At length her gentle bosom throbs again,
 Her torpid limbs their wonted power obtain;
 The loitering current now begins to flow,
 And hapless Flora wakes once more to woe: 410
 But all their friendly efforts could not find
 A balm to heal the anguish of her mind.

Come hither, wretch, and see what thou hast done,
 Behold the heart thou hast so falsely won,
 Behold it, wounded, broken, crushed and riven, 415

By thy unmanly arts to ruin driven;
 Hear Flora calling on thy much loved name,
 Which, e'en in madness, she forbears to blame.
 Not all thy sighs and tears can now restore
 One hour of pleasure that she knew before; 420
 Not all thy prayers can now remove the pain,
 That floats and revels o'er her maddened brain.
 Oh, shame of manhood! that could thus betray
 A maiden's hopes, and lead her heart away;
 Oh, shame of manhood! that could blast her joy, 425
 And one so fair, so lovely, could destroy.

Yet, think not oft such tales of real woe
 Degrade the land, and round the village flow.
 Here virtue's charms appear in bright array,
 And all their pleasing influence display; 430
 Here modest youths, impressed in beauty's train,
 Or captive led by love's endearing chain,
 And fairest girls whom vows have ne'er betrayed,
 Vows that are broken oft as soon as made,
 Unite their hopes, and join their lives in one, 435
 In bliss pursue them, as at first begun.

Then, as life's current onward gently flows,
 With scarce one fault to ruffle its repose,
 With minds prepared, they sink in peace to rest,
 To meet on high the spirits of the blest. 440

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 silvery dew has left the lawn,
 When warring winds are sleeping yet on high, 445
 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 stretched on every side,
 Proclaim the country's industry and pride. 450
 Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,
 Until its limits touch the distant main;
 There verdant meads along the uplands spring,

And grateful odours to the breezes fling;
 Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise, 455
 And wave their golden riches to the skies;
 There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
 Or gardens bounded by some fence of green;
 The farmer's cottage, bosomed 'mong the trees,
 Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze; 460
 The winding stream that turns the busy mill,
 Whose clacking echos o'er the distant hill;
 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, 465
 In laboured 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.
 Or, when the Summer's dry and sultry sun
 Adown the West his fiery course has run; 470
 When o'er the vale his parting rays of light
 Just linger, ere they vanish into night,
 How sweet to wander round the wood-bound lake,
 Whose glassy stillness scarce the zephyrs wake;
 How sweet to hear the murmuring of the rill, 475
 As down it gurgles from the distant hill;
 The note of Whip-poor-Will how sweet to hear ⁽⁴⁾,
 When sadly slow it breaks upon the ear,
 And tells each night, to all the silent vale,
 The hopeless sorrows of its mournful tale. 480
 Dear lovely spot! Oh may such charms as these,
 Sweet tranquil charms, that cannot fail to please,
 Forever reign around thee, and impart
 Joy, peace, and comfort to each native heart.
 Happy Acadia! though around thy shore ⁽⁵⁾ 485
 Is heard the stormy wind's terrific roar;
 Though round thee Winter binds his icy chain,
 And his rude tempests sweep along thy plain,
 Still Summer comes, and decorates thy land
 With fruits and flowers from her luxuriant hand; 490
 Still Autumn's gifts repay the labourer's toil

With richest products from thy fertile soil;
 With bounteous store his varied wants supply,
 And scarce the plants of other suns deny.

How pleasing, and how glowing with delight 495
 Are now thy budding hopes! How sweetly bright
 They rise to view! How full of joy appear
 The expectations of each future year!
 Not fifty Summers yet have blessed thy clime,
 How short a period in the page of time! 500
 Since savage tribes, with terror in their train,
 Rushed o'er thy fields, and ravaged all thy plain.
 But some few years have rolled in haste away
 Since, through thy vales, the fearless beast of prey,
 With dismal yell and loud appalling cry, 505
 Proclaimed his midnight reign of terror nigh.
 And now how changed the scene! the first, afar,
 Have fled to wilds beneath the northern star;
 The last has learned to shun man's dreaded eye,
 And, in his turn, to distant regions fly. 510
 While the poor peasant, whose laborious care
 Scarce from the soil could wring his scanty fare;
 Now in the peaceful arts of culture skilled,
 Sees his wide barn with ample treasures filled;
 Now finds his dwelling, as the year goes round, 515
 Beyond his hopes, with joy and plenty crowned.

Nor culture's arts, a nation's noblest friend,
 Alone o'er Scotia's fields their power extend;
 From all her shores, with every gentle gale,
 Commerce expands her free and swelling sail; 520
 And all the land, luxuriant, rich, and gay,
 Exulting owns the splendour of their sway.
 These are thy blessings, Scotia, and for these,
 For wealth, for freedom, happiness, and ease,
 Thy grateful thanks to Britain's care are due, 525
 Her power protects, her smiles past hopes renew,
 Her valour guards thee, and her councils guide,
 Then, may thy parent ever be thy pride!
 Happy Britannia! though thy history's page

In darkest ignorance shrouds thine infant age, 530
 Though long thy childhood's years in error strayed,
 And long in superstition's bands delayed;
 Matur'd and strong, thou shin'st in manhood's prime,
 The first and brightest star of Europe's clime.
 The nurse of science, and the seat of arts, 535
 The home of fairest forms and gentlest hearts;
 The land of heroes, generous, free, and brave,
 The noblest conquerors of the field and wave;
 Thy flag, on every sea and shore unfurled,
 Has spread thy glory, and thy thunder hurled. 540
 When, o'er the earth, a tyrant would have thrown
 His iron chain, and called the world his own,
 Thine arm preserved it, in its darkest hour,
 Destroyed his hopes, and crushed his dreaded power,
 To sinking nations life and freedom gave, 545
 'Twas thine to conquer, as 'twas thine to save.
 Then blest Acadia! ever may thy name,
 Like hers, be graven on the rolls of fame;
 May all thy sons, like hers, be brave and free,
 Possessors of her laws and liberty; 550
 Heirs of her splendour, science, power, and skill,
 And through succeeding years her children still.
 And as the sun, with gentle dawning ray,
 From night's dull bosom wakes, and leads the day,
 His course majestic keeps, till in the height 555
 He glows one blaze of pure exhaustless light;
 So may thy years increase, thy glories rise,
 To be the wonder of the Western skies;
 And bliss and peace encircle all thy shore,
 Till empires rise and sink, on earth, no more. 560

Notes

- 1 *The golden corn triumphant waves its head.* The process of clearing land, though simple, is attended with a great deal of labour. The trees are all felled, so as to lie in the same direction; and after the fire has passed over them in that state, whatever may be left is collected into heaps, and reduced to ashes. The grain is then sown between the stumps of the trees, which remain, until the lapse of time, from ten to fifteen years, reduces them to decay.
- 2 *Compose the well-assorted country Store.* Every shop in America, whether in city or village, in which the most trifling articles are sold, is dignified with the title of a store.
- 3 *Which spreads its blossom to the April shower;* The May-flower (*Epigaea repens*) is indigenous to the wilds of Acadia, and is in bloom from the middle of April to the end of May. Its leaves are white, faintly tinged with red, and it possesses a delightful fragrance.
- 4 *The note of Whip-poor-Will how sweet to hear.* The Whip-poor-Will (*Caprimulgus vociferus*) is a native of America. On a summer's evening the wild and mournful cadence of its note is heard at a great distance; and the traveller listens with delight to the repeated tale of its sorrows.
- 5 *Happy Acadia! though around thy shore.* The Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick now comprehend that part of British North America, which was formerly denominated Acadia, or L'Acadie, by the French, and Nova Scotia by the English.