

Ev'ry flush of her genius our pathway enlightens—
 Ev'ry field she explores we are beckoned to tread,
 Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens—
 We joy with her living, and mourn with her dead.

Then, Hail to the Day! when the Britons came over,
 And planted their standard with sea foam still wet!
 Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
 Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, June 8th, 1849.

It was nearly four o'clock when the procession closed. The remainder of the afternoon was passed in sports and games and feasting on the Common. The Nova Scotia Society entertained the Indians, and there was abundance of sport provided for competitors in athletic games.

At dark the Province Building, Dalhousie College, and the other Public Buildings were illuminated, and the residences of many of the citizens were decorated with flags and appropriate devices, and brilliantly illuminated with gas. The weather was extremely fine, and the evening still and serene, with a cloudless sky—the harbour like a mirror reflected the brilliant lights from the city, and the streets were crowded with people until a late hour. The great attraction was the Province Building, in the centre of the City, splendidly illuminated, with its fountains playing high in the air, and falling with the most refreshing murmur among the fresh foliage of Spring—brilliantly illuminated with the revolving gas lights; while the Military Bands in the area kept up the soft music until the hour of midnight. A triple arch of Evergreens extended from the centre gate of the building across the street to Mr. Fuller's Bookstore, lit up with revolving lights on each summit—which with the lights of the windows and the continual discharge of rockets, shed around more than mid-day splendour.

At nine o'clock the Wellesley, line-of-battle ship, bearing the Flag of the Earl of Dundonald, opened her fire, and continued to discharge broadsides which shook the City, reverberating among the hills like the most terrible thunder. This was truly grand. Each broadside was preceded by showers of Rockets, and the fireworks were so admirably arranged that in almost an instant of time the whole Ship, from truck to bowsprit, was illumined with Blue lights, picking out her beautiful model in the dark against the green hills of Dartmouth.

A Ball at Mason Hall, given by the Highland Society, wound up the festivity of the day. It was well attended by the middle-classes, and the elite of the City and Garrison—and "all went off as merry as a marriage bell."