

We have referred to Montreal as the first to profit by Fulton's successful invention. About the same time that the people of St. John began to bestir themselves in the matter, England turned her attention to the new mode of navigation: the first steamer plying on the Thames having been built for that river in Scotland, and having commenced her work in 1815. Ireland was five years later, having become possessed of her first steamboat in 1820. Nova Scotia was rather late for such a maritime country in starting in the new mode of locomotion. In 1830 her first steamer, the *Sir Charles Ogle*, commenced to run between Halifax and Dartmouth. Previous to this, in 1819, the *Savannah*, three hundred and fifty tons, sailed from New York to Liverpool, making the passage in twenty-six days. This was the only voyage performed across the Atlantic till the sailing of the *Great Eastern* in 1838. In 1825, Captain Johnston, in the *Enterprise*, obtained a purse of £10,000 for performing a journey to India.

We beg to state that the information embodied in this article is wholly due to Mr. Jos. W. Lawrence, the writer merely putting into form the interesting memoranda furnished by him. In a subsequent number we shall endeavor to give the readers of the *MARITIME MONTHLY* some account of the further progress of steam navigation in our province. It is of great importance that such facts regarding the rise and progress of our commerce should be put in some permanent form. Long hence, the short article of which we have been the chronicler will be referred to and quoted by those whose studies or tastes lead them to review the growth and development of the commerce and steam marine of New Brunswick. We believe in the correctness of all the statements which we have given, but it may be that omissions or errors have been made, and if so, the editor of the *MARITIME MONTHLY* will be glad to receive such information as may lead to correction in a future number.

J. B.

SONNET.

The forest stream is choked with yellow leaves,
 The birds are silent on the naked bough,
 The flowers are dead, like some lorn spirit grieves
 The wandering wind o'er wastes all barren now.
 Where is the promise of the early year?
 'Twas writ on sand and by the hours effaced
 Ere to the eager eye the hand was clear
 By which the title to our throne was traced.

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