

„JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JURENTIUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUAVIT SOLIDA.”

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THE BEE

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 100 ACRES on the Cape John shore bounded on the west by lands owned by William Quirk, and on the east by that of Donald Henderson. This lot is chiefly cleared and under the plough, and has a good

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August 16. if

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 THE FARM lately owned and occupied by John Love, at Rogers' Hill, CONTAINING 100 ACRES.

This FARM is situated on the main road in the centre of a thriving settlement, about five miles from Pictou. There is a good

FRAME HOUSE AND BARN

on the premises, and the situation is very suitable for a tradesman. Application may be made to Mr Primrose, Pictou, August 16, 1837. if

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber intending to quit the Province in a short time, offers for sale his

FARM, STOCK, FURNITURE, &c.

as it now stands, situated on the West River of Pictou, seven miles from town, on the road leading to Halifax, and intersected by the roads leading from Rogers Hill, Loch Broom, Albion Mines, Green Hill, &c.—all of which meet on the property; the new bridge on the river crosses at the door,—forming one of the most desirable situations for business to be found in the county, with every prospect of its soon becoming a thriving village. Three sides of the property front the roads, which will cause it to be highly valuable hereafter, should the possessor wish to dispose of any part of it in Lots. The land is of first quality, well watered, and lying dry; it abounds in freestone of good quality for building, and a sufficiency of wood for fencing, &c.

For further particulars apply to Mr N. Beck, in Pictou, or to ALEXANDER FORSYTH, West River, 20th December, 1836. if

[From the New Monthly Magazine.] A CHAPTER FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DECEASED LAWYER.

It has frequently occurred to me that if any member of the bar, who has been for a few years in practice in our criminal courts, possessing the not uncommon qualities of a moderate understanding, a mind open to conviction, and a tolerable share of attention to the cases which occur, would communicate to the world the results of his experience, he would do more to enlighten the public mind upon the nature and practical operation of that most valued of our institutions, the Trial by Jury, than could be effected in any other mode. No man can have attended, even for a single day, either as a witness, in any one of our courts, whether civil or criminal without having been struck, if he be of an observant habit, by verdicts utterly at variance with the facts upon which those verdicts have been founded. Every man must have seen, and must be able to bear testimony to, some case in which the result has been unsatisfactory to his own mind; nor can there be many who have retired home to meditate on the scenes they have witnessed, who have not felt some emotion of regret at the success of guilt, or some pang of horror at the conviction of innocence; but few, very few, save only those who are most familiar with our courts of justice, can form any just idea how frequently both these cases really occur. It has been my lot to have attended, for many years of my life, no matter in what capacity, in most of the courts in this kingdom. I have witnessed, and been personally concerned in, cases so singular in their nature, so unexpected in their termination, so totally at variance with all that could have been predicted of them, that, though in the silent lapse of time they have passed by and are forgotten, I am persuaded that they can never be read without interest, or reflected upon without instruction. It may happen that some, at least, of the parties to the circumstances that I shall relate are living—at all events, their friends or relations may be affected by the recollection of them—I shall therefore make use of fictitious names. The facts have now become matter of history; but the revival of them may open wounds which the lenient hand of time has long closed—that is unavoidable. Experience can only communicate her stores of knowledge, so as to make them useful, by the recital of facts that have really occurred. The sufferings and misfortunes of those who have gone before us are beacons to warn those who are navigating the same ocean of life; they therefore become public property for the benefit of all; but it is a needless violation of individual happiness, to point out the unfortunate and the sufferers.

One of the most extraordinary and most interesting trials, of which I find any account in my note-book, took place on the northern circuit, very little less than fifty years ago. It is instructive in many points of view. To those who believe that they see the finger of Providence especially pointing out the murderer, and guiding, in a slow but unerring course, the footsteps of the avenger of blood, it will afford matter of deep meditation and reflection. To those who think more lightly upon such subjects—to those whom philosophy or indifference has taught to regard the passing current of events as gliding on a smooth and

and unruddled channel, varied only by the leaves which the chance winds may blow into the stream, it will afford food for grave contemplation. However they may smile at the thought of Divine interposition, they will recognize in this story another proof of the wisdom of the sage of old, who said, that when the Gods had determined to destroy a man, they began in depriving him of his senses—that is, by making him act as if he had lost them. To the inexperienced in my own profession it will teach a lesson of prudence more forcible than ten thousand arguments could make it: they will learn that of which they stand deeply in need, and which scarce any thing but dear-bought experience can enforce—to rest satisfied with success, without examining too nicely how it has been obtained, and never to hazard a defeat by pushing a victory too far. 'Leave well alone' is a maxim which a wise man in every situation of life will do well to observe; but if a barrister hopes to rise to eminence and distinction, let him have it deeply engraven upon the tablet of his memory.

In the year 17— John Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thompson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled. The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of—shire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer's day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for the purpose, he was found in his bed perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours.—There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had born during life. Great consternation was, of course excited by this discovery, inquiries were immediately made,—first, as who the stranger was—and secondly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuccessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lead to the knowledge either of this name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village about an hour before he reached the house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated, but could be traced no farther. Beyond this, all was conjecture.

To those whose memory carries them back no farther than the last few years, during which, by means of the public press, information is so surely and so speedily circulated through every part of the kingdom, this may seem incredible; but to those who are old enough to remember the state of the country at the time of which I am writing, it will not afford matter even for surprise. The county newspaper, if, indeed there were one, published once a week, found its way, if at all, at long and varying intervals, into the remote parts of the district. To show how uncertain even this means of information was, I may mention that, so late as the year 1790, an act of parliament was passed relating to works of immense local, and I may almost say national, importance; the commis-