

For this reason the biography of ordinary individuals, though less dazzling is more instructive to the majority of readers than that of such as are distinguished by the elevation of their rank, or the splendour of their achievements. Few require to be taught the arts by which power may be obtained or position won, and few need to be warned against the mistakes and errors by which battles have been lost or speculations frustrated. Such events, however brilliant upon the historic page, afford but little useful instruction to the great bulk of mankind. But when a character, selected from the common walks of life, is faithfully and minutely delineated, no effort is required to enable us to place ourselves in the same situation; we accompany the subject of the narrative with an interest undiminished by distance, unimpaired by dissimilarity of circumstances, and from his example we derive the most useful practical lessons. Such being the case, we deem no apology necessary for laying before the numerous friends of the late Mr. and Mrs. Burpee, a brief account of their exemplary lives and their eminently peaceful deaths.

Mr. Isaac Burpee was born in Sheffield, Sunbury County, New Brunswick, on the 10th of December, A. D. 1793. He was the eldest son of the late Jeremiah and Elizabeth Burpee. His parents emigrated to this country from Massachusetts, over a century ago, and were among the earlier inhabitants of this the oldest settlement in the Province. New Brunswick, at that time, presented a rather uninviting appearance to the stranger, and it required considerable nerve to brave the difficulties and dangers of pioneer life. The rich alluvial lands on the Saint John were uncultivated, and the waters of the lovely river were unrippled by aught but the birchen canoe of the red man. Nature's wealth was unappropriated, and the blessings of civilization were unknown.

Many an anecdote might be related, illustrative of the