

abled at the trial, that the court adjourned the meeting house of the first parish, the site of which was at that time occupied by Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister settled in Falmouth. Deacon Chase, of Pepperell, and Saco, was foreman of the jury. The case was heard and argued on both sides in the form.

The jury retired, and in the evening of the same day came in with their verdict. Bird was placed at the bar, and the names of the jury were called over. The clerk then put the question :

"What say you Mr. Foreman? Is Bird, the prisoner at the bar, guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" replied the foreman, in a low and solemn tone.

Bird dropped his head, and sallied back on his seat. Although he had no reason to anticipate a different verdict, yet he did not seem to realize its awful import, until the sound fell on his startled ear. His brain reeled for a moment, and darkness was gathering before his eyes; but tears came to his relief; he hid his face in a handkerchief, and wept like a child. When the same question was put to the jury in reference to Hanson, the reply was, "Not guilty."

On Saturday morning the court met again, and the prisoner was brought in to receive his sentence. Mr. Syms, one of the prisoner's counsel, made a motion in arrest of judgment, because the latitude and longitude of the sea, where the crime was committed, were not named in the indictment. The court overruled this motion, and proceeded to pronounce the sentence of death.

As this was the first capital conviction in a court of this republic, after the Federal Constitution was adopted, the counsel of Bird concluded on that account, to petition the President of the United States for his pardon, and thus make another and last effort to save his life. Accordingly, a copy of the indictment and all the proceedings in the case, was forwarded to General Washington, then residing in New York. But the President with that wisdom and clear-sightedness for which he was so remarkable, declined interfering with the sentence of the court, either by pardon or reprieve; and that sentence was executed upon Bird, by Marshal Dearborn and his assistants, on the last Friday of the same month of June, 1790.

He is unfit to rule others who cannot rule himself.—*Plato.*

MY COUNTRY.

Oh! my country! thou art lost to me,
O'er the far waste of waters; in vain
I turn my weary eye to see
Those shores to which my soul would spring
On pinions of the dove again!
I stretch my arms, I fain would flee
Away! but oh! the exile's chain!
It winds around the waving wing,
And tugs me back as doth the falcons's string.

Oh! my country! it is not thy shore
Which I now see like a blue line—
But "Nova Scotia's," and the roar
Of waters deep and dark and strong,
Tells coldly of a colder clime!
The red men held it once of yore,
Now landless in their land of pine
All passionless and pale with wrong,
Children of Judah in the Gentiles throng!

Oh! my country! treasured up with gold
I hoard the memory of thy face,
And the dear thought again to fold
Thy mountains towering to the sun
Like first love in my soul's embrace!
The haunts where Stuart slept unsold,
Though griping want knew well the place;
The prize was great, but traitors none,
For love of country links all hearts in one!
August, 1843. MOSES.

THE SABBATH.

Day of worship, day of rest
Hallow'd is thy sacred dawn,
As the early innocence
Of life's young morn.

Day of prayer, day of praise,
We hail thy blessed hours,
As eager as the early birth
Of spring's first flowers.

Day of peaceful joy and love,
Thy balmy morn doth bear
The impress of pure holiness,
The breath of prayer.

Refresh'd from labour's weary toil,
Our minds at peace with heaven;
We feel regret as onward draws
Thy sacred even.

And fain would snatch again the ray
That lingers in the west,
To note thy last bright, joyful hour,
Thou day of rest!

Nova-Scotia, 1843.

ARTHUR.