

David for the temple which was erected by his son, are abundant and in readiness.

We mourn over two buds of promise early rent away by the withering hand of death—their sweet-toned harps are hushed—and since their premature departure from earth, we have listened with intense earnestness, if, peradventure, we might catch the dulcet strains of some newly awakened native minstrel: alas! we have listened in vain. But though John McPherson and Samuel Elder—kindred spirits they were—have passed away, Judge Haliburton, his country's historian, now in the decline of life, and J. W. Dawson, in the full vigour of his days, are still spared to us; and from these, what may we not yet hope? There are others, too, natives of our soil, who have manifested mental capabilities of a high order; but who, whether fortunately or unfortunately for themselves and the country, it is not our design or province now to say, have been so enveloped in the whirlwind, and storm, and fog of political strife, have been so viewed through the jaundiced vision of party prepossession or prejudice, that to even mention their names on the present occasion, may be inexpedient, if not injudicious. May we not hope, however, that the troubled elements which have long, too long, agitated the press and the legislature, may soon be calmed—that party asperities may be succeeded by kindly feelings—that genuine merit may no longer be weighed in political scales—in party balances? May not some of those, now so involved in eager conflict that the spirit of hostility is strong and rancorous against them by many of their countrymen, escape from the toils, the tumults, the dangers, and the animosities of active public life, and in the soothing calm of retirement, exercise their energies in contributing richly to the scanty treasures of our provincial literature? There are noble spirits, of whom Nova Scotians, collectively and individually, ought to be proud; who, like birds of vigorous wing, have soared high above the Dead Sea of mediocrity; but who, owing to causes already specified, are regarded as vultures of prey, and are shot at, it may be by guns of too feeble calibre to reach them. We would fain see these gifted sons of our land in a different position. We would rejoice to see them with the smiles, the encouraging sympathies, and the unfeigned good wishes of *all* their countrymen clustering around them. What might not they, then, accomplish in a provincial literary enterprize, which, if not already undertaken in earnest, is one of those visions of the future, to which our longing eyes are turned with ardent hope and impatient expectancy? Our materials for such a purpose are ample, and lie before us like the dry bones of the valley seen by Ezekiel:—when will the prophet voice of native genius bid them live?

Though we may not speak of the living all that we think, or feel, or desire, or hope, no motives of caution, expediency, or spurious delicacy, should chain our tongues, when we make mention of the dead—perhaps we should be excusable in saying, the 'mighty dead' of our country. Within the last