

her countenance which bespoke the true christian, she observed there was a melancholy satisfaction in viewing from her window the fatal spot where she was deprived of all her earthly comfort, and now and then to stroll to the silent hill—on whose edge lay the mortal remains now mouldering into our kindred dust. We had by this time reached the sepulchral ground; the grass had for many summers bloomed and as often faded on the humble graves. Nothing was seen to give a detail of the circumstances connected with the mournful catastrophe; rough stones only were placed at the head and feet of the quiet sleepers below, to denote simply the exact spot of their interment. How different with the sons of pomp and wealth: over their slumbering dust is beheld 'the storied urn' or monumental stone, which alas! too often, after exhausting the stores of panegyric, but tells the reader—'not what they were, but what they should have been.'

We now left the aged widow overwhelmed in mingled sobs of sorrow and of gratitude. She survived this period only a few years, and lies buried in the same grounds, a spot held sacred by all near it, as well for the mournful recollections it awakens, as for the highly valued character of the lone *one*, who here found an end to her troubles and her sorrows.

Some years subsequent to the fatal circumstances given above, the house, in which the family had resided from their first coming to the settlement, was destroyed by fire, through some untoward accident, and the poor widow was deprived of all she had retained within it, and thrown in her already destitute state upon the mercy of the kind hearted; the appeal from one in her situation was not made in vain, as has been already stated.

From those who knew her long and well, it is told, that rarely indeed do we meet with so much real excellence as was conspicuous in her life. She found it good to be afflicted, and both young and old of the neighbourhood in which she found a termination to her pilgrimage, still remember with affectionate reverence and esteem, the many exalted virtues of MARGARET FRASER.

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#### REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

THE Provincial record for the by-gone month is not eventful. The fisheries topic has continued to engage public attention in the Lower Provinces, where a number of poaching United States vessels have been captured, condemned, and confiscated, by the authorities. At a meeting of the citizens of Halifax and others, on the 2nd ult., an address, of which the following are extracts, was passed unanimously, to be transmitted to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.