

"Some clothe the soil that feeds them far dif-
fus'd

And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen.
Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they
lend."

From this place is shipped to other markets
all the surplus produce of the surrounding
country. A system of trade is established be-
tween the merchant and the farmer of mutual
exchange—the goods of the former being given
for the produce of the latter, while the same is
accepted by the mechanic, in exchange for his
labour.

The great commercial depression which has
been so disastrous to the world at large—but
more particularly to Great Britain, and the
United States of America—has been the means
of effecting much good, inasmuch, although it
has damped the prosperity of this and other
small towns, it has finally made a correspond-
ing retrenchment in the expenditures of indi-
viduals, and confined men of every craft to the
true level of his pecuniary circumstances.—
And it is to be hoped, that ere long the place
will flourish with renewed vigour and prosper-
ity;—new buildings add to its size, and further
developements of taste add to its appearance
and importance, and finally give it that name
among the towns of Nova-Scotia, which it is
certainly destined to possess.

Nova-Scotia, 1843.

ARTHUR.



THE CRUSADER'S TRIUMPH.

A PASSAGE FROM SCOTT'S TALISMAN.

High rode the sun in the arching sky,
No cloud bedim'd his ray;
The sands of the desert burning lie
O'er all the weary way.

A noble Knight with his gallant steed,
In armour clad so bright,
Was hastening on with wholesome speed
From the far "red field of fight."

From Caledonia's land he came,—
The cross was on his arm;
And he heeded not the desert's flame,
And scorned the fear of harm.

His poniard hung by his swarthy side,—
By his neck his guarding shield;
A falchion bright to his breast was tied,
Which he alone could wield!

In his stirrup rest a lance he bore,
A good one and a true:
While over all a dress he wore
Which pleased the gazer's view.

Upon his shield a leopard lay
With many a painted spot,
And the motto written there did say—
"I sleep—oh! wake me not!"

A follower blithe of Richard, he,
This Knight of noble fame,
By right of birth a Scot—and free—
"Sir Kenneth" was his name.

* * * * *

Afar where the sky and the sands did meet
A grove of palm-trees grew;—
A shady rest and a calm retreat,
As many an Arab knew!

Sir Kenneth saw with his eagle eye
That a horseman rested there;
For the sun in the heavens was now full high,
To breathe the desert's air.

But ere his gaze to the spot was o'er,
Forth issuing came a steed,
A Saracen chief he nobly bore—
They came with an arrow's speed!

The Saracen held on his stalwart arm
His buckler swinging high,
And his gesture threatened some speedy harm
To the leopard that sleeping lie!

Onward for full a hundred feet,
With his spear on high he came,
And his course was as the lightning fleet—
While his eyes emitted flame.

Sir Kenneth sat with his lance in rest—
With his shield prepared sat he;
Fearless alike of head or breast,
As a warrior e'er should be.

But halting quick in his deadly course,
The Emir thrice survey'd
The Scottish Knight, whose charger hoarse,
Thrice loudly, boldly neighed.

Three times around the noble Knight
The unbeliever sped,
As if to seek where his single might,
Might lay him with the dead!

Sir Kenneth now to his mace applied,
And aim'd a blow so true,
That the Moslem's shield—the Emir's pride,
Was torn at once in two!

Retreating then, the Emir sought
From the quiver at his side,