

specimens of the various fugitive compositions, the perusal of which tends to make us regret that our acquaintance with them is not more extensive. We have also a goodly number of living writers to bring before our readers, minstrels to whose lyre we have often listened with pleasure and admiration, as well as thankfulness that Nova Scotia had added so much to the sweetest department of literature. We are indebted chiefly to the weekly journals of past years, for extracts from periodical contributions of the several deceased writers referred to, and hope that though perhaps familiar already to a portion of our readers, they will not be unacceptable in their present shape, as a more permanent record of the literary taste and ability of Nova Scotians.

The first which we give to the reader, is an extract from a poem on Recollection, by Mrs. Cotnam, the wife of an officer of the British army, who subsequently to her husband's death, settled in Halifax, and took charge of the Building in Barrington Street, in which the Legislature of the Province was then held, and since occupied as the Halifax Grammar School. It is evidently the production of a superior mind, and with others, to which limited space forbids the insertion, stamps the writer as a person of refined taste and strong poetic feeling, and the possessor of much genuine ability:—

What Recollection is—Oh! wouldst thou know?
 'Tis the soul's highest privilege below:
 A kind indulgence, by our Maker given—
 The mind's perfection, and the stamp of Heaven:
 In this, alone, the strength of reason lies—
 It makes us happy, and it makes us wise.

What does not man to Recollection owe?
 What various joys from calm reflection flow?
 What but this power—this faculty divine,
 Can Time recall, and make it once more thine?
 By this unaided, mortals could no more
 Review the past, explore the future hour.

What poignant pangs would rend the feeling heart.
 Doomed with the lover and the friend to part—
 If with the object, Memory, too, should fail—
 And dark oblivion draw her sable veil
 O'er every pleasing scene of former love.
 Our present bliss, our future hopes above?

Who could survive a friend's departed breath,
 If all were blank before, and after death?
 What smooths the bed of pain, and brow of care,
 If happy Recollection dwell not there?
 'Tis this alone bids virtuous hopes arise,
 And makes the wakening penitent grow wise.

When joys tumultuous rush upon the soul,
 Or grief or rage its faculties controul,
 'Tis this bids tyrannizing passion cool—
 Calms and resigns the mind to reason's rule: