

look without emotion on the quiet graves of the early settlers of this country—who can tread upon their mouldering bones without a thought of their privations and their toils—who can, from their tombs, look out upon the rural loveliness—the fruitfulness and peace by which he is surrounded, nor drop a tear to the memories of the dead, who won, by the stoutness of their hearts, and the sweat of their brows, the blessings their children have only to cherish and enjoy; who plunged into the forest, not as we do now, for a summer day's ramble, or an hour of tranquil musing, but to win a home from the ruggedness of uncultivated nature, and in despite of the dusky savage thirsting for his blood. Oh! for the muse of Gray to pour out a besetting tribute to the dead. He caught from the sanctity and softened associations of an English graveyard, an inspiration that rendered him immortal; but the graves among which he stood were the resting places of men whose lives had been tranquil and undisturbed; who had grown up amidst the fruitfulness of civilized and cultivated country, and had enjoyed the protection of institutions long firmly established, and the security and cheering influence of ancient usage. How much deeper would have been the tones of his harp, had he stood where we now stand, had he been surrounded by the graves of those who found his country a wilderness and left it a garden; who pitched their tents among the solitudes of nature and left to their children her fairest charms, heightened by the softening touch of art; who had to build up institutions as they built up their lowly dwellings, but nevertheless inherited to their descendants the security of settled Government, the advantages of political freedom, the means of moral and religious improvement, which they labored to secure but never lived to enjoy. We have no Abbeys or Cathedrals where our warriors and statesmen are preserved. We have no monumental piles, fraught with the deeds of other days, to claim a tribute from the passer-by. The lapse of ages, political vicissitudes, violent struggles, and accumulated wealth are necessary to the possession of these; but in every village of our infant country we have the quiet graves of those who subdued the wilderness, who beautified the land by their toils, and left not only the fruits of their labors, but the thoughts and feelings which cheered them in their solitude, to cheer and stimulate us amidst the inferior trials and multiplied enjoyments of a more advanced state of society. May we while contrasting the present with the past never forget the debt of gratitude we owe and while standing beside the humble graves of our early settlers, may we ever feel our spirits awakened by the recollection of their lives, our thoughts ennobled by the remembrance of their trials, and our holiest and best resolves strengthened with a portion of their strength."

We shall make but one more extract from these pleasing papers. You will recollect my allusion to the inmates of Bachelors' Hall, their fun and their frolics. The Hall was just at the top of the hill, as you ascend the road from the interval. The river here is fringed by a bank of red sandstone which extends from the Holy Well far up the stream. It forms a fine feature of the scenery from the opposite side of the river. Along the slope of this bank the bachelors had cut a path in the sandstone, about half-way up between the river edge and the top of the bank, and at the end of the path had built a spacious bower. Here they resorted on occasions of merriment or revelry. All this is beyond the recollection even of middle aged men of

the present day, but it was quite fresh at the time of Mr. Howe's visit. Listen to his description of the place.

"Extending due east from the principal inns and forming the southern termination of what is called 'The Hill,' is a very steep bank of red clay, which the action of the elements keeps continually wearing away, and threatening, as it were, to convert the upland of the worthy proprietors into very excellent intervals. Along the sides and part of the brow of this bank are a range of trees and beneath their shade in the times gone by, as the village tradition goes, there stood a rural bower. The Deity to whom it was dedicated we could not with accuracy ascertain, but certain it is, that it used to be the scene of singular cantrips and orgies. The peasantry who thereabouts do well, are bold to declare that of a summer evening as they passed along, volumes of smoke would be seen bursting from its leafy sides, and ascending in varied curls upon the balmy air; but whether it smelt of brimstone or tobacco, has to this day remained a point of doubtful settlement, and given rise to much rural and 'nice argument.' True it is that voices used to be heard, and sometimes a ringing and tinkling sound, like the meeting of friendly glasses, and ever and anon there would break forth from that mystical bower the sounds of song, sometimes accompanied by instrumental music, which the credulous passerby took for some fiendish scraping, but which the less timorous believe to have been the notes of a violin. There were many things to strengthen the belief that hereabouts did dwell the very spirits of mischief; for it was no uncommon thing for marvellous accounts of slaughtered bears, and chivalrous captains to be sent to the Halifax newspapers bearing date at Truro, and purporting to be accurate and faithful narratives of heroic and daring exploits; and on connubial occasions a troop of cavalry would sometimes wheel up in front of the bridal chamber, and discharging a volley of firearms in at the window, gallop off in the twinkling of a bedpost; or maybe a large standard would be found waving from some chimney top, like the banner of some fencible chieftain from the loftiest battlement of his castle, spreading terror and anxiety around. But these days are passed—the mad spirits who used to play such pranks are either caught in traps matrimonial, and, like the gentle Ariel confined to the clefts of their domestic hollow trees, or are scattered to other portions of the Provinces, where from the want of countenance and example, they are forced to restrain the bent of their humor and conform to the even tenor of a more matter-of-fact existence.

The bower has fallen to earth; its branches are scattered along the side of the bank and its leaves are dancing on the breath of many a breeze, but from its site there is decidedly one of the prettiest views of the course of the Salmon River that is to be found in the neighborhood of Truro.

Many of the allusions in this paragraph will be understood from what we have said in introducing it, but the reference to "slaughtered bears & chivalrous Captains," revives a funny incident of those days. A worthy resident of the town had been in some way connected with military affairs and called himself Captain Wilson. This gentleman used to tell marvellous stories and was himself generally the hero of them. The bachelors of the hall, soon took his measure, and had great delight in turning him into ridicule. One day in 1821 there appeared in the Aca-