

But my love for thee shall not decay,
 But still look fresh like the rising sun ;
 And ne'er will I cease to think on thee,
 Till the weary day of life is done.

Whether fortune smile or frown, I say,
 This promise I give thee ;
 Not to forget thee one short day,
 Sweet land, so fair and free !

VOYAGE FROM MIRAMICHI TO ABERDEEN.

Saturday, October 8th.—This day, at four in the afternoon, I left Douglas Town, and embarked on board the brig, Aberdeenshire, bound for Aberdeen. The vessel rode at anchor in the river, in front of this village, and only a few rods off. When I went on board, it was expected she would be under weigh in the course of half an hour ; but, before the flowing canvas was got spread, the wind shifted, and here we were imprisoned for twenty-four hours. On Sunday afternoon, we got down the river about half a dozen of miles with the tide ; and, on Monday, we got to Nappan Bay, which was about half a dozen of miles farther ; and here we rode a tremendous easterly gale, accompanied with heavy rain. This storm continued from Monday night till Thursday at noon, during which time two schooners were stranded about half a mile above us, and a brig about two miles below. On Thursday afternoon we got a few miles farther down, and, on Friday, by eight in the morning, we reached the mouth of the river, followed by seven other vessels, the farthest off being within two miles, all bound for Britain, and two, besides our own, for the port of Aberdeen, namely,