

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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[FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

The Fisherman.

Will our readers please to accompany us, to a small fishing hamlet, on the East coast of Scotland; which, for the sake of order, we shall call "Mackerel Bay," although that was not its real name. It was a beautiful spot, and one where peace and contentment might well have been supposed to have taken up their abode. It is almost shut out from the view of both sea and land; for, both on the North and South of the Bay, there are small jutting promontories, which almost enclose it; leaving a passage scarcely wider than will permit of the entrance of a small sloop, thus causing considerable danger to the fishermen in steering directly for its mouth in stormy weather. But once within the Bay, and scarcely a ripple ever disturbs the smoothness of its surface.

To the west of the hamlet, on an elevation which rises gradually from the beach, was situated a substantial looking farmhouse and offices. Mr. Mollison, its present tenant and occupant, had resided on the farm of Braehead for many years; and, as he was likewise tenant of Mackerel Bay, the relation between him and the simple inhabitants of the hamlet was that of landlord and tenant.—The first fish of the different seasons were always carried to the "Maister," the name universally applied to the farmer.

The hamlet consisted of about fifty or sixty families, all of whom, at the date when this narrative commences, were employed in the fishing trade; although some of the elder inhabitants had in their youth been employed in a business scarcely creditable; but now smuggling had become so disreputable that the people of Mackerel Bay had ceased to have anything to do with the nefarious traffic. But let us hasten to our tale. We will enter the village by the west side, which we do by means of a narrow path; we will scarcely be prepossessed by the cleanly appearance of the place; for, before every door, stands a mud-hole, and a heap of offal, the offensive smell from which, mixed with that of peat smoke, causes a very disagreeable sensation in one's nasal organs. But as we get nearly half way through the little huts, we reach one, not in the least larger than the others. But, what a contrast it afforded to their squalid appearance. In place of the dung-heap and the mud-puddle, was a neat little garden enclosed by a drystone dyke. The roof of the little hut had been lately thatched, and its walls whitewashed. Some honeysuckle branches were trained round its two small windows. Some daisies, sweet-william, wallflowers, and other plants enlivened each side of the door. Half way down the little garden sat a hale, hearty and handsome young man, mending his net. Just within the door, sat a young woman with a child perhaps a year old on her knee; she was washing its face and

combing its hair, while the little creature would scarcely sit still, but was jumping and screeching with glee, as he watched the movements of a colley dog, which lay at the mother's feet. At length when the process of smoothing the hair and clothes was over, the mother set him on his feet, saying to her husband, "Adam, will ye see to the barn, till I gang an' see to the haddies that are in the smoke, and the whittings that are drying on the rocks." "I will, Jeannie, lass, but mind you'r nae to be lang, for I want to get to sea betimes the night; and see if I canna catch the first herring o' the season, to tak up to the Maister's."

"I'll no bide any langer than I can get through my wark, lad," said she, "and mind ye, my bonnie bairn, you're no gaun to get yoursel sic a dirty mess again when I'm awa," said the mother fondling the child all the time she spoke.

Such was a scene in the cottage of Adam Donald, nearly two years after his marriage. He had deviated somewhat from the beaten track, pursued by his fellow villagers, in marrying one out of the clan of fishers. His wife, Jean Calder, had been for some years servant in Mr. Mollison's house, and had there learned much, which Adam found added greatly to their mutual profit and comfort. And although he had at first been laughed at on account of his lady wife's queer ways, still some of them thought now, that her ways was the best after all, and wished their own wives would take a lesson out of her book. When they saw her return from the market, with a creel well filled with the necessaries of life for the use of Adam, as well as herself and their child, and their own wives returning with little or nothing, except a good quantity of ardent spirits, of which some of them did not scruple to appropriate the lion's share to themselves before reaching home, and then insisting on sharing equally afterwards.

Jean was not long in returning, with a creel well filled with nicely dried whittings. "Look at that, lad," said she, tossing the creel from her shoulders; "could any of your auld joes do better than that?"

"I'm thinking no, nor half as weel, Jeannie lass."

"Ah! ah! Adam, I'll be getting ye the fine cloth coat you have ta'en your sport out of, no sae muckle about, some o' thae days and maybe something mair."

"Your o'er lang o' thinking o' maybes this year, Jeannie."

"Ye're unco clever in ye're ain way na, and yet there's nae muckie in ye, but what the spoon put there," said she, hitting into the house.

Shortly after she called Adam to supper—that over, Jean reached down the bible from the shelf; read a short portion herself; and briefly but devoutly asked the blessing of God, and put themselves under his protection. After this, Jean put her boy, her little Andrew, to bed; and then went down to the beach,