# The Weekly Observer.

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## Weekly Almanack.

| Jan.—1840. | | Sun Rises. | Sun Sets. | Moon Rises. | Full Sea. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Wednesday | 7 36 | 4 32 | 5 3 | 8 49 |
| 2 | Thursday | 7 36 | 4 33 | 6 5 | 9 38 |
| 3 | Friday | 7 36 | 4 34 | 7 2 | 10 23 |
| 4 | Saturday | 7 36 | 4 35 | Sets. | 11 3 |
| 5 | Sunday | 7 35 | 4 36 | 5 14 | 11 41 |
| 6 | Monday | 7 35 | 4 37 | 6 25 | ev. 18 |
| 7 | Tuesday | 7 35 | 4 38 | 7 37 | 0 53 |

New Moon 4th, 4h 41m. evening, S. W.


BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

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☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing


## The Garland.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

### THE GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSEGARTEN.

Fearful is the grave:
Cold winds round it knelling,
Misty showers swelling,
Grief and Terror make their dwelling
In the silent Grave.

Lonely is the grave:
Soft doth that stillness rail,
Cooler the shadows fall,
Deepest Peace is whispering all
In the quiet grave.

Dismal is the Grave:
Irksome is that narrow wall;
Its breadth, and length, and depth, and height,
Just seven paces bound them all.
Dismal is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave:
A sweet defence its narrowness:
From the ever wearying press,
From the juggling pageant proud,
From the fools in motley crowd,
Shields us well that narrow shroud.
Lovely is the Grave.

Dismal is the Grave:
Its darkness blacker than the night,
Through which no sunbeam glances bright,
Not a star may ever gleam,
Or the softer moonlight stream;
Dark and dreadful is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave:
Its shadow flinging
O'er the weak wanderer, and refreshment bringing;
While its cool breast
Lulls the hot weary pilgrim to his rest.
Lovely is the Grave.

Fearful is the Grave:
Rain is rushing, thunder growling,
Driving hail, and winds are howling,
Round the storm-lash'd Grave.

Lovely is the Grave:
O'er the turf'd hillock spring winds blowing,
Sweet at its foot the violets growing,
And on it blooms Forget-me-not;
There falls the moon's pale beam,
Hesper's cold rays, and morning's rosy gleam,
While Echo's half-heard note
And plaintive wailings float
Around the grass grown spot.
Lovely is the Grave.

Lonely is the Grave:
There all living sounds are mute,
There is heard no wanderer's foot,
Joyous greetings never come
To visit that eternal gloom—
Oh! how lonely is the Grave!

Ah! is the Grave so lonely?
True joy's wild revel only,
And Folly's laughing glance,
And Riot's noisy dance,
They visit not the Grave;
But the life-wearied sage, and Sorrow's child,
The Son of Song, will wander mild
Beside the quiet grassy heap,
And muse upon its secret deep.
Not lonely is the Grave.

Senseless is the Grave:
Deaf and speechless, numb'd and cold,
Cloth'd alone in darksome mould,
Hope's glance of light,
And Fancy's visions bright,
And Love's delight,
Lost age they all within the senseless Grave.
Fearful, fearful is the Grave!

Lovely is the Grave:
All the discord, all the strife,
All the ceaseless feuds of life,
Sleep in the quiet Grave.
Hush'd is the battle's roar,
The fire's rage is o'er,
The wild volcano smokes no more—
Deep peace is promised in the lasting Grave.
Lovely, lovely is the Grave!

## Miscellaneous.

From the Sportsman's Almanack for 1840.

### A Day in the Woods.

BY M. H. PERLEY, OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

A cool, cloudy day in the sultry month of July is always favourable for fly fishing in New-Brunswick. It was early on such a day, accompanied by a trusty old Indian, my constant companion on these excursions, when I left the farm-house we had reached the night before, to fish a *popologan*, or forest stream, seldom visited by sportsmen. Being properly equipped, we trudged merrily along through the woods for some miles and on arriving at a broad lake-like part of the stream, found our canoe, which had been left there on a former occasion *en cache*. Before reaching the water, we had been made aware that the wind was very high, by the rustling rushing sound in the tree-tops, and the creaking and groaning of the tall firs, as they yielded to the gale—yet we launched our canoe, and scud or rather flew, right before it nearly a mile to the fishing ground. Here however, we found it too much for our light bark, and quite too rough for fly-fishing with advantage; so we landed, and amused ourselves for some hours in exploring a wild, woody, rocky, rattling stream, flowing down a glen and said to be full of fish. On this occasion it afforded no sport for the rod, but gave some employment for the gun, for we bagged several brace of plover and teal.

We returned about four o'clock, and finding that the gale had abated, placed the canoe so as to command a pool formed by two brooks rushing in from opposite sides of the main stream, and soon found abundant occupation. The Indian assisted in landing the larger fish, while managing the canoe, and ere sunset two hundred very handsome charr trout lay in its bottom. On this, as on former occasions, the Indian had looked quietly on while aiding the sport, but this day, from the peculiarly brisk and lively manner in which the trout bounded at the flies, he was seized with a desire to try his hand at it. He was furnished with a line, and one of Martin Kelly's gaudy lake-flies, and soon provided himself with a light rod from the forest. It was how twilight, the long delicious twilight of North America, and I seated myself on the bank to enjoy the beauty of the scene and observe my dusky companion's first essay in fly fishing. The first attempts were not amiss and he soon learned to cast the fly on the water properly—an exclamation of delight announced that he had killed a fish, a good one too, over which he exulted in childish glee as if he had discovered a new pleasure. At this hour the large trout are always on the feed, and fish after fish did the Indian drag ashore until it became quite dark, and necessary to encamp for the night. To prepare a piece of ground, build a camp of birch bark, light a fire, boil the kettle, cook a supper of trout, and devour it with the "woodman's sauce", a good appetite, were operations soon performed. The wind had died away at sunset, the clouds had dispersed, and the stars shone brilliantly from a bright, blue sky—wrapped in a blanket, my feet to the fire and head pillowed on Mother Earth, I slept soundly till day-break, when we roused for departure. Our camp was just within some alders which skirted the margin of the stream and here we sat discussing a hasty breakfast. Suddenly the Indian made a motion to be silent, and reaching the gun, which leaned against a tree, threw himself flat on the ground, and began crawling towards the water over the dead leaves and dry twigs, in that stealthy, noiseless manner which only an Indian can effect. He gained a chump of alders, and lay motionless as stone, in fact he did not seem to breathe: watching closely, I perceived a movement in the sedges on the opposite side of the stream, and presently a pair of black ducks floated out into the morning sun, to be in an instant laid low. An unpractised eye would not have noticed these birds, but not the slightest movement in the forest or on the water escapes an Indian, and many tales might be told of their astonishing quickness and sagacity in discovering game, however well concealed.

Our breakfast over, the canoe was again put in concealment, and the trout in dozens were slung on a stout pole; the Indian took one end, and the other was placed upon my own shoulder, supported on a pad made of moss. The weight was excessive, almost staggering, but we got on pretty well considering that we had to march in straight line, through and over all obstacles, our burthen not allowing us to twist and thread our way among the thick growth of forest trees. We reached the farm-house at noon, just as that well known American signal, the conch shell, was being sounded for dinner, and were welcomed to the homely yet substantial meal with all the rough but honest and hearty hospitality of the backwoods.

The angler who has been all his life pacing the margin of some over-fished river in England would be delighted with the novelty of threading the woods, and launching his canoe on the undisturbed waters of the forest streams of New-Brunswick. While feasting his eyes with the many varied hues of the foliage, the luxuriant profusion of lovely wild flowers, the wildness and beauty of the scenery, where nature has done all, art nothing, and enjoying the very beau ideal of fly-fishing, he would feel a degree of excitement he had never before experienced, and admit that in these days of steam, a season spent in an endles variety of such scenes and such fishing would be well worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

### THE PIRATE.

Scarcely had the Gascon given utterance to his discontent, when the man at the masthead sang out, "Deck a-hoy—a sail to windward!"

Stamar went aloft with his glass, and in a few seconds returned and said—"Every one to his post, We're in luck at last!"

Cardie's whistle responded to his order. Every man took his arms, and we bore up towards the stranger under all the sail we could carry. It was a truly horrible thing to observe the sinister expression worn by the hideous countenances of all our lawless crew. Dirty, bearded, and already scenting blood, their eyes flashing with the fires of cupidity and cruelty, the wretches all gazed in the direction of their prey, as though they wished to annihilate the distance which separated them from it. In a very brief space we neared our victim, a large merchantman, whose appearance promised at once an easy conquest and a rich booty. At a signal from Stamar, a shot was fired across her bows to bring her to.

She immediately hoisted a white flag, and began to take in her sails; but this obviously pacific inclination was quite thrown away upon the commander of the Shark. "Give that fellow a shot between wind and water," cried he; "it will perhaps teach him to be quicker in his manœuvres, and not keep worthy fellows so long waiting."

We were now within pistol-shot of the stranger, and Peters, bringing his musket to bear upon one of her crew, fired, and knocked the man's straw hat from his head, frightening the poor devil a good deal, no doubt, but doing him no further injury.

"Pretty fair, that!" said Stamar; "but another time level lower. Hollos, you rugar hogshead! send a boat aboard us."

The order was obeyed on the instant, and the boat coming along side us, a young and handsome man leaped upon our deck, without the slighest appearance of fear or suspicion.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Stamar, "loblolly boy of your craft, or cock-swain's second mate?"

"I am neither one nor the other, sir," replied the young man firmly, "I am her lieutenant."

"Oh, well, Mr. Lieutenant, you see my flag?—it's red, as perhaps you can perceive. Go back, and send your captain hither; I am not in the habit of treating with swabs of lower rank."

Pale with anger, and knitting his brows, the young man preserved, however, sufficient master over his temper to depart without reply; and in a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the captain.

"Where are you bound from?" demanded Stamar.

"From Martinique."

"What's your lading?"

"As usual from that port—sugar and coffee."

"But how about specie? None of that, eh?"

The French captain made no reply. The sound of his voice when he first spoke, had struck me as being very familiar to me; and the more I pondered, the more certain I became, that this captain, who had so unhappily fallen into our power, was well known to me. Stamar, guessing the truth from the captain's silence, resumed—"I see how it is—you HAVE specie on board! Well your boat will just do to bring us so much of your freight as we may find it convenient to accept of."

"There is no help for it," replied the unfortunate captain, "and falsehood would be disgraceful without being of any service. I frankly confess, then, that I HAVE specie on board. To it, and to every thing else we have, you are welcome, but I trust that in return for my giving you no trouble, you will allow me and my crew to depart without experiencing any personal ill treatment."

"For whom do you take us messmate? Fie upon your suspicions! You may go as soon as our visit is paid. My lieutenant will accompany you."

The captain of the merchantman bowed, and returned to his boat, accompanied by Lorenzo.

Five or six times the merchantman's boat went and came, bringing off to us all that the pirates judged to be worth taking.

All this time the captain of the luckless merchantman had been standing in silent expectation of the final orders of Stamar, who now said to him, "You can go on your way now, my friend; and of a surety you cannot say that we are so VERY wicked."

The Captain thus addressed bowed in silence, hauled up his boat, and commenced veering to proceed on his voyage. The Shark then gently laid herself broadside to; Stamar gave a signal to the infamous Lorenzo, and exclaimed at the same time to the merchantman's captain, Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you."

Scarcely were the hypocrite's words uttered, when a fearful explosion of our whole range of guns shook every plank of the Shark, and for a few moments both vessels were completely hidden in the thick black clouds of smoke. Stamar now gave the word, the Shark darted forward under all sail; and when the smoke had somewhat dispersed, we could see the unfortunate merchantman dreadfully torn by our shot, her deck covered with wounded men, whose cries and groans were truly dreadful.

On perceiving that our broadside had merely crippled the merchantman, instead of sinking her, Stamar flew into one of his fiercest paroxysms of rage.

"Fools, brute beasts," he exclaimed, stamping on the deck; "why did they not give it her between wind and water? It's a mere waste of powder and shot. Master, start me all these novices, put the very best men on board at the guns; shove all see that they ram home well, and level low."

Scarcely two minutes elapsed from the giving of the ferocious order, when the new broadside of the Shark vomited death and destruction upon the crippled and helpless merchantman. Again for a few minutes the horizon was obscured by dark and heavy clouds of smoke; and some minutes elapsed before they cleared away sufficiently to enable us to see the effect produced by our volley. Fright ful but impotent imprecations reached us through the rival atmosphere; and at length we distinguished the aged and unfortunate captain mounted on the bulwarks of his shattered vessel, now tearing his hair, and anon extending his clenched fist towards us in vain menacing and detestation. Traversed as his ship had been in every direction by our balls, she was rapidly sinking; and just as she was finally settling down, some of her crew sought shelter in her tops, while others plunged into the sea, and swam towards us. Alas! the case of those who still clung to the masts of their sinking ship was not a jot more hopeless than that of the unhappy men who looked for safety in the mercy of Stamar. Seeing that they swam vigorously towards us, he shouted, "shoot me off a few of those fellows. *Mort-de Dieu!* they seem marvelously well inclined to aid in the consumption of our grog and biscuit. Take good aim, I say, there, some of you, and shoot me them off!"

His orders were obeyed to the very letter. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and man after man fell beneath the murderous aim of the ferocious pirates. Now and then a cap or straw hat rose to the surface, and floated round the shattered vessel which the foaming waves were now fast engulphing.

[From Burton's Magazine.]

### THE SCOTCHMAN AND THE TWA SARKS.

A TRUE STORY.

Some four or five years ago, I met a friend who told me that a shoemaker in Rose street, whom he employed, talked a great deal about me, and that if I would call on him he would take it particularly kind. I therefore called and found an oldish dark-faced little man, sitting cutting leather with specks on.

"Well," says I, "friend, you want me it seems, my name is Mitchell."

"Aye," says he, "sir, I have long wanted to see you, but I never liked to call—ye'll no mind me sir, or I'm cheated."

"No," says I, "I really do not."

"Geordie Manners is my name," says he, I was in the company you commanded in the Scotch brigade, and if there is a man on earth I owe gratitude to, it is you. Yes, sir, ye saved my life at one time, and then prevented me from being flogged at another; besides mony other kindnesses, and I am unco prood you have been so good as to call. Do you no mind me noo, sir, that you have had time to look at me?"

"Indeed no," says I, "Geordie, I do not recollect you; for I don't remember having such an ugly looking body in my company."

"Oh, sir," says he, "That's so like your old way; but remember it is thirty-five years since you saw me, and make allowance for age and change of dress."

I then took another keen survey of his black phiz, and said, "Now I think I do recollect at least something of your features; but tell me," says I, "for I forget all about you, how I was of so much service to you."

"Well sir," says he, "I will begin at the beginning of my story. I was a raw rattling inexperienced lad, about nineteen years of age, when I enlisted, I had been brought up a shoemaker, and in a frolic took the king's money, and became a soldier; but I had a sweetheart, and I could not leave her, therefore we got married. Away we went, as happy as crickets, and landed with the regiment, at Hilsay barracks, where we were unmercifully drilled for three months, and then embarked on board of transports at Portsmouth, to go nacbody kent whare.—Well, sir, we lay at St. Helen's for at least seven weeks. One day we were going to the West Indies—another day we were going to Leel Du, (L'Isle de Dieu,) another we were going to the coast of France, and so on. A' ye no mind, sir," says he, "how we were dumfoundered wi' contrary stories?"

"Quite well," says I, "Geordie, go on."

"Well, at last," said Geordie, "an order came to send ashore all the supernumerary wives over and above ten to a company, and that the ten per company were to be fixed upon by drawing lots. Oh, sir, that was the most awful moment of my life. The thoughts of parting with my dear bonny Christy was death to me; but no time was to be lost—the ten longest cuts in each company of one hundred men and perhaps eighteen wives, were to decide our fate, and many an anxious wae-like face there was amongst us. At last ye came round yourself with the cuts, and after three or four had been drawn, you called me up. 'Come along, Manners, and try your luck,' says you. Weel, sir, the light forsook my eyes. I pooed a cut, and jumped right up, not knowing what I was doing; and oh! sir, it was a long gin.—Weel, I thought I would have gone raving mad with joy. I grat wi' pleasure; and poor Christy was crazed and, deed sir, I thought you was happy to.—An awful scene followed, sir; the strait cuts were all obliged to leave the ship, and mony a sair heart and wat cheek was to be seen; but I was as happy as a king, and far happier, faith. Well, sir, we continued in hourly expectations of being ordered to trip our anchors for three days, and when the fourth arrived, and we were beginning to think we would remain at least another week, a bum-boat came alongside that our mess dealt with, and my bonny Christy having a great wish to go ashore for some bits of tape, and things o' that sort, I consented in a rash moment to let her go; but oh, sir! months and years of vexation did that consent give me; the boat was not away an hour, when smack went a gun from Admiral Christian's ship, and up went the blue peter! The boatswain's whistle went to my heart. 'All hands up to trip anchor.' Oh, sir, it rings in my auld heart yet. There was a kind of gleamor cam ower my een. I got quite stupid. I knew not what passed. A heavy rain cam on. I was at last roused up by one of our company. I was wet to the skin. I looked towards Portsmouth—I could hardly see it—our transport sailed last. At last the Isle of Wight was out of sight, and my misery was at its height. Weel, sir, to dwell on my situation would be nonsense, you can guess, but I can't tell it: at one time I thought of jumping overboard—at another I thought she might perhaps be in some of the ships that left St. Helen's the last; but altogether my mind was anything but composed. At last I unbuckled my knapsack, and found in it Christy's twa sarks and her bit of housewif for keeping her needles and preens. Oh, sir, how the blood ran cauld through every vein of my body. I kissed them ten thousand times, and hugg it them to my heart. I really thought, sir, there was something of Christy's heart about them—they composed my brain, and I determined they should never be out of my possession. My knapsack was my pillow, but before laying my head down every night, I slid my hand in, and took all that Christy left, and wept over them and pressed them to my bosom. Ye'el mind the storm we had in the Bay o' Biscay, sir," said Geordie.

"Oh, yes," says I.

"I'll never forget that sight," said Geordie; there was about nine hundred sail of us, and the sight was awful. I'll never see such another in the world. The waves were as big as Arthur's seat, and when we were doon in the hollow, and looking up we saw mair than half of the ship's bottom that was on the top of the wave before us; and sometimes when our ship was on the top, I looked as if from a precipice, and thinking on poor Christy, I wished from my heart that we might ail go to the bottom;—however, hard as my lot was, I was obliged to bear up. We landed at Gibraltar, where we did duty for nine months, and then we went to the Cape for three years, during all which time I never heard a word of poor Christy. At last we were ordered on to Madras, which pleased all my comrades; but with regard to myself, I was quite indifferent. Oh, sir, how many hundred times have I stole my hand into my knapsack and pooed out some of Christy's trifles, and in the dead of the night, when no human eye witnessed it, how often have I retired behind a gun when on guard at Gibraltar, and kissed and weeped over them!—and in the tall wild heather at the Cape, how often have I done the same; and in the burning sands of India, how often have I stolen out from our tents in the night time, and kissed the only relic of my only love! Ah, weel, sir, after serving in India for nine years, my health got indifferent; and I with other twenty-five, were ordered home to be discharged. Off we came, and in eight months we were landed and marched into the barracks at Chatham, where we remained for nearly three months; but at last an order came for us to march to Chelsea, to be inspected. Ah weel, sir, just the night before we marched—and a nasty, cold, rainy night it was—one of my comrades came running into the barrack room: "Manners," said he "there's a woman wanting you." "A woman!" cried I, and in a moment Christy was in my arms. Well, sir, I was perfectly delighed and confounded, for I had never heard of her;—but she had heard, for a' that, of me; and when she learned that I was at Chatham, she did not stay for mair news, but off she came. After my first astonishment was over----" Geordie," says she, "I'm wet to the skin, and must go back about a quarter of a mile for a bundle I left at the public house, for I was not very fond of the road in the dark. 'If it's for a dry sark,' says I, 'Christy, wait till the morning: for I have twa of yours that have never been out of my company for thirteen years'—I displayed them—we both stared at one another, and my comrades showed their kindly feelings towards us by heavy sighs and sobs, and hearty hands-shaking.'

I was much pleased with honest Geordie's story, but," says I "tell me how I saved your life, Geordie."

"Oh, sir, I can soon satisfy you on that score. At the battle of Malvilly we had a desperate long hot march before the battle began, we discovered the enemy posted on the heights that commanded the village, the road and the ground we were going to occupy, and we marched in line to attack them—I am certain we marched three miles in line; and what with the heat of the sun and the distance we had marched, I, with my mouth parched with biting the cartridge, was just going to fall down, when you saw me, and running up, you took my firelock out of my hand, and propping me up, and taking your canteen from your back, you gave me a hearty swig of brandy and water, and I was myself again in a few minutes; had I fallen down, sir, I would have been cut to pieces in a few minutes; for just as I got better, a column of their cavalry charged our regiment, and although none of them got through, there were about half a dozen got into our rear by passing between the flank of the grenadies and the guns, and one of these cut little Scotty to pieces. He had charge of the doctor's instruments, and was killed right on the spot where you had helped me from falling down just five minutes before—do you mind ony thing aboot that, sir?" said Geordie.

"Indeed, no," says I.

"Ah, but I will never forget it," says he.

"Well, as to the saving you from a flogging, Geordie," says I, "tell me about that."

"Well, sir, it was at Seringapatam, I think, about a fortnight after we took it, we were paid our clearance money, and the whole regiment was drunk for three days. The first and second day little was said about it; but when the third day came we were paraded, and a few faults looked over; but when the fourth day came, every thing was expected to be right. Your company's roll was called and all present but me: in a little while I made my appearance, mortal drunk, and wrapped up in a white sheet. 'Corporal Ogg,' says Lieutenant Buchan, 'take Manners to the guard.' Well, sir, the word was hardly out of his mouth, when you came on parade yourself, and taking Buchan to one side a little, you whispered to Ogg to take me to my barrack room. 'He'll no stay, sir, says Ogg; he'll be oot again when my back's turned,' 'Reid,' says you to Corporal Reid, 'go up with Ogg, and help him to tie Manners to his bed.' I was tied, sir, to my bed for ten hours, and then I was released, and have ever since been most grateful to you, for had I been confined and flogged, it would have done no good, for, to the best of my recollection, I was never drunk again in my life."

City of Quebec.—In the midst of a fine landscape stands Quebec, the capital of British America. It is seated on a promontory stretching out into the river, which, by means of it and Point Levi on the opposite side, is narrowed to about three quarters of a mile, though immediately below it spreads out into a wide basin. Cape Diamond, the most elevated point of the city, is reckoned by an eminent traveller 1000 feet high; a proof of the fallacious nature of such estimates, since the more accurate observation of Bouchette fixes it at 345. Above a hundred feet lower is an elevated plain, on which are built the castle and the whole of what is termed the upper town. Thence a perpendicular steep of above 200 feet descends to the banks of the St. Lawrence; and in the narrow interval between this precipice and the river is the lower town, the crowded seat of business and shipping. The scenery of Quebec and the surrounding country is described by all travellers as rivalling in picturesque beauty the most favoured parts of the earth. The navigator who ascends the St. Lawrence, after he has passed the Isle of Orleans and entered the broad basin already mentioned, where he first comes in sight of this capital, is struck with intense admiration. He sees its citadel crowning a lofty cliff, its castle and batteries overhanging a range of formidable steeps, the river crowded with numerous vessels of every form and size, from the huge timber-raft to the bark canoe. The fall of Montmorenci appears dashing its white foam almost to the clouds; and on each side is a long range of fertile and beautiful shore. On ascending Cape Diamond a still grander and more extensive panorama bursts upon his view, combining all the boldness of rude with the richness of cultivated nature. Up and down the magnificent stream of the St. Lawrence is a reach of more than forty miles, on which sails almost innumerable are in ceaseless movement. Below is the beautiful Isle of Orleans; while the opposite coast is diversified by a great variety of natural and cultivated scenery. To the north appears the river St. Charles winding amid fertile valleys and hills, with villages hanging on their sides; while the prospect is closed by a bold screen of mountains. Mr. Weld prefers the views from the upper town, where, though fewer objects are seen, they appear more distinct and brilliant. This traveller, after visiting a great part of Europe and America, gives to them a preference over every thing that he had observed on either continent. Mr. M'Gregor considers them similar, but much superior, to those from the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling.—Quebec, from its situation and the care with which it has been fortified, is a very strong town, and considered the chief bulwark of British America. On the summit of the lofty headland just described, stands the citadel. The rock consists of grey granite mixed with quartz crystals, and a species of dark coloured slate. About forty acres are here covered with works, carried to the edge of the precipice, and connected by massive walls and batteries with the other defences of the place. The main body of the fortress, however, consists of the upper town, whose fortifications enclose a circuit of about two miles and three quarters. The face of the hill towards the river is so extremely precipitous, that it requires only a common wall to protect it, though the gate leading from the town is defended by heavy cannon, and the steep approach by Mountain-street is enfiladed and flanked by many guns of large calibre. As the declivity towards the interior and the plains of Abraham does not present the same abrupt face, but descends by successive ridges, it has been strengthened by a series of regular works, including ditch, covered way, and glacis, with some exterior defences to obstruct the approach of an enemy. It seems probable, therefore that the place would hold out against any attack till the approach of the rigorous winter should compel the assailants, to raise the siege.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XXV. Historical and Descriptive Account of British America, vol. I.*

City of Montreal.—Though not ranking as a capital, is equal to Quebec in magnitude, and superior in commercial importance. Its greatness is likely to increase from its favourable situation, and the growing prosperity of Upper Canada, of which, as being the highest point of the St Lawrence to which vessels of the first class can ascend, it must always continue the emporium.—The site of this town does not present those bold and grand features, which distinguish the Canadian metropolis, though its beauty can scarcely be surpassed. The river, in this finest part of its course, divides itself into two channels, enclosing an island thirty-two miles long and ten and a half broad, which forms one of the most favoured spots on earth. The soil everywhere luxuriant, is cultivated like one great garden, to supply the inhabitants with vegetables and fruits. These last are of the finest quality, and the apples especially are said to display that superiority which so remarkably distinguishes them in the New World. Although the island possesses in general that level surface which fits it for a thorough cultivation, yet about a mile and a half north-east rises a hill 550 feet high, commanding a noble view of the fertile country, which is watered by the several branches and tributaries of the St. Lawrence. Its face is covered with agreeable villas, and its wooden height form a frequent resort to pleasure parties from the city; but the intention now understood to be entertained of erecting fortifications on its summit, will, if put into execution, banish in a great measure its rural character.—The city, built on the southern border of this fine island, is not crowded like Quebec into a limited space, which can alone be covered with streets and habitations. It has a wide level surface to extend over; so that even the older streets are of tolerable breadth, and several of them occupy its entire length. The principal one, Rue Notre Dame, considerably exceeds half a mile in extent, and contains many of the chief public buildings. There is an upper and a lower town, though the difference of elevation is very slight; but the former is much the more handsome of the two. The seven suburbs are not as in the older capital, detached and extraneous, but on the same level, and immediately adjacent. Their streets, continued in the direction of those in the body of the place, are regular, and display many handsome houses. The vicinity is adorned with beautiful villas.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XXV. Historical and Descriptive Account of British America, vol. I.*

*A Scene in the Westminster Court of Requests.*—A rotund, full-priced baker, who brings his weekly batch of miserable debtors to this court—bakers are not, generally speaking, celebrated for benevolence, especially Scotch bakers—stepped into the plaintiff's box, papers and ledger in hand, to make good his claim to 25s. for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard. A tall young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla, and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be eighteen or twenty—the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early sorrow or privation, or both—prevented a closer approximation to the truth. A Commissioner—Is the amount disputed? Young lady—Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the account at once. Chairman—How will he pay it? Young Lady—I have 5s. to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half-a-crown a week. Commissioner—the bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill. Young Lady—Appearances are often deceitful. It is equally distressing for my father and myself to ask for but even one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means. Baker (pocketing the money)—Twa and saxpence a week is not enough. Ye gang about toon wi a gran boa, and a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and a cotton goon, because the likes o' ye will eat an honest mon's bread wi'oot paying for't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun hae cost, may be, sax gowden guineas. "It is true," said the young lady, coloring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less costs, I would do so; but on a respectable exterior, on my part, as a teacher of music, depends the subsistance of a sick father and two young sisters. (The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust his papers into his pocket.) As for the boa you allude to, that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the fine you have just received, and to provide food for those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The tippet I have on was kindly lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."—"Well, Mr. Baker," said the Chairman, in a tone of compassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms?" "Oh, aye," said the baker, "twa & saxpence a month. Put it doon if you wull." Chairman—Two and sixpence a week was offered. "Mak it just what ye lik," said the baker. The order was made and handed to the young lady. As she was leaving the court, the baker stopped her. "Gie me haud o' that bit paper," said the baker. The request was complied with. "Voo," said the baker thrusting some silver into her hand, "tak back your croon piece, and dinna fash yoursel at a' with the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four pound loaf ilka day at my shope, and ye may pay me just when ye're able, and even if I nivir git the siller may be I'll nivir miss it; but mind, young leddy, (said he angrily) gin ye deal wi' ony ither baker, I'se pit this order in force agin yere father." The young lady looked her gratitude. The baker had vanished.