

passengers by this ship, will practise in America what was learnt before, heard from the pulpit, and nightly prayed by their fathers on bended knees. You have behaved well since leaving Scotland: there has been no quarrelling, nor drunkenness; continue such behaviour—adding more respect for the Sabbath, which will make you happy while this life lasts, and during the other, which cannot come to a close. May God bless you all.” They went ashore, and even yet I feel a sort of melancholy pleasure, at the affectionate manner in which they behaved to each other, and their anxiety on my account, as they perceived that neither in body nor mind, did I resemble other men. Really there is more goodness in the human heart than is generally supposed.

Having given the necessary direction about my light luggage, and invited the Captain to dinner, I went to the King’s Arms Tavern, opposite the New Market, kept by Mr. Mack—and well does he know how to make the stranger comfortable, at a small expence—seated at a window, I tried to banish the feeling of loneliness—mixed with a little regret at being so far from my old father. I sprung up at last, saying aloud, ‘If successful, his heart will rejoice; and should disappointment only attend my steps, he shall never know the sorrows of mine.’ Looking round, the Captain was standing regarding me in silence. Stepping forward, he took me by the hand, saying—‘I did not think that you, who feel the woes of others so deeply, had any thing to vex you. Excuse me for giving advice, but you require something upon which to lavish affection, and that will love you in return. Do try and get a wife.’ ‘Captain, I am proud of your friendship, and wonder exceedingly at the interest you feel for a being, who has met with more sorrows and disappointments than others have hairs. But never mind my dear Sir, my sorrows are all private, and can be borne without a murmur—for pity I detest, and sympathy is useless. This is no entertainment for you, when congratulating yourself upon the fortunate conclusion of this voyage, and that in a short time, you will be ploughing the waters when returning to your bird of beauty, while I—but it matters not.”

Dinner was placed upon the table, but I could not eat—my heart was too full. The Captain was all life—laughed and talked, eat and drank, thinking of his deary, across the sea. I nibbled, but as for drinking, was more than his match. After dinner we went out to view the town, and meeting a gentleman, whom the Captain had long been intimate with in the old countr, he, among many other things informed us, that the Colony of French had received orders from their King—“To build a City at the highest point where a vessel of large burthen, (perhaps a 74) could sail to.” A vessel, of the size mentioned, was brought up the River, and struck above the rapid, where they commenced, opposite the exact spot, to build Montreal; instead of erecting it below the rapid, and two miles futher down would have rendered it easy of access—but they blindly followed the order of their August Monarch. So that every vessel runs the risk of being destroyed.—Had reason guided the first Settlers, the Town of Montreal would have been built below the rapid, and ships of any size have reached it in perfect safety.

THE EMIGRANT.