

Europeans may have some idea of the force with which the water descends, from the following fact:—Before steam-boats were employed in dragging up ships, all that arrived had to drop their anchors, and wait for a gale,—a breeze was of no avail, before it was possible to overcome the opposing torrent. A merchant vessel, belonging to Greenock, Scotland, cast anchor below the rapid, just as another, from the same Port, went flying down, with white wings spread to the favouring breeze; she rushed past for the Harbour which the last comer had left, while passengers and crew sung or shouted—‘home, sweet home, there’s no place like home’; and waving their hats, from anticipated rapture, when meeting ‘wife, children and friends,’ away wheeled the ship round the windings of the transparent river, until sound and sight became lost, as flying like an arrow from the bow, she rushed to the roaring Atlantic.

The vessel lay through sunshine, rain and tempest, but no favouring gale arose. There she lay as if bewitched, with the sailors sauntering backwards and forwards, looking to the sky, and blowing with the mouth, they prayed for wind. They looked at the clear water, and were amused with fish playing at the tiller; but the pleasure only lasted for a moment, as the thought arose, that their boys would be angling in the streams of Caledonia—and one would shout aloud with pride, as he, superior to his fellows, hauls the first struggling wretch to upper air. They looked at the land, at the green, green grass, which shone with a peculiar hue on Sabbath morn* ; but the glory of the scene only added to their sorrow, for the thought arose, that they might have been going arm in arm, up to the house of God, with the dear being for whose sake they dared the raging ocean, ‘loving,’ when homeward bound, ‘its roughness for the speed it gave.’ One bush of broom on Scotland’s braes, was dearer than all the world beside. As time passed, they stood grouped at the stern in silence, looking in the direction of home,—conversation ceased, friendship died, and hope deferred made their spirits sick; so they stood looking back, as Lot’s wife must have done, when leaving forever the happy home of her youth.

For months had the vessel lain upon the beautiful river. The sun rose high in air, throwing his bright beams on water and earth—descended to the horizon, and sunk to lighten other regions, when a universal chorus from the tree toads arose; myriads of fire-flies shone in the darkness of night, and lighted on the vessel, without fear,—for no sound was heard, save the deep drawn sigh, issuing from a despairing seaman.

One morning when they were stationed at the stern, as usual in silence, and with eyes directed to Scotland, a motion was felt in the ship, which, half dead as they were, excited their attention. On looking at the river, they distinctly perceived that it did not flow past

* This beautiful remark is, like the mind of the Emigrant, original. It is also a fact—which any person can perceive, by opening his eyes on a Sabbath morning.—EDITOR.