

now electrified with excitement. In their estimation, he was the greatest of all sea captains.

The brig put about before the pilot came near us, and lay southerly to clear Cape Race. We doubled the Cape before daylight next morning, and entered the Gulf of Lawrence. Here we were for some days beating against baffling winds, and we sighted Cape Breton. Here we got the best sailing wind since we left Lewis. The wind was fair, every stitch she had was set to the black brig, and they made nine knots an hour, (the best during the whole voyage). In the evening, right under the highlands of Cape North, we came up with our consort brig. She was lying there becalmed the whole day, having had not a breath of the breeze that brought us up. The two ships kept together after this until they dropped anchor within ten minutes of each other in the harbour of Pictou; nine weeks from the day we left Stornoway.

Nine weeks was a long voyage for a vessel in ballast. Nine knots was the most that vessel could make. She was a slow sailer compared with the "clipper ships" of later days. But I think there was something else besides being a slow sailer. It is clear, the two brigs were much the same in their sailing capacities. I remember it was the practice, I believe such practice was in those days the rule, (with the mercantile service of Great Britain, at all events), that at *sunset*, whether the weather was fine or foul—whether the wind was fair or otherwise—all studding sails, every stitch of canvass above the top-sails, would be taken *in*, and would remain furled until *sunrise* next morning: thus a great deal of headway was lost.

Considering the imperfection of nautical instruments in those days, it is remarkable with what exactness the calculations of this long voyage were kept. Chronometers were not then in use—and as far as my memory serves me, there was not one "lunar observation" taken during the whole voyage. The captain must have depended wholly on his "dead reckoning" for the longitude; and yet he found soundings at the first trial on the banks of Newfoundland; and he foretold the sighting of the land some six or seven hours before he or anyone else could see it. I do not know what the practice is now, but at that time the "log line" was cast, once in every two hours.

We landed at Pictou, and encamped under canvass on a field (a little westward of the present town) belonging to *Squire Patterson*. With the exception of one family from Lewis,

all the passengers in the two vessels were from the Parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire; and they were all acquainted with each other before coming on board, and of course were deeply interested in each other's welfare.

We soon separated, however, some went up the West River, and settled on a tract of land, and named it "Gairloch," after their native parish. Those old settlers died long ago, but their descendants, McKenzies, McDonalds, McPhersons, etc., are numerous.

Some settled at Carriboo,—the McKenzies and the Urquharts. My father's family and my three sisters, married respectively to Donald Fraser, Murdock Fraser, (both of Robertson's Lake), and Colin Fraser of Basin, came up the East River.

In 1805 there was nothing at Pictou that could with any propriety be called a town. There was one blacksmith shop, one tavern, and two or three small grocery shops. There was no church, no court house, no jail, but a small dingy old log house, which was known by the designation of "the Prison." Edward Mortimer had his establishment at what was then known as "Mortimer's Point," now "Norway House."

The men of note were Edward Mortimer, George Smith, Squire Patterson, Deacon Patterson, Pagan, Denoon, John Fraser (Collector), McGregor, Dawson (not the brothers James and Robert), Loudon, John McKay, (B. Smith), Hector McLean, David and James Patterson. These have passed away, and, with the exception of the Pattersons, I do not know that there is one now remaining to represent their names or inherit their fortunes in this vicinity.

(To be continued.)

## POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



ow firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord,  
Is laid up for faith in His excellent  
Word!  
What more can He say than to you  
He has said?  
You, who to the Saviour for refuge  
have fled.

In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength  
ever be.

If through the deep waters He cause thee to go,  
The river of grief shall not thee overflow;  
For He shall be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

If through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;