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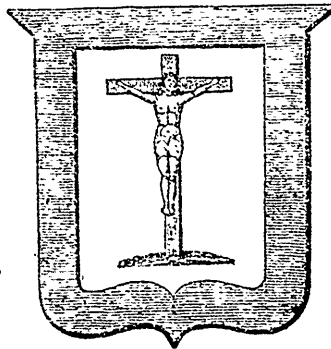
THE
Canadian Magazine.

No. II.]

FEBRUARY, 1833.

[VOL. I.

"Magna est veritas, et prevalebit."



RELIGION,

MORALITY.

SCIENCE,

AGRICULTURE.

LITERATURE,

FICTION.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend "*The Emigrant*," has taken the hint in part—but is still rather long, notwithstanding his amusing remarks. We sincerely hope "*Cinna*" will continue to embellish our pages, with his very splendid productions. We trust "*An Observer*," will again favour us with his valuable observations. We hope to hear frequently from the tender "*Outis*." We have received the beautiful Poems, signed "*B*," one of which is inserted; the rest will appear in our next. "*The doomed Chief of Pakagama*" in our next; when also will appear the communication of "*W. D. P.*"

Wm. Keble

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

YORK, FEBRUARY 1833.

[No. 2.

THE EMIGRANT.—No. 2.

“Land of the free—I hail thee mine.”

BEFORE casting anchor, all who were able had arrayed themselves in “sunday suits”—or “their best”; and no sooner was the boat slung over and lowered upon the water, than there was a rush as if the vessel (which was moored about sixty yards from land) had been on fire, or visited by the plague; and they were in danger of swamping the boat. When the full complement had descended, I said to the others—“stay back my boys, you will have many opportunities to get ashore; and don’t be alarmed, for you will all get enough of Canada.” They took my advice, and the Captain giving the word “feather your oars”! dip went the wooden fins, and away we went, cutting the liquid element, when coming close in shore, I again used “the unruly member,” by saying—“now, salute this stranger earth, which will, we humbly hope, treat us all better than our mother of the old country has done. Kiss the ground my lads! by which we shall live, on which we shall walk or ride, if lucky, and that shall cover our bodies, which will sleep sound, as if all the orthodox Presbyterian Clergymen of Scotland were, with uplifted hands, ‘in at the death.’”!

We stept ashore, but from the vast number of bipeds constantly pattering over it, to apply the lips was impossible,—though many a high and low blooded fellow, when his coat is out at the elbow, has kissed a more disgustful object, for gildres to keep up the ball. We perhaps being all frail, might have been equally *prudent*, covering disgust with the appearance of strong affection, had any advantage been in prospect,—but as nothing would be gained by the transaction, of course it was not performed. But the feelings of all were greatly excited, though each countenance shewed disappointment,—yet thinking that fortunes were to be rapidly amassed, with which they would return to astonish relatives, friends,—and on Sundays cause the congregation to stare at their grandeur, instead of humbly and respectfully listening for immortal lessons, flowing from lips more learned and eloquent, but frail and mortal like themselves. They each laid a hand upon the rock when stepping ashore: one, no matter who, had the curled head uncovered, and “hat in hand” as he performed the salutation with the other.

A

Many boys were present, one of whom said to the man who had his head bare—"you have no such stones in English,"—and the little fellow cocked his cap to one side, put the arms "akimbo," and stood proudly up, at reverence being paid to the stones of his country. All had ceased their sports to look at the "new comers." There was the merry glistening eye, and open, frank, rounded countenance of "merry England": the pale face, wandering eye—constantly on the outlook for fun and frolic, in opposition to the melancholy depicted on other parts of the face—the upper lip slightly twisted and turned up at the left corner, which, with the sudden change of posture, position, or whirl round, as the fancy was affected, revealed the thorough Milesian. The quick eye, hooked nose, rapid step, and impatient gestures, denoted that the Colony planted by "the Grand Monarche" had not become extinct, however time, climate, food, habit, each separately or collectively, had in most caused deterioration of the animal, and perhaps mental, faculties: making the body more gross, joints larger, filling up the hollow of the "instep"—rendering the nerves more obtuse, whole fibre coarser, and mind more callous, greedy, and groveling than the original settlers. The high cheek bones; muscular formation; eye where passion is tempered by reflection and natural, intuitive calculation; a strong desire to fight, or play at any game if certain of victory—shewed that the Scotch were in the land. Boys with straight black hair, skin slightly bronzed, face without muscle, large quick eye, blanket robe, worsted sash, left knee bent, and arms folded over the breast, stood as if they saw us not, and looked like statues that would remain until destroyed "by wind and weather," or time and them be ended together and swept into the immensity of eternity. I tried to discover if the lineaments of their fathers, known in other years, could be traced, but no resemblance appeared. They were of the same race with the lonely "red man," who had frequently been my companions at the chase, and in other scenes,—but I knew them not.

I kept beside the steerage passengers to hear their remarks, and begged the Captain not to utter a syllable. We passed along the lower town, that is situated on a stripe of level ground betwixt Cape Diamond and the River. It was Sunday: the shops were shut and empty, but each ale-house was "choke full," though only one o'clock P.M. Grog was demanded in more "lingos" than arose when Babel was "a building"—composed of ingredients which Lot never thought of—Epicurus knew not—and which even Pharaoh could not foresee would ever be compounded, for all so particular as he was in things of the "Gab"* (Palate) they were sucked down with such glee and satisfaction, that a stranger to the tremendous power, and domineering sway which pernicious habits, such as drinking ardent spirits, smoking,

* There is a tradition that Pharaoh put his chief Butler "in ward," because he swallowed a fly that had lighted on the wine, which there and in Hisdostan always produces violent vomiting. The Baker had forgot to spice His Majesty's bread with pepper.

chewing opium or tobacco, exercise over the animal, and hence the mental part of man would suppose it to be the first draught; and from the extatic gulps, been convinced that they were in a hurry to finish and make sure of the Nectar, before interrupted by death.

On we went with the chaps staring at the houses, and wondering much at the signs designating the ground flat a "store," instead of "shop," as they had been accustomed to see it spelled and named in "the old country." A Scotman said—"It's no sae bonny as shop; I dinna like it." "But faith," said an Irishman, "I like it; for it means that they sell every thing as man can want or desire. Suppose, I wants a nail, and a button, or pair of shoes, a coat, some tobacco, and two half-penny candles, all at once,—I gets them at one place, without running from door to door asking for every separate thing, tramping about and wearing my brochins. But I goes to a store and takes my stance at the counter, and so they put up all I wants, without ever budging. The night is cowld you know, and I have stood against the open door a good while—so, as I'm coming off, I turns round, and putting down my purchase, says—faith I'll have a noggin of Poyt'n! —Give me a bottle of whiskey to warm my fingers and toes. I get all I wants and goes away home again quite easy dear. You may like shops, but commend me to a store!—Why one store is worth fifty shops!"

In the Lower Town some of the houses are constructed of wood. A Carpenter said—"what queer shapit hooses the folk hae here, and what bad Joiners they maun be. Dod! I could mak better wark nor that"—pointing to a small, old, ill-shaped house, where a very pretty girl was looking from the only window.—"Faith!" replied Paddy, "but it appears that the corners hould together a while—and by my shoul but there'll be prime fun of a Saturday night, when they have got their wages"—looking at the bright eyes of the damsel—"Faith and troth! I would never wish to go furdur."—Most seemed of the same mind, to judge from the countenance—a Scotchman seldom uttering all he thinks when sober.

A Mason from Caledonia uttered his discontent with—"what bad stane there's here, its sae awsum course"—"Och!" interrupted Paddy, clapping his shoulder, "och, it will be the easier chiselled; and you'll get money for child's play. Faith, I have just been thinking who was most likely to give me a drop,—and now I have discovered that no ~~one~~ can do it so well as yourself, who are to make a fortin by doing devil a thing. So, we'll take a saunter through this quere place, and see the girls—and then we'll have something that warms ould ~~women~~, and makes the lads of Kilkenny be fine roving blades, flourish the shillelah—and you'll pay for all boy."

In ascending the steep street, which communicates with the Upper Town, we met many people coming from church, mostly females, who, as in every country, province, town, village or hamlet, are not only the most lovely, but the best, kindest, and holiest part of the population. The males were few in comparison, being at the ware-house, counting-room, walking, riding, shooting, sailing, or as in other countries, out of

sight. Few had gone to church, and the majority even of these, had attended for a purpose which had no concern whatever with the worship of God! and could have been tried, attempted, or executed elsewhere, had there been equal opportunity to see the object of their admiration, and speak to her in a wordless language; which the man who wrote on—drawing comparisons from every beast, and also “from the hysop to the cedar that is in Lebanon”—overlooked, forgot to mention, was ignorant of, or which descended to oblivion with many of his remarks. The last surmise is most probable; for it is almost impossible to suppose that the head which could fashion and compose “The Song of Songs, which is Solomon’s”—would be ignorant of—ocular language. That organ which speaks without a voice, requires none, but the soul flashing through the long dark lashes, like the liquid flame from the black thunder cloud, goes to the heart of the object, whose gentleness, loveliness, and perfections have forced man to lay aside his churlishness, grossness, munching, drinking, sleeping, snoring, and all the abominable propensities of his corrupt nature, to call into action all the divinity lodged within; and which otherwise must have been choked forever,—to flash through that part of man nearest in consistency to his celestial origin, the eye. Lighting it with all the finer, more exquisite sensations concentrated and collected into, what is a foretaste of heavenly rapture—Love!

For such purpose had most of the young men gone to church. It was only by the shut stores—(I prefer the word to shop, being not so diminutive, more comprehensive, and which can be traced to almost antedeluvian origin)—that we were led to believe something was going forward, which was not an every day occurrence, where people with clean hands, though their hearts shall be passed over and remain unnoticed, attend. But there was no male devotion; no thoughts which soared beyond earth, time, planets, and space, while the frequent side-glances at the girls, and again at their own limbs or feet, to see if they could be accounted handsome in the eyes of those really beautiful flowers, who were passing along, and entering the buildings, that were honored by receiving, containing, and surrounding beings who gild our earth with glory! which otherwise would be a cold, comfortless, dreary desert, shewing plainly that the creature was more regarded, respected, and loved than the Creator. Some of the bucks were strutting like the dandies on Prince’s Street, Edinburgh. But oh, mercy! not so bad, for any of them could have lifted his kerchief, had it fallen to earth, without the aid of a hooked stick. There was decency, but no male religion could be perceived! So evident was it, that one of my companions said—“Thae men folk hae na muckle godliness! I’m sure that gin their fathers and mithers gat a glisk o’ them, but they wad be real wae for them pair things!” “Pshaw,” said Paddy, “I’ll tell ye! people have no religion when from home—and that’s the reason boy!”

We went along the steep street, and on arriving at the Post Office, bade adieu to our temporary companions: when in expectation that letters had come by New York, or some fleetier sailing vessel, than that which had bouyed up our precious carcasses, entered the domicile of

fear and hope. But there were none, "good or bad." We "adjourned" to the square, when looking round, I could perceive no alteration, except that a large circular wooden market house in the centre had been removed. Twenty years ago it was there, with all the fish and flesh laid on tables every morning; and around were placed vegetables, fruits, &c. I felt grieved at its absence, as if an old friend had died whom I had expected to see; though I, like others who buy, had been cheated with light weight. All else was the same handsome stone buildings, forming an oblong square, or rather triangle, from the Roman church projecting at one corner. Opposite is a large building which was intended for the Jesuitical college, but is now occupied by soldiers. I am not in the humour for drawing a comparison betwixt the disciples of Layala, the talented but ambitious Spaniard, and the army of Great Britain—however, certain it is, that the Jesuits forwarded the arts and sciences in a great degree. Each was compelled to learn a trade or profession, to go when and where the general, who resided at Rome, was pleased to order. From their prying disposition, trying to govern every family, assembly, and multitude, they became such a nuisance, that the Jansenists and various other sects arose; when after great havoc, bloodshed, and death, the illuminati, &c. were put down; and we have seen by experience, that the world is not the worse for their overthrow; though, were soldiers wanting to enforce the law, this would be a splendid world for blackguards.

We entered the Romish church with uncovered heads, of course; and I again admired the beautiful edifice. Every one has, or should have been, in a church—therefore to describe it would be absurd; and shall only add, that though many more gorgeous are on the continent of Europe, and elsewhere, none could equal, much less surpass this in elegant simplicity. The pulpit staircase seemed formed of white porcelain with gilt figures—one more or less would have spoiled the whole effect. I was going to touch it, and had actually stretched forth a hand for that purpose, when recollecting, what learned men must have trod the steps to utter discourses composed during "the silent watches of the night;" and what a poor illiterate animal then stood before it, with all his strength of passion and numberless imperfections "thick upon him"—instinctively drew back the member, at thinking on "their might of mind."

We sauntered to Saint John's street, where I had formerly resided: the house was the same as before. I stood and looked at a window where formerly seated, I chatted and chattered—nonsense likely, but was happy. Poring over books or papers was out of the question; I was too joyous and glad for either! Oh far happier than reflection, meditation, or scholastic lore have ever produced. I could not enter! memory was alive, and imagination at work. I was twenty years younger! again in my favourite seat; again received by comrades, who with happy faces surrounded "the bit" table, Scotch, English, and Irish—all men of honor, all equally and dreadfully dear! I again heard them laughing at my stories or myself; again beheld them—

"Glad to meet, and laith to part;
How wae to gang awa."

I remembered all; and thought that some had died in a chamber! picking at the bed clothes, and putting the empty hand to the shut eye!—or fancied that being in green fields and meadows they were chasing butterflies! Perhaps upon a gallant steed, seemed to fly over fence, ditch, lake, river, mountain, and plain—they give “the well-known Tally-ho!” Until a few seconds before the dreadful leap, reason resumes her sway: disease has done its work! But the soul wanting a last look around, before leaving the beloved tenement, endows the nerves with momentary vigour—the eyes shining with unusual and unnatural brightness, are again unveiled; and see weeping relatives around the bed. He folds them to his panting bosom in succession, and sinks upon the pillow, a lifeless corpse! Others had belched out their spirits in “the salt sea foam!” Some high of hope and filled with courage, had, in the ranks of war, died “the soldier’s fiery death!” All had perished but myself!!! I could not endure the thought; but sought, by varying the scene, to lighten the load which mortality had laid upon my heart; and said—come Captain!—come for G—d sake!!!

We walked to the Palace Gate: so named from a large building which had been erected for the Bishop’s residence; but has, for many years, under the protection of a Protestant Government, shielded, and still shelters numbers of those females, who love seclusion better than their duty! Opposite this building was once a wooden platform, supporting four cannon, pointed to the Suburbs of Saint Rocques. I used, when on guard, to march backward and forward, looking at the Nuns taking their evening walk; and thought that any of them would be far happier with me, ugly though I was. But more generally “whistled as I went, from want of thought.” It had been removed for one of stone; which, though neater and more lasting, I hated to see in place of the old acquaintance.

No alteration had been made on the Esplanade, at least very little, but opposite, where had been ugly, open gaps, now was one side of a very handsome street. On reaching the highest point, instead of the large block houses erected by the French, and which we occupied when on guard, numbers of men were employed to construct barracks—and where I, being on duty, heard the centinel cry—“Guard, turn out!” The sound of musquetry was heard brattling away in the distance: then the cannon roared at intervals. We stood “to our arms” until day light, when information was obtained that the sounds proceeded from the ice, which would shortly break up! The noise increased, and at length went past, up, down, and across, with a sound to which the loudest thunder is a mockery! The citizens collected on Cape Diamond and at the grand Battery—above the junction of St. Charles with his holier brother—if goodness goes by size, and stood in fearful expectation.

At two o’clock a great many ridges were seen across the River! when with one tremendous and deafening roar, which imagination can form no idea of, caused the solid earth to shake! It was louder than if all the artillery of Heaven and earth, fashioned by Divine and human hands, had sounded together. The ice burst in a thousand places at the same instant! large pieces darted high into the air, when falling

upon what was yet solid, were broken to fragments, and hurling along, reflected the seven colours of the prism! Water spouted up to an incredible height—as if the River had been full of whales and sword fish! who were lashing the billows with their great tails; while a demon was roaring from the sky to fight! It was a scene of turmoil, noise, and confusion! when ere long, all became still; the water disappeared and the ice floated upon its surface—seemingly joined as before—moving towards the ocean with such almost imperceptible descent, that it was difficult to believe or understand what had occasioned the late tremendous uproar. All appeared illusion, except where land projecting, intercepted a piece of ice; which, pressed from behind, was forced out, and darting across, went breaking others and itself, until the projectile force was expended.

A large piece of sound ice, from six to seven feet in thickness,* which extended more than half the River's breadth, had continued unbroken by the strokes and concussions, that shattered its weaker neighbours. The centre came upon the Island of Orleans, situated in the middle of that current, and below Quebec. No effect was perceptible for a few seconds; but the edge continuing firm upon the rocks, the upper one began to rise as water collected behind—filling the banks, and forming a liquid mountainous ridge across the River! The spectators were silent! They were past speaking, for it was evident that many houses with their inmates would be swept to the ocean! The silence was deep and great, contrasted with the previous scene. Some wrung their hands! females sighed and shivered,—but no one spoke!

The wall was now nearly perpendicular! when in another instant, must be turned over, and the pent up flood go swash upon the beautiful Isle—destroying human and animal life, with the vegetative power which had just begun to revive, after the long suspension! Just as a shriek was preparing to issue from the lips of all, a large piece at each end gave way, the centre kept its position until the accumulated water rushing in two mighty floods round the Island, and the field of ice slowly resuming its original, horizontal position, disappeared. People returned to their former occupations, as Noah's family commenced tilling the soil, after the sea had acknowledged its God, by retreating at "the word of His power!"

The Rock we stood upon was named from many diamonds being contained within; but it is extremely difficult to obtain possession of them whole or without crack, owing to the closeness and hardness of the stone in which they are bedded. When here before, "a parcel of us" hammered away for the purpose of giving them to sweethearts; and though I had none, yet as such a property was incessantly wearied, sighed, longed for, and dreamed of, I wrought harder than the others, thinking reasonably, that when constantly "on the out-look" for a particular kind of creature, and every faculty of the soul directed to that alone, my wishes must be crowned with success. Notwithstanding the narrow

* The winter had been unusually severe.

shoulders, broad haunches, knocked knees, wrong end of the leg undermost, broad feet—like a brick, flat below—or what are designated in Scotland, “splay feet;” and an uncommonly ugly countenance, which from deep lines and furrows had always a ghastly look; like an old German tormented by the tooth-ache. Had they looked within, and seen or understood the mind that was so unhandsomely cased, they would have thought differently of a sincere friend to, and admirer of their sex. But these are matters which concern no one; nor does any person care whether such happiness fell to my lot—so shall let that affair sleep.

We sat down on a large detached piece of Rock, with the Saint Lawrence flowing at our back, but 200 feet below. Before us was Quebec, upon an inclined plain, extending to the River St. Charles, whose sluggish stream joined the other at a point immediately below the town; where a splendid harbour might be formed at a small expense. The leiges will do it some day. From our position, the fortifications which separate Quebec from the Suburb of St. Rocques and Lower Town, could not be distinguished; so that all appeared to be the undivided Capitol of Canada; which is really the case during day, but when night approaches with her sooty wings, as men do evil in darkness, the gates are shut; nor will any of them open, unless a comprehensive word is used, which produces the same effect, as “Sesame open” did upon the door that shut up the treasure of Ali-Baba.*

The neat stone residences,† forming streets and squares, were almost at our feet; while some private, and all the religious houses, with the churches, and barracks being covered with tin,‡ glittered as did the nunnery of St. Rocques—reflecting the waters of St. Charles under a bright summer sun, “who had all heaven to himself.” The scene was really magnificent, and what a European, who has never crossed the Atlantic, can form no conception of. Though for many miles the settlers have completely cleared the surface; and except where a poplar is growing in a garden or enclosure, as if by accident, not a tree puts forth its blossoms to the rising sun, or affords shelter from a blast until the natural forest begins.

On our left, or up the River, and outside the fortifications, lie the Plains of Abraham. Why that high ridge should have been so named I am entirely ignorant, and possess not the slightest wish for an elucidation, being in all probability bestowed from caprice—like many other unmusical designations. But these Plains have become famous in story, owing to General Wolfe sailing past the town and landing two miles above, at a place still called his (Wolfe’s) Cove, fought the French Garrison; his men shewed, what English soldiers did under Henry V. before, and ever since—when properly commanded—“the mettle of their pasture.” And consequently, the French were beaten; the terri-

* Vide the Arabian Night’s Entertainments.

† All the houses within the fortifications must be built with stone.

‡ Tin will keep clear and free from rust fifty years.

tory was boldly won, and what is more, kept! When an account of the action was made known to the people of England, and that the commander had been killed in the moment of victory! A gentleman, who was long his particular friend, exclaimed—"L—d! bless me, what a lucky fellow Wolfe has been! for, if this had not occurred, he must have died of consumption in a month!" The Duke of Wellington has often done more "with an empty stomach," yet his services are neglected or contemned! Envy and ingratitude, are the vices of mean minds.

Upon the heights, or plains of Abraham, between St. Lawrence and St. Charles, are two Martillo Towers with cannon planted on them, to defend the only access to Quebec by land, or without crossing one of these Rivers.—It happened during the war, that a Soldier had the grievous misfortune, to be possessed of a very handsome wife. He had married her for beauty; which, "though only skin deep," has made a deal of mischief in this world,—that from the acts of people in general, seems to be the only one believed in! It is really curious to think—how health, happiness, nay life itself are risked, or forfeited for a momentary gratification—heaping up earthly goods, "to hide in a hedge,"—or for amusements, which must, to a certainty, soon be left behind!—instead of laying past "goods" that will profit them in a state, where eternity must be spent. But so it is.

It has been said by Martinus Scriblerus, "that a man who admires a woman, (only) for her beauty, has no more reason to wish himself her husband, than he who admired the Hesperian fruit, to be the Dragon that guarded it." The remark was just, as the soldier found by sad experience; though it is more than probable that the sentence never reached his ear, nor book from which it was taken, met his eye—but like thousands, learned to "his cost," that beauty unaccompanied by virtue, sense, and religion, is the greatest curse which has befallen any weak, silly mortal, since this world began. He, with several others, and a Serjeant to command, for any number of men require controul, though possessed of "the human face divine," as most are only children of a larger growth, were stationed in one of these Towers. Some were married, and each was accompanied by "his rib." They were like the husbands—"Nae better than they should be;" and all were infinitely inferior to her, who is the Heroine of this little tale. She was admired by the whole corps, for the uncommon beauty of her person, and correctness of behaviour. Her husband was poor, and in a lowly station; but his glistening eyes shewed,

That—"It is domestic love—not Gold,
Which makes the bosom glad!"

It so happened however, that the very admiration (which all desire) excited by her loveliness and behaviour, together with the great, undivided affection of her husband, "turned the brain" of this weak creature—asa child is spoiled by over, and injudicious indulgence. She became conceited; got tired of the attentions which he lavished upon this frail

"descendant of Eve;" tossed up her pretty head at his remarks; went gadding about, careless for the happiness of the man, whose life she had vowed to sweeten, and to share! But tripping about, cared for nothing that a woman of sense would have prized!

The Sergeant who commanded, was like many other men, unprincipled. But he was the greatest man in the Tower, and governed his subjects "with absolute sway"; wore three white stripes upon the sleeve of his coat, a worsted sash encircled his stately person, with a sword suspended from the left side, and carried a halbert—he was an immense buck in the eyes of all, but more especially in those of our heroine; who compared him with "her liege Lord." He "poor chap," had no stripe, no sash, no halbert, and instead of a sword, carried a crooked, insignificant, ugly bayonet. Besides, the Sergeant could make him perform the goose step, or stand "attention," with "eyes front," "right," or "left," as he pleased—She felt for her poor husband, what Saul's daughter experienced for David, when performing his duty—contempt! But the lady I am speaking of, carried matters farther than Michal was permitted to do, from the confinement in which these ill-used creatures are kept. This Madam had a greater love than her own, which Michal might likewise have done, had a greater than David been there. But we must be charitable.

The soldier was possessed of keen feelings, and loved his wife with a fervency approaching to adoration. He saw himself now treated with derision and contempt, instead of the endearing fondness which was experienced, on entering his small apartment, when coming from the post of Sentinel, during an inclement night. No smiles, no chat, no going along with him "arm in arm", into the green fields, or to behold the beauty and fashion of Quebec! She was sulky or boisterous, but had no conversation for her helpmate, or gratified his wish in the smallest particular. Her attention was wholly taken up with decorating the person; and when that was accomplished, from the soldier's pay, tripped past the Sergeant!—as on the Tower top he thoughtlessly and heavily, strutted it to and fro." He eyed her with admiration, as all others did, and was quite delighted at her manœuvring—though he took no notice of it, being well versed in human depravity. At length she addressed the great man, by putting some silly question; and "the ice once broken," was often at his side, chatting, laughing, giggling, and very happy. When her husband asked her, (when they chanced to be alone,) why she was so silent? The answer, if any, was—"I have nothing to say."

The Soldier knew that to challenge his commander, would incur certain punishment, being contrary to the "Articles of War;" which have enforced unlimited obedience, but forgot to punish particular kinds of cruelty. Besides, it was highly probable, that the man who can be so mean, low, grovelling, and detestable as to interfere with the domestic happiness of another, is a trembling coward, and dares not meet his foe "foot to foot and hand to hand"—the invitation would be rejected, and he remain under the nearly absolute dominion of a merciless scoundrel. Thus argued the soldier—(or I for him, "which is all

one in the Greek,") and told his intention to no one, nor whispered it, least "a bird of the air would carry the matter."

The Sergeant was in the habit of smoking tobacco, like many other filthy animals, regularly every evening at nine o'clock, on the top of their warlike mansion, from which rule he never departed. The moon was in glory! shining with uninterrupted splendour to cheer the heart, and light the path of man, as striding over hill and dale, he goes upon merciful and charitable errands. The Private took his musket, and poising it in the left hand, bit the end from a ball cartridge; priming and loading with all that neatness and expertness, which long practice of "the Manual and Platoon" had produced. Going out a little before nine, he stood in the shade, and saw not the mellow beauties of moonlight, nor admired the world in its robe of silver. He loved not, nor thought of canine fidelity, for the voice of a distant watch dog sounded through the clear sky, but was unheard by him. The drums and fifes at the barracks struck up a merry air; but it could not enter the ear, or soothe the heart of one, who had given his affection to a cockatrice. He stood with scowling visage, like Satan in the garden of Eden!

A person appeared on the Tower top! The musket was clapped to his shoulder, and brought to bear! The devil was at hand, who whispered—"pull." He followed the advice!—his fore-finger moved—down went the cock! off went the piece! and over the parapet came tumbling to earth a body in military garb! Upon examination, the ball had entered just above the right haunch, passed through the body, escaping at the left shoulder! Its commission was executed! It had faithfully performed the will of its master! The vital spark had fled to heaven or hell! But the Soldier who stood quietly by, was disappointed and horrified at the body being that of a dear comrade, and not the Sergeant!!!

The aggressor, and cause of the catastrophe, secured the culprit; who was tried by the civil power, and hanged at Quebec! When below "the gallows tree," he could not curse that being whose depravity had put the hard rope round his neck, where formerly her arm had lain! and placed the knot beneath that ear; into which, with throbbing heart, and flushed cheek, was whispered her first young love! He could not curse her! For him she had left a father's roof, dared the ocean's rage, and with a contented, happy countenance, had cooked and partaken of the Soldier's ration! He forgot the world and dying pangs, which, struggling in his strength, would shortly remove him to another, where the friend of his bosom had been sent—all was obliterated from the mind! The rope was short and he could not kneel! but standing on that theatre of degradation and death, he prayed—oh! fervently prayed! for mercy on his faithless wife!!! The drop fell, and with her name half uttered, he kicked into eternity!

What became of the Sergeant, and how the wife "won to heaven her dreary road?" we know not, for history is silent concerning her enormities. Her spirit, if in another state, may rejoice, that not being an Empress of Russia,* her name has escaped immortal infamy.

* Catherine II.

On our right, and below the junction of these water saints, we saw the falls of Montmorency. They are only pretty; for though of tremendous height, the quantity of water, during summer, is so small, that grandeur is uncreated. Quebec with its Lower Town, Suburbs, and 50,000 inhabitants was at our feet; and the whole country for many miles studded with white cottages—all bounded in the distance by dark primeval forests in conjunction with the horizon; whose blue was of deeper tint than European painter ever knew—the mighty St. Lawrence joining his sparkling brother, made the scene indescribably beautiful and magnificent! It looked like a world where no dirt, filth, pollution, disease, or death had ever been; and I was half tempted to forget that this lovely scene belonged to the same kind of beings, as those who marry for riches, bartering the finest sympathies of the soul for tinsel and glitter, “to be seen of men”—or those who sell their friend and their God for gold!—hanging their fellow sinners by the neck like dogs, to grin and die!—if forced by necessity to take a loaf, without leaving an equivalent!* I was miserable! for beings who had been at the very spot laughing and joyous, as if care was unknown—the hearts which panted with delight were indestructible, and no worm would trail its slimy, clammy length along the faded cheek! boring into the ear! and feasting upon the then smiling lips!—“Where are they now? Merciful God! let us go!”

We wandered down by the English Church, where Bishop Moun-
tain, of amiable, learned, and truly sacerdotal character, presided; the memory of whose virtues, and life void of all offence, came over my saddened spirit with a softened melancholy—for he too “had gone the way of all the earth. “Merciful God!” I exclaimed, “what miserable animals we would have been had this transitory, half comfortable, half healthy, half happy, half sleeping existence of expectancy, where “man never is—but always to be blest,” was all. In fact, human beings having the feelings of honor, friendship, love—and more than all, a wish to search for, and enjoy something,—they know not what;—which no sublunary object, acquisition, or substance can satisfy—as is fully proved to the heartfelt satisfaction of the lucky man who obtains all the desire of his eye and fancy—would be infinitely more miserable than “the brutes that perish.” They are satisfied and happy when three natural wants are gratified! But man cannot “enjoy complete happiness here below.” There is some good to be attained, and another, and another in close succession; as each is tasted or possessed, it palls upon the sense of gluttony or greed. But a grand object is beyond a mountain of difficulties that will confer unbounded rapture and inexhaustible wealth!—hill after hill is climbed in succession, and each undertaking was to be the last, putting the anxious, unphilosophic wretch in possession of superlative bliss!—none have the anticipated effect, or so conducive to

* A girl was in Newgate Prison, London, under sentence of death, for having stole “a three-penny loaf” to save her starving father’s life. He (the father) was also condemned, for receiving it—“knowing the same to be stolen.” They were pardoned by his Majesty, George III.; who, like a King, annihilated their distresses, and bestowed the means of comfort with independence.—EDITOR.

the continued happiness of man, as each had appeared when at a distance—still spurning, neglecting, and despising the last much toiled for object; the next hill of difficulties is perseveringly attacked and surmounted,—when the same result is experienced;—all in turn being equally futile and unsatisfactory. Thus each object is toiled for—each is in succession greedily seized, enjoyed, and each found “to come short of the mark.” There is a want, which nothing on earth can supply. The aged, care, and toilworn biped, climbs with unwearied knees, another “sandy way.” He descends the other side to seize at the bottom, and enjoy the desire of his heart. The object is gained at last which solves all doubts, cures all diseases, satisfies all desires, and confers complete fruition—for—he sinks into the grave!!! “Yes,” I added, “we shall all meet and be happy—according to the preparation and qualities of the soul, in—eternity.”

“Sorrow is dry,” says the proverb; and where Christians reside, a man need not drink coffee like a Heathen Turk, that knows not spiritual comfort, but if possessed of “the needful,” he will always obtain “Christian consolation;” we therefore adjourned to a house of public entertainment, and seated ourselves in the only empty apartment; where not being drunk—we could not be designated “Lords,”* but we were two Kings, co-equal and co-temporary! Though what is called “the forenoon,” and strict etiquette demanded contrary behaviour, we first ordered dinner, and “to while away the time” until “the vivers” should be placed before us—requested some brandy, which was instantly brought, and preparations made for supplying us with food for the grosser sense—“through faith” that one, or both had “the wherewith” to pay in exchange for “the water, and staff of life.” Though it was only coloured Canadian whisky—flavoured with Iris Florentina, or what some of the fair sex and dandies “munch,” to counteract the effects of a nauseous breath. A few of the latter “fulf out tobacco smoke,—not only in their chambers, where many of the same species think they have an undisputed right to make monkeys of themselves—but when strutting along the public streets, to the great annoyance of people who have the olfactory nerves in proper trim, and love “to snuff the cauller air.” Such a habit invariably produces stupidity, clogging the brain with soot,—deadens the nerves, causes a lethargic stupor to pervade the whole system, and is a mortal foe to all industry and perseverance, except in idleness or mischief, as is clearly proved by the habits of Saracens, who hate agriculture, &c. But I may as well be quiet, for they are of a stamp that will not improve “by my much speaking.” I mentioned just now, that we ordered “the bitters” before dinner—which to elegant creatures who have no will of their own but follow the multitude,—thinking and saying that “its better to be out of the world, than out of the fashion”—such conduct was monstrous! In Scotland, where fashion “rules the roast” and “toast,” if any gentleman at a dinner table took snuff before the cloth was removed, he committed a breach of good manners, and such an abominable offence, that gentility and he were forever “uncoupled!”—until in 1822,

* Vide Burns.

His Majesty, George IV., whose manners were only surpassed by female softness, happened to visit His Province of Caledonia. Dining with a multitude, which is the greatest tax upon, and curse of exalted rank—He, the mighty King of Britain, had noticed, with his usual quickness, the slavery which fashion produced, and truly anxious for the welfare of these poor gewgaws, could not bestow happiness—for so long as men give ascendancy to their evil passions, and encourage their discontent, envy, malice, deceit, inordinate attachment to wealth, and utter disregard of the christian injunction, heathen maxim, and “golden rule,” they never can be happy—but, actuated by true genuine mercy, he in a few seconds conferred upon his loving, dutiful, and supremely fashionable subjects, what no King ever did before (at least a Scotch one)—comfort! He, the King of Britain, did, during dinner, take a pinch of snuff! which gratified the hearts of all genteel lovers of Rap-pee—changed wrong to right; and what was before a monstrous indecoracy, is, since that blessed moment, the fashion and quite “the go!!”

Had I been a King, the brandy, or its ghost, would instantly be thought an “excellent stomachic! It is always right and proper to preserve our own life or that of others, by every honest means—for self preservation is the first law of nature, &c.” There is no doubt but plenty of excuses would be made for me—“His Majesty” taking a drop of “the cordial.” But being only a bit Emigrant, and a “bare fallow,” to “crook an elbow” before the paunch has been lined by roast beef, fish, fowl, and trifle, is of course, a terrible offence. I have come to this land for the purpose of being completely happy—if possible: loving my sweet heart, when I get one—because “she’ll love me;” be true to my friend, when obtained, “for giff-gaff” says the proverb, “maks gude friends;” go when and where I please, in this country of my adoption—where the birds sing not, being lost in perpetual wonder at the immensity of the beauty, grandeur, and magnificence by which they are overshadowed and surrounded; keep the laws for my own sake; reverence the King—for a post, and Almighty God—for Heaven! caring for neither trifles nor weathercocks, and shall just proceed in my usual way; and at all times, when able—

“I’ll laugh and get fat, at the follies I see,
And they’re welcome to fatten by laughing at me.”

We looked around the room—the fire place was shut up by a square board, and a circular hole in the partition, for the stove pipe, was stopt by a piece of wood, painted like the wall. The Captain had never seen such before, and when I explained its use, he shrugged the shoulders, saying, “it maun be dreadful cauld!” Dinner was placed before us, to which he asked a blessing! hoping that the additional strength obtained from it, would not be used for improper purposes—but to serve God in assisting, supporting, and protecting the poor, helpless, and destitute of our species. We eat silently and without smacking the lips, or putting large pieces into our saw mills for being manufactured by “the organs of destructiveness.” We eat, and when satisfied—not crammed, forgot not to return God thanks—not to man! for he would not have given us such dainty, if any, fare—but to the Crea-

tor, Governor, and Preserver of Heaven and Earth! for supplying our pockets with some of the King's "images," which allowed us, his faithful, though ignorant subjects, "to take our ease in our inn." We spoke of every thing "in heaven above, and earth beneath"—he, according to custom, quoted the sayings of his wife in support of his assertions; while I spoke of all countries, having been a wanderer over the earth, and found in every country much to esteem, admire, and love—with something to condemn. All the grades of good, bad, and insignificant, being every where alike, a slight difference only was perceptible from climate.

We returned along the almost empty streets to our little home on the deep, where most of those who had gone ashore "were well corned." Paddy was glorious! but whether he had paid for happiness, or the Mason had treated, I don't remember; but they were both "well to live." It would have been better had they not swallowed quite so much—more especially as it was Sunday; but poor fellows, there is much excuse for the situation in which they were placed, and the anxiety that filled their minds about absent relatives, and to what purposes the immense fortunes, which they were certain of obtaining should be applied! But after building many splendid castles, as if each had been possessed of a lamp like Aladdin's, they slept, and dreamed of turkies, venison, wild sheep, and "goud in gowpins." We went to the Cabin with notions perhaps equally ridiculous, notwithstanding our greater experience concerning men and manners. But all our hopes, cares and fears were drowned in temporary oblivion, for we slept, perhaps snored, though eating little, I have nothing to give music, like bull frogs—and seldom have a visit from Queen Mab."

At an early hour, or cock-crowing (though we had not heard one cheerily salute the morn,) the Custom House Officers came aboard and examined the cargo, together with the luggage of all those who were to land at Quebec. They opened their trunks and stood beside them, as if going to sell the contents—like countrywomen in the markets of Ghent, Valenciennes, Arras, and Phillipsburg,* with cream cheeses or singing birds! The "officials were exceedingly polite; doing their duty strictly, but with feeling, and delicacy; that had the effect of producing—if possible, an additional respect for a monarch, whose tremendous power, by sea and land, is like the wind, which God "tempers to the shorn Lamb!" I sincerely believe, that all the passengers felt proud at being natives of Britain, whose King "in Council," appoints *gentlemen* to transact its necessary business, in distant Colonies, where the rod of an oppressor might strike long, strong, and hard, before his arm was stayed! My heart bounded at being even an un-

* Lewis XIV., over the great gate, caused a long inscription to be put—ending with—"What he shuts, no man opens; and what he opens, no man shuts." This was in 1666. In 1676, the Imperialists retook it, and the Emperor ordered the said inscription to be erased, and another put up in its stead. It was greatly in praise of the Emperor, and ended with—"What the French shut, the Germans open."

noticed, unknown, insignificant atom of a nation, whose men in power, pay respect to the sympathies, feelings, and weaknesses of those, who may sit and weep in holes, corners, and coverts of the earth, but cannot resist! Turning to the Captain, I exclaimed, "ours is really 'the grand nation!' Had Voltaire been here, he, even would have acknowledged the justice of that epithet—notwithstanding his hateful disposition, and abominable prejudices, which all the learning he possessed could not eradicate. I am proud of my country, Captain! and should it need my services—this carcase shall return to earth, and the spirit to God who gave it, for the benefit of those who are *what they ought to be.*"

All those who were leaving the vessel forever, looked as if taking farewell of a faithful friend who had assisted them with purse and person, when in hazardous or hopeless circumstances. One old woman, put her arms round, and kissing the mainmast, muttered some words which I did not distinctly hear! All shewed regret, at leaving "the wooden walls" of their highly serviceable home, which had brought them, "mair frightened than hurt," in safety over the roaring mountains of an oceans wrath! All seemed to leave a dear companion, except Maggie, who ascended from the *stecrage* bedizzened with dress, ill arranged, and numberless knots of bright, flashy ribbon, stuck upon places where mortal never put them before; together with crimson "streamers" dangling from the bonnet. The fat "dumpy" feet, were used in the same way that the sisters of Cinderella did, when trying to catch a King's son, by getting on slippers made of glass. Shoes made of such "brittle ware" would not have stood a single tug, but she had succeeded by sweezing the extremities, to get them into a pair of leather shoes, which were both narrow and short. However, as "murder will out," so the pretty dear found that she had not the power of annihilating flesh; which collected round the joint, completely hiding that most beautiful of all organs or members—the eye excepted, a woman's ancle. But trusting that the ruffle round her gown would, like charity, cover a multitude of infirmities, shewing only "the nippit feet, and crimpit feet." She not only endured, but heroically braved and despised the pain caused by shoes, with the pressure of stays, that it was wonderful how the valves of her little ambitious heart could perform their functions: she seemed to feel no inconvenience—tossing her head, which from the great quantity of feathers on the bonnet, resembled the plumes of a hearse.

The mother looked at her daughter's *grand* appearance, and cheeks of a bright scarlet—from the dreadful rubbing, which a determination to have them clean for once, had produced, with extreme delight; forgetting that others were around, she exclaimed in the joy of her heart,—"Oh! blessings licht on ye, ma ain, bonny lam! Nae man can see ye without fa'ing in luv. Ye'll wheedle and coax them out o' their senses!" Several young men wanted to accompany Maggy. But the mother was "up to trap," and did not chuse that the great men of Quebec should see her with any acquaintance, which might destroy the air built castles, therefore said, "with action suited to the word," "we hae private business, and canna tak nae ane wi' us." The husband—

like many men, "did as he was bid" by the governante, while Maggy, being incapable of affection, and wishing for nothing but grandeur, was very dutiful and obedient. Hiring a boat, to exclude any "young chap" who might mar their ambition, "they descended the vessels swelling sides," the old virago crying out—"Eh Maggy-Jass! tak care; tak care; or a' our plans are owre!" They went like Buonaparte to Russia, for the purpose of becoming greater than God and nature had intended. But landing, they turned a corner, and were seen no more, except by the mental eye—for mirth to the soul!

Many really good and clever fellows were also going ashore, for whom I felt much; knowing that all their high hopes would instantly be blasted. It was His Majesty's birth day, and proceeding at twelve to the Esplanade, had the pleasure of seeing the discipline and exact movement of British troops. Colonel Glegg was present, who planned the attack at "Stony Creek"—when the Americans "sae glegly" "got their kail through the reek!" Drums beat, canon roared, Soldiers marched past at "ordinary time," and the Officers saluted His Excellency, Lord Aylmer—the Representative of Majesty, who with benignant countenance, honourable feeling, and kind heart, returned the obeisance—giving a finish to the splendid scene. When the "hurra!" arose, I, with "hat in hand," shouted lustily for long life, health, and happiness to our Sovereign, whose subject I gloried to be! Nor was the wish forgotten, but came again from the heart, when afterwards taking what went to mine—a wie, wie, "oo! just a drap o' the creatur."

Proceeding along the Market Place in the afternoon, I encountered several of our passengers, who all now repented that ever they had left "cauld Caledonia." Instead of getting from 12s. to 20s. per day, as each had fully anticipated; Masons and Joiners had been offered 5s., and Labourers 2s. Consequently, all were disappointed, spiritless, and "doon hearted"—because they had been told so many falsehoods concerning the extremely low price of provisions, immense wages: that they could have land for nothing, "within ten minutes walk of the cross"—that a large estate, and "bank-fulls o' gowd" would be their own in a couple of years. All which they had considered "true as the Gospel," for men are very apt to believe any thing, however absurd, if tending to their own comfort and aggrandisement.

They had perused various accounts of travels in Upper and Lower Canada, which gave a thorough description of the soil, state of agriculture, price and quality of grain, stock, &c. &c. most of which are imperfect or erroneous, and do not convey a proper or accurate idea of this country; its productions, possibilities, and capabilities. Nor can they do so! How is it possible that a man shall arrive and examine a mighty territory like this, in three, four, five, six months—or even a whole year, and give correct descriptions of every river, district, parish, farm, and even field? The thing is utterly impracticable! and no man can do so in two seasons—unless mounted upon Pegasus! But the book must be a certain size, and imagination is called in to assist;

when finished, the reader's fancy completes the business!—on arriving at the long thought of, long looked for land of “roasted venison,” his disappointment is great in proportion to the height which imagination had reached. Their hopes had been high indeed, and now the grief was vehement! I told them, it was madness to bewail their own folly, in believing that any country could remain in the state described to them—because all would rush to a place where such enormous sums were given for trifling work. Here you are certain of being employed and *paid*, which was not the case in “the old country,” as it is overstocked with bipeds; but here you may save money, which will procure a portion of this beautiful country to be your own forever.—Whereas, in the other, your only portion will be, “the breadth of your back,” when the head will not be hurt by a hard pillow. Take the advice of an ignorant man, my boys, be sober and industrious, for “the hand of the diligent maketh rich”—and the only regret you will ever experience is, that you did not come sooner—or when dying, that you must leave a scene such as poets dream of. “Faith,” said one, “I’ll no gang hame! I’ll bide here—for though we’ll no mak rich in a twal-month, its a comfort to think that we’ll no only get meat and claes, but that we’ll get rich some day in we be spared—faith I’ll bide!—They all came to the same resolution, and those who had a little money were determined upon going up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where more is given for human labour—

“And each took off his separate way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.”

I advise no man to leave his country, knowing that there are thoughts and sensations dwelling upon the mind, when the body is distant from its natal spot—which, *weakness* causes, in conjunction with a difference of food and climate, the corporeal and mental faculties to droop; melancholy and languor oppress the stranger; so that all who have emigrated to any country, invariably repented the step, as hasty—“every thing was uncomfortable,” and “no land could be compared with the one we have left,” &c. If possessed of funds, and not restrained by shame, they instantly return, spending their little all to “get hame!” forgetting or ignorant that “the dear friends they left” hate their brother when poor. Those on the contrary who remain, sigh sometimes when thinking or talking of “their dear little isle in the ocean.” By degrees, sorrow becomes less poignant: other attachments are formed, which gradually increase; and, as fire drives out the heat of burning, so does one love that of another, until country, relatives, friends, and the loves of their youth, become like dreams and visions of the night—subjects to be talked of when the mind is disengaged from pleasure or business.

Such are mortals; and I have not time or inclination to philosophise upon the subject; shewing that these thoughts and feelings are the effect of habit, while forgetfulness of vows and promises proceed from the corrupt nature of man. When it is considered how those who had charge of his infancy behave,—constant bad example from childhood, improper education, with the constant respect paid to wealth, as

the "summum bonum"—disrespect, derision and contempt, with which honor and all the proper affections of the heart are treated by the generality of people, who have ever been near him,—the creature is astonishingly perfect, in comparison to what might reasonably have been expected. Idleness,—and to eat the bread another has toiled for, is the grand object of his life! In proof of which, it is only necessary to remark the behaviour of "Great men's eldest sons," or *Heirs at Law* to entailed estates, who, with few exceptions, watch for *the old gentleman's exit*, as "the slippers gape all night for his bones." Many of these characters—whose "Pappas" have "broken the auld entail," or, they themselves have done so, come out here, to carry on their old pranks; but, perceiving that all are busy, and they also must labour at something, to secure a subsistence, find that this is not a country where people can live in idleness, and let others work—that as they sung in the summer of life, they dance into eternity when, and in what manner they chuse. Therefore, unable from weakness of intellect, to work by the head, too lazy for labour of any kind, and seeing that no one will "keep him at heck and mange" for the sake of his handsome person, and elegant manners, whose simpering nothings, had—when reported to be possessed of "great lots," called forth sweet smiles, from the pretty *establishment hunters* of his native land. He dislikes the country because "wine and strong drink are not to be had for nothing"—there is no relative upon whom he can fasten, worrying the poor wretch for consanguinity, who gives—if a fool, all he can spare to keep up the airs, vices, and grotesque habiliments exhibited by this Scion of, or Fungus from a respectable stock. He returns; and to each person, who from respect for the family condescends to converse with *the Newfoundland puppy*, says—"Oh! you have no idea what a d—d bad country it is! I would not live there for the whole world! Blast it! Such a vile hole! Infernal climate! Bad Government! No race horse! No turf! No gambling! No chance of a man making a fortune by *marking* the cards, or *loading* the dice? No Rouge et Noir!* No dandizettes; Girls there—pretty—very pretty! But coarse creatures.—Don't use cold cream, paint, or patch—obey their parents.—Won't flirt! True as steel! And assist their mothers in taking care of the house! No bounce—go to church, and can't ogle! D—d stupid.—Farmers know nothing! But we're upon the street: if you'll go into a tavern to dinner, and crack some bottles of Champagne, I'll describe it all to you. But faith! You must *lay out*, for I forgot my purse lying on the dressing table, having to run down stairs in a hurry, to receive Lord ———; who says, and I know it to be a fact, that he cannot live without me;—well, coming out with him, my purse was left behind! I hope that no one will notice it, for I put seventy four sovereigns and a half, you know, into its little throat last night; just by way of counters, when playing this evening with the Earl of ——— pshaw! I sha'nt tell names: but you'll treat; and by ———! I won't forget my purse again, pon honoi"! The relations got sick of such a monster! cringe, fawn,

* Rouge et Noir is a French game, and the English, some of whom are splendid copyists, have made it—"after a sort," their own property.

and invite "some bit Baillie" to dinner, "who swaggers down the street, in a' the pomp of ignorant conceit"—that he may be graciously pleased, to intercede with the butler, to whisper the maid, to call her mistress uncommonly lovely—"quite an angel to-day"! and then coax her to speak to the husband, (or great man,) for a post of idleness, or sinecure "to support the poor, dear, good young gentleman, whose sweet health was irreparably injured, when exploring, for the good of mankind, His Majesty's Colony of North America"! &c. Thus is a bad report spread abroad concerning this our land of splendour!—Where real, proper freedom, (much as mortality can possibly bear,) reigns supreme; toil is sweetened by gain and security, tyranny or oppression is unknown, sycophancy useless, and where sober, prudent conduct produce happiness—where trees stretch their tops to heaven, and earth smiles in freshened loveliness—fanned by the breath of God!!

The sensible and industrious remain,—work away, become independent, and seldom think of former exertions, which all proved abortive but their fears—these were realized with a vengeance! but nothing else, except when they doubly rejoice from the contrast—bending as the dew falleth, with knees more pliable, hearts "brimfull" of thankfulness and extacy to the terribly glorious Being, "who slumbers not—nor sleeps"! Many also remain from compulsion—not having the means of returning, but hating labour of any kind, curse the country—as when in Britain they did "the times"—they growl, grumble, and snarl, like dogs with a fleshless bone; it is their nature; they did so before, and would do the same in heaven! if admitted, of which there is great reason to doubt!

Wishing to see human nature in all its shades and grades, I got the Captain persuaded to enter a house where only "low people" assemble to take "their morning." Several men were in the apartment, two of whom had disappointment strongly marked upon their countenances; and I instantly discovered that one came from "Canny" Yorkshire,—and t'other boasted that one country had given existence to him and I. They had just arrived, and were taking the first dram, by way of hansom, in company with a French Canadian, and thorough bred Yankee from the States. Each had a strong provincial accent and expression, with which my ear was exceedingly amused, and eye feasted at looking upon their actions—the very position of their bodies was truly astonishing; and deeply did I ponder upon what causes could produce these bipeds, fashioned alike—each full of self-love, self-sufficiency, and arrogance; each born at an immense distance, who had never seen nor met with his fellow before—yet one and all were monsters.

The American squirted saliva through his shut teeth with great accuracy, making each strike where its predecessor fell, with such exactness, that the practice—"which maks perfiteness," must have been long persevered in. It brought to my remembrance the table of "Rouge et Noir, No. 154, Palais Royale à Paris," where the "black-legs," whose property "the bank" is, throw out—when a gull unexpectedly wins, or rather is allowed to win—just as fish are sparingly fed

to cause the gudgeons to swallow a hook—the “naps”^{*} one upon another, to the furthest corner of the long table; the “yellow boys play chink, chink,” following each other like “a string of wild geese”—so spit the Yankee. The Canadian smoked and nodded in reply to his half countryman—as the lips were too busy for giving utterance to his thoughts—if he did think, never opening them, but to puff out slowly the abominable smoke, which had made his teeth yellow like those of an old horse that has laboured for “half mouthfuls at the road side.” The American “guessed,” “calculated,” and made “slick” (clever) remarks, to which a “humph,” or nod was given in reply.

“John Bull” was impatient—sometimes sitting with one leg over its fellow in misfortune; then springing up bit his lip, went to the window, turned and going round the table, seemed as if trying to quarrel with some one—“for a sparr,” and to “kill time;”—again sat down, humming with anger and regret a quick tune, leant back in his chair—arms over the breast, and eyes directed to the roof—then suddenly stopping, rolled the sweet morsel of tobacco under his tongue, with astonishing velocity.

The Scotchman sat upon one corner of his chair, right arm over its back, and left on the table, where his fingers were rapping an *extemporaneous* tune. A colley dog with black “coat,” long bushy tail curled up, white ring round the neck, that ended in a large “plash” on his breast; ears laid back, and then occasionally projecting to listen—eyes directed wistfully to his master, whose vexation was visible, and deeply felt by the brute—who, not being man, cared for neither tinsel, glitter, nor gold! These two last mentioned erect animals, with each a pair of feet, had come to obtain vast estates and immense fortunes, without trouble, toil, or labour! They wondered excessively at there being houses of any kind, but more especially of stone. Thinking that nothing could be performed until they arrived! Each had several articles which could not be constructed but in Britain, among which a spinning wheel was highly prized, that the “gudewife” had bought in the “Cowgate” of Edinburgh, on her way to the “Pier o’ Leith,” as she had broken her ain bonny auld ane that was “ta’eu hame i’ her wadding day!—and a truer ane never played whurr to an auld wife’s fit; and gotten this, for naebody could mak a virrel or spinnel (spindle) let a be a wheel, in ’Mericae!” A large grindstone had been placed in one corner of the room, which could have been purchased here for half what it cost the “doter!” at “hame.” When any one moved, he kept a sharp look out, for fear that his precious grindstone—“the only ane in ’Mericae,” should be stolen! Such was his dread, that, though the day was excessively hot, he had traversed the streets, and not daring to trust it in possession of Agew (Agnes) his wife, carried the invaluable free-stone in a corner of “the black and white” plaid, until he was necessita-

* In 1815, the gold coin was stamped with the representation of Buonaparte—hence named a Napoleon. They were called up and converted into “Louis;” and it is more than probable, when the fickle character of Frenchmen is considered, that they may ere long be entitled—“Leopolds!”

ted, from sheer fatigue, to enter "a public," where a mouthful of Lethe* would cause the past to be forgotten. He ordered the dog to lie beside the treasure,—but having more sense than his master, and being only accustomed to guard living animals, whose heels he delighted to snack, pinching their tails as they passed through a narrow opening of the wall or hedge—leaping upon "each other's backs," to get out of Bawtie's reach. He could not understand his master, when ordered to lie beside the "far fetched" stone, and after running round the table at each repetition of the order, again squatted at his foot,—seeming to wonder at the conduct of his master; who said at every act of disobedience, or rebellion, "Eh Bawtie! but ye're a thrawart beast!"

The Englishman was a Butcher, and had brought the stool or table, upon which he had cut the flesh,† thinking that it would be required here, which was all nicely plained. Not being easily carried off, or abstracted, he had entrusted his wife with the cumbrous "talisman," So that he had not, like my countryman, toiled under a load of treasure, yet he also had his cares, vexations, and "apple of his eye"—an old gun, or Queen Anne's musket, that required a new stock, lock, and barrel. "But I does like the piece," said he, "for my seyther oince felled a wild denke dead, fifty years agone, at ninety yards! and I wonot part wi' her under twunty poun—at no rate, to nobody. For no guns can be made here for luv or money!" This led to a remark from the American, when arguing, or rather all speaking at once, we left them chattering each his own vile jargon, but in furious argument, who of these four spoke the purest English!

When five days had passed away, the cable was again hoisted, and away we moved up the river with the tide; the effect of which, though the water is fresh, being felt within a short distance of Montreal.—Having proceeded about thirty miles, up came a large "steamer," the Captain of which had bargained to tow our brig for forty pounds. Instead of being the only one, as we had anticipated, there were two ships fastened by their cables at each quarter. Our commander objected to the danger and delay, but the other said—"that he had not been restricted concerning other vessels, would have the money according to agreement; and did not care a curse "if we went to the bottom, &c." Our Captain had not calculated on the greed of man, which could plan and execute such schemes, or the blindness and inefficiency of the law, in tolerating the gain of a few by risking the lives of many; had firmly understood that no vessel was to be taken up but ours; and with a very bad grace, or rather a great many oaths, we were made fast to her starboard quarter—the cable being sufficiently lengthened to make our bonny little brig the sternmost; and with three on one side and two at the other—or rather at the quarters, did the steam vessel move off, dragging us all after "her," as if by magic. Another ship was in a short time added to the phalanx,

* Vide a book entitled "Lethe."

† A sterling fact!—a Butcher actually brought his stool to York last season.

making the whole number six, that the steam-boat or vessel towed up—three at each quarter.

I shall take further notice of this infernal system and traffic,—which bears a strong resemblance to “unfair play.” But on we went, with great speed, admiring every thing in view; the trees were taller and greener as we receded from Quebec. Though the banks were lower, and all had a softer appearance, still the grandeur and sublimity of the scene was undiminished. It was indescribable by a weak mortal such as I. To attempt such an “affair” would be ridiculous. But all who were able, had assembled on the deck, crying—“See! see! mercy! look there!” “Na, but look here!—Look at this side!” “Did any mortal ever see the like?” “Eh what grand trees! and how bonnily the water wimples past her bow.—Eh! how clear it is!” “Human een never saw sic bonny trees and grass sae green, &c.” Every thing was formed upon a great scale, and I would not have been the least startled or surprised had a giant, one hundred feet high, been seated at a bend of the mighty river, “bobbing for whales!”

We had now approached within six miles of the town called “Trois Rivieres,” from a “meeting of the waters”—when a dreadful cry of horror issued from every mouth, and then all was death-like silence. The cable which bound the second ship on the larboard side, or opposite our vessel to the steamer, gave way! Back she wheeled! and, by one of those chances that may be styled miraculous, whirled round so that the one in her rear passed on without coming in contact, otherwise both must instantly have gone to the bottom, from the bound backwards of one, and the tremendous force with which the other was advancing. Every person on board our ship gave a deep, deep sigh, caused by suspension of all action in the lungs, and overflow of blood to the heart. It was only momentary! but during that moment what thoughts hurried through the brain of every spectator! The very remembrance of it is dreadful.

A severe penalty ought to be exacted from any master of a steam vessel who takes in tow more ships than one upon each quarter,—which would put a stop to these contrivances of speculators, who for gain, and without the possibility of danger to themselves or property, risk the lives of those that are sometimes valuable, and always dear to somebody.

The vessel that had broken loose let go her anchor, and the “steamer” towed the remaining five to Trois Rivieres, when, having given each freedom, she scudded off to bring up our late lucky, and stray companion, that all might start in the morning, like what the letters were invented or imitated from—a flock of wild swans. The Captain and I went ashore to spend the night “in social glee”—as aboard ship won’t do for conversation, there being too many ears always listening for hearing the affairs of others described, which cannot concern the hearers; but that very circumstance renders them more anxious to understand. Besides, it was more than ten to one but the cable by which the ship in our front was dragged would snap on the morrow, and us be buried, or at least choaked, in the beautiful

blue waters of Saint Lawrence. That one night might be stolen from business, the world—giving the things of hucksters to the winds or waves, we stepped ashore,—he repeating what the lips had expressed a thousand times—“oh! if my wife could only see this.” Going along the different streets in search of a comfortable looking house, where “folk could amaist fancy themselves at home,” we came to one “which was the the thing to a T.” The very door had something friendly in it, and seemed to welcome us, as we strode over the threshold with all the consequence that men assume and feel when the pocket contains a decent quantity of insensible sovereigns.

The “landlord” was a bowing, simpering, fawning publican, and so vastly polite that he could refuse us nothing. I am perfectly certain that he would have parted with any thing, “dead or alive” within “the four walls,” had “double price” been laid down “in hard cash,” and no one offered more. The wife was good, amiable—in short what a wife and mother ought to be; but like many of her dear sex, linked with a lump of chicanry, and smiling depravity. But she seemed happy, and I hope was really so,—though had I been her, the clear waters flowing in silent majesty, should have taken my body to the ocean, for sharks and cold skinned monsters to prey and raven upon, sooner than reside with, and acknowledge such a *two times two* creature to be my lord and companion through this life—which, though uncertain and short, requires numberless little attentions and tender-nesses, to render it endurable, If she was not happy, the appearance was assumed, which is one great object, plainly demonstrating that hope and self-respect are still alive, while despair is yet distant.

The master of the mansion was very officious; but hating the money-loving monster, I told him “to attend the customers at the bar, and send his wife”—with a bow he retired;—on telling our wants, she instantly placed all the “implements” for making punch, after the comfortable and substantial fashion of my native land. But instead of glenlivet, had to be contented with brandy, which is more palatable, and “better for the stomach”—though Burns was of a contrary opinion;—however, that is of no consequence, for “doctors differ.” But we wanted the dew of our mountains, merely because “we were far, far frae hame.”

The following morning we saw people collected together in groups, and terror strongly depicted on every face. In reply to our inquiries, we learnt that the cholera had attacked several of the inhabitants, and the angel of death was flapping his wings over the devoted town. The anxiety and fear of these men, brought to my remembrance a small Poem, composed upon a similar occasion, by a dear friend of the old country, with which I shall conclude this long harangue.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

“’Tis Spring! yet no song of mirth is here,
 For the sable shroud and the lonely bier
 Have now become familiar things
 To man, in his wayward wanderings.

'Tis Spring! and the sun sends forth a glow
Of warmth, on the cold earth below;
But the hearts of men are sullen and sad,
And spring hath no power to make them glad.

'Tis Spring! and birds in the bowers are gay,
They'll tell it to all in their merry lay;
But what to them—as they sweetly sing,—
Is the spirit of death that has come with Spring?

'Tis Spring! for I saw a rainbow shed
Its ray of hope o'er the sinner's bed;
And no dark spirit of death could be
On that rainbow's rim from earth to sea.

'Tis Spring! as the bright blue sky may tell,
Or the primrose pale in the lonely dell;
But what to man can be cheering now
Since the spirit of death passed o'er his brow?

'Tis Spring! and the earth again will bloom,
Alike o'er the field and the lonely tomb,
But man—when his eye grows dark and dim,—
Ah! what is the Spirit of Spring to him?"

THE EMIGRANT.

SONG,—(BY MOORE.)

Air:—*Loch Sheeling.*

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er cast,
And the heart, and the hand, are thine own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy, and through torments, through glory, and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know, that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel! in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

THE WATER WRAITH;

OR,

LANDLORD'S TALE.

(No. 2.)

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen,
 But a philebeg o' the rashes green,
 And his knotted knees played aye knoit between,
 What a sight was Aiken Drum.

Wm. Nicolson, Tailor, Gallowayshire.

“Honor thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long upon the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”

IN days of yore, on a rising ground about two hundred yards from the River Whiteadder and County of Berwick, stood the small Village of St. Elam, which was in the usual style, i. e. with a large hole full of dirty water before each door, in which ducks dabbled, and children waded, delighted on coming out with the boots of black mud which shone on their legs. From the doors were a row of large stones for allowing the full grown inmates to reach terra firma ‘dry shod.’ But it was on Sundays that the causeways were most useful, by the dames stepping along with the crimson ‘mauky’ petticoat and white cotton stockings free from dirt outside. At one window was a great collection of ashes, which time after time had been thrown out by mean of an old blue duffel waistcoat—opposite the other was the ordure of the cow, ‘that yont the hallan quietly chews her cud,’ which had been thrown like the ashes from the nearest opening; as to go by the door would have cost too much trouble and ‘they couldna be fashed.’ Their pigs were familiar as the children, but much cleaner, and at night they, bipeds and quadrupeds, lay scratching and snoring in concert—‘yet buirdly chields and clever hizzies war bred in sic a way as this is.’

Such were all the houses of that village, with one exception—the Parsonage, which was not quite so dirty—the ‘jaw-hole’ being of less dimensions, and causeway formed only by two stones. I have indeed heard that the worthy man, who had been bred ‘far frae hame,’ caused it to be filled, but his domestic could not endure to live in a house where such sacrilege had been committed, and without fee or ‘bountith’ ‘took the bent,’ leaving him to provide another servant—which was no easy matter, for the report went ‘like wild-fire,’ and on applying to any of his parishioners, some excuse was invariably made. At length he spoke to a black-eyed, cherry-checked damsel, which none of ‘the cloth’ desire to look upon, being unlike Jonny Armstrong, who loved ‘a fat horse, a fair woman, and a bonny dog to chase a deer’—she

replied, 'Na! Eh na Sir! I wadna bide i' yer manse for the hale warl'—its no canny.' 'Why is it not canny?' 'Oh Sir, I'se tell ye—ye hae ta'en awa the jaw-hole, and there's nae dirt about the hoose—dirt bodes luck, and I'll no gang to any place where there's no a gude jaw-hole and plenty o' ass in't.—Ma certie! but we hae a fine ane at hame, doon yoner, wi' plenty o' dukes in't, swatting and turning up their bits o' tails whan they dive paddocks.—Dod! I hae seen them harling ane out o' ane anither's mouth. I hae sat laughing like to splite ma sides. And than the bairnies gaing up and doon hauding up their bits o' breeks—laughing and screagging like daff—a' trying whae wad gang deepest—the green broo gaing sooming about like sharn, thinking themselfs just perfect men, and that they had waded the great saut sea. Eh! how blythe hae I been looking at them—puir bonny lambs. Na, na, I'll no gang ony gate whare there's no a jaw-hole.'

The wench had spoken with animation, which heightened the colour and made her really handsome—the good man thought it would be a vast pity if such a clever young woman should be far from the comforts of mother church—he had some scruples about her good looks, to which he had a mortal antipathy, but thinking it his duty to humble 'the inner man' by the most disagreeable sights, agreed to her conditions—so the following night Mary, with her cherry cheeks and the jaw-hole were at the Minister's door together.

The people of that village and country were happy: they had scandal to cause anger, interest, and encrease the rapidity of circulation; envy also was seen as a buxom lass would appear houghing, capering, and dancing in a gown of newer fashion than others. And the old dames chatted about 'gude matches' and any young man who was 'weel to do i' the warl,' was sure of a hearty welcome from the parents and be praised for sense, which of course every rich man is possessed of, and the daughters told what a good kind husband he would make—'Cast yer een that gate lassies, hech assure ye! but she'll fa' on her feet as gets that ane—he's naue o' yer tearing, swearing, neer-dowceels that dinna gie their wives the life o' a cat, let alane a dog, never gaeing them the siller to keep, as they ought to do. But that puir, saft, silly thing, he'll no hae a farthing in his ain keeping—she'll wheedle him roun' her wie finger. Eh! but she'll be a happy ane. That's him hizzies, stick till him like a burr; and in ane o' ye grip him, mind and make hay while the sun shines. I gat thae advices from a lang-nebbit farmer's wife in Lowden, and braw, braw advices they hae been to me,' &c. Thus plotting future grandeur and aggrandisement, did they toil life away among dirt, filth, and abomination; and yet they were happy, which shows the blessed effects of ignorance.

But they were simple and kind-hearted, helieving in the whole Bible without even excepting the Apocrypha, which moderns have begun to criticize and reject; for this reason, that it was 'within the breds, and nae bad thing could be in sic a blessed beuke.' They also firmly believed in the existence of fairies, brownies, bogles, ghosts, land and water wraiths; together with the whole fraternity of spiritual beings, who have 'time out of mind' haunted the mountains, plains, glens,

cleughs, rivers, and rivulets of Caledonia. Though these foibles were laughed at by large companies at a 'cheerfu' ingle,' the mood was changed, and many a terrified glance was cast over the shoulder, when going from a neighbour toon in the hour o' the nicht,' and glad to 'whistle up Lord Lennox march to keep their courage cheery.' Though strangers laughed at such belief in 'fair delight and up sun,' yet 'the cry of heron from Sedgy Pool,' 'when a' the warl' to quiet rest had gane,' 'told to the inmost bosom's rising core,' that there were spirits whose communion they wished not and shuddered to share. But on coming again into company, they laughed at any believing in such nonsense; and the laugh was longer or louder in proportion to the former feeling of fear. In fact, instances of their appearing and producing good or evil fortune, even death itself are so numerous and authentic, that, putting aside the question of particular feelings produced by a church yard at midnight, or any other lonely scene, a man must be wofully ignorant, or a rank infidel, to reject the possibility of intercourse subsisting betwixt the present and immaterial worlds.

The good people were dirty, but that was the custom of their country; they were not without failings, but the men were brave and the women chaste; sincerely devout, and of great faith: many pairs of 'pawky glancing een wi' roguish leer, and tight ancles' came weekly to the house of God, crossing with holy water, 'the brent bree' and bonny cheeks on entering the sacred building, where their ancestors had worshipped, and whose bones were reposing alike in the storms of winter, or during the genial season of summer, when the humble mounds were decked with gowans; while the small wooden cross at the head of each, told that they had not been forgotten; and though they had gone to 'the land of oblivion,' yet the memory of their virtues, and lives void of offence towards God and towards man, still existed, when the remembrance of their forms and features had been obliterated forever from the mind. But they knew that they would meet them hereafter in a state of bliss, according to the promise contained in the book which they delighted to read—'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.'

They had the best of all comforts when taken in moderation—ale and whisky. The former was not made by licensed brewers with quassia instead of hops, and cocklico cyndicus to produce a fine flavour on the palate, and go pleasantly to the head. But the barley, sufficiently toasted, was ground by quirns, and mashed with a bunch of heath or broom; when presented it was clear like a "lammer bead," causing pleasure unalloyed by care or pain. The whisky was not made by a distiller licensed to mix up whatever he chuses—overlooked by Gaugers whom he supplies with odds and ends, the government pays, and, unless there are many untruths told, can wink hard when prudent or convenient, both there, and at shops when a small drop of 'aqua,' stirred with vitriol and water, makes a great quantity of 'pure, genuine malt whisky, eleven over proof.' But their's was made in a 'wie still at the ingle-cheek,' and came trickling in blessed drops from the worm that should never die!—the pure dew of the mountains—like

the miraculous drop which causes the Nile to swell!—the drinking of which, produced neither qualms, headach, nor redness of eyes; but causing mirth to forget that ever care had been a sojourner upon the earth. We cannot get such stuff ‘to weet our whistles with,’ or there would have been no temperance societies—we will not grumble however for what is beyond our power, but like the gudwife o’ Lochmaben, ‘wha took what she had, and she never wanted,’—take what is in our power, and drink to a pretty girl or His Majesty, in the bad best we can get, striving therewith to be happy and content.

A middle aged couple who resided in the village had a son; and being an only child, was reckoned a wonder. Every expression shewed the knowledge of a philosopher;—whoever was at the house Geordie was brought in, forced to speak, and encouraged in impudence. The enraptured parents had no conversation for the visitor, but would say—‘Eh! whiest, Geordie is gin to speak!—noo for a clever thing.’—When upon any impertinent or improper expression coming from his lips, their hands would be raised in extacy, thanking the Almighty for having been chosen the honored instruments for producing a prodigy!

The boy grew, and shewed betimes the usual qualities of favourites—being headstrong, rebellious, and self-willed in the highest degree; making game and a laughing stock of his parents upon every occasion. The couple, now grown old, saw in a slight degree the enormous faults of their son, and mildly argued the impropriety of his conduct; but the common answer was, pushing out the tongue at one corner of his mouth and strutting from the apartment. The wretched parents saw the error of which they had been guilty, but wanted strength of mind to rectify it, and accused each other as the sole cause; thereby adding to their former fault, of over indulgence, the greatest of all possible miseries—domestic discord. Peace fled the dwelling, and instead of the sacred volume being nightly spread before the father, from which lessons of piety and resignation were drawn, and heaven-born hope deigned to visit the clay built cottage—they sat carping and carking at each, as the sole cause of the bad behaviour which was exhibited by their hopeful Geordie—but the fellow grew up like Gallio, ‘caring for none of these things.’

A young woman who resided with her parents on the other side of the river, attended the Church of St. Elam, where all eyes were turned towards her—for ‘she had been in London visiting the Queen.’ That is, she had been travelling with the family of a gentleman as ‘bairn’s maid,’—had left them, and after various adventures by flood and field, with man, demon, and anthropopagi, had arrived at the paternal residence, with all the love of dress, broad stare, mincing walk, and, in short, all the fantastic airs of the purse-proud, who swell, stretch, writhe, and wriggle to be great. These she had learned in perfection; at the same time had forgot or despised the one, without which, woman is neither amiable, lovely, engaging, attractive or desirable—modesty. If that was a vice, she was free from all sin, being impudent as rake could wish! She was good looking nevertheless, and after creating wonder for the first Sunday or two, an additional knot of scarlet ribbon on

other caps, and the best part of the face cocked up to where most of the young men sat, with strange tosses of the head, rolling of the eyes, writhings and distortions, shewed plainly that bashfulness is easily overcome, and that many were not above learning the art of appearing superlatively ridiculous.

Geordie sat staring at her with open mouth; he had never seen any one sit so much at ease, genteely dressed, or 'sae bonny and grand,' and fell desperately in love. Being a fine looking fellow, he had attracted her eye, and many a 'sly keek' did she take, when apparently overcome would look down in seeming confusion, playing all manner of female tricks with a degree of aptness and propriety, which even the ladies of the present day, with all their superior intelligence, experience, and practice, have not been able to surpass; the very way in which she shewed her 'milk white hand' and slender fingers, by rubbing the temple with the fore one, and dividing the others—was imitable.

Geordie actually raved about her, and never rested until he got acquainted with this wonder of womankind, which he easily accomplished; and her knowledge of human nature made the behaviour and conversation such that he was completely captivated. His fiery fluttering Heart took wing and fled to her bosom forever. His waywardness and impropriety of speech and conduct attracted her seeming regard; he was a kind of being whom she had never before met with—looking upon him as a curiosity, saw at once his admiration, and tried every art to heighten the impression. He became enraptured beyond all bounds, called her his Fairy, River-Goddess, and every epithet which he thought fine or high sounding was bestowed upon this bauble—which shews there is some truth in the old adage.—“That young Sparrows are easily caught with chaff.”

Joan—for such was her name, must be busy about something, no matter what; and on her arrival, having nothing else to do, set about making young people quarrel and sowing dissention in families.—She was like her namesake of Arc, but not having the same opportunities of becoming famous in history, nor a Dauphin in the way who could exalt her to immortal infamy—wished to be so in the small circle where she was condemned to dwell; and having equal ambition with Semiramis, Statira, Olympias, Roxana, Queen Esther, or any Heroine of them all—she took great pains therefore in making Geordie shew his love, “at Kirk and Market,” being proud that people should observe him wading the river, especially if swelled by rain, to meet her. And in church would throw her regards at some other, to cause agitation in the Blockhead, who had often to retire from the effects of love and jealousy. Then she was proud, looking round in triumph upon the other Females, as if pitying their want of attraction: they envied and tried to copy her, but it would not do—their airs and tricks were awkwardly set off. Madam had seen too much 'sun and wun' to be easily imitated. The old were vexed, and many a Head white with age was turned up shaking slowly with Eyes directed to the roof, while a low humming sound, escaping unconsciously, told that they

were praying for the poor silly creature, and that the sacrilege might not draw upon all the worshippers some awful visitation of Divine wrath.

When Geordie was seen striding through the River with great difficulty, and at the risk of his life, the young women declared—'it is real bonny and romantic. Aye, he is a wooer worth hacing—sic are seldom to be met wi' now-a-days.' But the old shook their Heads in sorrow, saying—'Eh! Sirs, but some ill wull come o'er a' this—he's a grief to his puir Parents, and she's a scandal to the Parish; neathing gude can come o't, there's dool and sorrow in store for them. They're a pair o' graceless cratures—He's o'er keen o' water, baith! I wuss he may no get his fill o't yet.'

Such were the remarks made upon their behaviour by the villagers—but the couple amused themselves taking the freedom of their own will.—Joan had begun the flirtation from vanity, and having no other way of obtaining eclat or rendering her name famous in the thinly peopled district; but her affection, if capable of any, had begun to be touched by the passion and devotedness of Geordie. Her dress was now not so fantastic, appearance more sedate, and tosses of the head fewer: ner did she approach the river when larger than usual, to cause Geordie march through—thereby shewing her power to the inhabitants. All these tricks were done away, but it did not alter the public opinion which was fixt and unfavourable.

The Parents of the Lad did not let his conduct pass without notice, for they were roused to a spirit of desperation by his attachment to Joan. The Father urged him by every thing human and divine to abjure her company forever. His Mother sat by the fire overcome by her feelings, when able to speak, which was seldom the case, would say—'Eh Geordie mon! wull ye really gang and make a Fule o' yersel by carrying on wi' that Giltfirt. Dear me! heh sirs! and I hae borne ye i' ma womb, nursed ye wi' sorrow and pain but thought not o' a', because ye was our ain, and ye wad' be a comfort and blessing to us whan we wad be bowed wi' labour and eild. We havena to labour—praise to God and Saint Elam. We hae plenty, but the sairest labour ava is an undutifu, and rebellious Bairn: better a toom purse and a smiling countenance, than a fou ane wi' sorrow—for the grief o' a Parent is terrible. But oh Geordie dinna let it be hopeless—be wise and a' yer disobedience shall be forgiven and forgotten as if it had never been. Ye are our only ane, oh! dinna be a cast away. Oh Geordie! our ain, only Geordie! whan yer wie blooming face wad meet ma sight lang syne, I used to clasp ma hands in thankfulness that ye was weel. Whan ye began to toddle and walk, oh how proud yer puir mither was—little thinking that the strength bestowed wad be employed in wading the roaring waters on a graceless and sinfu errand. We hae plenty for a', and gin ye want a wife, look roun and chuse some gude thrifty Lassie—ye shall hae our consent, for we dinna want nae tocher,—but dinna, oh dinna Geordie, in ye value ma blessing, marry that Limmer." Geordie cared not a farthing for father or mother, and snapping his fingers, walked out of the house.

There remained still a hope of saving him from misery and ruin, and as it appeared the last chance, it was instantly adopted.—Having been making private inquiries, a worthy neighbour agreed to rent the house and ‘bit’ land, with immediate entry,—a house at the distance of eighteen miles, and in East Lothian, being in readiness, they, two days after, departed. Geordie for once obeyed, and accompanied his parents to their new residence.

They had calculated that change of scene and absence would weaken his attachment, if not altogether change the object of it,—which most likely would have occurred, for human beings, male and female, are naturally fickle, changeable, and faithless—had they acted prudently, by going to reside in a part of the country where the women were amiable and agreeable,—but such was not the case; they were descendants from the aborigines through numberless crosses of the breed by Danes, English Soldiers, &c. &c. &c. Harsh in feature from the eastern ‘Harr’ which pervades that district, shrivelling the shin, and is a mortal enemy to beauty and fruit blossoms; vulgar in speech and gait, but with high ideas of their own elegance, genteelity, and respectability; entirely ignorant that particular phrases, amongst which—‘Assure ye! a gaed him his tatteys’—(potatoes.)—Accompanied with a toss of the head, like an angry bull, (when applied to the rejection of a lover—for most Jennys had their Jockeys)—is not quite the ton, With an immoderate desire for government, China, and money—the only portion and heritage which had descended to them through a long line of promiscuous ancestors.

Many lovely and accomplished women reside now in and near that place, having come from other counties, who cause us coarse sons of clay to sigh when looking at their ‘een shining like sterns.’ None such were there at the period of which I speak, but all were the thoroughbred daughters of the soil and clime—being such a ‘Batch’ as any girl of middling appearance and slender attraction might very safely trust a lover with. Consequently the affection of Geordie was not, and could not be changed, unless greater degradation of mind and matter had taken place, farther than had yet appeared.

The day after the ‘flitting’ Geordie was busily employed arranging all the articles which had been brought in a car—the old father walked beside it with hanging head and tearful eyes, turning often round to look at the home of his forefathers—where he had been born, learned a knowledge of the true God, had kneeled before the little bone crucifix; to which he had conducted in triumph his young beloved wife, now sitting above the furniture with a large Dutch Bible in her lap, which she constantly read except when blinded by tears which it was impossible to restrain—no conversation passed; nor was any remark made—their hearts were so full.

The house was not only comfortable but far superior to the one they had left, and after every thing was properly arranged, she sat looking at the snug appearance of the chamber and said aloud—‘this is no ma hoose. Its better than I deserve, but eh me! its no the hoose whar I

ran about playing a' day lang, and used to meet ma gude father i' the gloaming as he cam in frae the hill, wha carried meh ame on his arm. I mind whan after learning me the letters and to put them into wie words, he took me by the hand to our kind Mess John to gie me lear; and how the haly mon clappit ma head and said I was a bonny lassie. Eh! what lear I got. His sister learut me the samplar steek and made me sew ane: I going hame i' the afternoons happy as a cricket, lowping like a lamb, and singing like a laverick—thae war happy days. Whan ma father was killed on the Brae-face, wi' the lichtning, afore the hoose, I tint a' hope the gither; for ma mither gaed out o' ae fit into anither, and lang after, whan they didna return, she wad sit and look at the waesome Brae-side greeting till her very heart was like to break—sae that I grat too.

We had naebody to help us, for ma uncles had been slain wi' the sword in the grit battle at Dunbar, fighting for their bonny heathery hills and foggy glens—but thanks to Saint Bathan, I was able to earn bread for her and mysel, by sewing and spinning, which I did honestly and creditably and a' body was kind till us. Whan I was married she gaed wi' me, and ma gudeman caed her aye mither, and was kind, kind to us baith making her grey hairs descend to the grave in peace. Whan she was departing, she took haud o' his hand and said 'John, I never had a son but ye hae been mair; bless ye, oh! bless ye, and may a dying woman's benison rest on ye for a' yer kindness to me and mine.' He laid her head i' the graff—he askit me to do't—but I said no, for he had the best right till't, if it was an honour—she was laid beside ma father.

And noo to think that I never had a bairn but ane, and sair, sair has he vexed us—we were o'er proud o'him, and the Lord has punished us in our idol, by garring us leave our bit hoose and come here. Na, na, this is no ma hoose, nor ever will be'—'Gudewife,' said a voice which came from her husband, who had entered during the soliloquy—'gudewife, gin ye speak at that gate, ye'll pit me dementit.' The poor creature would sooner have died than distress her husband, and expressed a hope that he would pardon her repining and it should never be repeated, shaking hands they sat side by side consulting about their darling Geordie. It will be seen that the old couple had ceased to quarrel—the fact was, that they had the sense at last to perceive that being both to blame, it behoved them not to embitter age with useless sarcasms and revilings, but do their utmost in eradicating the bad effects of their improper and imprudent indulgence.

On the second evening Geordie appeared restless and dissatisfied, but not making any remark, his parents took no notice of it and retired to rest. On the morrow he did not appear, and the bed shewed that it had not been occupied. His parents wrung their hands in agony, for they were certain he had gone during the night, to cross the river at Saint Elam for the purpose of meeting his paragon of perfection. He returned in the afternoon, and being questioned, told with boldness and

effrontery where he had been; that having seen his lovely Joan, they had agreed to be married—he never would marry any other, and would make her his half-marrow in a short time. All the tears and entreaties of the old couple had no effect. Nay, the monster even said that he cared not for them, they were silly old people in a state of dotage, did not know the world, and he was determined to please himself—if they did not like the match they might go to — for it was high time that they were both in kingdom come, being merely incumbrances to people of spirit. The parents only replied by praying fervently that God would pardon his profane language, unnatural wish, and change his hard and stony heart into one of flesh. It was an awful and affecting sight, the old man standing with hair like snow, the muscles of his strongly marked countenance greatly agitated, quivering lip, and eyes directed upward, in which hope and despair strove for mastery; and the wrinkled hard hands held up in supplication for the being whom he had toiled for, cherished, and loved with more than even a father's fondness. The mother, old and with dishevelled hair, stood by his side weeping and repeating the words in a mumbling half choked voice—They looked like Noah and his wife, when the flood was advancing, praying that the Almighty would yet have mercy on his disobedient and rebellious creatures. But the person they prayed for, sat utterly regardless of their sorrow or supplication! ‘Munching his four hours’ with great gout, perfectly indifferent to every thing but the meal which he eat, smacking his lips like that most abominable of all animals, a *Gastron-home*.

As time passed, strength seemed if possible to be added to the passion—he regularly visiting his beloved every week, independent of the sabbath; upon which day he refused to accompany the beings to whom he owed every duty, supporting them to and from the house of God. But proceeding to the village of St. Elam, he with the unblushing Joan, entered the humble building, where his devout ancestors had worshipped in sincerity and truth—he sat worshipping not the Creator but the creature—his peerless Joan. On their dismissal he assisted her through the river, at the very time that his aged parents were tottering in anguish, from the place where they had prayed without ceasing for one, who had been all their hope, but now was all their sorrow. On arriving at their home, the old man, taking the key from his pocket, with considerable difficulty and the use of both hands, got it into the lock,—but all was dull and comfortless. None were there to welcome them, except one who never would leave and never forsake them! the smiles or frowns, delicacies and dainties of the world were alike disregarded when put in competition with his love and duty to them—whose affection was without variableness, undying, and strong as death. His happy face was sure to welcome them, being unchangeable and incorruptible—for, he was the dog.

Thus did Geordie proceed, passing the Chapel of Grey-Friars without touching his cap or making a sign of the cross; but on he went regardless of Saints, their intercession, or worship—his thoughts were at the village of Elam, where his only hope and treasure lay. God

was never thanked for the blessings which had been bestowed, but on he went, regardless of God, Saints, kindred, friends, or the world,—all his thoughts being concentrated in the amiable Joan.

The old couple tried every possible way of amusing and trying to wean him from the improper connexion but in vain. At length when nothing would do, it was agreed that their son's malady should be stated to the good and holy Priest of Saint Elean, whose advice might be beneficial, as they firmly believed that Geordie was witched! The old man having with great difficulty got his son's promise to remain at home until his return, proceeded on foot toward his native village. He was old and frail with years and grief, but the agitation prevented him sinking; and on arriving at Saint Helen's, he entered the Chapel, presented his mite among the many placks and half pence lying within the rail, praying fervently for the lost one at the shrine of the Saint.

A Priest happened to pass, who seeing the poor man so frail and woe-begone, brought some victuals, of which he thankfully partook, and resumed his journey, traversing glens where rivulets trickled with the banks, variegated by the violet, cowslip, and honeysuckle, while birch and willows hung their arms into the stream as if wanting to drink the crystal liquid. Over hills covered with trees did he go, and though a stag was sometimes seen bounding across the path, shaking his antlers as if in unison with the music of the grove,—nothing could amuse the old man, or make him forget the sorrow which was deep at his heart. He hobbled on and arrived at the village, as night was beginning to spread her mantle over the sons and daughters of Adam—their smiles or tears, their crimes, follies, superstitions, and madness!

He avoided the village where he had been born, been happy and miserable, but skulked past ashamed of recognition, for well did the inhabitants know, that Geordie was bringing the white heads of his wife and himself, in sorrow to the grave. Stealing past, he crossed the rivulet and ascended the steep bank upon the top of which the Church stood, with the dead lying around; and approached with reverence, the thatched residence of his former Father-in-God; when having knocked, the cherry-checked Mary came to the door; but instead of the artless simplicity which formerly shone in all her actions, there was now a boldness in the eye, a swagger in the gait, with a great degree of forwardness, and an indescribable something was conveyed to the mind by her appearance, which it was impossible to account for, or explain. In answer to the enquiry, if her master was in? She replied with the arms a kimbo—'Deed no, he's no at hame. He's awa doon to Cowdingam (Coldingham) to attend the meeting o' Priests, and nane kens whan he'll be back—for they mak aye the place o' meeting at the side o' the Tweed, whare there's plenty o' salmon, to mak what they ca a kettle o' fish! For ye see, a muckle kettle is pat on a ingle, an whan it begins to boil the nets are drawn, and the bonniest salmon is tane, the heart whuppit out, and put in a dish o' cauld water; and the fish i' the pat. They a' sit roun' watching like bawdrons for a mouse, out its taen and laid afore them, whan they gobble't up afore the wie bit heartie gies o'er jumping. If they arena dune

afore that, they look very glum. But if it's yet in life; than they roar like wild anes, and hap about like four-year-auids. Hah! they're a set o' filthy brutes. But I wanted to see them though, and I tell't Mess John sae; but he said civilly, Ma bonny May, there nae women can be there, we're a' woman-haters ye ken! and he clappit ma cheek, and gaed away.

The poor man turned and walked toward the village, without the hope of yesterday, re-crossed the hollow, and ascended the opposite height, upon which 'fabrics of stone had been reared by creatures of clay.' In passing along the little street, he saw many happy faces round 'the bleezing Ingles.' The old men were reading, wives spinning on the big or little wheels, and the aged matrons were 'garring auld claithes look weel amais'ts the new,' or knitting stockings,—all industriously employed for the good of their households. A few were seen 'jinking round corners,' and 'slipping through kail yards,' following the footsteps of their worthy 'forbears' in the old trade of 'sweet-hearting.' Poor dears, it is natural, and way of all the earth; has been, and will be, until time shall be lost and swallowed up in eternity.

On approaching the house which he had so lately occupied, a dog came with great fury to oppose his entrance—he was much affected, and leaned against the wall, sick at heart. The dog continuing to bark, the 'gudeman' appeared and demanded 'wha's there?' and upon recognizing an old acquaintance, conducted him into the house, where kindness and hospitality, without affectation or show, were the Penates which held sway and were worshipped. They knew of his son's disobedience, and from delicacy never made the slightest allusion to Geordie: though enquiries were many and earnest, concerning their old friend, 'his better half.'

It was soon generally known that he had come 'to the toon,' and many entered to shake by the hand, one whom a few loved, many respected, and all pitied. The oldest villagers sat down to table, and partook of 'gude Scots drink'—which in a little, produced its usual enlivening influence: 'the lunting pipe and sneeshing mill' went round—tales of auld-lang-syne' were said and sung—'they shook hands up to the elbucks;' and even our desponding traveller thought himself happy—that he had seen the faults of Geordie in too strong a light, who would yet be the pride of his heart; and in the joy of the moment, chaunted an ancient hunting song. So the night passed.—

"But sorrow returned at the dawning of morn,
And the voice of his dreaming ear melted away."

Morning dawned, when he looked around the chamber where formerly slumber used to extend his leaden sceptre over the nerves, after praying for protection 'during the silent watches of the night.' His heart ached, but none were in the head—for he had partaken of God's most special gift, and well have the Indians named it 'the milk of the great spirit.' Breakfast being over, the family attended to nothing but the comfort of their guest. The 'gudeman' said, 'noo friend, ye maunna gang awa the day—ye maun spend this ane wi' us at ony rate.

I just think somehow or ither, as if ye should aye be here; I canna gar mysel believe that ever ye wull gang awa. Hech! me, but I'm awfu' dull and eery—gudewife! bring the muckle bottle, that our gude Mess John blesses and ca's a magnum.' They took a dram, and chatted concerning things which had occurred in the days of their boyhood.

As morning advanced, heavy and dense masses of cloud collected on the neighbouring hills—dust was whirled on high by sudden and violent gusts, a blue haze covered the surface of the ground—large bubbles with froth appeared on the river, and a strange humming sound was heard in the earth or sky; while sheep getting into masses, stood gazing perfectly bewildered. The clouds collecting to one point, became condensed upon Sparkleton, the highest mountain of that District, and behind the ridge where St. Elam stood, when the storm began! Thunder was heard at first, booming among the mountains—which rapidly approached, and by a continuance of the sound, from echoes returned at every indenture and crook of the vale, seemed to be one constant peal. The flashes were terribly vivid! and the forked lightning went zig-zag with instantaneous, omnipotent power, disappearing before its existence could be pointed out! earth shook! birds crept into holes and coverts! sheep bleated! cattle lowed, and proud man sunk trembling to his knees! calling upon his Maker for pardon and mercy!!

At twelve o'clock, when the storm was raging with its greatest fury, roaring as if the solid earth would be torn asunder! a cry, louder than any sound ever heard by mortal, came from the River, and instantly every house was empty—all sprung out, and saw a being somewhat resembling the human shape, covered with hair and quite naked, except the loins, which were surrounded with a short kilt made of rushes! The knees were large, rubbing against each other, and wringing his great paws, exclaimed, while looking in every direction, he run up and down in the shallow water at the river side—now flowing 'tween bank and brae'—'The hour is come!—but where's the man?!?!' The entire population of the village had turned out at the dreadful cry, when seeing the figure, and glare of its eyes, which shone awfully distinct from the reflected lightning, they forgot the thunder, shrieking—The Water Wraith!!! The Water Wraith!!! and remained in silent horror, looking at him run backward and forward, yelling louder than the roaring elements—'The hour is come!—But where's the man!!! The hour is come!—but where's the man?!?!'

At the back of the village the ground is sloped down to a rivulet, and a hill rises on the other side called 'the dean,' over which was a road to East Lothian. One of the spectators happened to turn round, and saw a man coming along the dean with incredible speed—who, on one arm carried his coat, and in t'other hand was the hat—that he might run with greater swiftness. The people, now aware of his approach, looked at the doomed wretch advancing to his end, amid the bellowing of thunder, rushing of water, and yells of the Spirit! Up he came like the speed of light to the village, where he could, for the first time get a

view of the River; but forward he ran, without appearing to distinguish any thing! On his coming to the rising ground, a sound betwixt yelling and laughing resounded along the banks,—more frightful than the shriek of death! and on looking—the Water Wraith had disappeared!

The males intercepted the runner, and all, as they seized him, cried ‘Holy Virgin! it is Geordie!!’ But he roared—‘Let me alone! I maun be through the water directly. Dinna haud me! D—m ye! let me awa.’ He struggled, kicked, and bit to get free, but was held by main force. The poor old man said—‘Geordie, Eh! Geordie man, wull you no listen to reason? They’re a’ yer friens!—do ye no ken them? Do ye no ken yer ain old father, Geordie?’ ‘I ken naething but this, that I maun be through the water directly—sae let me gang!’ ‘Eh Geordie man, do ye no see that the water’s tap flude? and the Wraith was rinnin’ up and down skirling like a Dcevil, as it is, wanting a man.’ ‘Gae way wi’ yer haveis—the water’s wic, I can step it; and as for Wraiths, I dinna believe in sic creaturs;’ and again he struggled! Seeing that persuasion had no effect, they hauled him off to the Church, as a place from which it was impossible to escape, there being strong iron rods along, and across each window, where locking in the youth, they left him to rave, curse, and pray by turns.

Two hours after, the storm passed away leaving no mark or trace where terror and dismay had been. Sheep shook their fleecy sides, nibbling the freshened grass. Cattle licked their shoulders and browsed in thoughtlessness. Horses gumped each others necks, and the lark springing from the saturated sod, shook the drops from her wings as soaring on high she uttered a song of gladness for the renewed, uninterrupted life bestowing beams of the sun. The River was reduced to its usual size—for the inundation, having been caused by a thunder spout on Sparkleton, flowed rapidly past to be lost in the immensity of ocean. When the villagers went in a body to the Church, and opening the door, observed the prisoner in a half standing posture, leaning against the wall. On going forward, his face was immersed in the ‘holy water.’ The Spirit had taken wing to appear before the Judge of all the earth—and Geordie was dead!!!

His body was borne from the Church in silence—the father died during the night, and after keeping them ‘a decent time,’ they were laid side by side in the small Church-yard. The Priest never returned from his ‘kettle of fish’—being drowned in attempting to cross the River!

Many years have passed away, carrying along with them the Village and Church. The very burial-place—though later used, can scarcely be noticed by the passenger; only two headstones with a small bit of the wall remain. Whether the cherry-checked Mary, whom the holy man disliked to look upon, and Joan repose there, is uncertain—but the Father and Son do, as is evident by them often appearing, when the moon gives her light, and struggling on the top of the ‘brae,’ is seen the old white-headed man, trying to keep his beloved Geordie from the flood!

THE ROVER.

York, Upper Canada.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

Our native hills are sinking fast
 Behind the troubled sea.
 Farewell our cherish'd home, a last,—
 A fond farewell to thee.

Oh! darkly lour the angry skies,
 White break the billows foam;
 And tears are sad which dim the eyes—
 That look their last on home.

Now driving clouds are all we view,
 Above the bounding main;
 And for the landward streak of blue,
 The eye is turned in vain.

Yet on its last receding trace,
 Our ling'ring glances hung;
 And gloom is on the exile's face,
 And silence on his tongue!

Tell me, why sinks thy sturdy heart!
 'Thou peasant hard of hand?
 Methinks, 'twere well for thee to part
 From you o'er crowded land.

The fields were green, the clime was fair,
 And fruitful was the soil;
 But thou could'st look for nothing there,
 But thankless,—hopeless toil.

Yet cheer thee up! a home is found,
 With wealth and plenty strown;
 Where thou shalt till the teeming ground,—
 And it shall be thine own!

Thou mother hug thy laughing child,
 Not with that grasp of fear!
 He seem'd to know it, when he smil'd,
 That pleasant days were near.

Thou hast a letter folded there?
 Thy lab'ring heart above!
 That brings to him a father's care;
 To thee thy husband's love.

It tells thee of a woodland cot,—
 A sunny lake beside;
 That penury ne'er saw the spot,
 In which thou shalt abide.

And oh! not on thy bridal eve,
 A maiden bright and fair,
 Didst thou a welcome home receive,
 More fond than waits thee there!

Then cheer thee up, the storm is kind,
 That hastens our career;—
 And He that raised the howling wind,
 The whisper'd prayer can hear!

And thou, oh man of wasted form
 And pallid wrinkled brow!
Why smilest thou midst wave and storm,—
 Who scarce e'er smil'd till now?

I know thee, 'twas thy wretched fate,
 The shuttles course to guide,
The costly robe to fabricate
 For luxury and pride:

Yet o'er the silken web to weep,
 And count thy sorrows o'er,—
When ceaseless labour could not keep
 Starvation from thy door.

Yes, smile upon the eager boys
 That cluster round thy knee;
And tell them of their coming joys
 Within the forest free.

And who upon you reeling deck,
 Steps with a chieftains stride?
There are no fears of storm or wreck,
 Within his heart of pride.

His arm he lifts, as if his hand,
 Again a sword did wield;
He dreams, he cheers a gallant band,
 In some contested field.

A soldier once, and does he want
 The honours of the war?
He bears them on his manly front,
 In many a dinted scar.

Yet midst the wealth by valour sav'd,
 He drew his pittance scant;
And worse than all the foes he brav'd,—
 He found neglect and want!

The memory of the happy days,
 Alas! for ever gone—
When young ambition's beacon blaze,
 Through danger led him on,—

Came o'er him, and he seeks a grave,
 Where first in arms he stood;
And saw his country's banner wave,
 O'er many a field of blood.

But cheer thee soldier, in that land,
 Thou shalt be happy yet,—
For many an old companion's hand,
 Whose hearts do not forget,

The coming of the brave will greet,
 And the wild woods will resound,
With friendships pledge, when the soldiers meet;
 And the rosy wine goes round.

And should again, stern war's alarms,
 And the foeman's step be nigh,
A thousand youths will start to arms,
 At the vet'ran's battle cry.

But now breaks forth the setting sun,
 All glowing in the west,
 The parted clouds he shines upon ;
 And lights the billows crest.

May He, who gave that sun his light,
 To rule the the glorious day,
 Be with us through the gloomy night,
 Upon our trackless way !

CINNA.

York, 25th January 1833.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

ON

AGRICULTURE.

“Knowledge is power.”—LORD BACON.

IN order that man may be a good Christian, a good Husband, a good Father, a good Son, or—a good anything, he must have the means of satisfying the cravings of hunger and thirst. Whether he should eat bread of his own earning or what another has toiled for, is not the subject, nor does it fall under the head of this portion to be treated of and discussed. The question, if any is, what is the first thing man must, and does learn? The art to live. When that is acquired, and existence continued by the exercise of any honest art, then he should learn and understand all and every thing possible; by which the mind will expand in an astonishing degree. Each circumstance of nature or art, however trifling and insignificant it may appear, which he learns, thoroughly comprehends, and can account for, is only a step to more. The mind by being fed, if not crammed at first, will become like an insatiable glutton, craving, roaring, and raving round its clay built tabernacle; giving no rest to the lazy flesh, but demands a constant supply of information. Day after day it acquires more strength, until all things can be comprehended, without a possibility of overgorging the eternal spirit lodged within, for a short time, before joining its immortal brethren in ‘the land of souls.’ The more therefore, that a man learns of good or evil things, the better is he qualified to play his part in the palace or hovel, at a levee or the gallows; and to take up his eternal residence in heaven or in hell! These are evident conclusions, known to all; and it would be superfluous to recapitulate and enlarge upon all that may be said for, and against. Even was it necessary, the discussion would be better adapted for an exclusive paper, than mingling here when only one—the most delightful is to be treated of, in all its dif-

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ferent shades, branches, methods, and peculiarities. The object of this, and succeeding papers, in other future numbers, is and will be—the improvement of one particular, and most necessary science—Agriculture; and to it, the readers attention is called and directed.

When Adam was created, his Maker put him into the Garden of Eden 'to keep it and to dress it.' In other words, he became an Agriculturalist. In such a situation, fine climate and new soil, where most kinds of grain still grow spontaneously, and as if germinated in the bowels of the earth, no trouble, and little attention would be necessary—for there could be no weeds, the only labour being that pleasing one, of gathering the fruits in their seasons. Tilling the ground would all be performed in harrowing the surface with a bunch of thorns or briars, to ruffle the mould and cover the seed. Manure was unnecessary, as the ground would for many, many years produce, what we should consider, miraculous returns. When its powers did fail, they allowed the surface to lie idle and waste, commencing on land adjoining, and sowed grain, without being at the trouble of scattering grass seeds over the other. Just as most farmers did thirty years ago, though having only a certain portion of land, for which rent was paid—they had every inducement to make the most of each square foot. But that they were fools and slovens, is not to the point. 'The first people acted properly, because—the land was all before them where to chuse,' and covered with the finest, most tender herbage. Besides, very little of earth's surface was needed for grain, as they eat vegetables, which required no culture, with the flesh of animals—bread was almost unknown, and it was only when a man happened to be possessed of a neat handed tidy wife, that he got leavened on unleavened cakes.

Goats were the principal and most profitable stock, requiring little food or care, perfectly capable of existing by 'their ways and means,' not only in a mild climate, but throughout the hardest, most inclement winter, where shrubs or even furze are in abundance; producing two, three, four, and sometimes, though rarely, eight at one birth. 'Black cattle' were attended to merely for the purpose of preventing them straggling or straying. But as people and cattle became numerous, all the families of a district had an interest in the herd, and appointed some men constantly to give attendance upon these animals. When the breeding season had passed, the inhabitants assembled, the animals were collected, and the young marked above where the tail joins, or begins to form the back-bone, with a sharp instrument; and the mark of each family was cut broad and deep, that it should not disappear by the growth of the quadruped. These cuts were made to represent various figures and shapes of animals,—fish, creeping things, spirits real or imaginary—each was distinct and different from all others;—so that the mark, or cognisance of each family, might be known at a glance. This custom has been handed down, and droves of cattle are watched as common property, in the Highlands of Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Russia, Prussia, and over all Eastern Countries, South America, Madagascar, Otaheite—In short, all countries where land is not yet considered of so much value, as to place landmarks, divisions,

and marches. The ground is, in a manner, common, and each family must send or pay for individuals to watch, defend them from prowling men and beasts, driving them to other pastures, &c.

The practice of marking, though in a less barbarous and conspicuous manner, still prevails—by cutting a nick straight, crooked, notched, square, or triangular, in one of the ears. But Fleshers and Graziers have been heard in a market, calling—‘Wull you tak ma bode? Say yes! and I’ll nick them on the rump.’ If the offer is accepted, he with a knife, makes ‘his mark’ upon, and in the flesh of the poor thing, whose greatest misfortune is, being under the dominion of man! The fashion was so prevalent, that all cavalry horses were stamped with a heated iron upon the hams, in most European countries.

So much was it practised, and is so still, under a milder form, that the custom (or expression for it) has become a proverb, to shew that an unexpected misfortune has befallen some lord of earth’s surface—something which does not destroy life, but irritates, perplexes, and makes him miserable. Thus, if a cautioner has to pay his principal’s debt—a man has lent a sum of money to another who fails:—a bill is protested, and the inderser has ‘to lay out the blunt’ which he had been told, and, contrary to all reason, believed would cost him nothing but ‘a scart o’ the pen.’ A poor wretch gets some pretty, demure, elegant, sweet little, or big angel; and after the gordian has been tied, she turns out the reverse of what had been anticipated; each, and all exclaim ‘nicked!’

It was to such a detestable practice that heraldry took its rise. When it is considered, how grossly ignorant of natural history people in the first ages were—how strong imagination can work upon weak, uninformed minds; causing them ‘to see visions and dream dreams:’ that each had an undisputed, unlimited right to engrave whatever object he might have seen, imagined or dreamed of,—that those families who became exceeding numerous, and by threshing their neighbours, acquired ‘much cattle,’ waxed great among men; having immense numbers of ‘kine’ lowing up and down, each carrying the symbol of its owner’s greatness upon the back. That some of these have reached ‘the later times,’ are carefully copied, and along with those which arose during the dark ages, are now represented on carriages, wrought upon hangings, chairs, beds, carpets, and horse clothing—nay, even men servants march about with the cognisance impressed upon, what even the Romans in all their glory never possessed,—a button. When all these circumstances are taken into consideration, the only wonder will be, that coats of arms are not more ridiculous and absurd. But to return from this nonsensical digression, for which the pardon of the reader is most humbly entreated—hoping that it will be overlooked, we shall leave others to conjecture by what steps these figures and engravings came from the backs of quadrupeds, to be represented on the panels of carriages, and return to discuss ‘matter of more pith and moment’—taking care that in future fancy does not turn awry, to ‘lose the name of action.’

Therefore, cattle were attended to, but it does not appear, that any other use was made of them, farther than devouring the flesh. The milk was not used, which might be owing, to that liquid being more insipid than what is produced by goats. The cows were strong, fierce, and unmanageable—which was caused by, and is the invariable consequence of permitting the young to suck—instead of, milking the mothers, and then giving the produce in a dish to the calf. They did not understand this—and it was not for thousands of years, that the barbarous method was adopted—as an improvement and preventive, of fixing iron prongs in a leather strap—like a dog's muzzle, and tying it round the head of the calf. The creature runs after the parent, always trying to suck,—driving the iron at each attempt an inch into the parent. After a first 'dig' the cow takes care that her 'young un' does not come 'within arms length;' but forgets sometimes, and before getting many mouthfuls in peace, whack go the prongs into her vitals, and away she trots, having no rest or food, owing to her darling, who perseveringly follows with annoying love, from morning to night. Like a woman with a spoiled child that keeps roaring, screaming, and baying to let her know that her 'pretty, pretty little duckling' is still in existence; and to prevent her conversing with any one but his precious self. The annoyance is equal, but from different motives; and the first is an amiable creature, in comparison to the imp. Had torture to the cow only been intended, no scheme could have proved so effectual. But I am again digressing.

The ancients did not know such things, and milked goats as easier mastered—when thirsty, and no utensil 'at hand,' they held and sucked them with ease. When a nurse was required, even by a family whose cognizance, crest, or arms were supported on a thousand backs, no poor woman was applied to, but a 'nanny goat' answered the purpose. It is a pity that the gentry do not copy this custom,—because, their infants could not be taught revenge, and many other hateful qualities, before the child can walk or articulate—but of that hereafter.

Cheese they were entirely ignorant of—it was discovered, like most other things, by accident, but being a late discovery, in comparison, the people of the early ages knew nothing of its preparation, formation, or composition. And, as 'what is not known cannot be numbered,' they could not relish or long for what they had never heard described or tasted. In fact, either from the heat of their climate, prejudice, or some cause unknown, they still never attempt the process. No cheese is made over all the East, except in the fruitful District of Farsistan, upon whose hills graze numberless herds, who are now kept separate from the young. Cheese is made, of the milk, in immense quantities, and sent over all the East, where it is sold at a high price, to people who could have the same, or 'a superior article' 'home-made.' But, as 'far-away fowls have fine feathers,' perhaps they love it better because it comes, like precious merchandize—'from afar.' 'It is nae great shakes' however, and not at all to be compared with English cheese, which, will, in all probability, exclude the other from Asiatic feasts—provided they will not follow the example of a London dealer, whose

cheeses were relished so much at the tables of the great, that 'nothing else would go down.' 'In course' he asked 'his price,' and got such sale, that a fortune was rapidly amassing. It happened one evening, that an old and great man, who had foibles like less adorned bipeds, was sitting solus, cum sola, enjoying a mug of Perkins's unrivalled, unequalled porter, which is superior to all sublunary productions, and human inventions; even the piece of paper, that the shareholders of England's bank expended their wisdom upon, is 'mere buff' when compared to Barclay & Perkins's brown stout. The bank note was imitated, but that porter never will. Off ran the powdered 'gentleman,' entered the shop, demanded a cheese, paid the high price—for there was no 'tick,' and back he tripped to his master. None could cut 'the delicate creature,' and after considerable trouble, discovered the cause of the green, half mouldy look, which, together with the peculiar taste, had charmed the palates of greatness. It proceeded from long brass pins put through it in every direction, that exuded verdigrease—giving the much admired hew and flavour—which the merchant had, by mistake, forgot to remove.

Sheep were most prized, on account of the fleece—which, at an astonishing early period, was woven into cloth. Weaving must have been the second oldest employment—agriculture, such as it was, being the first, and at which the people wrought in dresses of skin. The art was brought to such perfection, that Aaron's robe was 'without needle stitch and woven from the top throughout'—owing to the fondness which most people in all ages have shewn for dress. Sheep were therefore highly valued, and more from that strange peculiarity of the human mind, which prizes most the thing, object, or creature that causes most trouble, pain, and anxiety. They were not possessed of swiftness, activity, or a wish to butt and do battle like goats, but slow, simple, and defenceless, seemed as if formed on purpose, for food to the different tribes of ravening animals, which, undisturbed but by their own innate fierceness that created frequent wars, reared their progeny under a bright sun, or in the deep interminable forests, nightly issuing to prey upon the more peaceful and grameniverous; when 'the wild ass became the lion's prey in the desert.' Tygers roared, hyenas barked, wolves came howling and galloping up the wind, while the fox stole prowling in silence, or sat giving his short, shrill bark of disappointment. They soon had become so numerous, that Nimrod was made a king for hunting and killing them. Poor man, he has received a bad character for no reason whatever—nay, even against the express declaration, that—'he was a mighty hunter before the Lord:' many ignorant writers have said, and one poet of my country has sung—'He hunted, and his game was men.' Perhaps it was a poetical license, which like a traveller's, is the reverse of fact, or at the least, 'a long bow.'

Men assembled to defend the larger animals, if the regular watch was inadequate to the task; but sheep were kept in small numbers by most families, (all indeed who had them) in a pen or sheep-fold, immediately adjoining the house. Those who had two or three were treated like a girl's pet lamb, a dog, or camel with its Arab owner,

living like, and associating with the children. Great attention was paid to these animals, taking them where were 'pastures by still waters'—not for the purpose of drinking, which sheep seldom—almost never, do, but where water runs smooth, or is still, the ground is flat or level, and the grass richer. As they became very numerous, care was taken to drive them, or rather go before, as has been the immemorial custom of Asiatic Shepherds, which the many references in the Bible to their habits, sufficiently prove—in the morning towards these pastures. But as sheep delight in the lowlands by day, and invariably, as evening approaches, betake themselves to the uplands, even at several miles distance, they were never left for a moment.— Besides, sheep will, unless prevented, travel slowly from one end of a country to the other, returning again according to the season; but not until they have first reached its utmost extremity,—which is seen at the present day in Spain: sheep walks, being left free and open, from one end of that kingdom to the other. by standing orders of the monarchs, who successively confirm this ancient, arbitrary law, because, the sheep are an appendage to their crown.

Consequently, in all the countries which were first inhabited, great care was taken of sheep: for foxes had become so plenty that Sampson caught three hundred, by means of which, he burnt the grain of his enemies; and it is quite common, as a person passes along, to see a fox peeping from each of the many holes and crevices in the rocky hills which Judea exhibits. If a vine-dresser does not shut up every crevice around his vineyard, the foxes will enter in such numbers, that all the grapes, which are their favourite food, will be devoured before 'the sun of the morning appears,' and any number may be ensnared that is wished for. It is a bad country for hunting, in the British fashion, for the fox runs to earth before the chase is well begun.— However, I must beware of digression.

Sheep were never left for a single moment at liberty; and the charge was always taken by the master, or 'head of the house.' When he, from age, sickness, or accident, was unqualified, then the oldest son took this post of honor—which, like many others of our own time, derive respectability from their uselessness. These animals were not protected on account of their flesh, which was only used in sacrifice, and eaten by the Priests, goat's flesh being in general use, and always preferred,—as is evident from Abraham having a kid of the goats, for the standard dish, when entertaining three Angels, before the destruction of Sodom. Venison only was preferred to goat's flesh, which fellows past their grand climacteric sometimes longed for—as old men at present love gravy—Rebecca's husband being one instance on record, if any is needed. In short, sheep were only valued for the fleece, which formed robes for the Great,—were dyed with blood from a particular species of small fish caught in the sea opposite Tyre, first discovered by Hercules, and called Tyrian purple,—in which colour, Dives, and all mighty Dons of the East, were robed, when marching to their prayers in the temple, or to the Seraglio. Not unlike our dandies, who strut about, and in a ball-room step up and down, shew-

ing off their cleverness of 'snip,' and perfection of the arts, in forming the wonderous animal 'who toils not,' but is in every thing more like Solomon's lillies than the inventor of that far famed, much admired colour—for even when degraded to be the tool and slave of Lydia's lovely Queen—he spun upon a distaff.

As people multiplied, greed and cunning got possession of their minds, which was fanned into a flame by the desire that all felt to become greater than others. Animals being their sole wealth, every plan which they could think of was resorted to, for preserving and increasing the number. But man is a carnivorous animal, and must have flesh ;—not wishing, however, to kill the quadruped, they cut the skin of the creature's thighs, and extracted what flesh was required, taking care not to injure a sinew—when the wound was bandaged with bark, until adhesion took place. They roasted and devoured the flesh while its owner was grazing beside them! A practice something similar is used by Scotch Shepherds, who yearly assemble, take the sheep into a hollow or glen; when having stationed outlookers or spies on all the neighbouring heights, with pre-concerted signals, a portion of the 'decent men' go to work and rip up the skin of the sheep's bellies, take out gently, and with great neatness, that fat which lies betwixt the bowels and skin. The opening is instantly sewn up, and the animal let go again to pasture.

This may be thought impossible, but it is in general use, and when so many blockheads perform it, the operation cannot be difficult. In fact, it is so easily executed, that only five minutes are required betwixt seizing the wretch and restoring it to grass or heath, for collecting a fresh supply against the coming year. When by some untoward accident, one, out of many hundreds, pops off, the master is told—'Eh! losh me, I canna say what can hae come o'er the creature.—It's maybe been the girse ill, or the sturdy, or, deed—a' that we can say is, that it's been to be.' The farmer examines the animal's head, to learn the nature of this fell disease, which slays like lightning, without warning. The clodpole is lost in wonder, for he never thinks of examining the belly!! Many Shepherds have made so much money by this infernal traffic—for it is stily sold to tallow chandlers—that they have become masters and tenants of these very farms upon which they had been servants, while the unsuspecting neighbours praise them for being industrious—industry being only lauded when successful.

Some people may be of opinion that it is wrong to publish the above, which may be a mean of instructing men in monstrosity; but when informed that the crime is known and practised by thousands—perhaps, and more likely, by tens of thousands, whose masters are completely ignorant that human genius has arrived at such a pitch of exaltation. As many of these 'brethren of that mystic tie' must have come to our shores, from the various lands where 'the unkenned wark' is wrought, it is considered right, proper, and our bounden duty to give this warning, that all owners of sheep may keep a sharp look out, if they wish the animals to remain in good condition—for they may depend upon it, that 'the eye of a master will make the sheep fat.' To return:—

As people waxed many over the earth, living in general society, and occasionally meeting with the inhabitants of other districts—who all being full of flesh and ignorance, with nothing to do, except attending their flocks and herds; they wished to have some solemnity at which great numbers should attend, for the purpose why most people of both sexes go, ‘now-a-days,’ to church—to see and be seen, and that the grandeur or happiness (for there is a difference,) should be witnessed by all—like many women with a new gown, who say, “what is its use if nobody sees it?” and out goes madam, until dirt or tear and wear force her to remain at home. Many were the feasts which human folly caused them to partake of, but one was more delightful than all others, from its being accompanied with cruelty, and from which none of the full grown shepherds, male or female, were ever absent. In Habbesch,* where it is still practised, the method of the feast is,—a large tent or booth is erected on some convenient spot: the gentry assemble, and sit down, at table, each male betwixt two females. Flour and water are put on the board; when a bull, the largest and strongest is brought to the door, firmly tied to posts or trees, and the most expert herdsman mounts upon the animal’s back, and cuts flesh from both sides of the dorsal vertebræ, the ribs, and all the parts which will not instantly destroy life. The flesh is carried, reeking hot and dripping blood, into the chamber, where these high born dames make cakes of the flour and water, cut the flesh into small bits, wrap them in the dough, and, without cooking, pop them ‘time about,’ fast as they can roll them up, into the mouths of their darlings—who sit in bearded majesty with a hand on each knee, projecting head, and mouth gaping like an ogre—while each pair of ladies feed and cram their bird, who must swallow without chewing—or by the process which is in such vogue with many natives of a county composing the kingdom, whose inhabitants love wonderful things to such a degree, that they have represented a Saint killing a beast of their own imaginations, and which never existed, but it pleases them, and they have hung St. George with the Dragon at some inn of every town. They call it ‘bolting.’ These fellows bolt the balls and if any of the ladies make one over large, he cannot use the teeth to masticate the uncooked flesh, otherwise he loses cast, his dignity is ridiculed, rank and riches are of no avail; all great people shun, and the poor fly from him. Just as a buck whose coat it not quite ‘the cut’ is shunned by other dandies as disreputable, and with reason, for their respectability depends upon tailors, staymakers, barbers, and such cattle. The Eastern buck is bound by his honor, and his station, to swallow—in spite of his teeth, whatever these madams chuse to put into his mouth. If unable to get the precious morsel to that much thought of, much regarded, and much pampered place, it sticks in the gullet or avenue, and the grandee kicks and dies before the bull has ceased to bellow forth his agony, ‘giving music to the soul of the feast.’ When all the great ones have enjoyed the roar and gorged the hot flesh, almost alive, of the bull, until like to burst,—then the now silent, though still

* Abyssinia.

sensitive animal, is torn to pieces, with shouts of gladness, and devoured by the mob, who afterwards play at 'single stick' with his bones. Such was the great feast and high solemnity of the Jews, which has been handed down with great accuracy, while good things are forgotten, and is now practised with all its former cruelty and abomination, by the people of Abyssinia.

After the gormandizing, a scene took place which I must beg leave to pass over in silence—referring the reader—if curious, to 'Bruce's Travels,' where a full description is given of that horrible love feast—as some travellers and commentators term it: but others maintain, among which number is Bruce,* that it was a feast in honor of the devil,† which is the fact, without a shadow of doubt, and is only called a love one, by those who do not enquire into causes, bestowing an epithet according to what they see acted; and thereby mislead others, who like a flock of swans, geese, pack of hounds, or any other set not over famous for wisdom—follow their leader. As every species of pollution and abomination were committed with greediness, and before the multitude; travellers, ignorant of the immeasurable distance forever placed betwixt brutality and the noblest passion, that the Almighty has been graciously pleased to implant, in minds endued with intrinsic nobility, have improperly, ignorantly, and ridiculously styled it a love feast.

Moses tried every possible method by his wise and divine laws—which only require to be examined and thoroughly understood, that they may be universally admired, to restrain and reform his stiff-necked, cunning, and detestable countrymen from devouring the flesh of a still living animal; and, in order that neither of the two methods before mentioned might be resorted to, ordered that every brute—doomed to destruction, should be brought to a particular place, and killed outright by the Priest; who was to use the blood in sacrifice, and that pardon for sin might be obtained—as typical of the blood which should afterwards flow from Jesus Christ upon the cross, for the sins of the whole world. That this is not mere surmise or assertion, but sufficiently certain, several passages positively, and beyond all controversy prove.—Thus:

Leviticus—Chap. 17, Verse 3. What man soever there be of the house of Israel, that killeth an ox, or lamb, or goat, in the camp, or that killeth it out of the camp,

Verse 4. And bringeth it not unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, to offer an offering unto the Lord before the tabernacle of the Lord; blood shall be imputed to that man; he hath shed blood; and that man shall be cut off from among his people:

Verse 5. To the end that the children of Israel may bring their sacrifices, which they offer in the open field, even that they may bring them

* Like all the other things referred to, this is from memory—owing, to few books being within reach of people who reside in 'woods and wilds whose melancholy gloom, accords with my soul's sadness.'

unto the Lord, unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, unto the Priest, and offer them for peace offerings unto the Lord.

Verse 6. And the Priest shall sprinkle the blood upon the altar of the Lord at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and burn the fat for a sweet savour unto the Lord.

Verse 7. *And they shall no more offer their sacrifices unto devils, after whom they have gone a whoring.* This shall be a statute for ever unto them throughout their generations, &c.

Again it is written at Verse 10. And whatsoever man there be of the house of Israel, or of the strangers that sojourn among you, *that eateth any manner of blood; I will even set my face against that soul that eateth blood,* and will cut him off from among his people.

Verse 11. *For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: For it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.*

The above is sufficient to show how bad most men have been in all ages; and how cruel above all things, and desperately wicked mortals were, and are, when gain, or satisfying any improper passion was the object. They had learned and practised many refinements in cruelty which gradually have been invented, and brought to perfection by 'the march of intellect'—shewn in the cookery of unskinned live eels, a goose; killing turkies, and causing a horse's tail to point upwards, when the God of nature made such an useful ornament to hang in an opposite direction. These infernal arts shall all be treated of in due order, by whomsoever practised. As we care for no qualities but those of honor, virtue, kindness, and doing to each other,—brutes, and creeping things, 'as people would wish to be done by;'—caring for no country in preference to all others;—having no regard, respect, and reverence for rank or station—except rank of goodness, and status of the mind. Therefore all cruelties, by whomsoever practised, will be set forth to public hatred—if the public can hate cruelty—with a pen which cannot be swayed by greatness, love, friendship, or relationship—so, all big and little tormentors shall have it in style, and without mercy; when we come to treat of the present systems, present virtues, and present crimes, or monstrosities. Our censure shall be devoid of fear or partiality, and love without reward, except what cannot be helped, the immensity of pleasure from loving goodness. In the meantime, we must return to the 'chaps of auld-lang-syne.'

In the very early ages, when all the people were living where earth produced almost spontaneously,—where the finest, most precious, or delicious fruits were indigenous, and the revolving year scarcely shewed that time was on the wing, but by the constant succession of grain and flowers—where snow, hail, tempest, tornado, and blast of the desert were unknown, but fruits gently fell to earth with their own ripeness; and mellow roses, breathing the sweet south, tumbled from the stem, saturated with gentle dropping rain, the only winter. Men therefore had no trouble except to reap: but when people became many, quarrels and strife arose—they had consequently to separate, each going farther

and farther from the other, as themselves, servants, and cattle multiplied. A beautiful and affecting instance, of two good and great men being so circumstanced, is recorded in the 13th Chap. of Geneses and 5th Verse. And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents.

Verse 6. And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together:

Verse 7. And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle: and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land.

Verse 8. And Abram said unto Lot, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; *for we be brethren.*

Verse 9. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left, &c.

If people would follow the example set by these good men—who had not our opportunities of information on Divine and human things—and consider that we are all brethren, the ale houses and courts of law would not be filled with fellows barking, wrangling, arguing, and swearing about coppers, yards of tape, and bunches of thrums. They won't do so, nor did the generality of mortals then,—for *meum et tuum* (mine and thine) have separated all mankind. The weakest had to do, what the weakest have done ever since, and in every country of the globe, 'tramp.' When a man quarrelled with his fellow, the strongest killed the weaker—as '*the noble science of the sword*' had not been invented by Closet, mental homicides, but sheer strength, 'ram-stam,' or 'pell-mell' did the business—like heroes in after times with 'two handed' swords. Thus Cain 'killed his brother Abel.' Where considerable numbers were nearly equal on both sides, war, bloodshed, cutting of throats, and ripping up of entrails took place; until one party, by killing more than the other, obtained 'great glory,' possession of the soil, and 'rank in the scale of nations.'

The victors retained all unfortunates, whom they could catch, for slaves—who were treated like our servants—and sometimes better than christians treat their own children. In proof of which, it is only necessary to mention—that in the year 1761, Egypt was governed by 18 Beys,* five only of whom were high born Mahometans, all the other 13 were descended from christian parents, and had been slaves in their youth. They were kindly dealt with, and not as that greatest of all cold blooded tormentors, and murderers, the Emperor of Russia, has treated the outnumbered Poles—sent to labour in the mines of Siberia, after undergoing the 'knout!!' he will get his doom—though not in this world—for christians have now no chivalric feeling, or there would have been a crusade, to which the term holy would have been a charac-

* Bey, or Beg—the word signifies a powerful Lord.—EDITOR.

teristic appellation, and not a bull, or misnomer—like the ‘Holy Alliance!!!’ To return.

They had to separate, and as the distance from the original place became greater, so was the change of soil and climate more marked and distinct. Instead of the rose blooming incessantly, all the year round, two harvests, and winter only noticed by some rain to freshen the earth; spring, summer, autumn, and winter, became more and more different. The voice of spring was heard, coming over the earth with song ‘from streams and founts, loosing the chain, and sweeping on to the silvery main.’ Summer shewed its ripening qualities, autumn her gorgeous golden store, and winter raged with hailstone, storm and snow.

Men were compelled to erect proper houses, wear warmer clothing; lay in provisions for after use, and keep with great care, all the different kinds of grain, and roots for the coming year. Hence, barns, granaries, and cellars were constructed. Then many required food who neither sowed nor reaped—as artisans, carpenters, sailors, &c. Grain became more necessary each succeeding year, and greater attention was paid to agriculture. The ground being soft, was easily turned over, so that a heavy piece of wood, with two small ones for ‘stilts,’ answered the purpose. Various improvements have been made, but even now, it does not by any means appear, that agricultural implements are yet perfect. The wood was close in fibre, and amazingly hard, which accomplished—‘after a sort,’ the end, by turning up the mould to the small depth required—it was long therefore before iron came to be used on the share, which is of Jewish origin, and the gravelly land of Judea made absolutely necessary.

The first improvement was to make the plough hollow, so that by putting stones inside, the weight might be increased at pleasure; or, as a mathematician would express it, ‘increase the weight to any given quantity.’ Harrows they had none. A bunch of thorns answered the purpose ‘just weel enough’—until the Egyptians formed canals for receiving and retaining water from ‘the river,’ (Nile) at its periodical overflows;* then they constructed a plough called Marha, which was copied by the Arabians, Chinese, and other countries.

Notwithstanding the immense consequence which agriculture was of to these people, ‘thousands of years ago’—as is evident from the amazing labour they were at in forming the canals, which were not dug as some ignorant individuals would suppose, but two large earthen walls were formed twenty-two feet asunder, and parallel with each other: the bottom was on the surface, and on a level with the surrounding country—therefore when the liquid was let out at the sluices, any of the fields could be watered, in whatever proportion the owner pleased, without farther trouble. They were proud of the occupation—for science it could not be called, hating the profession of a shepherd, as we read in the history of Joseph. Notwithstanding their fondness for

* Not aqueducts. The only one of which was made by Sultan Gari, for taking water into the Citadel of Masr, in the sixth century. Masr, is the Egyptian Babylon of the Greek writers.—EDITOR.

agriculture, and knowledge of grain, as the invention of whisky proves,* the implements of husbandry were exceedingly clumsy. Their plough Marha was the only one, made all of wood, with one side square, tother bevelled like a mould-board, with the unnecessary appendage of three wheels, or circles of timber, one before, and two behind the plough. To smooth the ground, which has been turned up in many places, by the force with which the water is let out upon it, they use a tree or thick plank, drawn by oxen yoked with cords. The driver sits upon this machine, for the Egyptian peasants are not fond of walking—why? because they are not paid for it.

“They still use oxen, as the ancients did, to beat out their corn, by trampling upon the sheaves, and dragging after them a clumsy machine. It is not, as in Arabia, a stone cylinder; nor a plank with sharp stones, as in Syria; but a sort of sledge, consisting of three rollers bitted with irons, which turn upon axles. A farmer chooses out a level spot in his fields, and has his corn carried in sheaves, upon asses or dromedaries. Two oxen are then yoked in a sledge, a driver gets upon it, and drives them backwards and forwards upon the sheaves, and fresh oxen succeed in the yoke, from time to time. By this operation the chaff is very much cut down.† The whole is then winnowed, and the pure grain thus separated. This mode of threshing out the corn is tedious and inconvenient; it destroys the chaff, and injures the quality of the grain.” Such is the language of Niebuhr. Poor fellow, he had not the ‘knack’ of expressing his ideas, he was a good engineer but poor describer; in short, he has published a poor book; but he was an honest, well-meaning man, and spoke truth—for these reasons his words are quoted, to show that the Egyptians have not changed their first inventions.

When the canals are to be cleansed, men attend with bullocks; each pair dragging a large wooden tray, and with spades or shovels of the same material, put in, of mud, about the same quantity, as a mischievous ‘callant’ will carry in his cap or bonnet, and form a house within ten minutes;—when playing truant from school;—the bullocks labour along, as they do in our forests when ‘logging’ is in progress. Those not possessed of bullocks, put the mud into panniers, upon asses, and thus remove it to a proper distance.

They have neither wind nor water mills, except a few large clumsy things which are slowly wrought by oxen turning a post, that forms the axle of a large wheel. The poorer people have only hand mills to grind their corn. This last was an improvement to bruizing the grain with stones; in the same manner that a follower of European camps pommels out, with a stone in her stocking, the brains of wounded soldiers. This kind of mill has been used since before the deluge; and was kept in every considerable, or substantial family in Scotland, within these last thirty years, for grinding malt for ‘home brewed’ and ‘moun-

* Whisky was known in Egypt at the time of Moses, by the name of Zythēn. The inventor's name has not been preserved.—EDITOR.

† By chaff is evidently meant straw.—IBID.

tain dew.' They were constructed thus: one stone was shaped exactly like the under one of what is now a common water mill—with an iron rod fixed in, and projecting from the centre. Another stone had a circular space for the hopper, across which, was a flat piece of iron that had a hole to receive the upright rod of the other, upon which it is laid. Near the edge of the upper, (stone,) is a hole one inch in diameter, by two inches and a quarter in depth: each stone is at least three inches thick. Two people place themselves at opposite sides, on bended knees; when one puts malt or corn into the hopper, seize a strong stick, put one end into the hole near the edge, and both by it, force round the uppermost stone.

Such is the mill which was used before Noah's flood, which historians sacred and profane have recorded, and which that book entitled 'Songs of the Ark' set forth with all the beauty, imagery and vivacity which only a poet can describe;—since then by all Eastern nations, and also in Europe, where it is perfectly familiar, and named a quirn in Scotland. Both are called simply quirns.

The foregoing shews, in what state agriculture must have been throughout other countries, who copied the implements of Egypt,—without a wish to improve upon them, or a thought that they could ever be better; because, the land of Egypt, from the mud and slime left by the overflow of the Nile, caused it to produce, on an average of the whole kingdom, thirty-three for one—which was so great or enormous in comparison to other countries, that they *humanly* thought the Egyptians 'perfect in their ways.' An idea may be formed of how vast the above was, when it is considered that the average produce of the very best lands in France, does not exceed twelve, England eight, and Scotland six. If an average was taken of all land which these countries contain—the return would scarcely keep the rats alive, in comparison.

Many reasons can be adduced, why no improvements were made in the agricultural implements. Egypt has been successively conquered by the Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabians, and Turks—so that the natural industry of the Aborigenes, has been completely repressed by tyranny. In justice however we must declare, that though they have been conquered by all these different nations—none were merciless tyrants but the Greeks—who forbade the use of the Coptic, or ancient language, under pain of death. They, the Copts, or Aborigenes, were held in subjection by their different conquerors; that prevented them from making those gradual advances in the arts,—which they certainly would otherwise have done—had working for thankless task-masters not prevented all improvement, and the human mind from arriving at that state of comparative perfection, which easy circumstances, education, good society, and encouragement, always produce. They, the Copts, still retain the industrious conduct, for which their ancestors were so remarkable 2,000 years ago; which from habit, that is second nature, became a part of their construction, or constitution; and is now shewn by their attention, honesty, and good behaviour, as clerks and book-keepers. But agriculture is neglected, as only a small portion of the crop would be allowed to the grower; and the Egyptian

implements of husbandry, are the same as were used in the time of Moses—witness the command—‘Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox when he treadeth out the corn.’

The people of China have made no improvement, in the method of preparing earth, for receiving the different kinds of grain; and all the implements are of ancient invention—both on account of the Government, and every energy being concentrated to the cultivation of the Tea Plant. Agriculture was once considered of such consequence, that Yu, the first Emperor of the house of Hia, wrote a book upon that subject, and encouraged Canals for irrigation. Which invention was without doubt copied from the Egyptians, whose customs, plans, and operations, were known over all the world at a very early period; from that adventurous people, the Phœnicians, who first brought ships to such comparative perfection, as carried them to every country, where they exchanged glass rings, which, they pretended, had the power of preserving life and producing affection, and were believed;—the majority will believe any thing.* They exchanged these rings and trinkets for girls, gold dust, and ‘other valuable commodities.’ They had no compass, but, from being well versed in Astronomy,† navigated vessels to every country, many of which have since been reckoned recent discoveries. This is certain from many circumstances—but we can only now refer to Agricultural similarities. The most striking are, that in Arabia, and neighbourhood of Bulgosa, are large Coffee Plantations upon the heights. Terraces supported by basaltic columns,—many of which stones are on these hills, generally three ells in length, and are easily detached from their antediluvian stances—and coffee plants are put into the ground, thus supported to a level. The gardens are laid out in the form of an Amphitheatre, and the coffee trees are so close that the sun’s rays can hardly reach the earth. Reservoirs are formed for containing the rain water, which is let out to moisten the roots, when necessary. The trees thus watered produce two crops of coffee every season; but the second is always inferior to the first, from not being thoroughly ripened. It is easily known, owing to the pale colour, not so rich in look, nor is it so smooth and polished as the first crop.

‘ In China, where the face of a mountain is not nearly perpendicular to the level surface, the slope is converted into a number of terraces, one above another, each of which is supported by mounds of stone. By this management, it is not uncommon to see the whole face of a

* These rings were named Adder-stones, as they were supposed to be formed by snakes. Such was the belief in their influence, that it was made a capital crime, for any person to have one upon his person during trial in a Court of Justice. A Roman Nobleman was convicted, and executed for this offence.—EDITOR.

† The Egyptians paid such attention to Astronomy—which they learned from the Phœnicians—that they had a College. The Governor, or chief, predicted events by the Sun, which in the ancient Coptic is called “On.” Joseph married the daughter of the Priest of On.

mountain completely cultivated to the summit. These stages are not confined to the culture of any particular vegetable,—pulse, grain, yams, sweet potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, and a variety of other culinary plants, are produced upon them. A reservoir is sunk in the top of the mountain; the rain water collected in it, is conveyed by channels successively to the different terraces placed upon the mountain's sides.'

The reason why the coffee plantations at Bulgosa, Mokka, &c. are so carefully attended to, is, that all classes are uncommonly fond of, and drink it at all hours. It is the universal beverage; and the Turks make immense sums of money by selling annually great quantities at Suez, Jidda, Rosetta, Hodeida, &c. Therefore the people are encouraged to labour by the only true inducement and sweetener—gain; and are allowed to pocket the full price for what is sold at Hadie, or any of the other towns, where is a market twice every week, except a trifling tax to the Dola.

In China the industry of the inhabitants is equal to these, and the ancient Egyptians,—as is evident from the formation, preservation, and cultivation of their terraced gardens,—also by the Canals, one of which, that betwixt the two grand Rivers, Hoanko and Kianku, was begun in the tenth century of the Christian *Æra*, thirty thousand men having been employed for forty-three years in its completion. Their boundary wall, which is the greatest work ever executed by man, testify that industry is not wanting. And moreover, the Emperor sets every year an example, by working in public. But all is done by the spade and hoe; little grain is raised, except what is just sufficient for the inmates of towns, every other person raising their own in little plots or gardens—the grand object of attention being the cultivation of a tree, upon which depends the evening parties of Europeans. So that tyranny in Egypt, Coffee of Yemen, and Tea of China, together with every man being compelled to follow the profession of his father, have prevented the implements of husbandry from being improved. I may mention here, though rather out of place, that it is singular, a native of the coffee mountains in Arabia, (which once formed part of Egypt) and some in this country, should destroy a tree in the same tedious manner, viz. by heaping blazing fuel around until it falls.

The Ploughs of Europe were precisely the same as those used in Egypt, and which the Romans took to France and Britain. They were in vogue all over Europe, with very slight improvements, until Scotland, which was of every other the worst cultivated, took the lead, bringing Agriculture, and the implements thereunto pertaining, to a wonderful state of perfection—considering the shortness of time that has elapsed since people began to discover that 'their forbears might be wrang' in driving four bullocks and two horses in every plough, with a man to hold, another to lead, and a third to goad on the animals—called 'a gadsman.'

War was gone into for the glory of the British Nation; corn rose in price, and the rent of land increased in proportion. Farmers 'out-bid' each other, all trying to have a large proportion of earth, and almost

regardless of the rent, provided they got extent. The wives held up their heads, the sons wore topped boots, and the daughters learned to play upon 'a Pany'—(Piano Forte.) They spoke to Factors 'to speak to my Lord, or Sir James, that it was just nonsense—clean buff, to keep sae mony puir deevils on their Estates, renting fifty, sixty, or a hunner acres, and gaing about wie naething genteel about them. Advise him to turn them a' out, and let thae twal fermes—bonny like fermes indeed! to ae man o' substance wha'll green crappit, and white crappit, and fallow't, and—tout! mak it a garden. 'Than my Lord 'll hae some credit whan Englishers come to see him. I'm sure it will be mair respectable for him to hae a man like me, just to pay his rent in a slump, on the very day, than be bothered getting it in sma's and penny-worth's frae sae mony. Do sae sir, gin ye please, and I hae a gran staig—a better never was munted—I wadna tak a hunner guineas for him, but I'll gae him in a present, out o' real respect to you,—that's, gin ye get me what I want—for gif gaff makes gude friends ye ken,—and mair nor a', ill aye send ye, in a present, thirty bolls o' the best wheat as grows on't, and it shall be unkennd to ma Lord, every Christmas.' &c.

Many small farms were converted into one for such fellows as that. The wars continued; labour became high, for soldiers were required for the French Goliah to kill, and scarcely a man was left to till the ground. The best wheat rose to three pounds eighteen shillings per boll, during one season. Every farm out of lease was let at a rent in proportion, and every bit of land was no sooner in the market than, 'there was riding and rinning on Canonby Lea.' Sons cheated their fathers, jockeyed their brothers, tricked their uncles—and as to friendship, it was a mere empty sound. All was land! land! land! and many were the gallons of whisky which were won and lost by farm servants, upon, 'whether the wheat wad fa' to £3, or rise to £6.' A poor man could not shew face. 'He had no place,' for the *gentlemen* (farmers) went up and down the streets of the market towns, with countenances like 'full moons,' belching and 'rifting' from claret and port, using their coarse oaths, and striking their topped boots with a switch or hunting whip. The very ploughmen run races all the way from market—like the charioteers round the tomb of Patroclus—with this difference, that the Greeks drove their horses 'abreast,' and were sober, while the others used 'tandem,' and were drunk!—they drove at the gallop with the empty carts, so that it was unsafe to travel, and the sound of the chariots and the shouting were heard at the distance of six miles.*

Such men—for there were few exceptions—got possession of all the best land in Scotland.—Even 'the Hieland Hills' were seized; and

* A sterling fact! The late Earl of H— durst not visit the county town upon market day, in case his carriage horses should take fright. The nuisance was at length put down by severe fines, and depression in the value of grain.
—EDITOR.

the earth groaned under waggon loads of drawing-room furniture, and the tread of Fiddlers, tramping to and fro, giving instruction of a science, though nature had incapacitated most of the fair students from receiving; and to tune Pianos, when the ear was like the Adder's—'deaf to the voice of the charmer.' They were not only gentlemen, but in their letters addressed each other ————, Esquire. There were few between the labourer and proprietor—the old tenants remained in the country as greaves, or hid skulking in bits of shops; while all the good and noble-minded, who possessed the means, transported themselves to this country; where a willing mind, strong arm, and sharp axe, have made them independent.

The Highland society united the landed proprietors. Their first attention was improvement of the Northern Districts. As the number of members increased, more extensive objects were contemplated: rewards for every invention were offered, in the public papers, to all people without distinction of sect, sex, district or country, for any improvement in the useful Arts; and invention of any machine, or instrument, by which the temporal comfort of man would be advanced. The consequence was, that essays descriptive of every kind of grain, grass and vegetables, were given in, accompanied with specimens or drawings. Manures of all kinds were tried; when their parts, power and action, were recorded—handsome premia were given for those two which were first and second in the roll of excellence.

That society is composed of all the intelligent landed proprietors in Scotland—even many of England, Ireland and other countries—seeing its beneficial tendency, solicited permission to become members. That society is unrivalled in the past or present history of this world; which, by bestowing proper rewards, enticed humble, modest genius to creep from its hamlet, hovel or shed, and benefit society, Scotland, the world and posterity.

It is not their institutions or teachers who have enlightened the inhabitants of Caledonia, raising them in the scale of humanity—as a body superior to their fellow men; that has united, and brought together the thoughtful peer, and talented handicraftsman;—has levelled all distinction, but the one betwixt dulness and genius, which has rewarded modest merit,—that, but for such—

“Was only born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,”

which would have prevented the misery of farmers, notwithstanding the declension of Buonaparte, and price of mouthfuls, had farmers been really such, and not pretended to be gentlemen,—not out bid each other, not fallen into the snare of factors, in giving sealed offers;—had been content with under or not exceeding 200 acres, and 'laid by something for a sair fit,' like their 'forbearers;' that has exalted Scotland above all others, in a knowledge of science, and means of subsistence;—has rendered their inventions, mechanical and agricultural improvements, to be prized, appreciated, adopted, and copied by all people, anxious for order and neatness;—which has caused the work of their heads and

hands, to be taken over sea and land, to the farthest parts of the habitable globe, making Scotland and philosophy synonymous. What has done all this? The Highland Society!!

The generality of farmers were too genteel for thinking,—of course could never improve any thing, but do as they were bid by my lords factor, and following the fashion, or prevailing system—even to the introduction of creeping grass; and which was introduced and cultivated twenty years ago, by the farmers of one country ‘wha think themselves nae sma’ drink’—where it has become an intolerable nuisance, causing summer fallow to be performed merely on its account. Such men never thought—at least to the purpose. It is to the labouring mechanics of ‘cauld Caledonia’ a barren spot—in comparison, that we are indebted for all the improvements on, and invention of agricultural implements. They are a set of men who have long been an unknown, unnoticed, and unacknowledged honor and blessing to their country, and the universe, amid all the drinking, fuddling, bouzing, shaking of hands, which were more inclined to strike, amid all such abomination practised in towns—by many of these people in connection with others, for most are ‘neighbour, like.’ Numbers there, and most who resided in the country, escaped such general degradation, by spending their evenings in reading, and improving the immortal mind.

In mostly all houses occupied by men of this description, were, and are, not only the indispensable necessities of every Scotch cottage—a clock, bible, and Mathew Henry’s Commentaries—but most got the Edinburgh Encyclopedia in numbers; and I solemnly declare, that one complete in every part, and for which the full price was given, is contained within a moorland cottage; the walls of which are so low, that boys of fourteen walk round, feeling, without standing a-tiptoe, if sparrows have hid in the thatch. From the knowledge obtained by that and other books, the inmates have acquired not only independence, but affluence; and will soon be in a splendid residence, which their industry and activity have secured,—to which their honor, sense, true piety and unaffected simplicity will add a grace,—throwing a halo of esteem and reverence, that is rare, around the building of stone ‘reared by creatures of clay.’ Thousands have done so,—but we must not stop to enumerate all the living examples of virtue, whose evening hymn of praise and thankfulness, ascending from Scotland’s gowany glens, was wafted to heaven with the robin’s song, on his tiny perch.

These men had pondered and thought deeply—but they might have remained unknown, crawling like common characters over the ground, until like them, they sunk a lump of ‘earth to earth upon the plain.’ The Highland Society opened a door for fame and riches. They gave in models of carts, ploughs, turnip rollers, drilling machines, and a variety of others, which were not only approved, but have become the admiration of the world.* Sir —— Kinloch, of Gilmerton, invented a

* A number of Ploughs, of that kind, invented by Mr. Small, Plough-maker, Berwickshire, and who afterwards went to Edinburgh, were landed here, the beginning of last November.—EDITOR.

machine for threshing grain, but could not construct it, so as to separate and remove the straw, which constantly choked the drum. He consulted Andrew Muckle, Carpenter, who added skutchers, which completed the engine, and it is now in general use, as they formed it. So that all the merit of having brought agricultural implements to their present state of perfection—with the exception of the cradle scythe, proper shaped scythe handle, and horse hoe, which are each and all American—rests entirely with the Scotch mechanics, and the Highland Society. We shall, it being our duty and pleasure, give descriptions of those which are not in general use, in due order—together with all the minute reasons and causes, which have brought gentlemen farmers into such ‘a hopeful way’—notwithstanding the great improvements, and the real farmers being driven out from before them, or being hurt in circumstances; it being impossible to procure land, but in the way that these bucks have done, so often, and so long ‘that nothing else will go down.’ As a warning to others, we shall enter their houses, attend them to market, inn, fox cover, race course and ball room, going like Obidah, the son of Abensina, the journey of a day; that the representation may be a faithful delineation or representation of a farmer’s life—old and new fashioned. To the gentlemen farmers, or Esquires, not a shadow of credit pertains, for—

“They drank the sap, and eat the fat, but care or pain
And haply eyed the lowly hut with proud disdain.”

We shall now take leave of this subject, some parts of which have been exceedingly disagreeable, from the absolute necessity of referring to genteel farmers, whose conduct, generally speaking, has injured and displaced others, without benefitting themselves: turning to one of a different kind, and enter the house of a real Agriculturist, whose only ambition was, and is, his duty to God and man. It forms part of a work by an individual whose wanderings, adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, from love and death, will in due time be published, to instruct, amuse and delight, until humanity shall lose its joy and its sorrow. The scene took place when he was angling in the Whiteadder, a River of Berwickshire, Scotland.

‘In passing a cottage, a woman under thirty came out, and asked ‘if I would have the kindness to give her an eel?’ I replied, that eels were caught with worm or minnow in pools—that I was fishing with fly, and therefore had none; but if it was for any particular purpose—as she seemed anxious, one could soon be procured. ‘Oh! I dar to say a troot wull do, amaiist just as weel.’ I gave her one, and my curiosity being excited, asked what she was going to do with it? ‘To mak cheese.’ I requested that we might be allowed to witness the operation, to which she politely and readily assented; when the gentleman and I followed her into the house.

She put a large quantity of milk, heated to exactly the same degree as when it came from the cow, into a tub; and by a string through the gills, drew the trout in every direction amongst the milk, which, in a few minutes began to coagulate, and when sufficiently thickened, the

fish was removed. I was perfectly astonished. But the woman could give no information, further than—it had been long practised in that part of the country; she neither knew who had discovered it, nor how the milk was affected;* that the most general method was, to put a little juice from the salted stomach of a calf, called “yirning,” which thickens the milk. I asked, if she knew how to make Cheshire cheese? to which replying in the negative, I said—after the milk, without cream, is thickened, and the whey pressed out, a piece of hog’s fat is melted, and instantly poured amongst the curd: very little salt is required more than is given to a common cheese, the colour being heightened by turmeric.

As the cottage was uncommonly neat, I inquired what process she used in making butter—‘Whan the milk is brought in frae the cows, I syle it—that is, I pit it through the milsey, or milk-sive, which is a round wooden dish with a round hole in the bottom; over it, the hole, is a piece o’ network made o’ brass wire, and fastened to the dish, round the edges o’ the hole with brass nails, that nae rust may be there. No thinking that enough, I tied a bit o’ fine flannen (flannel) in the inside; an always afore using ’t for milk, I pit water through it often in baeth ways (directions), and than the milk, letting ’t fa’ into dishes o’ wood, which I set no in a very cauld, but cool place; I wash the milsey carefully, and hing it up on a nail.

“Having collected the cream, and put it into the kirn (churn), I turn it round middling slow, till the butter is formed; whan I lift it out with a large spoon, into a bowief and pouring a’ the milk frae ’t that ’ll come—which we ca’ (call) sharing, and pitting in a deal o’ water, I tak a flat spoon, and gang frae side to side across—taking a thin flichen like a wafer or a bit paper, ilka time, till I get to the opposite side o’ the bowie, and the butter a’ at ma side; whan sharing aff the water, I add mair, or anither doze, and gang on this way, till the water is no coloured ava wi’ the milk. Than pouring out the water, I thraw a wee, wee pickle saut (salt) o’er ’t, just a snuff, and work it aince o’er, which gars ony little milk still in, come out in wee bells—whan pitting water on’t a’ the bells burst, and sharing it aff, gie ane ither doze o’ water, working it as afore, wi’ the spoon; I than pour out the water the samo as it gaed on, and the butter is clean. Than wi’ anither flat spoon,

* A frog, trout, eel, nettle, (if arrived at maturity) and various other things, produce a similar effect; each of which is infinitely cleaner than the improved system. The method described above is the one first used, only that the credit of the invention rests solely and exclusively with a creature, who is called “fish” by the French, but like a turtle is neither fish nor flesh—viz. a frog. Accident discovered the wonderful secret in the following manner:—A woman having milked her cow in the field, was astonished on returning home, to find the liquid coagulated; considering it witched, she assembled the neighbours, and after all had expressed their opinions—each more wonderful than another, the milk was turned out with dread and terror, when a frog was found at the bottom, which “leaping without looking” had fallen into the dish unperceived by the woman.

† A large wooden dish, surrounded with hoops.

ane in every hand, I work it backwards and forwards a while, and than pit it up into puns, and half puns for the merket;—and that's a' the proce, as ye ca't Sir.'

Looking at the milk dishes, I told her that they were not properly 'constructed or shaped,—being too deep and narrow, for if the surface was larger, more cream would be thrown up in the same time. They should be broad, shallow, and lined with lead,—that I had seen their superiority in French Flanders, and amongst the Dutch, where they are universally used by the pesantry;—and advised her to obtain such dishes. She replied, 'Eh! na, that'll ne'er do, it will be o'er great an expence. But gin its sic an impruvement, as ye say, it will sune pay itself; and we hae mony auld says* amang us, sic as 'a faint heart ne'er won fair leddy; and gin ane count a' cost, he'll ne'er yoke a pleugh. Eh! Sir, I'll try't—gin the gudeman agrees, for I do like weel, weel to please him!'—moving her head with delight at the recollection of her husband, and with glistening eyes, unconsciously patting the cheek of a beautiful boy, who was standing beside her.

"Is that your child?" "Aye! is he Sir, and I hae anither as bonny and gude as him; they're baith the very picture o' their father. Oh! I wuss he had been within, for he could hae crackit (chatted) wi' ye about foreign parts. He has never travelled nane, but he can talk about far away places, for he has a power o' book lear and knowledge.' Eh! I wuss he had been in!"—I said, 'my dear madam, it is not knowledge but virtue, cleanliness, propriety, and decorum, which I love, and am in search of; and wherever I find them, in the hall or in the hovel, they invariably obtain my reverence and esteem. But you seem very happy and yet are not overburdened with the mammon of unrighteousness, explain, if you please, how that can be."

"Oh! I'll tell ye, Sir,—whan the gudeman comes hame i' the gloamin, I hae the hearth stane soopit (swept) clean, and a rouzing ingle (fire) burning bright, wi' that arm chair dusted and set forrit. The bairnies rin out to meet him, and come back ane wi' a haud o' ilka hand. He looks aye cheery, and sits down wi' ane on every knee—for they're just the pride o' our lives, and they mak our fireside cantier.† He asks a blessing to our four hours, and after that, the bairns get their lessons. He gars them read, whulk the audest can do real weel, but this ane spells the big words, though he's coming on granly, and he's young yet. Than he tells them o' a' that they should do,—sic as to fear God, honor the King; be obedient to their parents,—kind to ane anither, and no to hurt the puir, dumb brute creation, or the wee creeping things that canna complain, but to keep aye in mind, that there's

* Proverb, or byword.

† This brings one in mind of Burn's Cottage Children—

"The prattling things are just their pride,
'That sweeten a' their fireside."

room in the world for them a'.* I sit derning their bits o' stockings, —tho' whiles the needle draps frae ma hand, and I can do naething but look at him—listening to the words o' wisdom and kindkess, drapping like honey kame frae his tongue. Mony, and mony a time hae I been frighted that it wadna and couldna last; and wi' a fou, fou heart, hae sabbit and grat wi' o'er muckle happiness!!

“After the wee things hae gotten their lessons, we sing a Psalm, and than he reads a portion o' Scripture; whan we a' kneel doon and pour out our souls to the Almighty, for a' his gudeness to us unworthy sinners. For no making us sae puir, as to be tempted to steal; nor yet sae rich and great to forget, and in our hearts to despise Him. Eh! Sirs, gin ye only heard!! I pit the bairns to their bed, whan him and me sit and consult thegither for the gude o' us a'. We are one flesh, and have one interest: I tell him a' ma heart, for its his ain, and he never had nae secret, frae me. He never was angry or ca'ed me an ill name; and whan I'm kind till him, its only my duty. Eh! Sirs, but it wad do ye gude to see him!”

“My dear madam, I sincerely hope that you and he will be long spared to each other, and the children be blessings to you. But remember this,—don't be too much wrapt up in them; no person can tell how they will behave; they are certain cares, and uncertain comforts. Continue to set a good example before your offspring, and leave the rest to Providence.” When seeing that her spirits sunk, and that she was much ‘cast down’ by my words, I tried to turn her thoughts into another channel, by saying—I really wish you would go into the neighbouring county, and teach the farmer's daughters to prepare butter properly. For the few who do anything, lift it out of the churn, and work it in water all with the bare hand; those who have no industry, which is the majority, make the servants perform the ceremony. Not only so, but I positively declare, that the filthy animals, or their maidens, squeeze the butter through their fingers, like a boy attempting to make a snowball, and slap it on a board with the hand, still bare, like a piece of tripe or leather, in a manner that you would not punish one of your children. Do come and instruct these sluts, who pretend to be clever and cleanly young ladies.—God bless you! When bowing with sincere respect, shook her by the hand, went from under the hallowed roof, put on the old borrowed hat, and departed. The gentleman followed, after giving some money to the boy; which example I would have copied, but had scarcely enough to defray my own little expenses. He informed me that the wife said to another woman who was in the cottage, but whom I have had no occasion to mention,—Eh! what a pity that he should wear sic shabby claes (clothes), and sic an awsum, grewsome black beard! ”

AN OBSERVER.

* Exactly similar to the beautiful sentiment—

“Take not the life you cannot give,
All have an equal right to live.”

TRUE LOVE.

COME tell me how you know your **Love**,
 When he leaves his bower above ?
 Is he timid ? is he shy,
 As his dear one wanders by ?
 When he meets her all alone,
 Like the modest primrose, blown
 In the morning dew—amid
 The grass, that half its beauties hid,
 When he meets her all alone,
 How will then young love be known ?
 Will his language easy flow,
 To tell how all her features glow,
 With the healthy hue of morn ;
 The velvet of the rose forlorn—
 That meets the blush of the sun's young rays,
 And with deeper blush, the blush repays ?
 Or does he, tell me, silent look—
 A marble Statue, near a brook—
 Some lovely Naiad of the wave,
 Some Triton of the shelly cave
 Starting to life—and smiling on
 The streamlet clear, he claims his own ?
 Or does he silent stand, when near
 He sees approach that one, so dear ;
 Does his heart so trembling beat, }
 Almost throbbing from its seat, }
 When the mutual glances meet, }
 Which his tongue refuse to tell
 The joy his bounding heart knows well ;
 That his tongue can scarcely say,
 E'en at last, a faint—"good day" ?

Yes, he does so silent look,
 As the Naiad of the brook ;
 Like the Triton of the cave,
 As the waters his feet lave—
 When he sees the lov'd one near,
 When he meets those eyes, so dear ;
 Then too, does his fond heart beat,
 Almost leaping from its seat ;
 Then his tongue denies to tell
 The joy his bounding heart knows well ;
 Then faintly from his tongue will stray,
 A scarcely audible, "good day ;"
 And yet the sparkling eyes will shew
 A rapture only love can know.
 Tho' his hand refuse to clasp,
 With a vain presuming grasp,
 'Tis of love the surest sign
 Which fears pollution to the shrine.
 Tho' he never tells the harm
 To his heart, of every charm,—

Of the mind—impassioned face
 Tho' he tells not every grace,—
 Oh! 'tis true love alone would fear,
 T' offend her mind, or wound the ear,
 Of one,—to his young heart so dear. }

When he meets her, like a rose,
 'Mid each lovely flower that blows—
 'Mid as beauteous creatures moving—
 How will you his love be proving?
 Will he rudely pluck the flower,
 For the sweetest of love's bower?
 Will he roughly grasp the rose,
 And tear it from its sweet repose?
 Or will his trembling fingers dare
 To snatch the fairest flow'ret there;
 Will he view its modest mein,
 "Its half retiring blush"—between }
 The parting of the young bud seen,
 And be afraid to dim its blushing,
 By its beauties roughly crushing;
 Will he fear a touch may dim
 That softest bloom,—its all—to him!
 And if he must select a flower
 To adorn a gladsome hour,
 Will he not another choose, }
 Of less dear—yet brighter hues—
 Which it matters not to lose— }
 Dazzling, while its beauties stay,
 Soon forgotten, when away—
 Living not, within the shade, }
 A moment to amuse you, made,
 As soon to blossom and to fade? }

No! he will not pluck the flower,
 For the sweetest of love's bower.
 Nor will he rudely pluck the rose,
 To tear it from such sweet repose;
 Nor his trembling hand shall dare,
 To snatch the fairest flow'ret there.—
 Nor, when he views its modest mein, }
 "Its half retiring blush"—between }
 The parting of the young bud—seen,
 Will he dare to dim its blushing,
 By its beauties roughly crushing;
 And should he be compelled to chuse
 One—'twill be of brighter hues—
 Dazzling,—while its beauties stay,
 Soon forgotten, when away.
 One like the rose—he'd fear to dim
 Its velvet down,—its all, to him.
 He'd fear a touch might cast a gloom
 On its more than earthly bloom;
 Oh! could he have too great a care
 Of a flower so sweet and fair—

Whose beauties, born t' adorn the shade,
 The burning sun would cause to fade,
 In the noon day glare, 'twould pine and die,
 When a coarser flower would be blooming by.

Of every feeling—here, above,
 The only bashful one is—Love.
 Fear has never had the power,
 In the most heart-trying hour,
 So to make the faint heart beat,
 As when true lovers chance to meet.

Of every joy that's here—above,
 There's nothing like, requited love!
 Joy, never made the fond heart glow,
 With so unbounded—wild a flow
 Of rapture, through its every feeling,
 As when the happy Lover, stealing
 Gently so she cannot hear
 Him coming,—'till he's come too near,
 And lists her whispering to a rose—
 His own late gift, whom yet she knows
 Not is so near, to make his claim
 To the fondly uttered name.
 And as—when the glad surprise,
 Calls a fresh sparkle to her eyes,
 And warms her cheek with a rosy blushing.—
 He with a kiss succeeds in hushing
 All—such a kiss as she's been giving
 To the dear pledge of that one—living
 Nearer her heart, than when the rose
 That morn had slumbered in repose,
 Whence it had wakened—but to feel
 A softer parting rose-bud steal,
 To a scarcely felt caress,
 So sweetly do the sisters press,
 Which the dear one was bound to pay,
 That kiss she'd given him when away ;—
 'Twas the rose received the pressure
 Of those lips—but not the pleasure,—
 Felt in its kindred rosy hue,
 Nor in its honied fragrance—drew
 Forth such rapture from the heart,
 As made the loving lips to part.
 But 'tis the hand that pluck'd the rose,
 That such a charm around it throws ;
 Which pluck'd the bud, that soon would burst
 To a full flower—yet kissed it first.—
 Yes—'twere the eyes that loving meet her,
 Which speak such volumes, when they greet her }
 That made the rose's sweetness sweeter.
 The giver of that gift—she missed,
 And in the gift, the giver kiss'd,
 The gift that kiss could ne'er return,
 Nor see her cheeks with blushes burn,
 As still she thought, how he would bear
 To see such fondness lavished there.

CHILDREN.

I MAY begin with the question of Henry IV. of France, when found by an ambassador at romps with his children—"Are you a father?" If you are we may go on with the game; if not, you must pass to the next article. A curious thing it is, this same fact, that children in general are only interesting in the eyes of those who are parents, while brats in particular are held as pests, by all but their immediate father and mother. Some lightheaded author has compared the rush of children, which takes place at the conclusion of family dinners, to the incursion of the Goths and Vandals. Perhaps it is all true, that children out of place are not agreeable; but is any thing agreeable that is out of place? Children, abstracted from the homely details of their management, and the anxiety which they always occasion—are a delightful study—a study, I maintain, fitted alike to engage the speculations of the philosophic, and the affections of the benevolent mind. I cannot, I must say, form the idea of a man of extended views and sympathies, who does not like children.

Among the grown-up part of mankind, there is always abundance of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. This fact I consider in reference to the circumstances in which men are placed, and I plainly conceive that where existence is only to be supported by an unceasing struggle, and where self-love is so perpetually receiving injury, it is needless to expect that men should be much better than they are. In children, however, we see no possibility of any rivalry; they are a harmless little people at *this* moment, and we run no chance of being jostled by them in our course of life, for many years to come. There is, therefore, no reason for envy, hatred, or uncharitableness with them. On the contrary, in our intercourse with children, our self-love is undergoing a perpetual compliment. The appeal which they are constantly making, from their own silently confessed weakness, to our tacitly acknowledged strength, soothes and delights us. A fellow-creature

lies unconsciously abandoned to our mercy—unconsciously unable to resist. It asks for nothing—it cannot; but it does not expect harm: there is the charm. It imputes to us none of our original sins, but seems to take it for granted that we are blanch and stainless, like itself. It puts forth its little arms to us, with a perfect confidence in our gentler and better nature, and we feel it impossible to be evil when we are so sincerely understood to be good. We give then, the love and faith that are demanded, and press the offenceless type of our original and perfect nature, with all the hues, and all the odors of paradise rise around it, to our heart of hearts.

The whole external deportment of a child is delightful. Its smile—always so ready when there is no distress, and so soon recurring when that distress has passed away—is like an opening of the sky, showing heaven beyond. Tales are told of murderers, who, after reveling in the blood of many adults, were at length arrested by the smile of a child, and suddenly became innocent, because they were supposed to be so. The grasp of its little hand around one of our fingers—its mighty little crow when excited by the playfulness of its nurse—its manful spring upon the little wool-pack legs that refuse to bear its weight—are all traits of more or less pleasantness. Then the eye of a child—who can look unmoved into that "well undefiled," in which heaven itself seems to be reflected? Whether the gem be of sweet pellucid blue, or of the mysterious and unsearchable black, what meanings unexpressed, unintelligible, reside within; the germ of a whole life of feelings and ideas. Human nature is familiar in all its bearings to most men; yet how novel does every symptom of it appear, as first shown forth by a child! Every little imperfect function—every step in the attainment of physical power—every new trait of intelligence, as they one by one arise in the infantine intellect, like the glory of night, starting star by star into the sky—is hailed with a heart-burst of

rapture and surprise, as if we had never known any thing so clever or so captivating before. The point thus gained is never lost. The darling child is reminded perpetually of the idea he has lately seemed to comprehend, or of the word he seemed nearly able to pronounce, or of the little action he attempted to perform; and thus the whole of his little stock of accomplishments is carefully kept together, liable to a constant increase. Hosannas of affection! celebrate every step of his progress towards maturity, and fresh blessings are showered upon his harmless head, for every manifestation of the presence of the godlike mind. Nor is this interest in his advance confined to those whose daily joy it is to fold him to the beatings of a kindred heart. Almost every one who has occasion to observe the march of infant intellect, feels an instinctive satisfaction in the contemplation. It seems indeed to be part of the grand and wise design, that all the mature of the human race should be concerned respecting the progress of the young; it is the silent working of nature towards the general good. Without a principle of this kind constantly at work—and it is always at work, in the attentions of the reflecting and the grave, as well as in the apparently senseless prattle of the nurse—the moral world would be in danger of standing still.

The love of parents for their children, so far as it is not a sentiment arising from the contemplation of beauty innocence, or helplessness, is a kind of self-love. Yet no one ever thinks of imputing to a parent, as a fault, that he has a high appreciation of his children. The truth is, though in one sense self-love, it is, in another, the most generous and self-abandoning feeling in nature. The world is also aware, instinctively, that the fondness of parents for their children, is necessary for their protection and education; therefore, if there were no other palliation of the passion, it would at least be convenient. In virtue of these excuses, a parent can indulge in all the pleasures of the most intense, devoted, devouring, self-

appreciation, and yet have none of the usual reproach. He can admire himself in his children, to a greater extent than ever did Narcissus in the fountain, and yet there is no chance that he changes into a daffodil. He can call himself every pretty name in the nurse's vocabulary, and yet no one will ever accuse him of flattering his own person. He may fondle and hug himself, till his miniature counterpart loses both breath and patience; he may expend upon his little self a thousand compliments and praises, and yet it will never be insinuated, that Mr.— is on uncommonly good terms with Mr.—. This, it must be remarked, is one of the compensations allowed by Providence for the anxiety and pains attendant upon the keeping of a child.

It is a very common impression, among those who are practically unacquainted with children, that there is an immense deal of trouble incurred in their management. There is, no doubt, much trouble; but there is also much to alleviate it. Women, to whom, as mothers or nurses, this trouble chiefly falls, are rarely heard to complain of it. The labour is either kindly and agreeable in itself, or it is rewarded by the generous pleasure of knowing that those are helped who cannot help themselves. There are few duties, it may be said, by which women appear to feel less oppressed, than in the labour of managing children. What is very strange, it seems equally lightsome to the hired attendant as to the mother herself. There appears to be a general feeling among women that the neglect of, or the least cruelty to a child, is the most monstrous offence in nature: it is high treason of the sex. In the more refined circles of society, where it is convenient to employ deputies, this certain kindness of every female heart towards a child is very fortunate: in the lower circles it is still more so. There many mothers are compelled to depend much upon the good-will of neighbours for the attentions necessary to their families. The infant is, indeed, in some measure, the *protégé*

of a little vicinity, rather than of any individual. It is handed about from one hand to another, and kept for a little by each, so as to enable the mother to attend to other duties that are still more indispensable, such as the preparation of her family meals, or, perhaps, the work necessary for obtaining them. There is in this no danger for the child, and not much obligation for the parents. The poor are in the constant practice of performing acts of kindness to each other; they are their own best friends; and their condition would be quite insupportable if it were otherwise. The attentions, therefore, which one neighbour bestows upon another's child, are felt as a very slight burden by the particular party obliging, while the aggregate of many such little favours forms an immense relief to the mother. Then every one knows that if the case were her own, as it perhaps may be, the individual whom she now obliges, would be ready and glad to oblige her in turn. If the trouble of managing children had in it any thing really disagreeable, this universal system of mutual serviceableness could never obtain among the poor. But there is, indeed, no trouble in it which is not amply repaid.

It is surprising how much children tend to humanize and soften the stern scene of general life. The man who is so fortunate as to possess one or more children, finds it less easy to be wicked than if he had none; and however evilly disposed a man may be, he will hardly give way to his wicked tendencies in the presence of his children. There is something holy in a child. Its innocence puts it in association with all gentle and devout feelings; and scarcely any parent will venture deliberately to contaminate the bright image of heavenly purity, which the Father of Heaven has himself placed under his charge. Even the infidel can never form the wish that his child should be the same; he may dare many things, upon the peril of his own soul, but he cannot dare to hazard the soul of his child. His own mind may be torn by the demons

of doubt and error, but he will keep his child steadfast if he can, melting nightly in the infantine prayer, which he cannot offer himself. If a parent has been imprudent, and now suffers the bitter effects of his folly, in misfortunes which have exposed him to the contempt of mankind, here still is a resource. He can steal by night to the couch of his children, and, beside the unconscious babes, whose fate hangs all upon his, and who yet reprove not, in their silent innocence, the guilt which has exposed them to misery, weep himself into good resolutions and into comfort.

One of the chief sources of a parent's pleasure in contemplating children, lies in the prospects which it is impossible to avoid forming regarding their future lives. No parent ever contemplates an unhappy fate for his child: all the look forward is sunny as its own sweet eyes—stainless as its uncorrupted heart. There is even hardly any parent who rests content without hoping that his children will be as fortunate and as happy as himself. They must be much more so: they must reach heights of distinction far above any he had ever presumed to expect for himself. To the parent who has occasion to lament his unhappy circumstances in life, what treasured consolation there is in these fond imaginings! The father, as he broods moodily over enterprises blighted, and a spirit confined for immediate bread to some narrow scene of action unworthy of its energies—one casual glance alights upon the fair brow of his child, the bitter present gives way to the glorious future, and all his own griefs are repaid by the prospective happiness of his offspring. The mother, who looks back to the comforts of an early home, unhappily exchanged for a scene of care and wo, feels, as she bends over her unconscious infant, her former happiness arise in the prospects of that endeared being, and is for the time consoled. It is this habit of forming flattering anticipations respecting the fates of our children, that renders the loss of them in infancy so very severe a calamity.

In reality, the life of a child is of little value: it has as yet cost little, either in care or expense; and, unless in particular circumstances, it holds but an unimportant place in society. Yet it is in this very want of all probation of its value, that the poignancy of the loss chiefly lies. We lament it, not at all for what it was at the time of its death, but for what it might have been, if it had been spared. We often find that the loss of an infant is lamented with a more violent and unappeasable grief than that of an adult; and this is simply because in the one case, the damage is ascertained, and forms but one distinct idea; while, in the other, it is arbitrary, vast, beyond imagination. A child is, in one sense, a dangerous possession: it is apt to warp itself into the vitals of our very soul; so that, when God rends it away, the whole mental fabric is shattered. It should always, then, be borne in mind, that life is the more uncertain the nearer its commencement, and that the beings we are disposed to appreciate most are those whom we are most apt to lose.

The feelings of a parent, regarding a child in dangerous sickness, are beautifully expressed in the following poem, which will surprise many readers into tears:—

Send down thy winged angel, God!
 Amidst this night so wild,
 And bid him come, where now we watch,
 And breathe upon our child.
 She lies upon her pillow, pale,
 And moans within her sleep,
 Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
 And striveth *not* to weep!
 How gentle and how good a child
 She is, we know too well.
 And dearer to her parent's hearts
 Than our weak words can tell.
 We love—we watch throughout the night,
 To aid, when need may be;
 We hope—and have despaired at times,
 But *now* we turn to Thee!
 Send down thy sweet-soul'd angel, God!
 Amidst the darkness wild,

And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
 And heal our gentle child!

When a scene like this is closed by death, what an extinction of hopes! No parent, it may be remarked, ever thinks he can *spare a child*. Whatever be the number of his family, he is almost sure to be afflicted to exactly a certain degree by the loss of any individual infant; for simply this reason, that every one has established its own claim to his affections, by some peculiar trait of its appearance or character. It is a lovely and admirable trait of human nature, that the parent is rather apt to appreciate the lost child above all the rest. The impossibility of a realization of his hopes regarding that infant, just makes all those hopes the brighter, so that the twilight of the child's *dead existence* is more splendid than the broad day of its living life. The surviving babes are all more or less connected with the common-place of this world—the homeliness of nature; but that fair-haired innocent, which went to its place in the blush and dawn of its faculties, what might it not have been? Then the stirring grief of parting with that face that was our own—that more than friend, though, but an infant—to break off all the delightful ties of prattling tenderness, that had bound us even in a few months to that gentle form for ever! A sorrow like this is long in being altogether quenched; it comes in soft gusts into the heart for many future years, and subdues us in the midst of stronger and sterner feelings. The image lives always before us in unchanging infancy and beauty and innocence; it ever seems to be walking in our eyes as of yore, with its bright curling hair, and its lightsome carol; and we long for heaven, that we may enjoy that portion of its pleasures—a restoration of that mortal angel which has been reft away.

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The foregoing brings to remembrance a little story which we perused 'years ago' 'across the water;' and think that 'Dwight's theology' contains the precious document. So far as memory serves, the substance is as follows:

A Colonel of the American army was learned, talented, and amiable; but whether led away by vanity, which delights in singularity, or drawn astray by the plausible arguments of fellows—misnamed philosophers, and which his reason was not sufficiently powerful, to pierce the fog and vapour that their own pride, error, and wilful blindness, had thrown around the most glorious exhibitions of Divine power—we know not. Certain it is, that he persuaded himself into a similar opinion with the fool, 'who sayeth in his heart, there is no God!' The Colonel thought so, and being a renegade, was 'zealous in season, and out of season' by trying to make converts, as proof that he, himself, was 'sincere in his novel faith.' Though all his acquaintances were attacked in turn, yet did he exercise his talents upon none, so much as his best friend—who was a pious Clergyman, and resided in the immediate neighbourhood. To him were discourses daily uttered; and at length, every argument he could adduce was committed to paper, for the purpose of converting his friend from '*prejudice and cant.*'

The Clergyman called, and being seated, his mistaken friend instantly produced the MSS. which having read, he, with vast satisfaction, said—'now these are unanswerable arguments. They cannot be controverted.' At that very moment, and before any reply could be made, a servant entered to say, 'that the Colonel's daughter wished to see him immediately.' He instantly proceeded to the apartment of his only child, who was dying of consumption—the MSS. was in his hand, and the Clergyman followed in silence. She was supported by her devout mother and aunt: an unearthly brilliancy shone in her eyes, while the whole countenance was brighter and more beautiful than it had ever been before. She spoke with difficulty—for life was hovering on her coral lip, but articulated—'Papa, you and Mama have given me opposite instruction. I have often been puzzled which to obey. I am now dying, and there is no time for argument. But shall I depart in the belief which she, or you have tried to instil?'

The Colonel looked at the paper in his hand, and then at the Clergyman—but seeing his lovely child with lips apart, flushed cheek, and dilated eye waiting for his answer, before springing to the footstool of Judgment.—Pride, vanity, error, and self sufficiency gave way—God and nature governed the heart once more; and he ejaculated—'Believe in the Creed which your mother has taught!!!'

CRITICISM ON THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



A SCENE OF IMAGINATION,

AT A TAVERN IN YORK.

PRESENT—*A Native of Scotland, England, Ireland, and America.*

They were,
Indeed, a simple race of men, who had
One only art, which taught them still to say,
Whate'er was done, might have been better done.

Pollock's Course of Time.

Those rainbow dreams,
So innocent and fair, that withered age,
Even at the grave, clears up his dusty eyr,
And passing all between looks fondly back.

Ibid.

Scotchman. WEEL, hae ye seen the Canadian Magazine yet? They tell me its nae sma' drink; and sae it may, for the Editor, him as has the conducting o't, is a thorough bred ane,—he's Scotch to the heels, every inch o' him—aye to the back bane. Dcd! I'm thinking, that him and ma mither were conneckit. She was o' the same name, and I'm jalousing maun hae been a fortieth cousin o' his. I'll hae him ax't some day. But hae ye seen the beuke? For I only read the first part—they ca't it the Emigrant, as I was ane masel.

Englishman. Oh, why, yes, I have perused the thing you are pleased to term a book, and very little I thinks of it. Not from his being a Scotchman,—for I likes the Scotch. The Scotch and us are sister and brother. No, no, I likes him for that; but there are many faults in his periodical, that are not in ours of the old country. What business has he to say so much about Scotchmen?—aye, old men, and beautiful women. I do allows, as how the Scotch lassies have pretty—which they call bonny, glancing eyes, and fine shaped ancles. L—d! what then? other countries have as good! Will any man say, as how us Englishers, are not every bit equally pretty, as is the Scotch? But he's national, that's evident! He thinks most of his own country. I does not like the book.

American. Well, I calculate, that I likes the book. It is rather slick; he is a goodish kind of fellow, I guess,—for though he does give it us sore and heavy about creeks, he makes amends, in the character he draws of my countryman, as came out in the same ship with himself. It is pretty slick, right away, no mistake, no partiality there,—he pre-

fers my country to his own. But I hates him for making such a fuss about leaving his d—d cold place. Tarnation! but any one would believe, as how he had been sorry to come away, when it was all fudge, and only to compliment his friends—for he was glad to come to this land of liberty, I guess. Any of my countrymen could have written it far better! I does not like this same Scotchman over much, as has come here, I calculate.

Irishman. By Jappers! but I likes him though! Look how he spakes of the Irish my honeys! He calls Ireland the Emerald Isle, and says we are clever! Och! only think on that now! By the four-footed frog! but he likes us! Look how he handles us in coming over! He says we are naturally clever. Faith he says more! He says, that the paratoes are clever! Och! he's a broth of a boy! He says, as how an Irishman cares not what he ates, so's a good fellow partakes of the mess. Which means, that the people of Paddy's land have hands that'll give a paratoo, or a whack wid the mother of the sloe—all for love you know—faith I likes Mr. Scotchman!

Englishman. You likes him! And what do you likes him for? By Jupiter! you don't know what. Has he said any thing of your country but just a word in passing? He says as how the Irish is clever; but does he ever give proof? Does he ever produce an instance? No, faith, catch him at that—

Irishman.—[Interrupting him].—By the Frost! and you're out for once my boy! For doesn't he tell about Paddy—the poor fellow you know as was in debt, and faith I hopes he has got out of the scrape by this time. Doesn't he tell about Paddy whacking off your countryman's finger, when he pushed it through the hole in the door! ha! ha! ha! Faith! I have never laughed right since I came here before—ha! ha! ha! And every day—faith its never the worsen. I thinks I sees the fellow standing outside with his turnip head, like a cursed fool, ready to roar out with pain and surprise, looking with rage at the bloody stump—when to make auger all the greater, and him a real fool, Paddy still spaking like a child, and laughing in his sleeve, no doubt, says—put ye toyie fingie in a hoye!—ha! ha! ha! And then you knew he durst not open the door, but in the very way he had been tould. No faith! he durst not have opened it to get his own fingie to bury; and had he gone on pushing, Paddy would soon have got all his fingies lying inside the door!—ha! ha! ha! By my father's son, and that's just myself, but I have laughed so much, that the lake fever, or dumb ague, or whatever they call it, has fairly cut and run. By my soul! I'll give him a noggin of black strap when we meet, for curing on me—och, faith, he's the clane paratoo!

Englishman. Faith! I don't like this same Scotchman, with his long winded stories about his father, and his sweetheart's letters. Who the devil cares whether he had a sweetheart or not; and he says, as how that no other person could have thought such things, or written so well—forsooth! Blast his impudence! my girl writes like copperplate!—

aye, by Jupiter! and will write with his, any day as ever she'll see! But none can write but his!—no, faith, by — she is not his! for, by his own confession she jilted him! Only think of him being such an oaf as to tell! However, it shows that he's not a dandy, for they—to use the words of a Poet, who lived long since in my country,

“Boast of triumphs which they never knew,
And talk of raptures which they never felt!”

He's an honest fellow, I do believe, and am sorry he should have been nicked—to use his own words, which he calls quoting. But he's a silly fellow though, for instead of thanking God for his mercies,—as an Englishman would have done,—why the great milksop laments the loss of her, and becomes wiser, when reading all the fine things that the minx wrote, just to put off the time! He deserves it for the want of penetration, for he might easily have seen that it was all in my eye and Betty Martin.* An Englishwoman would not have behaved so. No, no, blast him! he's no man at all to whine and whimper about a worthless wench!—pshaw!—I loves him not!

Scotchman. But I do! for see how he praises—na, haith! its no praise! for its noething but the real evendoon fack! about the Annon water, and the sawmon, and the trouts, and the eels, and the banks, braes, and the wuds;—the sheep, the lams, and the bonny burdies,—a' tirlin and singing their bits o' sangs to heaven. Eh! how grit ma heart grew when I read it. I just thought that I was there again—young, buirdly, and strapping, as I was fyfty year syue; playing at quoits or the penny-stane, rinning races and beating them a', baith a fit and on horseback—for I aye wan the brooze.

Whan nicht cam,—ma heart gaed pitt-patt, and dunt, duntit again ma side, as gin it wad burst its hool, whan I stappit on, wi' an aik cudgel i' ma neive, to meet ma ain, bonny lam!—aye, she was sweet as a daisy, and innocent; kind, and gude as ony lam on the lea. Weel, I used to meet her amang the birks and hazels,—that the Emigrant sa: amang whan a bairn, and sit wi' her wee, wee handy locked in mine; and the smell o' the honeysuckles, hawthornus, and gowans was like the

* The followers of St. Martin—who were very numerous, used to pray at his shrine. Not one in a hundred knew the meaning of the prayer, that they had been taught, which was in the Latin tongue; and most could not read their native English. They only knew that it was a payer to St. Martin. According to English pronunciation, and not the Roman, the words,—“*Hei mihi beate Martin!*” (ah, me! happy Martin!) sounded—high, my, hy, betty Martin. Henry (the 8th), King of England, not satisfied with renouncing the religion, which he had written a book in defence of, caused this part of a solemn address, to be used by the wits of that period, for designating any thing absurd or superlatively ridiculous; being generally applied to vilify the religion in which he had been born, nursed, prayed for, and prayed in—nay, to ridicule the very font in which he had been baptized—though it had failed to soften the heart: retaining however, that title which the Pope had conferred—“*Defender of the faith.*” Whether such conduct was proper or not, I leave for others to say; but it certainly was not Kinglike, or Gentlemanly. The origin has ceased to be remembered, while the adage remains.—EDITOR.

breath o' ma ain, bonny Mary Halliday. Eh! little did I think, whan we sat listening to the rushing water flickering and dancing by our feet, like sae muckle siller, that the end wad be sae sune, and sae dreadful. Eh me! but its a waefu' story!!

Englishman. What was the story? Lets have it if you please.

Irishman. Och, yes, lets have the story. L—d, I have not heard a right one since leaving Ireland; nor read one, except Paddy whacking off the Englisher's fingie—ha! ha! ha! Och, by the piper, what fine ones they used to tell, as we sat round the turf fire at Ballygiblin! Lets have the story, boy!

American. Well, I care not for stories. All I cares for is a handsome farm, with an elegant creek running through of it; and for wife to mind her business, and the ploughmen not to over drive the colts,—lay carefully past the cradle scythe, and all the other things till harvest. I cares not whether Jackson or who, gains the President-ship,—for neither one, tother, or whoever may gain, will do any good to I. Never one of them will husk my Indian corn, I guess,—or employ my grist mill, I fancy,—or send more water into the creek, I calculate. No, no, no help from them, I judge. I looks to my farm, and my farm looks to I,—there's no mistake, I swear. So I cares not for stories—stories won't fill the belly, slick. But as we are here, I may as well have it, for I can't feed the colts, chop pine, clear away brush, look at the beef critters, feed the pigs, or count the lambs. Well, I guess friend, you had better tell the story,—it will be better as nothing.

English & Irish. The story!—the story!—lets have the story.

Scotchman. Deed gentlemen, gin ye expect to hear ony funny thing, ye'll be in a great mistak; its nae story after a', but just a crook in ma lot: we are a' frail mortals, and should lay our account wi' sic things; but instead o' that, we fancy that a' thing is aye to last forever, the same as we see't and wish it to be. A' 's right, till crack like thunner, a change gaes o'er our short bit fulish dream, and than we are dumfoundert wi' despair. Because, we had shut up our wee bits o' senses, and were no prepared for ony change or difference. But to the tale.

Ma feyther was auld, frail, and had nane to take care o' him. I did whiles lift his arm-chair out to the sunny end o' the hoose, and help him til't, whare he sat beeking and half sleeping in the sun, maist feck o' the day. But I had wark to do, and had aye to leave him, except on the Sabbaths, whan he leaned on ma arm to the wee auld fashioned kirk. He says to me, ae day, 'Wullie, I'm getting auld, and I'm a great plague to ye, but it 'll no last lang. I'll sune be laid wi' my feythers. Men like the lassies; its natural, the ordination o' the higher power, and I hae naething to say again the Almighty's decrees. But, eh! I'm frichtet that ye 'll draw up wi' some pauky eed giglet, whulk wad break ma auld heart, that's now growing cauld, and wull sune be like a clod o' the valley. Oh! gin ye wad look out some ane, like what yer mither was whan I fell in wi' her,—ye hae aften heard me tell. Do ye like ony ane better than yoursell, Wullie?'

I like mony a thing better than masell; but there's ane, that I like better than a' the warld beside! I didna like to tell ye feyther, but sin ye are sae anxious in speiring,—I can tell ye noo, that I hae been carrying on wi' Mary Halliday this gude while; and we hae settled to be made *ane*, gin ye hae nae objections—"Objections," cried he, "I'm like to fent wi' joy! Objections indeed! Ma certie! Objections to Wullie Halliday's Oc!* That wad be a force! Ye hae made ma young again. Eh! me, but I mind whan him and me i' the forty-five, side by side, our swords played chap for chap at the battle o' Preston-Pans, like twae threshers; snedding heads and arms like wunnel-straws! Eh! losh, how we hewed the silly haverel dragoons! But Wullie was aye ferer forrit than me. Eh! he was bauld and wight! Oo! just anither Wallace chasing Woodstock. He sprang a yard hich at every lick, and every move o' his hand sent a soul to eternity!! It was awsum to see him covered frae head to fit wi' gore and brains! his een like balls o' fire! and the reid bluidy sword gaing slashing through the necks and skulls o' men, as if they had been naething ava! Eh! it was awsum! But he was kind as he was brave, for whan the Prince ordered the army to return, being a' sleyed at the standard breaking, as they were taking 't into a door at Exeter—for they a' thought, baith the second-sighted folk and the ithers, that ill success attended their advance. The tears ran papping doon Wullie's manly cheeks!—he grat and sabbit like a bairn, saying—puir Prince! puir Prince! For being a man o' sound sense and judgment, no fashed wi' the second-sicht, nor ony nonsensical whigmaleeries, he at aince foresaw that a' wad be lost by the retreat. And sae it happened, for ae mishap followed anither; and to croon a', the Prince had nae great head-piece—tout, he was only a gomerai in war business! and sae he drew us a' up at Culloden moor, as if he had been bribed, to let them play on us wi' their muckle guns; whulk could easily hae been prevented; for he wasna necessitated to do it, but said as how, he aye likit to shew a bold front! whulk would prevent the enemy coming on. And neither they did advance a step, until the tae half o' us were lying dead amang the heather;—whan they ventured to come on, and a' gaed pell-mell to the mischie!

Wullie and me were at different parts a' the line, but I chanced to come on him i' the middle o' the stoor. He was lying on his back wi' the feet to his foe!—he couldna rise nor speak, for the bludy bells were at his mouth, and the rattle o' death was sounding loud and hearsely i' his throat. But pride and courage were still i' his ee o' fire, as he glowered defiance at the foe. His gran sword was broken by the same bullet that had stricken him doon! He gripped the bloody hilt, hard i' the richt hand; he tried to wave it round his head, but the strength of the strong had departed. It only shook! Nae hurra cam frae his lips!—na, na, naething cam out but the bludy froe! (froth). In his left hand was a napkin, that his wife had hemmed and merked wi' her bonny silken hair, whan a bit bairn; and they sat on the sunny brae—

* Grandchild.

face looking at the skipping lanmies, talking about, they didna ken what; and never thinking o' bluid or great men.

He tried, and tried, aften and sair, afore it wad come to his mouth. He got the napkin at last to his lips, and tried to kiss 't; but breath was nearly gone—he couldna perform what love, stronger than death, but whulk death was dividing, wanted to be done. It was only made reid and wat wi' the blude o' his heart. He pointed wi' his forefinger to the Johnstone braes; and I'll ne'er forget his awfu' look!—I said—yes, I'll gae't to yer wife. A horseman o' the enemy cam up, and tried to ride me doon! But ae smash o' the sword made his head flee aff like a Cybo,* and doon fell the body at the feet o' ma friend!—while the horse scampered awa, kicking up his heels wi' joy, at being relieved in a moment frae his tormenting load.

I took anither look at Wullie. He had quitted the hilt and was scart, scarting the heather roots, as if trying to rise. I grasped him by the hand, that had been sae strong and stalwart i' the day o' battle, wi' sword and glaive. A terrible joy was in his ee, as he glanced at the warm, headless, shivering trunk. He seemed to thank me. I kneeled, and put ma ear to his reid, frothy lips. I listened awhile, but nae sound was there! The very death rattle had ceased! I looked at him. The een glared, blude was on his lips, but the bubbles had fa'en, and I pu'ed the heather o'er him for a winding sheet. The din of men, trampling o' steeds, and braying o' trumpets were alike unheard by him! The canon roared!—but no loud enough to wauken Wull Hallowidday!!

“Mary is his grandchild, and proud, proud am I, that sense enugh has been bestowed on ye, to fix on ane wha is dutiful, and obedient to her God, and her parents. Mak the bridal sune Wullie, sae that I may aince mair taste o' happiness afore I gang to the kirkyard. He saw Mary, ma-Mary! and at parting said—“ma bonny woman, whan you and me meet again, ae hoose wull haud us baith forever!”

A gran' fermer wanted to hae a heap o' land at our part; he took our ane, wi' several ithers. Ma feyther didna like to flit, and he droopit sair and sairer every day. But what maun be, maun be. We took anither hoose—for us wee fermers were a' to leave our bits o' hooses on a particular day—that room might be made for the grand new fashioned ane, wha needed our clay-biggings for his beasts. Mary caredna for money, or horses, or land, and the time was fixt whan we were to be joined in wadlock's bands.

A while afore, she gaed wi' her feyther to the Lockerby Lam Fair, to lay in some bits o' brows for the wadding. I couldna gang, as ma feyther had been mair ailing for the last twae days than ordinar;—though keen, keen to gang, whan I looket in his runkled face, ma heart melted,—sae I staid at home, and never left the hoose.

* A young onion.

As evening cam on, we saw a great black clud on Errock Stane* and Moffat Hills: about eight o'clock, ma feyther, whose sense o' hearing grew keener as he drew nearer the grave, said—"The water is coming doon thicker; there has been thunner on Errock Stane! I wuss Jamie Halliday may hae sense to gang by the Milliss Brig!—but I'm no thinking 't for there hasna been a drap o' rain here. Step doon to the kirk ford, and sec gin they're coming forrit. Gie them a wauf wi' yer bonnet, to gang round. Rin laddie! rin ma man! ye haena a minute to lose! Eh! rin Wullie! for the sugh o' the water comes heavier every moment! Rin Wullie lad! Eh rin! for I'm rad for Mary Halliday!"

I gaed to the ford at Johnstone kirk; it was a bonny nicht—just like the anc described sae finely i' the Emigrant,—sae I needna say ony thing anent it. It grew dark;—that is the darkness o' a Scotch simmer nicht: weel, I sat doon on a through-stane, listening and listening.—Every bum o' a beetle fleeing by garred me start, and I thought that the sound o' their horses feet cam tramp for tramp on ma ear,—but it was only fancy: I only heard the heavy sugh o' the deep black water, or the sulky plash as it cam again the auld ellow tree root. I wasna fleyed,—the nicht was o'er fine for ghosts, bogles, or any uncanny creatur to be out. But, as I am a leeving sinner, I thought—and think yet, that,—G—d hae mercy on us! I heard a voice frae the water stanet cry,—'Mary Halliday; yer hour is come!!' I shivered and

* An immense high hill in the upper part of Dumfrieshire, upon which thunder clouds rest, and often caused floods in 'e Annon, whose source is there.

† A large stone placed, one at each side of most fords, with two niches cut in each, so deep that they could be distinctly felt during the darkest night. It was possible to wade the river so long as the lowest nich was uncovered. The upper, was a similar index to horsemen. These stones were placed so, that the bottom of each was exactly on a level with the surface of the river, when not swelled by extraneous liquid. Any person, by day or night, could measure with a stick, or leg for a substitute, the additional depth. These were used by the Druids before letters were known in Europe—and they tell the passenger better than a milestone by night, if so dark that the painted letters cannot be distinguished. Though placed with great judgment, yet every flood shifted less or more the loose fine gravel, which composed the river's bed. Thunder spouts on the Moffat Hills—at the extremity of the County, caused floods without warning or a drop of rain in all the low part of the Shire. The roads or entrances to the river being in general only the breadth of a cart, horses might be, and many were swimming before the riders were aware, and not having room to turn, they were carried down by the torrent. From all these causes, numerous accidents have occurred. At 'the Kirk Ford' there is only one stone, opposite the Church, called—'the water stane,' from these marks being cut on the side. Its opposite, was swept from its place by a flood, and lies a hundred yards below—where it will continue, with small digression towards the Solway, until the world, which it rests upon and forms a part, shall be burnt up,—this being the age of giff-gaff when none will perform an act of gratuitous love,—sometimes it has happened that the faith of those leaving Church, who had to cross the river, was put to a severe trial. Strange as it may appear, there is not an instance remembered, of any one being drowned, when proceeding to, or returning from the house of God.

looket round:—naething was to be seen but the bonny trees, he has described sae neatly, wi' their branches waiving back and forrit i' the black drumly water, that was gaing by wi' a sulky jaw and sugh to the great Solway. Three times did I hear the half command, and half mane! (moan)—as if the spirit had been wae that the job had to be dune, but yet obliged to perform the wull o' his evil master. Ma heart maist died within me whan I really heard the tramp o' horses. Eh! ye canna cross!! I cried—'ye canna cross! Gang round by the brig! Dinna come into this water for Godsake! Eh! stay back! stay back! The kelpie was crying on ye Mary! Ma Mary! dinna come in! Eh! eh! mercy! They didna hear me!! Na! na! na! the Water Wraith wantet Mary, and wadna let her ain Wullie be heard! An awfu' plunge and than a cry cam on ma ear, and it gaed to ma haert! It was the cry o' ma drooning Mary!! Eh me! I hear't forever! Sleeping or wauking I hear her cry—'Oh Wullie!—save me!! I sprang forrit into the water—but, mind nae mair!

Whan I cam to ma senses, there was nane near me. I raise, for I had a vast to ax about; and opening the door gaed into the ither bit room. Nae leeving soul was there. It felt like an aisle, and the air had the smell o' death! I gaed to the bed where ma feyther lay. He was dressed i' his last claes!! His nose was sharp! and a white napkin that gaed round the bald skull and thin cheeks, prevented the under jaw frae drapping on his lean, breast bane!! There was anither bed i' the room, and in it was Mary Halliday!! Her richt hand held a blue ribbon i' the grasp o' death! They had na been able to open her fingers, wee, sma', and easily broken as they were. Sae the ribbon that she had bought for ma fairin, to hing at ma watch on our wadding day, stayed i' her clay cauld hand! She ken'd that I wad meet her afore she wan hame, and had the bit ribbon ready to gie me: though drooning i' the water! wadna part wi't to lay haud o' the saugh buss, that wad hae saved her frae death!—and me—frae misery!!

A braid, braid grave was made i' Johnstone Kirkyard; it was near the water edge, and in it were laid ma Feyther, and—Mary Halliday. He was worn out like a canle that was burnt to the bottom: but she was young, gude, bonny; had just begun 'er taste o' life, and form plans o' enjoyment for the future, by making ithers happy. She was buried wi' the ribbon i' her milk white hand!! I couldna rest, and wandered about frae place to place among the birks and hazles, but naething wad do. I whies thought she was speaking to me! whan in a moment the wraith cryed "Mary Halliday, yer hour is come!"—and than her sweet voice was i' ma ear—'Oh! Wullie! save me!!!' I gaed to the place whare we used to sit i' the gloamin and moon light, wi' her wee bit hand in mine. But ilka tree—a' the birchs, and elms, and hazels, and ellers, had a' the name o' Mary cut on them; and the big anes had—Mary Halliday!!

I couldna stay in a place, whare a' thing keepit me in mind o' what I had lost sae awsumly. For the cushot cooed her name frae the wnd; maivis called it frae the middle o' every hazel bush; the black-bird whistled it through his yellow neb, h'gh on the tree tap; the yor-

lin chirled it frae the brier bush; lintie frae the saugh; the wren chicked and chirred it; the water-pyot bobbit and becket on his white stane, chirling Mary, Mary Halliday! The robin didna speak, but hopping at ma fit, turned up a wee black ee that lookit wae for me. He jumpit about, up and doon, round and round, but wadna eat. He only wanted to cheer and comfort me. At last I heard him say—'puir, puir Wullie, I'm real wae for ye man! but it canna be helpit; and gin naebody had noticed, I wad hae happit wi' fine, fine leaves the body o' yer bonny Mary Halliday!!'

I ran to the hills! But sheep mae'd, lams bleetet, whaups scraighed, muir-cocks bicked and birred, plovers whistled, and the mire-snipe gaed up the clud, as gin it had been a hill o' water, and scouring doon the ither side, cried—"she's gane forever!" A' the birds, beasts, and creeping things, spoke out the name o' ma lost one! A dizziness came o'er ma brain. I didna ken very weel what I was doing: a' was whirlin, whirlin round me thegither! I whiles was better, and just beginning to dover and sleep, when the wraith cried—Mary Halliday!!! I prayed to God!—Eh! how earnestly did I pray for grace, and that the malady wad depart. I gaed to the Kirk, taking care no to look at the cruel water. The minister was i' the pulpit wi' uplifted hands, and a' the congregation were standing in prayer. I stood, but couldna pray or hear a word—though I had maist need, for just opposite was the place, whare used to sit, thinking on Heaven and me—Mary Halliday!! I turned blin, and run frae the Kirk. Whan ma een opened, I was standing at a thrugh stane, and on it was—"Sacred to the memory of Mary Halliday, aged 19." I whurled round, and saw the Annan water, that had nae mercy on ma Love, or me!

I had only sense enough to ken that it wad never do for me to stay. I bundled up ma bits o' things i' the gloamin, and without saying a word to ane—for ma friends had a' disowned me, saying that I was daft!—gaed to the Kirkyard, and kneeling, kissed, for the last time, the cauld, cauld stane, that covered the aince warm, and leal hearts, now cauld as itself;—the slimy worms that were feeding on them didna ken, and didna care how sair and wae mine was at the thought. I lookit, and lookit, till finding ma head again turning dizzy, I cam away. The nicht was gonsty and stormy.—Whiles I saw the wee thin moon on the edge o' the earth, as a clud was driven by wi' the wund, that blew wi' anger, by fits and starts; whustling through the keyholes i' the Kirk, and shaking the mortclaiiths, making a' the bars o' the aisle window to rattle. On coming out o' the Kirkyard, I saw a great muckle man wi red een, and covered wi' short broon hair, wha jumpet into the Annan, crying wi' a pleasant kind o' voice—"come Wullie, and sleep wi' Mary Halliday!" I was just gin to jump in after him, whan minding the wraith! I roared to ma God! and I ran!!

On arriving at Greenock, I gaed aboard a ship, and, whan three weeks out at sea, heard that she was bound for New-York. But I didna care where she gaed—a' place was the same to me, sae as I was out o' Scotland. There was an awfu' storm! a' body was frichtet

but masell,—for I had nae hope, and nae fear—storm, calm, hail, or sunshine, were alike to me—though the wunds had blawn our shiip the bottom, and the great waves, wi' their white taps, swashed o'er her frail timmers, wi' a noise louder than thunner!—I caredna for ony thing but change, change, change! We wan to New-York; and on landing, I wandered farer and farer frae the Toon, for I didna want to meet ony body; and took up ma station in the deep, deep wuds, near a big water, but slow running, and no like the Annan.

I saw naebody for mony a lang year, sae had naething but past events, whulk couldna now be prevented, to vex me; my case was past hope, and was the waur on that account, for want o' exertion made ma disease stronger. I had nae aue to work for—nae aue to be frichted about,—and Oh! L—d! my G—d! I had naebody to love!! At lang and last ma prayer was answered. I aye remembered ma lost lam.—Love for her was never forgotten—it is a bit o' ma soul, has existed beyond the sea in hopelessness and despair, whulk a' the waves of ocean canna droon, for it wull burn beyond the rottenness and corruption of the grave. But she was gane, and I was desolate. I began to think that ma friens had ill used and sair miscaed me; they drave me wi' mocks and oaths frae their door; their bairns threw dirt and stanes at me, while they stood laughing by! But the friens o' Mary—ma Mary! had let her be buried in ma Feyther's grave. I was to hac been chief mourner, and lay her young head in the cauld bed; but I wasna there! I dinna ken, and I canna mind whare I was!—but I wasna there. I dinna ken wha was chief mourner,—but I ken wha has been't sin-syne! Weel, when I wandered to their hooses, they were kind—aye kind, and spoke sae gently o' a' thing, to cool ma burning brain. I minded a'! and I minded too that they had grown puir: for they were o'er honest, and guileless to fecht for their ain, wi' a warld o' vipers. I thought o' a' ma love, a' ma misery, and a' their kindness!—and thinks I, they're puir, and poverty's waur nor death! Ma Love was torn frae me, and chokit in the Annan water! Them wha were kind and nursed her, are gone, but ithers are to the fore, wha grat, lauched, and sleepit in the same cradle. I cryed loud out—I'll work, labour, and toil for the friens o' Mary!—ma Mary Halliday!!

I had noo an object—I had something in view; I wrought hard, but the dizziness left ma head wi' the fine pure air. I made a hoose, like the aue ma Feyther and me leaved in at Johnstone. I aye likit ferming, sae wroucht at the land and cleared a vast. Folk settled near me—steam-boats, and ither queer things began to gang up and doon every day. I grew healthy and strong; but had nae pleasure except sending a' the money I got, without ony aue suspecting whare it come frae, to the friens o' Mary—ma Mary Halliday!

Some folk cam frae Dumfrieshire wha sent back word what a gran Estate I had. The news gaed like wild fire, and I got the name o' haeing mair siller than I heard or dreamed o' a' ma days. Pen! faith I was nae langer 'daft Wullie Jardine!' but—'our frien o'er the

sea!"—and it wasna lang till I got a letter that began wi' 'ma dear, dear uncle, I am rejoiced to hear that ye are leeving and weel; eh! how we hae wearied to hear about ye, for mony a lang year. We canna say as muckle for the lave o' yer friens,—wha, though sib nearly related as us, are aye speaking and yattering things to ycr prejudice, whulk is a sin and a shame to them,—and sae I hae telled them mony a time; but they're just like the 'Tod's whalps—aye the langer the waur. They hae casten out wi' us for our regard to you: for a' in this hoose, and sorry I am to say, that mane out o't, love and reverence ye, for yer gudeness and heavy misfortunes. We are thinking on coming out to ye, for we canna get leeving in peace, as they're ayo tormenting us, smashing our wuidows, and killing our swine at nicht, and likes o' that,—only, just, because, we care mair for you than we do for them—the Nettercaups!!—and sae on.

But this wasna a', for ane o' the Terrier whalps cam in, no lang syne, and, or ever I kenned where I was sitting, the filthy taced o' a creature roared out 'ma dear, dear Uncle, I couldna leeve ony longer away frae ye,—sae I hae come to tak care o' ye in yer auld age.' And the thing wi' white trowsers, frizzied wig, muckle fause Beard, and Tobacco breath, kissed me, afore I could push't away—I was sae dumfounded wi' the sicht o' him and his crony—wha of aither creaturs on the face o' the earth, was the very aye as took our land, and the ither bits o' Firms, garring a' us wee anes sit on a certain day, to the Bent, and ma Feyther—to Johnstone Kirkyard!!

A' ma sorrows returned whan I lookit at him, and round at ma hame i' the wilderness. It was like the aye on the Johnstone Braes,—but Eh! it wasna the aye that I slippit into, without making ony noise to disturb ma Feyther, after kissing the angel cheek o' Mary,—ma Mary Halliday!—But he was noo pair, that great muckle Frenchman, whulk folk—the learned—thought to be the Beast mentioned in the Revelations—for they pat his name into Heathen Greek, and than they counted, some how or ither, making the letters into figures, and the number o' the beast, and the Frenchman were the same.* They whiles mak great fules o' themselves, thae same great learned men, as is aye kenning mair nor the common, wi' their millenniums, and unkenn't tongues, and a heap o' buff—pretending, like the second sighted nearly related folk i' the Highland Hills, that 'coming events

A Sterling Fact. The learned (some of them) did behave in this manner, and were terrified by the awful Beast, like the ridiculous crotchet of the Jews, who believed that their Messiah would appear in the year 1,666. As might have been anticipated, a clever, but unprincipled, young man pretended to be the Son of God! and Jews from every part of the world, "flocked" to see and address their long looked for Redeemer. The Sultan (Saracen) shut him up, and obtained immense sums of money from the believing Jews, who paid cheerfully, though 'sweetly,' for a sight. His 'Pagan' Majesty had sense to perceive the trick, but afraid that some disturbance would arise which might endanger his Throne, told the prisoner that he must either stand as a mark to his Janizaries, or change his Religion. The fellow had no Creed, so, to save his carcass, turned Mahometan, and cured the believing Jews of their ridiculous conduct—but they are still on the look out.

cast their shadows before' to them. Weel, they were a' out o' their reckoning, and its no the first, nor yet the last time. The Beast was na the richt ane, after a' the wark; and his power being taen away by the hailstones, whare that real muckle ane bides—Russia—they call it, he fell; and sea the price o' corn and things fell wi' him; and the Farmer, as turned us out—aye, and mony mae forby him, fell doon too.

He was now puir, and though he could dislodge the Beaver, Ground Hog, Badger, Squirrel, and Musk Rottens, (Rats,) wha could easily find anither habitation, yet he durst nae mir turn men, women, and weanies frae their happy flames; whare ilka (crack) rent and moose hole, ilka cricket road—were familiar—the very Robins puir, wee things were a' ken'd by head mark, and ken'd them again;—coming to the very hearth-stane, and picking Parritch frae the Dishes, whan the Bairnies had suppit their breakfast. I dare to say, that the wee dumb things wad be real grit heartit, whan they cam chittering wi' hunger and cauld i' the morning, to find the hearth cauld as lead.—Nae launching tidy gudewife pitting a' thing richt; nae bairnies gaing away to the schule, fer slower than they come hame; or a young curley-headed laddie sitting, sae ill wi' a sair head that he canna budge a fit; and knuckling a marble bool again anither in his breek-ponch, until the lave are o'er the knowe out o' sicht, whan, being o'er late for gaing, he pucs them out, and knuckles them, in fun tho', at the robin,—making a taw o' the birdies taes. Na, na—nane o' that!—nae puing stocks, and burning nits, and ha'ding their halloween fu' blythe that nicht,—as Burns says—nae playing keek-bo! through among the stacks. Na, na, he'll see nane o' that!—but he'll see roofless biggings! and maist only shew by a bare place on the grund, whare sheep like to lie, that some weighty thing has aince been there!

The birdie wull flee awa wondering at the awsum desolation. It wull flee a wee bit off to a grand new hoose for company, and haps to a wundow;—but instead o' seeing a' body busy and happy, the master and mistress are rangling and flyting, dressed in grand claes, i' the grand chamber! But a grand man, as they want to marry their grand dochter, comes on a grand horse, whulk gars a smile be on ilka face. The birdie flees to anither wundow,—for they're nae open doors but to grander. It doesna hear the bonny tune o' Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch, Auld lang syne, Logan Braes, Auld Robin Gray—or any sweet thing. It sees a muckle woman wi' a mouth drawn like a purse, and waist like what she is—a wasp, sitting wi' a booley back trying to play, wi' fut fingers, some Italian nonsense. The black ee, and fino ear o' the bit burdie are baith horrified at the sicht, and musickless tune. It sees a grand dressed man without brains, glowering at the woman, because she has the name o' what she'll never get—cliuk. The burdie sees him in place o' the wee curley-headed callant wha knuckled the bools at his taes! Eh Robin lad! they wadna let him plew the land, sae he had to try the water. Or the burdie was looking for ane, of whase company angels micht be proud,—he wanted to jump on her snaw white hand, and pike the nail on the sma' finger, thinking't a bonny wee rose leaf; and he sees this ane, instead o' Mary! ma

Mary Halliday! The bit creature's heart can bide it nae langer, but awa it flees to a queer shaped place it had never seen afore, whare the new fashioned farmer keeps his game dogs, pointers, and sic like. It sits puir thing, wonder, wondering at a'! and turning first ae ee, and syne anither, kens the stane he is on, to hae been the hud* that keepit forrit the pot, whulk boiled his and the bairnies parritch. The place whare his wee toes are, was the place whare the auld gudeman laid his black cutty pipe, whan gin to tak the beuke.

But I'm wandering frae the subject, and only tiring ye wi' an auld man's havers: Sae I'll hae dunc. I hae only to say mair, that I sune shankit aff ma lad wha ca'ed himsel ma nephew,—whan only ma neer-do-weel cousins second son! Dod! I sent him to push his fortune some where else! I aften wunner gin he'll hae fa'en in wi' anither uncle, that he canna leave without! ha, ha. Hang them! they hunted the dogs on me whan in the depths o' misery!—And though seventy-five this very day, were they a' here—the hale crew o' them, I wad gladly meet thau, whan ane dead and tither come on, tell at twal paces, to their heart's core, that the best shot in Annondale can yet hit the mark, aad that the border blude is yet het, whulk warmed ma heart, garring it beat strong for Mary, ma Mary Halliday!!

I had nearly forgotten a' about the place. I aye minded the cruel Annan, but the country round had faded frae ma mind—whether wi' ma ailment or time, I'll no say; whun happening to see the thing we hae been talking about—the Canadian Magazine, I took it up, and ma fancy was struck wi' the teetle o' the very first thing—The Emigrant. Eh! me! thinks I, but I maun read this, for I hae been an Emigrant masel!—Weel, I read it, but could read nae mair. Eh! na, there was nae reading after that, for a' the Johnstone Braes were laid doon sae plain, that the ee o' ma mind saw them bonny afore me, as they were lang syne. I am real glad to see that ane o' sic abilities as the Emigrant has come frae Johnstone; and eh he's bald—haith he's no feared! But he was ill used, puir fallow, by the grit men o' Embro! I think naething o' that, for thae factioning Borough Bodies canna use ony body weel. Puir things, they hae just to do as some grit man ahint the curtain, orders aforehand. The only thing I wonder at is, that a man like him as kens a' thing, didna ken that,—I'm sure ony bairn o' nine year auid could hae tell'd him! But I maun say as how, we are a' very muckle obliged to them, for affronting men o' ree! ability, whae hae aye pride about them,—and nae wonder, whan mony a ane is proud o' naething ava;—weel, they'll no bide in a part whare their good gifts arena prized, but come out here: they write and tell queer things—aye, and useful things, we didna ken afore, gin we'll only read them, and lay a' to heart, Canada wull sune be a grand

* There was generally a wall built with small stones, inside the chimney, and back of the fire-place, four feet high, the same in breadth, and six inches thick. Its use to was keep pots, &c. forward. The top was the place where tobacco, pipes, &c. were deposited. It is an invention during the dark ages, retained by prejudice, fashion, or custom, and is not of the smallest use.—EDITOR.

country. The waur they use their clever men at home, is a' the better for us—but nae thanks to them for that; however, we'll sune be a grand Nation.

A' ma concerns and wardly affairs are settled. I made a Wull a while syne, leaving a' that belongs to me, without ony legacy for ma relations, to the friens o' ane wha was only, and ever dear. I hae naething nair to do, but wuss that ma countryman—aye, ma countyman, and maybe a frien, may continue to pit out his Emigrant, and say a vast about the Johnstone Braes, until I gang to enjoy ma only hope, that nae water o' the sea, Saint Lawrence, or the cruel Annan can destroy, whulk is sure and certain to them wha's faith is strong, and wha die in the Lord—as did Mary—ma Mary Halliday !!

Englishman.—Why your's is a far better story as his! But the time you was telling of it, I began to think that he has not altogether neglected my country, either. Every man of my country's a hero. Well I thanks God for nothing but one, and that's every thing,—it is, that I was born in England. The story is good.—Why, really pretty good: but he might hae been more particular, I thinks, which would hae improved it. But he is Scotch, and not sufficiently acquainted with our lingo, to write it grammatically, as we Englishmen is sure to do. So he makes short work, that he may not make no mistake. An Englishman would hae done it better; but as I thinks that he will tell more stories about us English, G—d I'll take his Magazine regularly—I'll subscribe this very night; for he's not so national when I reflect. By Jove he's a clever fellow not to be an Englishman!

American; Well, I guess that this same Scotchman has not neglected America. I does not like people as likes none but their own. Seeing a story about the Falls of Pakagama; I begins to read in a tarnation hurry! but I soon saw that it was only about them d---d Indians and not a word about us; so turned over to the farming part; slick! He speaks greatly about Roads and farming, not to be of my country. I believe I shall like him, if there's no mistake, and he'll talk about stock and farming I calculate, in every number; and though he can't know much I guess, being born on tother side the water, yet he may stumble on someting as will be of service to diseased cattle. Perhaps one of the Americans may find out a complete cure for the swelled Hoof and hollow Horn, right away, and give it to this same Scotchman for the Magazine; and I read it, so Jonathan's beef critters will be saved I guess. Yes, I shall subscribe, the money is something, but it will improve my breed of Stock, work my Land better: I like his Plough for new cleared ground, it will go over the Roots without breaking—right away, no mistake! (It must hae been an American who gave it him,) well, the money will be better laid out for that same monthly Book, than travelling to vote for a great man, as does not care a —— whether my farm, which is so handsome, ever produces a head of corn or not,—I calculate.—Well I will subscribe,

Irishman.—By my Shoul, and who would not take it? I takes two; one to keep and tother I send to Ballygibbin; that all the Boys may laugh at Paddy whacking off the Englisher's Fingie—ha! ha! ha! och, they'll drink his health on the curragh!—Bad luck say I to the Spalpeen who doesn't take the funny fellows Book! Devil a one upon earth could have done it better, but an Irishman. Och an Irishmans, the Boy for a clever thing! Faith, I care for no Country more as another:—but I'll say this, that I loves this Scotchman better than any thing born out of Ireland—for hasn't he called it the Emerald Isle? And I am not thankful for being born there, for, by the Stone that lies flat! I could not have been born any where else, as my Father was never out of it—sure! Well, well, I knows what I thinks of this Boy, as should have been an Irishman!! But we'll all take the Book my Lads.

Englishman and American.—Oh! yes, we'll take the Magazine.

Scotchman.—I'll take it too; no for his being o' ma Country, because its real clever whoever wrote the Beuke, but it wadna hae been sae weell dunc, had he no sat whan a Bairn, amang the Ellers, Elms, Hazels, and bonny Birks—whatre—

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was su' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder.
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 Did nip ma sflower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps ma Johnstone Mary.

Ma, Mary, Halliday!!!

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

It comes, the solemn midnight hour,
 'Tis ringing from the hall and tow'r;
 And many eyes are hushed in sleep,—
 But some there are, who watch and weep.

Oh midnight hour, there was a time
 When waking at thy pealing chime;
 The breathings of a lov'd one near—
 Were bliss, to my delighted ear.

But now, thou comest rob'd in gloom,
 And silence deep as of the tomb
 Surrounds me like a dreary pall:
 While tears in horrid silence fall.

Yet, I the circling wine can quaff,
 And join the crowd with hollow laugh;
 The while my heart is cold, and hid
 With hers, beneath the coffin lid.

The grief, that tears cannot relieve;
 The loss, that years cannot retrieve;
 They, are not for the world to see.
 But sacred, midnight hour, to thee!

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

From plague, pestilence, and sudden death—Good Lord deliver us!—*The Lilang.*

ABOUT ten years ago, a Clergyman, discoursing from the Pulpit one Sunday, spoke with his usual eloquence and action, which commanded attention, owing to their impressive elegance, that corresponded admirably with the weighty and important subject to be discussed. He mentioned the natural propensities of eating, drinking, and sleeping, which were implanted for the purposes of renewing our strength and continuing existence—not by calculation, cunning or any thing disagreeable and noxious; but these very wants all produce extreme pain and suffering when not supplied; and the gratification of each, causes pleasure and satisfaction; so, that vitality and mortality are, except with regard to sleep, completely distinct; as a line of demarkation is drawn between them—for no method, hitherto adopted, can destroy the first without causing immense suffering—in order that existence should not be shortened, or protracted as whim, caprice, or passion dictated,—but of necessity. That the system and construction of man was proper, is proven and fully elucidated by the undeniable circumstance, that none but people entirely bereft of their senses, ever attempt to commit suicide. Such are the propensities implanted in us by the Creator, for the prolongation of animal life; if we “use the good things of this world, without abusing them,” and merely for the purposes intended,—reason preventing them from becoming passions, or ungovernable appetites—then all is quiet, peaceful, and happy; living as the God of nature intended, saw best, and fashioned his creature for enduring and enjoying—that the animal might be renovated, and mind improved, until the latter should leave, for a time, its humble, lowly, corrupt abode, and return to the society of those essences, who, pure like itself, have been looking down, with sorrow—and perhaps dread at the temptations which constantly beset the earthly traveller on his heavenly way; and which they, themselves have, at a former period, experienced the difficulty of withstanding and overcoming.

In opposition and contradistinction to this calm state of proper, rational existence, he enumerated the evil propensities; and the danger of allowing them the smallest momentary ascendancy, which at each repetition would acquire additional strength, and be more difficult to overcome and keep in subjection. That was the case even with the most simple acts of human existence—eating, drinking, and sleeping, which by over indulgence, are, from real blessings, converted, by the animal itself, into curses—making a glutton, drunkard, or sluggard; causing those who are so weak minded as to have no self-control, and with just enough of sense to know that excess is improper—but cannot trust themselves, or to resolutions formed in private,—assemble in numbers; abjure the Almighty’s most merciful gifts as pernicious,—calling upon each other to witness, corporeal and mental imbecility.

When the most innocent and nourishing things—which, like the Giver, are all goodness, can be converted into curses by the creature, and causing it to expose infirmities, which many of Adam’s descendants inherit or acquire;—when the full gratification of our most innocent wants and desires is so dangerous,—what must those be which are altogether hurtful, sinful, and diametrically opposed to the welfare of man and the goodness of God? All vices, or unnatural propensities, when indulged in and cherished, become not only

habitual, but exercise a sway and tyrannical government over mind and matter, that is unfelt and unexperienced by the natural appetites, when in their strongest state; and which the most energetic mind, when once debased, struggles and contends with in vain. The lost wretch trembles, but never more—without the miraculous, and of course unlooked for, unexpected intervention of Divine mercy—can regain that state of comparative innocence, which the sinful habit had gradually, by its gigantic grasp, torn him from—constantly widening the breach between Earth and Heaven.

“Now,” continued the Clergyman, “a man thirty years of age, was possessed of a large estate, and every comfort which this world could bestow—so that thousands looked upon him with envy. His actions were upright and honorable, but all his conduct was stained, in the eyes of a few sincere friends, by a habit of profane swearing. They, after frequent consultations, deputed one of the number, to address and admonish their thoughtless acquaintance. He, during a morning ride, performed the sacred duty earnestly, and with propriety; concluding by ‘Oh! what can you expect after death, if that dreadful and senseless sin is continued? Oh! give it over and repent.’ The other replied—‘I cannot give up what has now become second nature, and I mean nothing by it. But I am not afraid of hereafter, for swearing is the only sin that can be laid to my charge;—and I’ll always get time to say three words before death, which will put every thing to rights.’

Scarcely had he spoken, when the horse sprung to the roadside;—his rider losing the position, came head foremost to the earth—his neck broke, and the body, after heaving and shivering, became a lifeless corpse. The wish of the poor sinner however was gratified. He had time to utter three words! and, when descending, tried to address his Maker;—but habit was predominant, and he cried out *G—d damn all!!!*—Let us pray!”

RELIGION.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 *Corinthians. ch. 13, v. 12.*

THE above passage has often caused great sorrow and uneasiness to many good and worthy people; not on account of their being unable to comprehend the meaning, because they knew, all persons of reflection know, that there are many things in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, daily before our eyes, ‘from the cradle to the grave,’ which our puny hands can even hourly touch, yet our imbecile reason cannot comprehend how mind and matter are conjoined; grass grows, or we begin to exist, advance to maturity, and gradually decays—which occupies about the same space of time, as was requisite for bringing man to full size and strength. When a large piece of flesh is cut from the body, or it is pierced by iron, the juices pour in, the pain not only ceases and flesh heals, but the cavity is filled up by new formed or created substance, and smoothed over like the other parts. Yet man decreases, his veins and arteries become hard and contracted, the juices are not generated as formerly, and, the little that is, cannot flow to supply the joints with unctuous matter, which grow stiff from lack of moisture: the back bone gets united and loses its elasticity—the teeth and hair fall out, the eyes grow dim, decay continues until proud man ceases to move and breathe; when the maggots commence boring, feasting, and rioting upon that carcase, of which they form-

so lately an indistinct portion. How are these things which we cannot understand? Does the senseless fop, as he struts to a gaming table, *chinking* the gold in his pocket, which the prematurely gray hairs of a father have earned, understand how that mineral was formed? Certainly not. No more can we comprehend how mind and matter are conjoined, grass grows, or man commences to exist, increases to maturity, and instantly begins to wither or decay, notwithstanding the law of nature, to restore and supply a deficiency of animal substance,—until dotage and death finish the scene? The only answer is—because, such is the will of God!

The greatest blockhead who has learned nothing but buffoonery, profanity, and ribaldry, cannot deny these things.* Because, he sees, can touch them, and feels the head ache, which, the previous night, had shook in brainless dignity at a debauch, the lips, which sipper nothings, are parched with quaffing wine that another had paid for. He therefore, is even compelled to acknowledge that such things are—cannot be so of themselves, and must be governed by some unseen power. But he will believe in nothing but what he sees;—and really it is of very little, or rather of no consequence whether he believes or not—as, though an idiot may give away a sterling gold guinea for a farthing; the intrinsic value is not altered, or diminished by the act, but the coin is still a guinea. The only truly wonderful, and really mysterious thing is, that a being so puffed up by tailors, flummery, perfumery, and conceit—who is the phoenix of a world, should be so condescending as to pronounce the word ‘father.’ But it is more than probable, that such a connexion would be scouted at and contemned, as impossible, was it not for the ‘old boy’s brass.’

Sensible people, do not deny the existence of things which they have not seen, and cannot comprehend—like the fop, whose ‘papa’ being dead, and gold spent, cannot earn a stiver by these soft ‘milk white hands, or that head, which made a barber’s fortune,—wonders how people can exist, and swears by Jove that ‘there is no gold.’ They (the sensible part of mankind,) take it for granted from the high honor, and sterling worth of the teller, that nothing but truth can come from his lips. They not only believe, but could risk life and substance, upon the assertion of this friend, who is too mighty, noble, and magnanimous, to deceive the poor thing that ‘lives, moves, and breathes’ by his bounty. They know this; and like obedient children with a talented father, obey his orders without enquiry—knowing that their welfare, is the only object in view;—though they are entirely ignorant, how acting in that particular manner, should accomplish the end, or lead to beneficial results.—But cheerfully do they obey, knowing, that in time, they also, will arrive at full mental maturity, and be enabled to comprehend the utility of actions, that they were ordered to perform,—fully appreciating the beauty and simplicity of advices, which, when children they could not understand.

Boys of opposite nurture, and who have no parent, or one interested in their welfare—will laugh, and mock at such conduct, as ridiculous and fastidious; turning into ridicule the best, and wisest injunctions of their good, tender, and absent father. The good are grieved, to hear their beloved friend and parent, treated with derision, and contempt; by wretches who should uncover the head, when their lips, clammy with obscenity, pronounce the revered name. Unable to explain his domestic law, they are confounded by the jargon and ‘slang,’—but still believing their father right, feel no distrust or want of con-

* One fellow wrote a book to prove that the world was a nonentity, and that he, himself, did not exist!!!

† Guineas were first coined in 1673, so called as the Gold was brought from the Guinea Coast.

fidence, but are vexed, at their inability to explain all the wise particulars of the law, by which their conduct, and thoughts are regulated.

Such will—must, be the sensations of sincere christians, when the ordinances of their heavenly father are attacked by vagabonds, who, like all other animals of the same degraded genus, try to ridicule and condemn, any government, human or divine. Why? The question is easily answered; it is, because no human law can be so perfect, as not to have errors, faults, and imperfections—though, as a whole, it is really excellent; and the Divine regulations, concern principally the soul, that is clogged at present, and encircled by gross flesh, which prevents every item from being comprehended, owing to our own habits, and degrading passions or pursuits; so, that a proper and satisfactory refutation of their false conclusions, and calumnies, cannot be given, by the generality of men. Therefore, in many companies these parrots chatter forth, what blacker hearted ones have written. Also, it is easy to find fault, and they hate all law, on account of it being a restraint, and check upon their conduct*—which, like the fox, in the fable, who, having lost his tail, tried to persuade others, that such was the fashion;—and, when the devil was sent to hell, he, naturally tried, to fill it with *good company*.

We presume not to understand all the biblical passages, which rascals have tried to make stumbling blocks for the simple, and weak of intellect;—but most can be satisfactorily explained, and the foregoing among others—which for pleasure to the good, and confusion of the infidel, we shall now endeavour to perform.

“For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.”

When age destroys the power of vision, it is assisted by glass; consequently, there either must be a difference in the glass then used, and the kind with which we are acquainted—or a mistake has occurred in the translation. This last is the fact. Glass was known to the Phœnicians at a very early period; but only to form articles of ornament, and superstition, which they bartered for slaves, gold dust, &c.† But no other use was made of it; we are ignorant if they knew that it was so very transparent. Windows were formed very small for security,‡ and because, they had no large transparent substance to put into the interstices. Poor people had a square opening, which was filled by a board in wet weather; the ‘middling sort,’ used polished horn, and the grandees put pieces of talc, cut square, like panes of glass, and put into the window frames, but it does not appear that they were acquainted with glass; as a transparent substance—of this last, (talc) which is a mineral, were the windows of Solomon’s Palace made, when entertaining ‘the Queen of the South,’ who came ‘to prove him with hard questions.’|| It is trans-

* Any code of mere human laws, concocted by heathens, would punish such characters for idleness, and as nuisances. In China, they would be publicly whipt—Christians are more polite.

† Vide “Introductory Essay on Agriculture.”

‡ All the windows of very old European Castles, prove this.

|| There is a tradition, that the Queen of Sheba came into the Judgment Hall of King Solomon, when he was sitting in presence of all his Court. In one hand she had a bunch of real flowers, and the other held artificial ones. Standing at the opposite end of the great Hall, she asked His Majesty which was the natural kind? He hesitated and seemed to doubt. The Nobles were vexed and disappointed, for they believed him to be as a God. His presence of mind was not diminished by the suddenness of her appearance and question, but seeing a number of bees hovering

parent, but like horn—however thin it may be, throws a dark, or yellow tinge upon the object seen through it—therefore, when any one wanted to see another, who was outside, clearly, and without this dark shade, the window was opened, and they saw each other ‘face to face.’ It is beyond all doubt, that the word which is named ‘glass’ in the translations, should have been recorded window, or light-conductor—which would have prevented the seeming absurdity. But perhaps the translators were ignorant, that windows had ever been filled with any other substance, than glass—though, had they only considered, how lately glass had been used for such purposes: and, even at that very period, it was only in the houses of the extremely wealthy—no coach with glass windows was thought of, until long afterwards. Had they considered these circumstances, the error would not have been recorded.—But, that the learned were a little out of order, when writing ‘glass’ instead of window, is certainly no reason for ridiculing or despising the book, in which neither error, mistake nor falsehood is contained—on the contrary, it shews, in every page, the stamp of superhuman genius, eloquence, and inspiration.

Let us follow, and act up to the advices therein contained—so far as human nature will permit; praying for assistance, which, if fervently asked, will not be withheld; by such conduct, we shall be happier here, in all the different situations in which man can be placed. If great, and rich, we will be taught humility,—looking upon ourselves as God’s factors, and stewards for the poor. If in poverty, it will make us contented; by shewing, that in a very short time, all our troubles must cease; and we be forever near a kind, tender father, who will ‘wipe all tears from our eyes.’

THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

“Here are we met, some merry boys,
Some merry boys I trow are we,
And mony a night we’ve merry been,
And mony may we hope to see.”

January 25th being the Anniversary of Burn’s birth-day, about sixty Scotsmen assembled in the Black Swan, (Inn) King Street; when Mr. Bickit was called to the Chair, and Mr. McLeod chosen Vice President.—There was on the table every thing to please a glutton—Fish, Fowl, and Flesh—with things which could neither swim, fly, nor run, but humbly crept upon Earth’s surface—all were cooked to “half a turn,” and would have delighted the most fastidious palate. Amongst the fare was seen the “Roast Beef of Old England,” and the “Great Chieftain of the Pudding Race,” which really, both from appearance and taste, “was weel wordy o’ a Grace, as lang’s ma arm”. Whether such was bestowed, is immaterial to the reader; however it was washed down, by a sworn follower and attendant, a glass of Ferintosh.

outside one of the windows. ordered it to be slowly opened, when they flying in, first smelt one bunch, and then ’tother, ultimately settling upon the real ones. The Queen dropped on her knees before King Solomon, overcome by admiration at his great wisdom—and the rejoicing nobles bowed in silence before the man, whose talents had ranked him with celestial intelligences.

Whenever the cloth was removed, business began in earnest; and, as Scotsmen never do work by halves, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious." His Majesty King William 4th and Royal Family, was the first toast: then His Excellency, Sir John Colborne, Lady Colborne and Family; all the Scotch Poets, "dead and alive," were given in succession. At length, an uncommonly neat speech, from the President, "To the memory of Robert Burns"—was drunk in solemn silence. Poor Fellow! little did he imagine, when composing "his bits o' Sangs on the sunny Braeface, that they would be sung by a concourse of his countrymen, across the ocean, in a City—the site of which, was, for long after, covered with timber, and traversed only by the Indian, wild-deer, badger, and Raccoon. That descendants of the very people, who allowed his mighty heart to pine, wither, and die, should erect monuments to his memory, in a Capitol, whose Grandees have been long famous, for neglect of living genius, and extreme admiration for posthumous merit. Every meeting—every little festival to his honor, is branding the memory of our ancestors—who had the means,—with infamy.

But his musical spirit harbours not, and is too noble, for revenge; he thinks not of the hearts, "harder than the nether millstone", which cared not for suffering genius; and to whom we owe "that bitter boon, our breath." That spirit which was so joyous at "Nanse Tinnocks," with his "Jolly Beggars," seemed to inspire the company, with "mirth and social glee." The behaviour of all was pleasant, unaffected, and agreeable—singing delightful, while the Band of the 79th Regiment, did not play "up and war them a' Wellie"—as when dubbing the French at Waterloo—but filled up the pauses with touching high-wrought melody,

At the hour common for Scotia's sons, "the Barley Bree" was forsaken; and they all departed—"no fou, but they had plenty", to their homes; having enjoyed, without drawback, "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." They must think of the scene with unalloyed pleasure; and when this year revolves, bringing back the day, we humbly hope, that not one of those, will be absent, who know so well how to be, and make others happy.

A SCOTCHMAN.

DOMESTIC.

Of events that have passed away, 'tis madness to complain,
Which eternity itself has not the power to send again.

A SON of Mr. Davidson, Steward to the York Hospital, aged 19, was an assistant to his father, in the daily routine of that arduous duty; and when the hours of relaxation arrived, enlivened the family circle, at the wood fire blazing cheerily, by that tone of respectful kindness, with which his merriment was blended, and which every gesture shewed that the heart beat in its right place, loving the father whose comfort he was, and adoring the other, whom he saw through reason, that forced his mind and senses to believe. The anxieties of a father had ceased, and were completely annihilated; all fear of the effects which mixing with a multiplicity of characters, good, bad, and indifferent, was over; he looked upon his son with that pride which only the father of such a son can experience—an angelic feeling caused in the mind by a consciousness of having forced nature to produce a being, who is an honour to humanity.

Thus felt the parent, and perfectly satisfied that the other members of his family would never feel the want of a father's reproof, admonition, correction, or instruction, performed his duty to God and man, entirely forgetting, that 'through the aged must die, the young may.'

Mr. D. had also a little girl, six years of age; who run about, having no idea that any thing was better than a pat from mama, or a 'copper to buy bull's eyes.' She danced through the house, laughing to the cat, fondling a doll, and never thinking of pin money, establishments, state or—what some ladies look to, but happy as if sin and death had never been, danced and sung, being an ornament which gold—all powerful though it be, could not purchase—for—she had a soul!

The good young man performed his duty to God, by attending the ordinances, which even stubborn man acknowledges their efficiency in softening the heart, that is panting for extraneous, unnecessary, and artificial enjoyment;—he being only then at liberty—went to that beautiful Island on 'tother side of the Bay from this Capitol, taking his lovely little sister, for a sole companion. Away they went, hand in hand; and as they proceeded upon the ice, he gave her instruction, of the power and her duty to God. She heard him speak of the Being with reverence, whom the greatest people upon earth—her papa and mama, honored, and was determined to keep all the commandments and obey His law.

Towards dusk, they began to return; but a dense fog came over the surface of the ground—they got bewildered—it grew dark; and they wandered to and fro over the smooth surface of the Bay. Great was the anxiety experienced by the good couple, at the absence of their children; and as it was a first offence, and first grief,—was therefore doubly severe. They knew not where to look for their pride and hope—having merely, 'gone to walk.' Morning came at length, to the wretched parents, who had sat by the fire the live long night, afraid to speak, or look each other in the face, least the undefined terror of the heart, should be betrayed by the muscles of the countenance, which parental feeling was agitating, twisting, and distorting more strongly, than the vicious ever exhibit. However, up rose the sun shining as if his beams should gladden all indiscriminately, from the fly, only beginning to creep—who, likely, has no idea that wings shall be added, to lift him from the dung-hill into mid air, for the annoyance of others, and, like his superiors, become food for, and the prey of some stronger, more voracious traverser of the ethereal regions—up to man—who sins, repents, 'resolves, and re-resolves, yet—dies the same.'

Search was made by the anxious father. When he was informed of their route, and filled with terror, commenced looking for what—he was horrified to think of. At length was seen a little bonnet upon the ice; on approaching it was known at once to be the Sunday one, in which a fond mother had the previous day hid the curls of her darling, when arraying the innocent for the house of God. The bonnet was seized with fear and trembling, but the strings were unfastened, the body was there, which had been prevented from sinking, by a 'kerchief, that her mother had tied round the alabaster neck, getting fixt in a crevice of the ice. The brother had sunk; and when found, his legs were swelled to an astonishing degree—in consequence of having—it appears—taken off his stockings, and put them upon his sister, that she should be comfortable—careless of himself.

We deeply regret the accident; and sincerely sympathize with the parents, for their irreparable bereavement. But, if they will only consider what this world consists of;—the cares, snares, deceits, temptations, vexations, deceptions, and certain sorrows, to which every living creature is subject—they

will think, and be convinced, that death is not an evil to the good. From the nurture and conduct of these children—the utter absence of all selfishness exhibited by that young man, who stripped his own limbs, and exposed them to water congealed by the frigid atmosphere, disregarding the excoriations and animal torture; from their affection, proper behaviour, and trust in God—there cannot be a shadow of doubt, but that these dear creatures who passed from this scene of trouble, doubt, danger, difficulty and wretchedness, are enjoying the promises contained in that rule of our faith, which is spurned at, neglected, and ridiculed by the animal, who has not sufficient sense to perceive its eternal, life-bestowing qualities—or the would-be infidel, who knowing that he deserves damnation, for improper conduct, wishes to persuade himself, that life and sense are at once, and forever destroyed. We sincerely hope that the father and mother, will continue strong in faith, so as to entitle them—when their hour shall arrive, to a place beside the children whose loss they so deeply deplore, but who were only removed at once from the evil to come.

YORK, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1838.

The following was addressed by His EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN COLBORNE, K.C.B. &c. &c. Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, to the Honorable Members of the Legislative Council, and House of Assembly, on closing the present Session of the Provincial Parliament.

We deeply lament the illness of His EXCELLENCY; but are partially consoled by the information, that he is recovering from His late indisposition.

(FROM THE U. CANADA GAZETTE EXTRA.)

*Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and—
Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:*

In relieving you from your Legislative duties, I may state, with confidence, that many of the measures resulting from the consideration which you have directed, this Session, to subjects of general importance, as well as to those bearing on the interests of particular Districts, cannot fail to be highly conducive to the prosperity and welfare of the Province.

The Bill passed for the settlement of Claims founded on the Losses sustained by individuals during the War, decides a question which His Majesty's Government has long anxiously desired to bring to a satisfactory conclusion; and enables an arrangement to be made for the immediate payment of that proportion of the original award, which was ordered to be conditionally liquidated by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury.

The extension of the jurisdiction of the Courts of Request, will, I trust, tend greatly to simplify the practice of those Courts, and facilitate the disposal of cases which can be brought under their cognizance.

The enactment which you have sanctioned for the amendment of the penal code, must, while it renders the administration of Justice more efficacious, prevent that frequent recurrence of mitigation of punishment appointed by the Statutes, which has hitherto necessarily taken place, through the intervention of the power of the Crown, and which enervated the general authority of the Law.

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

I have to thank you, in His Majesty's name, for the supplies which you have granted for the public service, and for carrying on public works and improvements, and for the support of charitable institutions.

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen :

An efficient measure, having in view the means of extending instruction in every Township, is now perhaps become more necessary, and would prove more acceptable to the Province, than at any former period. During the recess, much information may be obtained by you, in different Townships with which you are in constant communication, that may assist you in maturing a system for the accomplishment of this object.

With respect to the distribution of School Lands, I may assure you, that should it be desirable to select small portions of Land for the especial use of any particular District or Township, such arrangements as may be required, can be made without difficulty. Indeed I am convinced that the reservation of large blocks of Land for the support of Schools, depreciates the value of the endowment, and impedes the settlement of the country.

Under the present very favorable circumstances, in availing yourselves of the credit and resources of the Province, to improve the navigation of Rivers, and to construct Harbours and Canals, you are, doubtless, providing ample means for augmenting the Capital of the Colony; but it is impossible to estimate too highly the advantage the Province will derive by establishing Carriage Roads from the Canals and Lakes to the back Townships: although the outlay in forming them would be great, the revenue of every individual would be increased in proportion to the expense, and Capital would be impelled into those channels which are most beneficial to the community.

FORLORN LOVE;

OR, THE EMIGRANT TO THE SPRING.

The flow'rets are bursting their tissued bands,
 And the woods and the streams are sounding
 With the voices of birds, from foreign lands,
 And the deer o'er the hills are bounding.

Oh! I roam, I roam, in the forest gay,
 I pause by the tinkling rill;
 I gaze on the lake, that spreads far away,
 Whose bosom is now so still.

I think of those scenes that lately were,
 'Ere winter had left his throne;
 And the bright green woods, and the lake so fair,
 Were dumb—save the tempest's moan.

But the tempest's voice in its angry mood,
 Was balm to my wounded soul;
 I had rather have strayed in the russet wood,
 And have heard the thunders roll.

For my spring of life is clouded o'er,
 And my heart is no longer bright;
 For I've left forever, that blessed shore,
 Where I lost that heart's delight.

She was a type of this new young spring,
 And her mind was as free and as fair;
 She has flown on the seraph's downy wing,
 And has left me to sorrow and care.

I long for that space, which no step can retrace,
 I sigh for the mortal bourne;
 But I bow to that will, which unerring still,
 Has doomed me the time to mourn.

Then carol blithely, ye beautiful throngs,
 That flit from bow to branch;
 And fill the glades with your joyous songs,
 Ere winter those glades must blanch.
 Bound, bound ye deer,
 In your glad career,
 And swift as the light, speed, speed your flight,
 As ye spurn in your round,
 The dull earth's bound,
 For the season will fall, when the hunter's ball,
 May dim those eyes so bright.

B.

CURRENT PRICES, IN YORK MARKET.

	CURRENCY.				STERLING.							
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.			
Horse, for Saddle, Waggon, or Carriage,FROM	15	0	0	to 20	0	0	12	3	9	to 16	0	0
Bulls,	8	0	0	10	-	0	6	10	0	8	2	6
Oxen, (yoke of)	15	0	0	20	0	0	12	3	9	16	5	0
Cows,.....	3	10	0	5	0	0	3	17	10½	4	1	3
Calves, under a year,	1	10	0				1	4	4½			
Sheep,	0	10	0	0	15	0						
Beef per hundred pounds,	1	0	0	1	5	0						
Mutton per pound,.....	0	0	3				0	0	2½			
Veal " "	0	0	4				0	0	3½			
Pork per hundred pounds,	1	10	0	1	11	3	1	0	0			
do. salted per hundred pounds,	1	10	0				1	4	0			
do. Ham per pound,.....	0	0	5				0	0	4½			
Geese,.....	0	1	10½	0	2	6	0	1	7	0	2	1
Turkies,	0	2	6	0	5	0	0	2	1	0	4	2
Ducks per couple,	0	4	0	0	3	4						
Fowls, each,	0	0	7½	0	1	0	0	0	6½	0	0	10
Eggs per dozen,.....	0	1	3				0	1	0½			
Cheese per hundred,.....	1	5	0				1	0	10			
Butter per pound,.....	0	1	0				0	0	10			
Milk per quart,.....	0	0	3½				0	0	3			
Wheat per bushel,	0	3	9				0	3	2½			
Barley " "	0	2	6	0	3	0	0	2	1	0	2	6
Oats " "	0	2	0				0	1	3			
Indian Corn "	0	3	9				0	3	2½			
Potatoes per "	0	2	6				0	2	1			
Turnips " "	0	1	3				0	1	1			
Peas " "	0	3	9				0	3	2½			
Apples " "	0	2	6	0	3	9	0	2	1	0	3	2½
Hay per ton,.....	4	10	0	5	10	0						
Cord Wood, 8 feet long, 4 broad, and 4 high,	0	10	0				0	8	0			
Loaf Sugar per pound,.....	0	0	7½	0	0	8	0	0	6	0	0	7
Muscovado Sugar per pound, ...	0	0	6				0	0	5			
Tea, (Black)	0	3	6									
do. (Green).....	0	3	6	0	3	9	0	3	0	0	3	2½
Coffee, (raw).....	0	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	10	0	1	0½
do. (ground).....	0	1	6				0	1	3			
Whiskey per gallon,	0	2	0	0	2	3						
Brandy, (Cogniac) " " ..	0	10	0				0	8	0			
do. (Bordeaux) " " ..	0	5	6				0	4	5			
Gin, (Hollands) " " ..	0	7	0	0	7	6	0	5	7	0	3	0
Wine, " " ..	0	6	0	0	15	0	0	4	10	0	12	0
Soap per pound,.....	0	0	6				0	0	5			
Flour per barrel,	1	0	0	1	5	3	0	16	9	1	0	10

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY ADVERTISER.

DOCTOR LANG,

PRESENTS his most respectful compliments to the Inhabitants of York, and circumjacent country; begs leave to inform them, that he continues to give advice, and prescribe, at the Medical Hall, No. 98, King Street, (North side)—that his assortment has lately been replenished, and enlarged with every Drug, containing mineral or vegetable virtue and excellence for the prevention of disease, with the continuance of health, strength, and vigour;—these he will dispose of on such moderate terms, that, being of the most superior quality, must ensure a continuance of the very liberal patronage, with which he has been honored, since commencing business, and becoming a Citizen of the Western Capitol.

N. B.—A considerable quantity of Honey for sale.
York, February 8, 1833.

Stationery, School Books, &c.
(164, KING STREET, YORK.)

THE Subscriber offers for sale, an assortment of STATIONERY and SCHOOL BOOKS, &c. Common, fine, and extra superfine Foolscap; common, fine, extra superfine hotpressed, gilt or black edge, broad black bordered Post; do. gilt edged Note Paper; plain, gilt, tinted, tinted and embossed visiting Cards; Ink Stands; Inks for writing Desks; desk Seals; do. Knives; erasing Knives; children's colour Boxes; large do; camel hair Pencils; swan and goose do.; blacklead Crayons; black leads for papent pencil Cases; blacklead Pencils; extra superfine black and red sealing Wax; do. Wafers; black and red Ink; do. ink Powders; memorandum Books; portable and steel Pens; Watt's Psalms and Hymns; Watt's Divine Songs for Children; Cases Mathematical Instruments; superior Quills, &c. &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS:

Mavor's Spelling Book; Goldsmith's Geography; Johnson's Dictionary; Keith's Arithmetic; Walkingham's Tutors Assistant; Murray's First Book; do. Spelling; do. Introduction; do. English Reader; do. large and small Grammars; Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary; Books used at Latin Grammar Schools; Toy Books; Bibles; Church Prayer Books; Church of Scotland Psalm Books, &c. &c.

Scrap and Sketch Books, Ledgers, Journals and Day Books, made to any size.

Book-Binding done in the neatest and best manner, on the shortest notice. Pocket-Books and Portfolios made and repaired.

York, Jan. 12 1833.

R. STANTON.

PRINTING, &c.

ALL kinds of Books, Pamphlets, Catalogues, Posting and Hand Bills, Cards, &c. &c. executed with neatness and despatch, at the Gazette Office, 164, King Street, York. Binding in all its branches.

LANDS IN UPPER CANADA, & A VALUABLE FARM NEAR CORNWALL, U. C. FOR SALE.—A Farm consisting of upwards of 200 Acres, (supposed to be about 240 Acres) being Lot 37, 1st Concession Cornwall, formerly belonging to Mr. S. BROWNELL, about a third of which is under cultivation and pasture, a the remainder well timbered; with a House and Outbuildings erected thereon. In front of the Lot, on the St. Lawrence, there is a private Canal, for the use of which a toll is paid by boats passing upwards. Being in a Bay, at the bottom of the *Long Sault Rapid*, when the contemplated improvements of the Saint Lawrence are in operation, the whole of the Farm will be a most favorable site for a Harbour, Basin, Stores, valuable Mill privileges, and various other prominent advantages. A Sheriff's title can be given, and terms of payment will be made favorable.

Also, for sale, the following Lots of Land:—

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

200 Acres, No. 26 of 3rd Concession	Osnabruck.
200 do. 28 6th do.	Leeds.
200 do. 25 10th do.	Yonge.
100 do. 9 9th do.	do.
200 do. 10 9th do.	Elizabethtown.
5 do. 30 3rd do.	do.
461 do. 4 2nd do.	North Crosby.
39 do. 7 4th do.	do.
100 do. 29 10th do.	Kitley.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.

200 Acres, No. 6 of 5th Con.	Huntingdon, Hastings.
200 do. 17 11th do.	do. do.

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.

100 Acres, No. 19 of 3rd Concession	Clarke, Durham,
200 do. 33 5th do.	Haldimand.
200 do. 35 5th do.	do.
200 do. 20 5th do.	do.

1,200 Acres at Monaghan, being Lots No. 12, 13, 15, 17, 18, of 1st Concession Monaghan, and Nos. 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, of the front broken Concession A. on Rice Lake, at the mouth of the Otanabec River.

For terms of Farm at *Cornwall*, and Lands in *Osnabruck*, apply to HENRY DEMING, Esq. *Osnabruck*.

For other Lands, in Johnstown District, to JONAS JONES, Esquire, *Elizabethtown*.

For Lands in Midland District, to FRANCIS A. HARPER, Esq. *Kingston*.

For Lands in Newcastle District, to JONAS JONES, Esq. *Brockville*, or EBENEZER PERRY, Esq. *Cobourg*.

Or, generally, to the Subscriber, at *Montreal*.

ROBERT ARMOUR,
AGENT.