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*John Beecher Esq*

THE  
**Canadian Magazine.**

*John Beecher Esq*

No. 1.]

JANUARY, 1833.

[VOL. I.]

"Magna est veritas, et prevalebit."

*Truth is sure to prevail in the end*



RELIGION,

*Universal*  
MORALITY.

SCIENCE,

*Agriculture*  
AGRICULTURE.

LITERATURE,

FICTION.

*Fora:*

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ROBERT STANTON,

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Price Three Shillings, Currency.

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

## FOR JANUARY 1833.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are extremely sorry at not having room for the communications of Mr. D. P.; whose delicacy of expression will improve our language. It will form one of the Gems in next number. The paper signed Z, is inadmissible from its party spirit. The Tale entitled "The Water Wraith," is elucidating in a splendid painting by Mr. Linen, and will be told in No. 2, which is preparing to burst into uncreated, unfeeling, unthinking—yet beautiful existence.

*John West*

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.]

YORK, JANUARY 1833.

[No. 1.

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THE EDITORS' ADDRESS,  
TO THE INHABITANTS OF UPPER AND LOWER CANADA.

---

"I'm come my friends to beg a little earth  
"In charity, to lay my bones amongst you."

SHAKESPEARE.

---

It will soon be a matter of wonder and astonishment in other lands, should a vast territory, where "Red men hunted and paddled the light canoe"—where the people most renowned for politesse, settled a Colony:—then English, Irish, and Scots, leaving the *Rose*, *Shamrock*, and *Thistle*, crossed the Atlantic for successive years, and in almost countless numbers—present no food to the craving mind. They married—families were born and grew to maturity—some finished their mortal career in this country, while others wearying for scenes which had been loved when all was fresh, fair, and beautiful—mind and matter being both young—returned to the land of pleasing, yet melancholy remembrances:

"And like a Hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
"Pants to the place from whence at first she flew."

—so they staid not, but went to die at the starting post.

The stream of emigration continued to flow, and encreased until it has become a mighty flood. Towns and hamlets have been reared; the sides of rivers and lakes are swarming with children, whose glee-some laugh and frolicksome gambols "have made the solitary places glad." Temples to the God of HEAVEN have been erected, and the "Sabbath Bell" is heard tinkling over the blue waters of our numberless streams, calling the people to adore their Preserver, Benefactor, and their Friend. Echoes are crying from the rocks, while all is bustle, life, and joy. In short, this country, with its Churches, Houses, Shops, Signs, names, and manners, is no longer "the Land of Strangers"—it is Europe, with only one difference—means to gratify a love of reading, and intellectual acquirement.—That difficulty is now about to be surmounted, and then the resemblance will be complete.

In "the Mother Country," the daily and weekly Publications are incalculable by the Dozizen of another Hemisphere. Their Magazines are numerous; the anxiety and excitement elicited, as the

moment of delivery approaches, is great indeed. Have your Friends, Brethren, Countrymen, passions and propensities diametrically opposite to yours? Have all your finest feelings departed at hearing "the roar of the Atlantic?" Or, is the atmosphere so dense that the mind of man, forgetting its immortal longings, can struggle amid darkness and fog, meditating only on Merchandise and Gold?—No! no, you have not forgot!—"eternity forbids you to forget!"—You have all the thirst for knowledge which Parents and Pastors instilled.—The Gentleman wearies to hear "tales of flood and field," of "noble bearing" and honor preferred to ill-gotten wealth. The Farmer, of crops and "beau fields blossoming in the scented breeze."—The young, to know what the rest of the world have done, and are doing. Those formers of manners, "sweeteners of life, and solders of society"—the Ladies, wish to read in a small dulcet voice, "like the Shepherd's Pipe upon the mountains," adding music to the writer's language, how their Ancestors loved, fought, conquered, and bled for freedom, fame, and their God. The old would love to sit by the fire in winter, or dark green wood in summer, pondering on pages which, with vivifying description, overleap, as if by magic, mountain, river, lake, and sea, transport him in idea to the paternal hearth, where his aged father, trembling with the load of years, bends the hoary head at a throne of grace: the mind, strong in faith, looking through the sightless eye-balls, can soar to regions of eternal bliss.

Such I have been informed are your wishes and your wants.—They came to my ear in *our* native land: to gratify those wishes, and supply your wants,—friends, kindred,—all are forsaken! I have left my country—my home, for your amusement and mental entertainment.—To satisfy your angelic passion for knowledge am I come; and will try to gratify your every wish, by pleasing all ages, all ranks, and all palates. This Magazine shall contain whatever is useful, amusing, instructive, "lovely, and of good report."—Whatever tends to the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind, shall be recorded in language of the strongest, most indelible, and undying energy;—"the young idea" shall be instructed "how to shoot," the adult to live, and the aged to die—the maiden to be faithful, wife prudent, mother exemplary, and widow respectable. The boy as he reads will exclaim 'oh! was I only a man,' and, applying to books with redoubled energy, strive to fit himself for the important, though difficult period, of self-control and self-management.—The courage of the soldier will be heightened—the aged warrior feel anew the spirit of youth, as, springing to one foot, "he shoulders his crutch and shews how fields were won."—The seaman will think himself "abaft the binnacle," as with eye alternately regarding the compass, main-top, and prow, he lays "the tiller a-lee," and the vessel, "walking the waters like a thing of life," takes the weather-gage of "old England's foes," carrying to victory the flag "which has braved these thousand years the battle and the breeze."—The sinner will be horrified, and forever forsake the sin with which he was most grievously beset.—The heart of the mild and elegant shall flutter, tears coursing down the delicate

cheek, at reading the sorrows of the young, the lovely, and the true, as disappointed tenderness clouded the brain, paralyzed the nerves, "nipping in the bud" the pride of parents, hope of friends, and blossom of a country.

People of education, experience, travel, and deep reflection, reside in the towns, villages, hamlets, and circumambient country—who seeing the earth vegetate, woods blossom, fish sporting in the glittering rivers,—hear the universal hum of insects—look, with rejoicing nature, to the planet upon which the Almighty has been graciously pleased to bestow a small portion of his own brightness and refulgence, causing him to shine upon all, "the just and the unjust."—Their minds naturally rise from effect to the cause, and, filled with boundless gratitude, they long to record the thoughts which are burning within, as they "look from nature up to nature's God." That opportunity is now given, and the Editor will be delighted, as the well-wisher of the human race, to receive and insert thoughts, descriptions, and dissertations, whose principal object is the good of his species.

The judgments of Almighty God being abroad—the Cholera having left its accustomed home, and after shooting envenomed arrows in the beautiful Islands of the sea, has crossed the ocean to our adopted country, filling it with wailing and woe. Other diseases may visit or break out in our land.—Therefore, that learned, scientific, laborious, and most useful Body—the Medical Practitioners, are expected and requested to send a report of any unusual disease, or radical cure—that publicity may be given, and thereby the days of many become lengthened, who, but for such, might prematurely "cross that bourn from whence no traveller returns."

The Clergy, by studying the Holy Scriptures—minds constantly fixed upon the perfections, excellencies, and terrible beauties of Jehovah, are far above us common characters, whose thoughts are carried away and distracted by the absolute necessity of providing for dependent households, require to be reminded of our duty. "They form a connecting link in the great chain which binds us to Omnipotence." As their communications will be of great, essential, everlasting benefit, they are solicited to send their sentiments—that while the young are pleased, they may "mix trembling with their mirth"—the old be instructed, sinner reprov'd, and good made stedfast.

All numbers of men, all societies, all people, whether roaming in forests, dwelling in plains, or congregated in cities, have—they must have—restraints and restrictions. The professors and practisers of man's law are hereby called upon, to give, for man's benefit, such notices as are peculiar to this country, and new to the stranger who has, or may emigrate to our shores;—in order that he may not break those laws from ignorance, but live secure and happy upon the land which his labour has cultivated—thereby allowing him "to sit under his own vine and fig-tree, no one daring to make him afraid."

Merchants connect the four quarters of the world together, conducting and transporting the various products through arid plains, trackless

deserts—daring the blast of the simoom, and the lion in his wrath: making the coffee of Mokka, gum of Arabia, tea of China, and narcotics of Hindostan, “familiar like household names.” Every communication concerning trade will be received with thankfulness and gratitude.

As we live by the fruits of the earth—all agricultural notices, all accounts of grain, soils, manures, and experiments which the intelligent may and will try, shall be peculiarly acceptable.

Anxious that this Magazine should be singularly elegant, blending the useful and ornamental—the ladies are respectfully and particularly requested, to exercise “the fairy fingers” in tracing their thoughts upon paper; that this periodical may possess a purity, freshness, softness, and attraction, never seen before. Thousands are capable, who inherit that perfection and singular loveliness, which have descended from mother to daughter through the lapse of ages;—existing in all their pristine splendour and excellence,—like the ashes of the phoenix, which contain the vital principle and germ of existence, though the original has soared on its spicy cloud to heaven.

I have come for the purpose of being useful to religion, to you, and in consequence to myself. Should the endeavour be accepted—if this work is approved and appreciated, all the energy and fire of my nature—all my time, attention, perseverance, strength, and mind, mixed with the very trifling talent which it has pleased the Almighty to bestow—all and every thing shall be constantly devoted to this Magazine, that all eyes may be delighted as the periods successively arrive for the embryo numbers following their elder brother, thus launched in the mighty ocean of literature,—courting the kindly breezes of public favour, that each may leave its little haven steadily, cheerily, and without fear. But whatever may be the fate of Editor or Magazine, I am thoroughly aware they will both be candidly dealt with,—from the consideration, that should there be some faults—as what system or sublimary thing is perfect!—they will be pardoned, overlooked, and excused, upon the conviction that, though they may come from the head, they are unknown and unacknowledged by the heart. When the last is right, it is of less consequence where the first lies,—according to Sir Walter Raleigh.

But I will not despond—for according to a poet, whose name does a nation honor—“Who strives to do the best he can, wull whiles do mair.” I shall therefore always “pit ma best fit foremost,” and come before you, “rejoicing like a strong man to run his race;” striving at all times to array the work in a more attractive garb than any ever appeared with before—mingling the true spirit of christianity, science, literature, morality, and fiction, so that the whole combined may prove “the feast of reason and the flow of soul”—which will fill me with the vast, energetic delight contained in “the pleasure of pleasing.” Not only so, but as the British Government act the part of a fond nursing mother to the Aborigenes, I feel the joyful, extatic anticipation, of yet beholding those very people, reading our sentiments in woods where once brave, uncontroled, and free “the noble savage ran.”

W. SIBBALD.

York, 20th Dec. 1832.

Sir,

Having arrived last summer from "the old country," and seeing the prospectus of a monthly work to be entitled "The Canadian Magazine"—which, from the condensation of so many different subjects into such small compass as your notification, I augur a mighty harvest from such display of human talent—and have taken the liberty of sending a description of my lucubrations, &c. when leaving the same country that gave birth to the determined and daring individual, who has traversed sea and land for the mental instruction and gratification of his fellow men.

It is a plain unvarnished tale, but if accepted, I shall "lay my brains a steep," and in future will send—divided into numbers, a regular account of my wanderings, and what has been seen, felt, enjoyed, or endured, since my arrival in this land of Lairds.

Hoping that your dreadful undertaking will meet with the reward which it deserves, I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

And most humble Servant,

THE EMIGRANT.

To the Editor of

The Canadian Magazine, York.



### THE EMIGRANT.—No. 1.

The swelling sails are flapping wide,  
 As struggling to be free ;  
 And ocean with its thousand waves  
 Will soon my dwelling be.  
 Ye bright blue skies, that circle in  
 Romantic Scotia's shore,  
 I leave ye, for the murky cloud  
 And gathering tempests roar.

GILFILLAN.

It would serve no good—or in fact any purpose, to relate all the reasons for leaving my native Country forever—therefore, shall only mention, that having been in Canada, nearly twenty years ago, the remembrance of kindness and scenes made a deep, an indelible impression on my boyish feelings and sanguine temperament. I shall never forget, as we mustered on the Esplanade preparatory to embarkation, saying to myself "Oh! and is this the last time?"—We went aboard, and as the ships run down with the tide, I looked at the Town, the Chateau, the Suburbs—all were left with regret—for, I was young. Away we went, down, down, and entering the Gulf, with a heavy heart,

bade adieu to the coast of America. I spent the whole time on deck, except what was absolutely necessary for food or sleep, and after either, was again stationary with dilated eyes fixed upon the land until it appeared a cloud—a haze—nothing. Still imagination formed it again and again, nor was it until many hours had followed their brethren into eternity, that reason convinced me, it was only a *lusus* of the affection.

A woman stood also looking at the shore. She was weeping bitterly: I could not intrude upon her sorrows by asking a question, for her grief was of the heart—was hopeless, and could hold communion with none; a cold trembling went over the frame as if her blood was curdling in the veins. Thus she stood until the horizon only was visible; when suddenly stretching her arms over the side of the vessel, exclaimed—“Oh! land, land, but I was glad the first time my eyes beheld thee, for my arm leaned on one who was well able, willing, and had sworn to protect me. It was pressed against his side, and felt the heart beat stronger, than when he took me a thoughtless lassie frae my father’s cottage. I was really happier; for the first was—I dinna ken what;—but when here before, I felt a confidence, a gush of tenderness came o’er me as I looked at the gallant soldier, who had picked me from the universe for ever: a giddiness seized me, and getting all powerless, sunk upon his bosom, where my heart overflowing with undescrivable sensations, was relieved by a flood of tears.

“What am I now?—my husband fell fighting like a lion for his country, his King, and for me—yes, for poor me!! He tried to raise me to rank and riches—led the forlorn hope, and made me—Oh! a widow! Land! where my heart beat with rapture and now freezes with despair, I will always think with sorrow that I was ever near, or ever left you—you are sacred ground, for the heart of the kind and brave moulders in, and the noble soul of my Edward hovers o’er you,—or, is keeping watch for our ship in this waste of waters.—But I’ll try no to weep, for we’ll meet again.” And going below, the poor creature appeared no more during the voyage.

An officer walked the deck with a paper parcel in his hand—something of a blue colour appeared at the end, and, as his eye fell on it and the shore alternately, “he seemed loth to depart.” He walked to and fro with eyes gazing upon the land—and at each turn they were directed to the deck, until, having gone to the bow, his steps were retraced with vision directed to the country we were rapidly leaving. He stood, looked,—but the agitation was so excessive that again he paced the deck, and again gazed upon the land, “which only had charms for him.” At length he could perceive it no longer, but stretching out the parcel, said in a low tone, and as if unconscious that words were escaping,—“I will return when my name shall have become great for deeds performed in the ranks of war: I shall have honor, fame, and power, returning with all unto my love.”

Poor fellow, he went to France—gave the rein to his pawing steed, as “England’s Blues, Erin’s Bays, and Scotia’s gallant Greys,” rushed down the slope to annihilate the far famed Cuirassiers of Napoleon

—and as others shouted “Scotland forever,” he looked in the direction of Canada—saying “Mary,” kissed the hilt of his sabre and was in a moment with the foe.

“He sat so firm and reigned so well,  
Whole ranks before his charger fell.”

But all would not do—the hour had arrived. His head, with its sable curls and bold eye, was carried off by cannon shot. His charger galloped over the plain battering the carcass with his heels, which hung suspended by the foot.—When the battle ended, a horse was found quietly grazing, and attached to the war-saddle was the leg of an officer. Many were “wiser for this world’s goods,” but death never took to his dark and dreary domain a better nor a braver, than he, who that morning high of hope, with the blue sash of his Canadian Mary on the helmet, rushed to the strife of swords.—Nor was a comelier body ever arrayed in scarlet, than the one which was battered, tattered, and torn to atoms on the field of fame.

His exit was like his mind—splendid.—There was no disease, no lingering, no decay—but in full health, strength, and vigour, he bounded to the throne of Jehovah.

The other passengers also left the country with regret, and most waving their hands cried “farewell forever.” “I could not say amen—it stuck in my throat.” I had no expectation of ever seeing the land of my affection more, for many were the duties to be performed, and not a ray of hope appeared to cheer the mind, that Canada would be re-visited.—Still, I could not join in the general exclamation—my hand waved, yet the tongue refused to utter “forever.” But away we were borne over the deep; the dash and roar of the wave formed our midnight lullaby, as we sunk to sleep on a billow.

Europe with its scenes of business, “its sturt and strife,” occupied the time and attention; but though busy, Canada was never forgotten. When individuals of every country lauded their rivers—my answer was, “you never saw the Saint Lawrence in his glory, nor the Rapids in their wrath.” They praised the scenery and their goodly trees.—“Ah,” I replied, “you never saw the timber of America, nor the fairy bowers of Ontario, smiling in their glittering bed like islands of the blest.”—I forgot—at least cared not now, for my native Annan, but thought with longing of the mighty inland seas, and deep endless forests in the land, where imagination wandered in all the luxury of mental enjoyment.

True, I had connexions by blood, affinity, and friendship, but they again had others, so that the portion of love which each had to bestow upon one, was small indeed,—like a river rolling deep and strong from the mountains, if diverted into various channels, and many streams taken from its course, the original current becomes frittered down into a mere rivulet.

Thus was it with my comrades—they had so many “dear creatures” of fashion, necessity, policy, and aggrandizement, to please, that un-

bounded friendship, unlimited confidence, and devoted affection, were entirely out of the question.—They were the day-dreams of Poets, the creations of girls, the—in short mere nonentities.”

For these I longed—for these were my sighs expressed, but in vain ; no answer was, or could, be returned, for all was business, interest, fashion, or politics.—The best affections, those of the heart, were like the dove when let loose from the Ark, and finding no rest for the soles of their feet, away they flew to their original birth-place—in solitude—’mid woods, wilds, dens, and caves of the rock—by purling streams and meandering rivers. They took flight at the sight of Commerce with her bales and steam-engine, leaving the din, “hurry-scurry,” abomination, and botheration of money-making, for scenes where each has to be doing with, but none are rich,—where

“He wha has just eneugh can soundly sleep,  
The o’ercomè only fashes folk to keep.”

I thought, pondered, and reflected deeply on my by-past life : the scenes of infancy where first I could recollect having seen the representative of the Great Spirit, giving light, heat, health, and happiness, with his glorious beams ; and where he sunk beneath the horizon smiling good-night, and as if he would rejoice to see us all happy at his rising. I thought of the river Annan, which then had appeared a mighty collection of waters, and which “clear as crystal” rushed over its rocky bed—through plains specked with daisies, skirted by hazel, elder, and elms, drooping their branches in the liquid element glittering beneath. The sloping banks covered with sloe and hawthorn—the distant hills, some white with flocks, while others were dark from the woods which grew to their summits ;—some ended so gradually, sloped into a lawn, that it was impossible to tell where the mountain and plain had their exact beginning or end : others were abrupt, rugged, and frowning, as if torn asunder in some terrible convulsion of labouring nature.

Deeply did I reflect on scenes like these, where first was drawn the breath of feverish, short, creeping, crawling, frail, unsatisfied existence ; and never was Being so assimilated with romantic scenery,—sitting watching the salmon sailing in pools ; trout darting in the current ; “the silver eel and mottled par” playing and twining ; knots dancing in the sun-beam ; the feathered songsters invisible from distance in the clear blue vault, or in “the close embowering thorn,”—all rejoicing—all tuning their grateful little hearts in thankfulness to the great, eternal, and omnipotent ЖЕHOВАН, who had caused his orb of day to bestow food and happiness upon all.—And I loved them all, looking the whole day long, until the luminary sunk trembling beneath the wave—when each became still. The maivis ceased “her warbling wild,” the blackbird descended “to woo his happy mate ’mang the leaves of the tree” ; and the lark pressed her dappled breast on the dewy sod, after her ethereal journey—where she had been in the endless blue “like a little musical star” : the robin gave latest and sweetest, his pure mellow hymn of thanks, which had a bass from the hum of beetles as they issued to the evening air

Most men had so much difficulty in procuring the necessaries of life—independent of its elegancies—that every softer feeling was excluded from the mind. Those who were the favourites of fortune, and far above all fear of want or difficulty, were harrassed, tortured, and tormented, by the sudden, unforeseen distress of a relative that had been reduced to poverty by the failure of some smooth-tongued speculator, who, by running his coach, and parading “bucket-fulls” of claret, had enticed people to put their names upon his “paper kites”—“which had flown so fast, that they were out of breath.” All ranks felt, and feel, the distresses which the natural bent of man’s mind, and accomplishment of man’s schemes, have produced. The same conduct always produced similar effects: but they passed unnoticed and unheeded, for they were like angel visits—“few and far between.”—Therefore, they are only known and remembered by a few master-spirits, who thoroughly know the past, the present, and from both, together with the conduct of all classes—judge what futurity will produce.

The reason of distress being isolated formerly, and now general, is entirely owing to the system which entailed ruin on a small proportion, having become the general practice and almost universal fashion—which last (fashion) leads men to ruin with the same steady influence as it determines a girl to learn dancing; play upon musical instruments; have her ears pierced for jewels; and a frock of a particular colour and shape. Even the people on the banks of Annan, who had formerly joined with nature in the general smile, rubbed their elbows, and scratched their heads at “the hardness of the times”—for they also “paid too much for their whistle.”

Time went on, but every month added to the evil, for the cause was not, and has not, been removed.—Still, though uncomfortable, I could not leave my country, owing to a connexion formed in early youth; and my father, whose white air and tottering step, proved that the mind would ere long reap the fruit which it, conjoined with the body, had sown and deserved. I could not leave the Being who had and deserved my affection, but lived on in the land, thinking of, and sighing for, the country where every thing,—even the very frogs, are grand. I saw not a shadow of hope that ever my wishes would be gratified, but at the expense of other feelings which must be lacerated, and my peace of mind completely destroyed. It was also a duty to remain beside the author of my existence, who is frail, and requires attention—is a father, and ought to be obeyed; but independent of these, is possessed of every quality for engaging the affections: and had we not been related, he should have held the first place in my esteem.—His wisdom, goodness, prudence, and christian meekness, would temper my waywardness, and lead the fiery heart to God.

In accordance with such determination, therefore, and having seen repeated advertisements in the public papers, calling upon all men of talent, &c. to appear candidates for the Agricultural professorship, vacant by the decease of Dr. Coventry, declaring that no interest or

private recommendation should be attended to,—merit and good behaviour alone would be looked at and regarded;—added to these, the one who shewed most knowledge of that science should be appointed; I became a candidate; but might as well have tried to become king of Britain. Notwithstanding these fine advertisements, all the Judges, as report states, had promised to one man that he only should have the situation.—Accordingly, when the day arrived, they refused to let me read an essay upon that science—made their election with locked doors, and, as report had formerly said, chose the man who possessed more interest than any of the others.

On seeing the advertisements, I felt exceedingly delighted to think that ability, attention, and good behaviour, would meet their reward, without being possessed of boar chases, deer parks, pleasure grounds, carriages, hunters and hounds, or require a recommendation from the owners of such,—but on the contrary, a man of talent, would have liberty to stretch forth his right hand and answer for himself, though his coat never blazed forth from a heraldic office, surrounded by beasts which God never created, and whom Noah's flood could never drown.

Had all the candidates been paraded, in presence of the public who might choose to attend—examined; the testimonials compared, along with any composition of their own, showing ability; and the man best qualified chosen—all would have been “right and tight”—all would have acknowledged that they got justice. But we were not assembled, admitted, or asked a single question. Perhaps, and likely the most worthy man was chosen—but would it not have been more just and satisfactory—even to the successful candidate, had the election been open? and which the public, in terms of the advertisements, were led to expect—by which people were enticed from their otium (ease) though perhaps not conjoined with dignitate (dignity), when there existed a predetermination to elect one particular person, and only one. Perhaps the Reform Bill may teach the mighty ones of “the modern Athens” plain dealing—had they ever been at “a carter's race” they would have heard, and perhaps remembered, the first toast—“honor and honesty.” Yes, yes, there was need for a reformation.

Disgusted beyond measure, I determined to proceed for the land of my affection, and every obstruction being shortly afterwards removed, formed and communicated a plan of future usefulness, which met with the unqualified approbation of my father, and with his consent prepared for a transatlantic journey.

No sooner was it understood that I was going to America, than fellows of “every line” tried to get me advised “that every thing was awfu dear in Canada.” “God bless ye! claith is five pund sterling every yard, and no gude whan dune;” said a shopkeeper in my hearing. “Ye're wrang there neighbour,” said his companion, coadjutor, and runner of snacks—a tailor, “the expense is no sae great in the claith, and a man doesna save muckle, unless he gets them a' made up into suits. I hae a brither in that country, and he writes me sic accounts!

L—d! as wad mak' any heathen, let abe a christian, wonner—£4 18s. 11d. for making a coat, £2 14s. 7½d. just for sewing a waistcoat—for they're no at the trouble o' shaping, as the maister—and L—d only kens what he'll charge—cuts a' thing. Sac, there's a dreadfu' saving in buying as muckle claiith here as wull last a' ane's natural life o' three score years and ten—provided, that he gets it a' made up. Just only think! we hae nae profit here ava—profit! ma certie! we're losers; we canna earn dry bread, let alane brose—cristie ding! we canna mak' saut to our kail. Losh! gin I could pouch as muckle siller as wad tak' me, the wife—that's her as they ca' the mistress ye ken—and weans to 'Mericae, dod hang it, but I wad be aff like wildfire this very day, let alone the morn. Touts! a man o' sense wull mak' a fortin by buying claiith in this country—where ilka thing is selling below prime cost—and getting it made a' up into suits for less than y'll gie a man his breakfast there. Eh liest! but its a wise thing.

If I entered a shop, the fellow who kept it “had goods, such as never were made in Britain before, that a dreadfu' deal could be made o', in 'Mericae.” “Dive ye see this chop, sir? weel, a' thegither, every thing in't is no worth abune a thousand pun: but gin some angel wad just tak' it, me, and a' thing as ye see't, o'er the sea, and set us doon at a place they ca' Queybec—faith! I wad do syne—I might dight ma neb and flee up—conscience! I could keep ma coach a' the days o' my life. Noo, as ye are gaing onyhow, ye hae—eh mercy! had I only the like o't!—ye hae an opportunity o' making an awfu' fortin, by taking frae twenty to forty puns worth—I'll ask nae profit ava;—ye shall ha'e them at prime cost, and a' the pleasure wull be mine o' having made yer fortin.”

Others either werc in “the chop” or entered at my heels, who commenced a harangue concerning the enormous prices of those articles which each had to dispose of. A small stationer said one day, “L—d, sir! paper is a most dreadful price in that country. If ye'll buy £50 worth, I'll gie ye't at prime cost, and ye'll mak' five or sax hunner per cent. L—d! bless ye, ye'll no get a single sheet o' paper under saxpence—and after a', its no fit to write on. Ye'll maybe no believe me, but its as fac as that we hae a' to die. The best o' our Tred is sending paper, pens, and sealing-wax to 'Mericae—and gin its scarce there—for G—d bless ye, the Yankees canna make paper; it wull be a hunner times war in Canada, for there's awfu fresh water seas that nae man can cross, let alane merchandize.”

A man requested “five minutes conversation on particular business.” When admitted, he bowed low and said: “Eh! sir, but I hear ye're gain to 'Mericae, and I hae an uncle at Munt-rall (Montreal), and wull be very muckle obligated to you, gin ye'll carry a letter till him, and I'll ge: it wur-ritten afore ye gang awa?” “Oh, certainly.” I'll be thankfu', sir. But L—d, sir, me and the wife had a lang talk about ye yestreen, and eh! how she sabbit and grat till her e'en maist came out, at the thochts o' you and a' yer bonnic bairnies gaing to risk the dangers o' the great deep, in a bit frail ship, made o' wud, sailing like a wild-duke o'er the backs o' grampusses, sharks, whales and great fish,

"the ane that swallowed Jonah—L—d saufe us! but I'm like to swarf wi' fear at the very thoughts!—Eh! the regard we a' hae for ye, and the wee bairnies, puir bonnie lambs. But, sir, ye maun ken as how I'm a wabster to trade, and I mak' druggets, checks, toot! a' thing! Noo, sir, out o' real respect, I wad advise ye to lay in an awfu' deal o' thae things; and ma wife and dochters are gran sempstresses and real neat handit, they'll mak' them up into gran frocks and pinies—eh! saufe us! what gran claithes they'll hae!—they'll wear forever. See, sir, L—d! I can fit ye wi' ony pattern. Eh, what stuff! its like ben-leather!—nae power loom trash—na, na, naething but elbow grease and the shuttle did it; look at the warp! look at the waft! eh, mercy! what claiith—I declare its like weire (wire)—I'm real sorry to sell 't sae low, but times are hard, and I hae a bill due at the bank the morn, or ne'er a me wad sell 't sae cheap—but out o' needcessity and real respect for you, ye sill hae it. He detailed over the prices, which, notwithstanding his extreme regard for "the bonnie bairnies, puir things," were three times greater than any shopkeeper in the kingdom asked for such articles—of course none were taken, nor did the sly "wabster" ever return with the letter to his "uncle at Munt-rall." Smith's declared that hatchets could not be made "in 'Mericae for love or money. Eh, L—d preserve and keep us humble, what oceans o' siller several gentlemen hae made by taking ours. They just gaed his (us) five shillings, and got five and twenty for ilka ane whan they wan there. They had nae trouble in selling them—trouble! ma certie! they war like to be torn sindry (separate) by folk o' a' stations, every ane keener than anither to get haid o' them. Sae, every ane as takes out an ax, at five shillings, just gains a fair pund by the business—its a perfect coming! eh! what a fortin can be made! dod! I hae a great mind to gang out mysell wi' four or five hunner, and than I'll be snug a' the rest o' my days—aye, faith I'll can cock up ma nose wi' ony Lord in the land."

People of every trade attacked me to purchase the articles which they made or sold. But without attending to any, I really felt a little perplexed by the multiplicity of rascals, who had, by various acts of finesse, gained an opportunity of giving me advice; and said to a cloth merchant of known respectability, "what articles do you suppose are most proper for a man to carry with him who embarks for Canada?" "A great lot of Sovereigns." From that person I purchased all the necessary wearing apparel.

The day of departure came, and tearing myself from the first, best, and dearest companion of my heart, I arrived at Leith on Sunday the 15th April, and went on board the \* \* \* \*; which, with several others, were lying in the wet docks, like gazehounds in the slips, ready to commence ploughing the deep whenever the sluices should be opened.

I stood on the deck looking at the mass of people who had collected to shake by the hand, for the last time, friends of their youth, who were going in search of food and clothing—which their own folly, imprudence, on the ridiculous conduct of others, had rendered it impossible to obtain in their native land. Some had come from curiosity, and, their own hopes being placed upon a transatlantic home, wished

to see how others could depart. While a few by their keen looks had evidently come for payment of accounts, which the purchaser had been unable to settle—and which, along with other things, the poor creatures were leaving the land of their kindred, perhaps forever, that the just and lawful debts might be discharged. The hard and cruel creditor cared not whether the debtor could cross the ocean after satisfying his demand, or whether other claims, equally just, would ever be paid—had no mercy, but “the fellow” must give up the means of transporting himself to the sunny, smiling, fruitful regions of the west—or, be hauled off to prison, where pining with sorrow and disappointment, he must lie in idleness, waiting for an improbable event; that a drop of mercy may enter the breast of his creditor. His wife, the being with whom he formerly had one home, one couch, and one God, wanders over the city with her houseless, hopeless, shivering, starving little immortals—perhaps begging, from the inebriated debauchee, as he staggers along the street, a halfpenny; which, his heart being full of wine and strong drink, is refused, though asked in the name of his Maker. He retires to a splendid apartment, where, forgetful of his duty, and sinking into insensibility, snores off the effects produced by quaffing the midnight bowl, amid shouts and huzzas of fools—at the very time when the wretched creatures, at a glass-house fire, are praying to the giver of all good for assistance, and that their parent may obtain the liberty enjoyed by all before the idol of this world appeared; and “man had not pent his fellow men like brutes within an iron den.”

Those fag-ends of the law, pests of society, and harpies of destruction, with all the insolence which a scoundrel assumes when “drest up in a little brief authority,” all the feelings completely seared from constantly seeing and producing scenes of hopeless misery—being familiar with all tricks of vice and crime; nay, having been themselves, with few exceptions, actors, principals, aiders, and abettors in every species of villainy. Most had been appointed upon the old principle of “set a thief to catch a thief.” My countrymen have made use of a greater bull than ever flew red hot from the mouth of an O’Shaughnesy, O’Leary, or even Murtie Haggarty himself, by styling these fellows—*mirabile dictu!*—“officers of justice!!!” Some of these hounds were abroad, watching like cats for mice. They prowled up and down, peering into every hole and corner, except the cabin, for some unfortunate whom they had got intelligence was to be an inmate of the vessel. One of them in particular had a quality which I never witnessed before in any of these gentry, nor ever heard they possessed, vanity. They have a quantum sufficit of supercilious arrogance, impudence, low cunning, &c. yet their former and present employments, force even their dark spirits to feel humbled, far, far below the meanest creature whom they, with smiles interlarded with oaths, drag from a shrieking wife to prison for a paltry sum, which in imagination tickles the palm as they clutch the wretch who has the same shape, nothing else, like them. They have therefore no vanity. The animal before mentioned, had, which proves the truth of an old saying, that “there is no rule without an exception.” He is as great a *lusus maturae* in such circumstances

as my countrymen have made the whole "batch," by naming them "officers of justice."

The scoundrel stood at the side of the ship, putting sly questions to a steerage passenger—looking "now and then" at his limbs, striking gently his thigh with a switch, and turning out the toes of each foot alternately, that a really handsome ankle might be admired. He arranged the shirt collar and 'kerchief, pulled down his vest, exposed the linnen or cambric, I forgot which, standing "cocking up his head like a bantam," saying often, "we, lawyers, you know." He brought me in mind of a story told by Dean Swift, concerning an inundation getting into a barn yard, which swept off every thing in its course. A quantity of apples floated along, and by some accident a ball of filth was in the centre. In such company its dirty little heart swelled with pride, and thinking its nature altered, or that it had always been such, addressed the nearest of Eve's favourites with, "see, brother, how we apples swim."

I would have rejoiced to see him get the same sauce with which a brother "tip-staff" was served in England,—where the law with regard to debtors is much more mild than the Scotch, which is savage and barbarous in the extreme. A person in debt can reside in his house and work at a trade, or whatever the occupation may be, which in all probability would never be attempted in prison; as the very air of such a place paralyzes the nerves, destroys energy, sinks the mind into a state of hopelessness, carelessness, and even insensibility, annihilates honest ambition—without which, man cannot enter Heaven—crusts, corrodes, and chills all the finer sentiments, sympathies, and affections of the human heart;—deprives the being of self esteem and self respect—case hardens the fountain of feeling, and causes the person to retreat within the compass of his own horrors, trusting no one and dissatisfied with all the world. Like a snail, when hurt by the foot of some fop, who cocks his hat, strutting to the residence of fashion, where, with many simpers, he helps miss to a cup of tea—contracts the horns and encases itself in a house which nature has provided. An English subject, when in debt, can reside in his domicile, and no bailiff dare enter for the purpose of taking him to prison: unless, the door chance to be open; when he knocks, some one makes the common reply, "come in," or tells how the door may be opened.

An honest man, residing in one of England's most beautiful villages, had a misfortune, which according to Solomon and sound sense, "is worse than death," he was poor. He was in debt, and had kept a shut door for many months, working hard to discharge what he owed; and was well employed by the neighbours, who all love to assist the unfortunate, when nothing has to be given gratis, and boast of their kindness, compassion and mercy, with a purse "never the emptier." He was a native of Ireland, possessed all that wit and talent for which his countrymen are so remarkable. At length he wearied to walk in the fields and view nature partially corrupted, because of generally corrupt man: desire increased to such a degree, that one day, taking a "mother of the sloe" in his hand, sallied out regardless of consequences.

The bailiff shortly got notice, and went instantly upon the hunt, but Paddy had "all his eyes about him;" so, "making a clean pair of heels," and "handling his feet" in fine style, got first to the door, which was made to open from without, by pushing a stick or finger through, and thereby raising the latch. With a razor in his fist, he waited the approach of a brother, earth-worm, whom a few shillings in expectancy had made his inveterate foe.

The bailiff knocked, and Paddy imitating a child directed by its parent, said "nobody at home." The bailiff in a kindly tone asked—"how shall I open the door, my dear?" "put ye finge in a hoye." The scoundrel thought, and chuckled as he thought, that the pence were secured by the destruction of a fellow mortal who had never injured him—rammed a fore-finger through the door. Paddy whacking it off, said, without changing his tone—"put ye toyie finge in a hoye." (Put your 'tother finger in a hole.)

There happened to be a fine breeze, and bending the sails, away we went out of the harbour in splendid style, as the sun shone upon her white wings, and the immense crowd which had now collected on "the pier," "to wave a last adieu, and maybe meet nae mair." Away went the vessel like a falcon, as they running to keep alongside, "a fainter cheer to our cheering sent us back," but off we were borne amid cries of "God prosper the bonnie ship." "God bless and guard ye." "Write us, eh! write a lang, lang letter to me." "I canna gang enow, but look out a place beside ye for me, and I'll be out next year." "Eh! dinna forget me," cried a weeping girl to a good looking young fellow leaning against the side. "Na, na, Jeanie lass, ye needna fear, I'll no forget. God bless ye, ma bonnie woman, mind yer promise, and I'll get a heap o' siller, for eh! L—d! as I'll work, and come back to marry ye." "God bless ye, father, be kind to the lave, and I'll send a' ma gains to gie wie Geordie his lear; sac pit him till the mill-wright business; bless ye, God bless ye; mind *yon* body I left to yer care." "Oh read yer bible, Wullie, and do as it bids ye; eh! let me hear ye say yes." "Yes, I'll read the bible, mither; and I stan i' ma father's shoon noo, and ye'll see that I'll no shame yer advices and his grey hairs; gang awa hame and be kind to yersel; dinna gang o'er fast, for ye're no young noo." Such were the exclamations which went from the vessel to the pier; as, with few exceptions, those in the ship only were able to articulate. For when dear friends part, those who go are really to be envied; in comparison, as they have hope, which with the bustle around, and absolute necessity of exertion, prevent the mind dwelling upon scenes left behind. But the others must return to their homes, where every chair, every meal, and every circumstance recall the absent to the mind. They think, that though in safety themielves, can lock the door, pray and go quietly to bed, their absent friends are on the fathomless ocean, exposed to every danger; in sleep they dream, and starting up, fancy that the roar of the tempest and dash of the wave come on the blast of midnight, booming to the ear. Even when undeceived, still every gust is magnified, and—

"They deem the breath that gently fans the sail,  
The murmuring prelude to a ruder gale."

But away and away we flew, and the shouts, huzzas and exclamations, died on the breeze, as we stood out for the roads.

I looked at Edinburgh, where the innumerable windows were glittering in the sun-beam, and thought of the College, where His Majesty King James the 6th of Scotland, and 1st of England, attended a philosophical disputation in the oriental languages, by Professors John Adamson, James Fairly, Patrick Sands, Andrew Young, James Reid, and William King. When the exercise was over, His Majesty was pleased to compliment the disputants with the following poem:—

“As Adam was the first of men, whence all beginning take,  
 So Adam-son was President, and first man of this act.  
 The Thesis Fair-lie did defend, which though they lies contain,  
 Yet were fair lies; and he the same right fairly did maintain.  
 The field first entered Mr. Sands, and there he made me see,  
 That not all Sands are barren Sands, but that some fertile be.  
 Then Mr. Young most subtly the Thesis did impugn,  
 And kythed old in Aristotle, although his name be Young.  
 To him succeeded Mr. Reid, who though Red be his name,  
 Need neither for his dispute blush, nor of his speech think shame.  
 Last entered Mr. King the Lists, and dispute like a King,  
 How reason reigning like a Queen, should anger under bring.  
 To their deserved praise have I thus played upon their names,  
 And wills this College hence be called the College of King James.”

Had that monarch possessed energy, natural affection, feeling, or pride, he would have torn Elizabeth from her throne, or perished in the attempt. Self-love, superstition, and revenge, he had, however, in perfection: as his persecuting any old woman whom he suspected of having received power from below, to twitch his kingly limbs with cramp—shew. In short, had he possessed the feelings of a proper man, Scotland and England never would have been united. So, it is entirely owing to his want of spirit that we have coped with, beaten, and given law to Nations, which, if still divided, we never could have looked in the face. To him, therefore, we are principally indebted for all our glory by sea and land.—So, peace to his manes.

I thought of that College where poring over the tomes of Grecian and Roman lore, unutterable thoughts passed across my mind, as the young ideas were learning how to shoot and develop themselves for future mischief, usefulness, honor or disgrace. I had looked upon the gown of a Professor as the greatest badge of merit, and mark of intellect, which human ingenuity had invented, to point out for universal respect, the spirits who, by superior ability, and wasting the midnight oil, had soared above the lot of humanity. But I had lived to know that all had not risen by unassisted talent.—Psha! I shall not, if possible, again think of a place where fair play is a jewel not to be found. I looked at the Castle where James, the third King of that name, had been confined by his rebellious Nobles: but the Standard of the Blue Blanket being displayed, the incorporated Trades turned out, and commanded by William Bertram, Provost (Mayor) of the city, stormed the Castle, and, in spite of the rebellious Lords, gave their Sovereign liberty. They, “the Crafts,” often turned out, and headed by the

brave "Bowed Joseph," marched with step equally steady as when they, in the year 1091, under Earl David, brother to the King, stormed the city of Ptolemais.

The Blue Blanket was the standard of the Scots Soldiers at what has been very improperly styled "the holy war." Greater part of those who returned from Palestine had belonged to, or were connected with the Trades of Edinburgh. The standard went, therefore, with the majority, and ever after became the ensign of the Trades belonging to that city. And well did they deserve such a mark of distinction, for the bravery and loyalty shewn by them upon all occasions, being constantly the staunch supporters of majesty: not only bringing the refractory Barons to subjection, when arrayed with all the power of the feudal system, for humbling the King, by conquering them and the men at arms, but sometimes even opposing the power of the whole Kingdom in defence of their Sovereign. Wherever the King went to war, the Trades of Edinburgh, with the Blue Blanket, were in the thickest of the fight. The actions of "the Crafts," upon all occasions, were on a par, if not surpassing, the far famed achievements of Greece and Rome.

My eye involuntarily fell upon a street paralel with, and named from the fortress. I saw only one house, but durst not gaze for fear that memory would depict too accurately the Being who, all purity, gentleness, elegance, and superlative loveliness, honoured the abode of mortal with her glorious presence. I durst not dwell on the idea, least firmness should be lost, when giving my plans and anticipations to the winds, return ashore to get, another look of love. I forced myself from the view, and regarding the passengers, tried to mark, from outward symptoms, "how strongly the spirit wrought," and rejoiced that "the officers of justice had to return ashore without a victim.

The wind suddenly fell, when seeing that a long time would elapse before we should be at such a distance from \* \* \* street, that it could not be distinguished, I went to the cabin; where, with little interruption, the time was spent in arranging papers, which, from the hurry of moving and packing, were not laid in exact order. I had also several letters; which, from the sentiments contained, elegance and purity of style, beauty of arrangement, and true unaffected piety, were unrivaled in any language. I study every sentence and expression, which none but the writer could imagine on record. Whether the person was male or female matters not to others, and does not, nor cannot concern any one: even to myself it is no longer of consequence. It is "pleasure departed;" "it was also an agony, but now forgot;" for "a change has come o'er the spirit of my dream," but I pore over the splendid epistles, becoming wiser and better as I read.

No motion was perceptible, and I had sat examining for the hundredth time, the language of one who—but it is useless and mean to reflect, it was the luminary which lightened every scene, but having set forever, all is darkness and gloom. When, at one in the morning, the captain,

who knew "the history of my little life," opened the door to say that "by taking the trouble to go on deck, I would be pleased, and see my former residence." Putting the papers in my bosom, I went out. We were near the entrance of Aberlady Bay, which lay calm and still under a flood of uninterrupted moonshine, with every thing for many miles distinctly visible. The magnificent Dome of Gosford appeared over the trees, the residence of the Earl of Wemys, and his amiable, though splendid daughters. The Garleton Hills were in sight, and the very spot where Laird Harley was seated on such a night, looking down at the mansion of his beloved Julia Strachan—the beautiful heiress of Ravensdale. On the other side lay unseen the dwelling of my father. Imagination began to work and transported me to his bedside, where the light streaming through a window shewed him asleep; and by the placid smile, it was evident that he was at his daly recreation of cheering the fearful and despairing, raising the bowed down, plucking the stings and arrows from death—thereby preparing the departing, hovering soul for immortality. Perhaps he was taking a view and foretaste of the joys which "the souls of just men made perfect" experience—which a guileless life, holy walk and conversation, had so well qualified him for enjoying. From the furrowed cheek, and hair white as the cap, it was but too certain that, his present imaginary visit would ere long be in reality repeated, and continue forever.

I kneeled, and pressed my lips to the wrinkled hand which lay over the bed. It was the same which had been raised in supplication to a throne of mercy for grace to be bestowed upon me. It held me up at baptism, taking vows which had been more than performed; had pointed out the page of truth, as my young eyes began to read, "in our own tongue, the wonderful works of God"—had carried, led, and assisted in all my attempts at enjoyment or recreation,—however trifling or insignificant they must have appeared to a being so good, and so—almost—perfect. That hand had been always ready to perform every thing for my good, except one, correction. In that he was sparing, though "he hated not the child," and much was needed; it was sometimes done, but only when absolutely necessary, and always with reluctance. He loved me—I, a being of passion, fire, and flame, while he is meeker than the sons of Adam. I, still kneeling, again kissed the withered hand, upon a finger of which glittered a ring, that contained the raven hair of his father, who had died in his strength, before death had begun to humble his pride.

I was roused from my reverie by some one saying, "I'm unco sick, as I eat o'er muckle fat bacon to ma sipper, and couldna lie in ma bed any langer; sae, I'll crack to you, we'll be gran company to ane anither, and we'll while awa the time brawly." "Down you monster! down to your stye, and, like other hogs, snore away the most precious gift in insensibility. Down you wretch who can't think; go brute from my presence. Go, swill, and sleep, and snore. Go! go! I say." And away went the biped with stuffed paunch, who had not even sense to meditate on the perfections of his Maker.

I looked at the village, whose inmates were locked in slumber, preparing by rest for the toil of a coming day, except such as kept awake by love, had perhaps gone to meet, "by the light of the moon," the beloved object, and list to "the tale that is sweetest to hear." The report of a gun was heard in the distant woods of Lufness; and I thought how man had made a monopoly of the Almighty's gifts; making a parody upon the ode commencing with "none but the brave deserve the fair." It may now be said with equal, if not superior propriety; that none but the squire deserves the hare: a fine rhyme might be formed with peasant and pheasant; all to show that it is improper food, rank poison for a hard working man, who earns his half meal by the sweat of his brow. I shall make a song upon it the first spare hour, to the tune of "the land o' the leal," but at present must go where winds and water drive.

I saw the village church at the west end, where weekly the population assembled to hear the truths of the gospel; and where the holy meek man stood up impressed with the importance of the mission, and love for the sender. He delivered the discourses in that strong language which the mighty consequences demanded—impressed them upon others by being convinced of their authenticity himself; and coming from the heart, reached "like a two edged sword," the vitals of others. He is an adviser to the great, a terror to evil-doers, a friend and companion to those who do well—a father to the poor, and well-wisher to all mankind—and, "is a living precept of the truths he taught."

The school was empty—no hum was issuing from the temporary abode of youthful discontent; and no authoritative call from the master was heard. They were at home, dreaming of tops and play days—while some were pulling in the hand to avoid the "taws" which a neglected task forced the preceptor unwillingly to apply. He likely had also a visit from "Queen Mab," and lay dreaming of a rectory; which, for command of temper, method of imparting instruction, general information, and correctness of behaviour, is his deserved station.

It is hoped that the public will soon perceive the good qualities of Mr. Cowan, and the immense benefit conferred upon their offspring—so that he may earn what is his due—public praise; and they reap eternal profit.

Many good and worthy people reside in the village, who are happy as good intentions, proper behaviour, and few failings can render the descendants of Adam—more especially as they are removed from that never failing amusement and employment of vulgar minds—the bliss of idle and debauched characters, which bring halcyon days to the ignorant, drunken, illiterate—yet ambitious wretch, who cares not how dirty is the pitcher that contains the aqua to "sloken his lowen drouth"—or the ladder by which he rises to conspicuous infamy—borough politics. They have great and manifold blessings, which I shall not disturb or annoy—so, let them sleep in peace.

I saw the Castle of Lufness, which was built by the King of France, and occupied by soldiers of that nation as a defence to the beautiful,

imprudent, and ill used Mary—where the stone coffin of Sir Richard Bickerton still remains. And Saltcoats, where a wild boar was killed by the brave Roger Livingstone. The vessel had been gliding silently and imperceptibly along, so that by the time these thoughts had arisen, we were passing Gulane Point, or “Jovie’s Neuk.” I gazed upon the scene, for the last time my feet had trod the shore, they kept step, rising and falling alternately with those of—Oh mercy!!! I stretched out my hands, exclaiming “hills, vales, castles, and hamlets, I will make ye all live forever—the woods shall be taught to tremble with your fame, and winds to whisper of your name; for there I first walked with \* \* \* \* first heard her voice of angel sweetness, and first experienced the thrilling, terrible sensation conveyed by the nerves to the heart, as her delicately rounded arm rested on the brawny muscular one of the shivering Emigrant.

I looked at the rock, but the charm had departed, for all was silent as the grave. There were no ambrosial curls, no eyes of cerulian blue, nor sylph-like form to enchant the beholder—but all was desolate.

“I would give—what would I not?  
For a sight o’ somebody.”

I looked towards Edinburgh, but the distance was too great—it could not be distinguished; and saying, “my native land good night,” went to my cabin—not for the purpose of sleeping, but as “the son of the morning” was about to appear, that I might meditate without distraction, or being exposed to the gaze of vulgar eyes, upon all I had left—all I had to hope, and all I had to fear.

As both sides of the Frith have been repeatedly described by able writers, it would be superfluous in me to attempt any—therefore will only mention the most remarkable, as we proceed on our watery way.

We passed the Bass Rock, which stands two miles from the N. East shore, and in very deep water; it was used in former days as a state prison by the highly gifted Kings of Scotland, who like the Kings of France, have eternized their love of cruelty in the records of their stupid day. The first, by instruments of torture, such as the maiden,\* steel-boots, thumbiekins, &c. The other, by the cage, eighty feet below the surface of the rock, called Mount St. Michael. But ours carried “the gree awa” by their love of the chase, which was displayed, not like Nimrod, “in hunting before the Lord,” but in hunting the McGregor’s with blood hounds. But God be praised such times are past! and that we are under the great King of the Isles. It was on the Bass that the good and pious Mr. Blackadder was confined for his religious opinions, during the lapse of twelve years; and whose name has been rescued from oblivion by the learned Mr. Crichton. On the main land was seen the ruins of Tantallon Castle, where “the Douglass” reigned supreme, doing good or evil at his pleasure; setting at defiance the power of the king and his nobles—travelling generally

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\* Afterwards taken to France by M. Gullotine, improved and called by his name. He himself was beheaded by it

with a thousand horse—where Marmion leapt his charger over the rising drawbridge, before the battle “of Flodden Field.” It is now possessed by the descendants of a person who was president of the Scotch Parliament when that estate, with many others, was confiscated—for what? The records, I suppose—if any—can show. The castle where the black Douglass lived, and issued from the portal with his men-at-arms to scourge the foes of Scotland, and fight with the gallant Percy at Chevy Chase—brave men tilted, and “where the poor were fed”—is now, by a trick of the times, the property of those “whose name was never heard.” It forces upon the mind a coarse old proverb. “The quiet sow eats up the draff.”

We passed close to the Isle of May, which belonged to the See of St. Andrews, where Adrian the first bishop fled for safety, with a number of ecclesiastics, when the kingdom was invaded by Danes, during the reign of Constantine the Second—who, being conquered in battle at Crail, was taken prisoner, and beheaded on the following day, at the mouth of a little cave near the town; which, in detestation of the act, was named the “the Devil’s Cove.” The good bishop and priests were all murdered, by these blood thirsty mauraders, the same year, 872.

The Bell Rock Light-house next attracted our attention, which as is generally known, was so named from an exceeding large bell that a philanthropic clergyman, of the Roman faith, at his own expense, caused to be placed upon a strong raft at anchor—the motion of the sea caused it to ring incessantly, thereby warning mariners to keep at a distance.

The owner of a Dutch vessel was more intent upon gain than the good of others, and taking the bell on board his ship, carried it to Holland, where he received a sum of money for the lives of mariners. The year following, this greedy man with his sacreligious crew were sailing for the Port of Leith: the wind “blew a hurricane right in their teeth:”—night descended with her ebon wings, and neither moon or star shone upon their trackless journey. They knew that the hidden dangers of the Bell Rock could not be far distant, from the direction in which they were driving, with reefed topsails. The crew became terrified, and more so from the pitchy darkness by which they were surrounded; as all was magnified by the imagination, which, in most minds, is strong in proportion to the deficiency of other properties. They cursed the captain for his cupidity, though all were equally culpable in taking away the warning bell. Several vessels were near, and in like danger,—but the crews had not the upbraidings of conscience in addition to the fear of death.

Away went the ships; the one and her guilty crew in the van, when with a crash she came in contact with the dreaded rock. A yell of despair came from every mouth. They had no time to sling the boats,—even had presence of mind remained, for the waves smashed her to pieces on the pointed rock—which, entering the bow, split her to the stern,—tearing up her decks, as the masts, with a dreadful crash,

went by the board. Down went the goodly ship, and her valuable cargo. The sailors caught at ropes, spars, any thing, or nothing—but down they went, where the midnight surge would roll over, but cause no future terrors to them.

A large piece of the broken mast having got free, was seized by the captain, who thereby of all his crew had a chance to live. The mate perceived him by a flash of lightning, when filled with envy and diabolical hatred, sprung from the sinking ship upon his former commander, who was instantly encircled by his sinewy arms. Dreadful was the struggle, as they regained the surface; but the grasp was too firm for removal, and both were gasping from the plunge. The captain seized his enemy by the throat, straining with all his force; but a mountainous wave came roaring on, covering them from human view. It is horrible to think, that these bodies would be tossed about for ages, with the grasp of death and hatred unrelaxed. But their destruction was the preservation of others, who hearing the crash and yell, were enabled to clear the rock; and none perished but those who richly deserved their doom.

The wind coming strong from the East, enabled us to run at a great rate past Aberdeen, where the amiable, learned, and reverend Dr. Jack presides over the Caroline College. We past through the Pentland Frith—which name is quite apropos, but why it and the hills of a similar appellation are so far distant, I cannot understand. Away went “the bonny” ship, and grandly did she answer the tiller, breasting the waves like a wild duck; carrying us on, on, far from the friends and scenes of our infancy. All looked thoughtful, though not grieved; for hope was in their hearts of earning a comfortable subsistence—even independence, in the country to which we were advancing;—and which their utmost exertions could not secure, or procure in the one we had left. But the notions and hopes of most were formed in ignorance—and error, heightened by imagination, love of gain, and falsehoods, told by vagabonds—they were therefore foolish and extravagant in a superlative degree. All were possessed of things purchased at high prices, for which they had not a shadow of use,—having been enticed thereto, by the same species of animals that I had come in contact with. One man was going to make a fortune by ten iron ploughs, which had cost him £3 15s. each. “But when I wun to York,” said he, “I wull get £50 a piece, for ilka ane o’ them. The Yankees canna mak p’oughs.” I could not convince him, that in a newly cultivated country, it would be impossible to use any plough, but a very strong one made of wood. That it was possible, to use those which he had in a few fields near Montreal or York; and an iron plough can be purchased there for £2 1s. It was all in vain. Like a smith in “the kingdom of Fife,” who was famous for argument,—“he keepit his threep.”

I asked a middle aged worthy man from Berwickshire, who had come with his wife and children, if he was not sorry for having left the land of his fathers? “Eh! na,” he replied, “I’m real glad that I cam awa, for there’s gowd in gowpins, for the working! We’ll get awfu’ wages; and than the mutton, beef, and likes o’ that, is only a farthing the pund,

and eggs tippence the hunner—aye, the lang hunner. Gude keep us humble! for we'll a' be lairds and leddies in a single year!! However, I canna but say, that for a' sae grand as we'll be getting gowd in lapfous, wi' fine, fat, wild turkies, rinnin afore the door, on our ain estate; and leevin on venison, and ither deuty vivers—I canna but say that I find a kind o' eeriness at leaving the part, whare I used to rin up and down the braes, wi' a cap made o' rashes. I'm baith glad and wae,—but what sall we say?—its been to be."

Others had equally ridiculous notions concerning "the regions of the west," which the slightest circumstance called forth. For instance, when cooking their meals, one would exclaim—"this pork, cost me sax-pence, every pund o't—but faith I'll get better at Queybec for the twalth part—a' the time pouching ma twal, fyfeteen shillings,—aye ma guinea a day—faith! I'll sune be rich. And than the brandy's only three pence the gallon! Mezztie! what a bouze I'll hae! L—d! I'll swatter amang't like a duke!"

"Weel Maggie, ma bonnie woman," said a young fellow, to a conceited girl of sixteen, "wull ye gie me a kiss the day?" "Na, na John, ye're no a laird yet! and nane but a laird sall kiss me!"—when strutting with dignity, she passed on, carrying a pot full of potatoes to the cooking place.

The beautiful girl whom we left weeping on the pier of Leith, was forgotten—tho' her lover had often called upon all the supernal and infernal powers, to witness—but he forgot all!!! There was a sly-eyed, cherry-checked damsel, called Mary, on board, who was very active, while the gown tucked through the pocket-holes, together with a simper, and side glance, made it evident that she expected a comely face, and handsome ancle, would produce admiration, as she passed the Bipedes, who listless and unemployed, sauntered on the deck, or leant spitting in the water, to perceive how soon the mucus would pass "the latticed stern"—thereby estimating at what rate the vessel was advancing. Women were scarce, and therefore of more value, than in crowded cities, or well-peopled districts, where, according to the "lingo" of Huntsmen, "many foxes spoil the chase," and where Mamas are put to such a terrible expense, for steel backs, breast-plates, corsets, straps, busks and bussles, to make their Hoyden Daughters, straight, handsome belles. Mary had her ambition amply gratified; being assailed with terms of admiration—which though coarse to a well tuned ear, seemed to please, as they called forth an attempt to blush, and affected dislike at men and manners. Several tried to ingratiate themselves,—but no—nobody would she chat with, or suffer to approach, until she, like a prudent girl, had reconnoitred. Being at length satisfied, she fixed upon the identical man, whom she knew to be engaged, having seen his weeping love, and heard him cry out, regardless of the crowd, that he would return, and make her his own forever. Instead of shunning that man, had he even been base enough to disregard the promise, and trusting heart he had won, she constantly tried to engage his attention, by coming where he happened to be standing, and leaning over "for a bucket of water," which of course

she was not able to haul up. He, being polite in his way, assisted, and carrying it to the steerage, where a few seconds were spent in thanks, and looking vastly sweet, &c.

Often did she draw water, and like Laban's Daughters—though not so amiable or innocent, needed assistance; which was always given, by the man who had sworn to "be another's;" and each time she thanked him more fervently than before—detaining him longer with "small talk at every repetition"—until, before many days, it was obvious that he had given faith, principle, and honor, to the winds: becoming a poor degraded reptile, unworthy to live, and still more unfit to die.

He afterwards forsook the creature at Montreal,—which, had she been a ruminating animal, would have been foreseen. As the Being who can calmly and deliberately, under any circumstances, forsake one love, is utterly incapable of the ennobling passion, and merits confidence from none. True, they may, and will pretend—nay, even perhaps believe that it is felt, but they are mistaken,—the feeling is only a temporary furor, elicited by imagination, conversation, habit, education, fashion, or any of the causes which weak, puerile minds act under, when incapable of appreciating real affection—the only good, comfort, and blessing here below—the free, unbiassed, unbought love of modest, glorious, angelic woman. This occurred before he had lost sight of the land, where Jenny first respired the breath of life; and where she was, with streaming eyes, praying for the safety of a heart, which she fondly thought was still kind and true like her own.—But such are some men.

The steerage was filled with passengers from Scotland and the Emerald Isle. The former were cool, sensible, and judicious, with rather more than a due respect for their country, and number one,—extremely anxious about having their food properly cooked, and that the kettle should be thoroughly boiling, or "fuffing," before the tea was infused.—Decent, but not delicate in language; and in every thing that was said or done, a great regard to self, and consequences—that "a' shall be mine, and nane o' ma neighbours."—They are vastly prudent. The Irish were all fun and frolic: eat, but cared not how, or what, so that a good fellow partook of the mess,—never "casten down," they were always obliging with tongue or hands, to amuse or assist. There was a Magazine of real wit in the breast of each, which, conjoined with their poetical ideas, mental ability, carelessness for to-morrow, and activity, charmed the soul of the Emigrant.

A Scotch dancing-master was aboard, who seemed enthusiastically attached to his profession, by constantly "shuffling and cutting." But it is rather extraordinary, that he could not get through the "high-flying" airs, unless his hands were upon some solid and fixed part of the ship. An old man was there, who had been born to the profession, having a natural liking for gymnastics, "in all their branches." When standing still, or walking quietly along, an involuntary fit seemed to come over him, as if bit by a Tarantula, when the feet moved with such velocity as to be scarcely perceptible; and at each conclusion,

the heels played "rap, tap" upon the deck, in fine style. One Sunday, when unconsciously performing, and coming to a finale, he chanced to "nack" beside a "bull's eye," a heel came upon the glass, which slipt, and falling violently upon his back, lay stunned for some time, the creature whom nature had intended, or framed for a dancer, but circumstances had fashioned a so-so tailor. On rising, three cheers were given for the performance; but not relishing the guerdon, he never again condescended to favour us with sabbatical exhibitions.

A lad of short stature excited my curiosity, by never entering into conversation with any one: always stationing himself near a group, and as a ridiculous thing was acted or spoken, he rubbed the hands with delight, and laughed aloud, with such glee that the tears run down his cheeks. The more absurd or outre the speech or act was, the longer and louder did his laugh become. Upon enquiry, I found that his parents had settled in America many years before,—he was returning to the land of his birth, after satisfying his curiosity with a sight of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the other towns of Britain—a reference to such, and the frequent expressions—"the old—the mother country," which with their anecdotes, had excited an insatiable curiosity in the youthful hearer. He had been told of ivy mantled towers, where "to the moon the moping owl complains of such as wandering near her sacred bower, molest her ancient, solitary reign." He had been told ghost stories, where people were frightened near roofless buildings, erected no man could say when; of the "auld wives' lift" on Craignadie moor; the "rocking stone," tower of London, built by Julius Caesar; and many others, of which he could form no correct opinion, as in his country every thing was new. There was no castle, dismantled by the iron hand of time, whose walls were crumbling to dust, while the fosse was every year becoming less—no place for superstition to work on weak minds, causing every glimmer of moonshine to appear a lady, arrayed in the habiliments of the tomb,—and the shade, was some grim warrior in sable armour, ready for the combat; or the terrible, unceasing enemy of poor, frail, mortal, man.

He wanted to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, all the wonders of the land, where youthful imagination loved to wander: upon whose scenes the memory of those who had emigrated in early youth was almost constantly dwelling, with a kind of sorrowful pride, as the conversation often turned upon school adventures—shewing plainly, that "first impressions are not easily removed." He had examined all with unbiassed judgment, and was now returning perfectly satisfied "that a's no gowd that glitters"; that "the land of the free"—"the nation of gentlemen"—"the glorious three—King, Lords and Commons," might do very well in song or story,—but from the circumstance of their now trying to break, what had been the cry when Napoleon was in office—"the blessed, glorious constitution"—when like blind Bedlamites they were groaning under the load of what should be the price of national glory—the national debt; and which they had contracted to the tune of "Rule Britannia—Britannia rules

the waves." He wondered at their vanity and versatility, in refusing to pay what had been done with the consent of all,—as the prayers and thanksgivings of the Clergy—shouts, hurrahs and illuminations of the Laity, sufficiently testified.

Such were the remarks of the boy—for he was only eighteen: which shew that he had used the faculties which God had given; that genius—in opposition to some wiseacres—is not confined to climate or country; that the mind of man comes to maturity in other lands than Britain. His will, must produce an ample harvest, if life and health are continued; in the mean time, he has returned—

"With heart resolved, and hand prepared,  
"The blessing he enjoys to guard."

There was a young man, twenty-four years of age, whose chubby cheeks, and smiling countenance, pleased every beholder. He told many amusing stories, which were received with great delight,—as the mighty "gaffias" from stentorian lungs testified, sounding over the deep. Thinking that every thing would produce applause, he laid aside what education, restraint, and cunning had given an appearance of—decency; which being unnatural, and of course irksome, he, "like a sow that hath been washed, to her wallowing in the mire"—returned to speak of his only joy—improper and dishonorable conduct. He recapitulated the foolish conduct of simple young girls, who were too innocent for suspicion, and had fallen into his snares. Upon coming to the end of each adventure, he laughed long and loud, at the success of his projects, which had ruined the earthly peace of creatures—for all shared the same hard fate—who had been reared with hope and love. He mentioned, with circumstantial accuracy, the christian and surname of each; the ages, and full designation of their papas; who, according to him, were all gentlemen, or baillies at the least.

To do the steerage passengers justice, the first tale of this description disgusted them to such a degree, that they all, with the exception of two or three "waffies," shunned him, as the Israelites did one whose white spot had been pronounced a leprosy by the priest. With these few he sat on the windlass, saying that he was a gentleman, and having had enough of fun in Scotland, was now proceeding to America for amusement, and chose a steerage birth, that the habits of all grades composing the great mass of society, might be laid open to his scientific view, making all the excuses, and "whistie whastie" sayings customary with blackguards, who are outcasts of the circle in which their relations moved; and which, but for abominable conduct, they would still have formed a part. He regretted not the conduct, but that he had not husbanded better, the means which only could have enabled him to continue the career of vice and crime. His very repentance, therefore, "would need to be repented of". Idleness was not in his nature—so paying attention to a silly wench, who was also journeying to the land of liberty, she added another wreath of infernal honor to his demoniacal head.

It is a vast pity that such crimes are not capital—as they once were—for, if ever a mortal deserved the gibbet, it is the soul-less villain who, under the mask of decency and friendship, gains familiar admission to an abode of innocence—selects the most amiable and beautiful, to be reduced and degraded into a state of hopeless misery,—a Being, whose only faults were loveliness, and an affectionate heart, which thought more favourably of him than was deserved—inflicting a punishment upon her for excellencies, which, with its concomitant circumstances, no heathen or christian jury, would adjudge to the greatest criminal who ever entered the sleeping chamber of a friend, to send him unprepared, and unanaled—“before his very thought could pray,” to the Throne of Jehovah, for eternal happiness or damnation.

The fellow either disregarded, or had never heard a rhyme, with which every country, barefooted, herd lassie, is acquainted, viz :

“The greatest sin that’s out o’ hell,  
“Is first to kiss, and syne to tell.”

To quote another—“misfortunes never come single.”—Nor is it likely—because, the improper or imprudent conduct which led to one misfortune, had formed a train for numbers following in close and rapid succession,—while the blockhead never reflects upon his own conduct, or trying to prevent the accomplishment of “unfortunate” events, which must happen, unless prevented by a complete difference of behaviour;—instead of which, he blames an “untoward Providence”—takes to drinking, and tries “to keep his spirits up, by pouring spirits down”—becomes stupid—diseased—despairs of God’s mercy; and expires by his own hand like Judas Iscariot, though not so quickly, or bravely.

Now from that villain having so hard a heart, so seared a conscience, and such enormous depravity, we may fairly conclude, that other deeds will be performed, which, though not of such crimson dye, are “more sharply looked after”—as men, in general, love silver and gold more than blood, will “bring him before his betters,” and an American Jack-ketch have the politesse to “trouble him with a line.”

The breeze having been fresh and steady, we were far on our way, having passed Barra and Rona, before the week ended. The first of these rocks has a grand appearance, in a tale entitled “the Outlaws of Barra,” where the head of that gallant family, St. Clair of Rosslyn, makes a conspicuous figure. Sunday arrived, when going on deck, I was a good deal surprised to see two of the seamen busily employed mending sails: the vessel was running at seven knots; the sun brightly shining, with the wind on her larboard quarter; and I said—“why do you act like tailors to-day?—don’t you know that this is the Sabbath?” “Oh!” answered the mate, “there’s no Sunday in seven fathom water”—and they continued to stitch the sail. The passengers paid no attention to that, more than any other day—though most were from my country—famous for orthodoxy: and had they been at home, would, likely, have gone to Church with devout, solemn countenances, glad-

dening the hearts of parents, relatives and friends;—but now, when free from all restraint, were arrant infidels in practice,—at least, they had changed the creed—if they ever had any—and became quite heterodox. The Berwickshire Ploughman sat reading aloud, while his wife and children listened with reverence to the awful truths contained in “the Book of Books.” One or two others were serious, and in that mood so becoming upon the Lord’s Day, which was appointed—not to glorify God, but that the cursed, hard heart of man, might be softened, purified, and made better. “The generality” went on in their usual manner—cooking, spitting, sauntering, yawning, sleeping;—some more active, were on the bowsprit, looking out for whales, sea-serpents, skarks, dolphins, crakens, mermaids, or any other wonder of the deep.

The second cabin was occupied by a man from the land of the lilly, (France,) his wife, and some other women. Their behaviour was decent and correct;—though I was exceedingly sorry to perceive, that they were fond of, what a female should never eat, fat fried pork, and buttered cakes. “Poor, pretty, little, delicate, darlings”—as the Frenchman called them. They could not help the cravings of a coarse maw, and which, crammed from infancy, by Scotch mama’s, had become excessively voracious. However, they are more to be pitied than condemned, for such a load of mortality sticking to the vitals, clogging the soul, and preventing mind from rising superior to, and governing matter. The poor fellow forgot “the leathering” his countrymen received in Egypt, and at Waterloo,—otherwise, he never would have formed a connexion with our nation: but charmed with the smiles and dimples of her jolly face, he thought that, being a female, of course no fire, fury, grossness, nor devilry were within. But “confoundedly out in the reckoning,” he was soon convinced, from ocular, and auricular demonstration, that as “the world can smile, and smile, and be a villain”—so, his “pretty, little, delicate, darling” could laugh, and chat, and play the tartar.” Though “a sans culotte,” yet she in reality wore the breeches—that “the grey mare was the better horse,” and like “the squire’s neck, or nothing”—“a devil to kick.” One day spreading out his hands, and shrugging the shoulders above his “noddle”—he muttered, “Oh Mon Dieu! but one husband be not one sin-cure! But I have de money, she may die soon. De saints will be kind to pauvre me!”

The cabin was neat, but very small, and the state rooms seemed formed for my Lord Flipnap, and not a Quinbus Flestrin,\* who even would scarcely have sufficient space to undress in. The beds or berths, were much “too low”—being so near the beams, that if the occupier attempted to sit upright, forgetting that he was not in “his ain house at hame,” the brow coming in sudden contact with “the wooden walls of old England,” told, “in the deafest side of his head,” that “hearts of oak are our ships.” Pshaw! I like neither to sit, nor lye in state.

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\* Vide Gulliver’s Travels.

The food was good of its kind, but extremely coarse. Whether the bullocks had been formed differently from those who frisked, with their four-footed loves, in the world before the flood,—whose descendants we have been accustomed to rear with care, admire, and swallow—or, that the butcher, from love to us, and fear of cholera, had retained particular pieces, it is impossible for an ignorant man, like me, to decide. But certain it is, that though the flesh was sufficiently salted, and did not in the smallest degree, “resemble the butter o’ Maggy’s kirn”—(churn)—which “took feet and ran away, sae merrily and blythely”—there being no lack of “hocks,” “naps,” &c. but not “a nineholes,” for “love or money.”

The captain bargained with an agent for the voyage, at a certain sum; and had nothing whatever to do with laying in the provisions, &c. So he said: but “between them be ’t.” Though “an old stager,” great was my surprise, at being compelled to eat vile sea-biscuit, the very first evening, as not a single loaf had been brought aboard. I had been accustomed only to voyage in ships victualed by the Government. And certainly the Tories knew the way to make us poor rovers comfortable: the present powers may do so likewise—but we have not proved them, and according to the old adage—“the proof of the pudding is chewing the bag,”—we shall wait patiently for that proof, going in the meantime by faith; and sincerely hope, they will deserve the gratitude, heart-felt thanks, and unbounded esteem, of us Will-o’-Wisps,” “impulse men,” and “sons of the quill,” equally with our late splendid masters. I had been used only to kingly ships, and therefore knew not how “scrimpy” a broker prepares an allowance of provender for “his kind”—when, like so many cattle, only that he must bow, smile, praise the ship, and be vastly polite—he, with pen and ink, calculates how much can be made “per head” upon such “live stock,” who must pay for the passage before hand;” and, not being “goods,” “he is not at the trouble and expense of insurance.” I had never thought of such things,—having, unfortunately, no connexion with any one, “in that line”—but, as we are always learning, I shall, “maybe,” become wiser—through time.

The commander was a brave, active seaman; good and kind, but too simple—or honest for buying and selling, with “the christian world”—as at present constituted. Every day at dinner he seemed, and I do believe was, sorry and disappointed—saying, like the woman with her daughters, “the next is better.” When near the end of our journey, it was—“the best comes hinmost.” The proverb of “lang looked for’s come at last,” was never fulfilled. However, we tried to be content, for few of the ships were better, or so well provided for accommodating passengers, who,—like Goldsmith’s soldier, “love to lye soft.” I would seriously, and earnestly advise all, who wish for comfort, to take fowls, a black-faced sheep, or two; eggs, &c. &c.—otherwise, they will very soon become like the lean “kine,” which, King Pharaoh saw, in his vision of the night; without possessing their advantage, in having fine, plump ones, to prey upon.

In pure justice, I must mention one exception to "the rule of three," "broker's prayer," or "fair to-day and foul to-morrow," in the person of John Broadfoot, Esq. Leith. He is a man of honor, feeling hearted, and considerate—never engages any but strong, sound ships, and sober, able seamen. In short, though he cannot provide many comforts—from the smallness of the sums paid, for those foul hardy bipeds, who, as if they were ducks, descend to view the wonders of the great deep. Yet, they may depend upon seeing, examining, passing through, and living to tell, all they saw—or thought they saw—if hemp, oak, and strong sinews, can accomplish the job.

On was the ship driven by the wind, which still continued fair, until the second Saturday—when we had been nearly three weeks "aboard," and I heard a sailor cry out, in terror—"there's a storm coming! for Mother Carey's Chickens are flying about." "What are Mother Carey's Chickens?" "They are the souls of drowned sailors, which always appear to give us warning before a storm. See! one, two, three,—L—d G—d! There's a hale dizen!! There'll be a h—ll of a gale in a wie whyle!" Looking in the direction he pointed, I perceived a number of birds upon the wing; which, from their sudden jerks, turnings, and unsocial behaviour, showed them to be of a species that prey upon living creatures. I questioned the seamen, but all were ignorant of Mother Carey's history and exit from this world of "ifs" and "buts," except an old man, who had spent life on board a man-of-war, under all the thralldom and confinement of a ship, with the tyranny of great men's second sons—some of whom, had been raised by interest without merit. The poor man had been long under such ———; and no sooner got his discharge, than on arriving at the place of his birth, a press gang—used for clearing the country of chaps that kill hares, partridges, &c.—was at his heels, and tore him from the home of childhood so often, that, when he returned last summer, old, frail, and unfit for work—having been ten years in the West Indies—the home of his fathers was empty; all the small farms had been converted into one. The inhabitants of the vale were absent. The houses had been removed for stone fences. He cried out—"where? oh where?"—and echo answered—"where?" They are gone, to hide their heads in large cities; and thousands who breathed the pure air of the gowanny lea, and strode over the heath covered mountains of Scotland, are drawing instead, the impure stench, and fetid effluvia, of the Cowgate in Edinburgh. Or, they have taken refuge beyond the roar of the Atlantic, forever banished from the land, where they had hardy independence, contentment, and happiness, to deep swamps and savannahs; that room might be made for gentlemen, and ladies—with piano fortes!!! The house of his father still stood—but the roof had been taken for a cattle shed! He entered—

"The cold, cold damp was on the stone,  
Where erst the fire once glowed;  
And the mole had dug his hole, where he—  
Had kneeled to worship God!"

He turned to go, and saw a daisy growing where his mother stood weeping blessings on his head, as the press gang last tore him to bondage. They had thought he would return, like a hunted hare, and on a stone he read—coarsely cut—“to America!” He placed the daisy, with a bit of his wife’s headstone—whose company he had never enjoyed—at his sick, sick heart; and was now going to find them, in a land, where a press gang never trod. Though a tear glittered on the furrowed cheek, he dashed it aside, and spoke thus:—

“There was a famous witch, who lived at a town in Spain—called Mrs. Madam, or Mother Carey. Her power was so great, that if she entered a family, and had any confab with the mistress of the house, there was an end of all peace.” “Faith!” exclaimed a steerage passenger, “I could lay ma life, that she has been an auld maid! Ma wife had some—twae, maiden aunties, wha war aye whuspur, whuspering—jalousing what I could be about! Just, L—d! saufe us! whan I gaed out to tak the air, and a daunder, whan lowsed frae ma wark! They “wussed, in gude! that I was na gane to the public hoose! Hopet, that I didna gang after the glaiket wunches!—“but we’re frichted, as they’re sic creatures for enteising men awa fra their wives!”—and an awfu’ kit o’ stufferie, liken to that. Dod! I used to wunner whun I came hame, to find ma bonny, dainty, wee wifie, greeting in corners, instead o’ meeting me at the door, as she used to do, whun I gaed hame at meal-time, saying, wi’ a bonny laughing face, and twinkling een—“John, I am glad yer come, for the dinner’s ready, and I was feared it wadna keep het.” Dod! I used to look in her sweet face, and wunner how ever I durst ventur to ask sic a fine, perfect creatur to be wife to a course fallow, like mysel. Her wie, wie fit on the door stane, was like a fairy’s. L—d! gin I could eat ma denner, amaist, for looking at her—she was aye sae neat, a’ thing was neat and clean, like hersel! Our house was wee, but it was clean and tosh—faith! a prince never had the like o’t! Instead o’ a’ this nice life, that we led—nae walcoming me hame! nae smiling, nor shaking o’ hands! nae trying to cheat anither, wi’ garring them eat the nicest bit! nae—“eh! gudeman, are na ye happy?—was ever ony ane as happy afore?” Nane o’ that!—nae denner! naething but girning, and sabbing by hersel! Mony, and mony a time did I pit ma arm round her bouny white neck, and ask—what ails ye ma bonny doo? but she threw it aff, and wadna speak. At lang and last, out it cam like thunner! She had keepit her mind o’er lang till hersel—she had heard her aunties sae aften—and thought, and dreamt about them, for sic a length o’ time, till a’ was believed, and firm gospel. Cheu! a wild, mad bull, or a teeger, or a lion—or ony ither roaring, tearing, brute, was only a joke till her! Eh! leist! what a kippage I was in! Nae listening!—nae reason! a’ was villain! blackguard! rapskallion! Peu! the devil was to pay! Eh! faith! it was a wunner I hadna lost ma senses—for eh! L—d! as I likit her! Aff I rins to her aunties—for it wasna fer, and I didna ken an auld maiden antie’s crabbit nature. Teh! L—d! they war fer warr as her! Baith flew on me at aince—fussing like pea—oyes! they skraight, and yelled at the same time, and were awsum fierce! Gude preserve us! they war just like the muckle beast ’i the

Revelations, that had seven heads and ten horns. Eh! feigs! how I did rin! and was nearly felled wi' a parritch stick, that the auldest threw, and the end hit me below the left lug. The younger ane, heaved a kettle fu' o' boiling water at me—but faith! I saw what was coming, and jooked till the jaw gaed by. Eh! but I canna be thankfu' enough for escaping wi' hale banes—gin I had gotten a broken leg—Dod! ye ken, I could na have come here, but wad hae been obligated to lye i' the bried o' ma back, at their mercy. However, I'm here!! But the noise, I'll never get quit o'! there never was ony thing like it heard afore! and never wull again! It was sae loud, and yet sae shrill, that I hear 't forever i' ma lugs!! I canna hear the sound o' either wind or sea—but I'm safe, and snug noo!!

I durstna gang hame till bedtime—however, she was quiet and sulky maist feck o' the nicht, and at ither times a' fire and fury. I couldna close an ee; and whun madam began to dover, sugh, and sleep, I slips on ma claithes, and out I canters, like a four-year-old. But as the afternoon cam, I turned real faint, for want o' meat. I couldna, and wouldna gang hame; but I happened to hae tippence—for wives maun aye get a' the siller to keep, and ma wife had it, and deserved to hae't, till noo. Weel, I bought some bread wi' the tippence; but I grew weaker and weaker every day, for I never got naething but dry bread, and unco little sleep. Sae, seeing things were gaing frae bad to warr, and that the aunties war aye trot-trotting, in and out, out and in—aiging her on to dusts, and kick up mair stoor, I gets ten pun, that the maister was due me for honest wark, took leg bail, and ran like fire, frae a house fou o' hot water, to ane surrounded wi' cauld thing. Gin I be drooned, faith! I canna be war nor I was; and gin I do wun to 'Mericae, I'll hae anither wife, as like the last ane as she can glower—gin it be possible,—I mean though, before her maiden aunties played the mischief in our bit happy hame—for the last wull be dead whun she canna get me tormented ony mair. But ne'er a hair I care whether she does or no—she'll ne'er see or hear o' me, on this side time. And by ma ain poor sinfu soul! and the grey hairs o' ma feyther! but I wull tak special care that the neist has never an auntie! Eh! mercy! but I'm glad that I wan off. Feggs! had I leaved in Lunnen, or ony part o' England, twa or three years back, she wad just hae gane to that grit Parliamenter—him ye ken, as got a tred mill made for poor folk. Faith I wadna hae been the first as was sent till't for taking a walk, without telling the wife what road I was gin to tak! Dod! just think! I might hae been marching up a stair, ae step after anither, and never getting ony higher, a' the time grinding coffee and flour scones, to the breakfast o' that dance o' ma loof thing, as was playing in the play-house at Embro. I canna mind her name. A bonny creature she was: but feggs! she looks twae ways for sunday;—haith she's seen mair nor she's eaten;—but she's ma leddy—they ca her leddy something. There wad hae been honor for ye lads!—But I dare say I'm better here. I hear a vast about reform. It may be a gude thing. It maun be a good thing: a' reformations gude, baith in Kirk and State. It wull be baith gude and grand—for its mair nor likely, that they'll baith need a clout—as the tailors say, ou turn-

ing, at the very least; as they hae worn lang, and gin they hae na holes, they'll baith be unco stoury, and threadbare by this time. But thee things are only for grand idle folk. 'There's ae reform they could mak, and the neer sic a grand ane ever was coined as it wad be. It is, to pack a', auld maiden auties to some muckle, for o' way part, whare naebody wull ever mair hear o' their skraighing voices, their reid ferret een, or their sharp nebs. Addressing the sailor, whom he had interrupted, he added—"and noo ma auld man, dinna ca' them Mither Carey, or Blairy's chickens—gin they be beasts o' ill omen, but ca them Aunties, and than the name and nature o' the beasts 'll agree. Dod! in ye tell us that Maiden Aunties are coming intill the ship,—I, for ane, wull be sae fleyed, that I'll rin o'er the side, and trust masel wi' the shirks! Be sure, and aye ca them Aunties.—We all laughèd, and the sailor continued.

They called the woman Carey, but where she had come from, or if she had been born there, I cannot say, having never heard; but she lived at a town in Spain, and had power to do almost any thing she liked. She was so famous, that a great man applied for her, to charm a young and very rich heirsch. But Mrs., Madam, or Mother Carey, or whatever was her title, had a son in some place far abroad, who had been bred up with the lady, and they loved each other from the cradle. He went to get as much money as her, and be greater than her father, before he would marry her; for he was very proud, and had a great deal of what people call honor.—So, though she would have taken him, his proud spirit wadna stoop to be obliged, or be looked down upon by her friends; and away he went to make a fortune for the heirsch. At parting, he should have broken a crooked sixpence—but instead of that, they broke a dubloon, or some foreign coin, that is no avail—so the business could never thrive. Well, matters went on,—Mother Carey promised to the gentleman, but was very backward in coming forward and beginning to speak—saying always, that she must feed her chickens first—and a vast deal she had. They were all black little things, that never grew bigger, with a white spot at the root of the tail, that could only be seen when the wings were spread out. Curious things they were!—just like these!" (pointing to those flying ahead.)

"The gentleman being very anxious to secure the land, gave Mother Carey no peace until she went to the lady; but she spoke only about her own absent son: and many a long chat they had—as it was natural that she should like her son to be a great man. Well, the gentleman wearied, and began to grow suspicious; and at length he bribed a servant.—A pair of cast-off breeches have bribed many a flunkey, and jockey before now—for a penny more buys the whistle. The servant did as most of them do—listened at the key-hole; heard all, and, like his office, told all, and more than he had heard. Great was the gentleman's rage—as well it might, losing such a fine estate, and lots of clink—and he planned awful revenge. But just at that very moment, she had begun to see that Miss was wearying for something to make

of, and be a plague to her; and an English ship being on the point of sailing for that very place; she wished to go, and hurry her son home. For she had been young—indeed she was not old then,—and she knew how both men and women tire of wait—waiting. She asked the Captain, who was taken with her at first sight, and she went aboard, just in time to save her bacon, for the chaps were close, to take her to the prison of the inquisition—but the ship sailed, and Mother Carey in it.

“When they had been at sea about ten days, an awful storm came on. Mother Carey was on deck, and seeing some birds, cried out—“oh my chickens! oh you dear little ducklings! ye always loved storm, shrieks and darkness; but you must now become the seaman’s monitor, and always appear before a storm, to warn him to reef, and mind his weather helm.” The birds whisked about, fluttered round and over the vessel, looking down at their mistress. The storm blew harder—the sails were reefed, and they tried to wear—for the wind was right in shore, and kept the helm a larboard, while a rag of the canvass could hold together, thinking that the storm would turn less. But no, it was the longer the worse; and the Captain seeing that they could not keep off shore, told them to take arms with them; for though they might reach land, yet they were not going among heathens, who would be kind, but among their own countrymen, who would murder them, to get all the wreck. Having given the advice, which none regarded, he laid the vessel broadside on, which was lifted by every wave nearer and nearer. At length, crash went the ship on the rocks! when the boatswain, who, as the best sailor, had the tiller, was washed from the deck. They heard his half choaking cry amid the salt sea, foam for a moment, but none could assist, as all were clinging to ropes, hen coops—any thing! She moved as if going to leave the land; but crash! again she went on the rocks! Many lights were seen ashore, and all thought that they would be kindly treated, if once there; but the Captain knew better. The English landed on British ground, and British Subjects murdered them! by knocking out their brains, and cutting their throats, when tired and half choaked with labour and salt water!! They all reached the shore, but their countrymen butchered what the sea spared!—all but a boy, who unperceived crept into a hole of the rock, from whence he witnessed all that took place. The Captain would not leave his favourite, but got her ashore; and a number of men sprung forward to kill them. One of the strongest seized the lady by the hair, and was going to cut off her head. She had hold of the Captain’s hand; and muttering some words, which none could comprehend, the hair was left in the rascal’s grasp—when she and the Captain were momentarily flying, in the shape of birds, and joined with the chickens that had come from Spain!!

“The Captain is known by a tuft of yellow plumage on the head; and Mother Carey, by a white ring round the neck;—one, from a great quantity of gold he had taken ashore in his hat; and t’other, owing to a diamond necklace which she had round her throat at the time of her shipwreck. But the old cock and hen are never seen,

except when there's death in the pot, and all are to perish. The young uns are always seen before a storm, and are called Mother Carey's chickens. And," continued he, "I was at the very place thirty years ago; and as the thing happened so many scores of years back, they speak of it, as there's no danger. They shewed me a great bunch of coarse grey hair, and asked where it grew.—Why, upon a horse, says I.—No, says they, ye are out, for its Mother Carey's, that she left behind when going to sea-a-larking with the Captain." After a good many remarks, they all agreed to call the birds "Aunties" in future.

The ship had been scudding along, and was now so near the birds, that their shape, plumage, and every part of their bodies, could be distinguished; and upon examination, positively declare, that the bird so dreaded, is neither more nor less than a swallow, and feeds upon flies. They are of three different kinds,—the martin, house, and the dark brown species, which hatch their young in sand hills, banks of rivers, &c.; all were flying about catching flies, near the surface.—Those denominated "house swallows," were always nearer the vessel than the others: the sailors, who can't see "through a nine inch plank," consequently believed that there was only one kind; though, on the difference being pointed out, they at once acknowledged "that Mother Carey had been increasing her brood," but would not allow that they were swallows; for, like all others of the "ignoramus order," they loved doubt, mystery, and unnatural occurrences—when such could be procured. They therefore "keepit the grip."

The swallows, or chickens, float upon the sea, eating without search, trouble, or travel, the flies which almost cover the water in these latitudes; but are so small as not to be seen, except on close and minute inspection, by the human eye. They are all over these latitudes until about Davies Straits, where they are no longer seen, but give place to a little spider, or rather a fly without wings, which are in such quantities, that for miles, when calm, a pin head could scarcely reach the water without touching one or more. The swallows never fly but when the waves are short and broken atop, which is always the precursor of a storm, that would drive them down, and choke or drown the "souls." The flies, from the same cause, rise into the air. For, though these birds can float, it does not appear that the power of diving is possessed. They are not web-footed—which is no obstruction to their habits, as many fowls, who procure subsistence in both salt and fresh water, have feet formed exactly similar, having little rough nobs along both sides of each toe. The bird called a "water hen," known to all, is an instance sufficient for proving this assertion. The nobs open, or turn broader, and contract, during the act of swimming, like the sides of a cat, or squirrel, when descending to the ground. The swallows which pay periodical visits to British Islands, are able to light, and float upon water, but never attempt it—for the best of all reasons,—because their prey does not frequent a liquid, but an aerial element. If any are taken, and laid upon water, they will rise into "mid air," and the liquid make no impression on their glossy wings and feathers,

which are covered with a gelatinous substance—as geese, ducks, and other water fowl, and not in the least affected and drawn, or clogged together, like those of birds that reside only upon dry land. The manner in which swallows (ashore) mix and bake mud, forming it thereafter into houses, incontestably proves, that water is familiar to their habits: which every act of their lives shew how agreeable that element is to their confirmed taste and nature. In short, that all swallows are really, and properly, water fowl.

I will not attempt to account for swallows being near the great bank of Newfoundland, at the very time when so many thousands and myriads were in Britain, busy with all the various duties of expectant parentage, by saying—“they are careless of progeny, and different from the generality of their genus.” I could very soon invent some fine fal-de-ral reason for the circumstance, which none could understand—and being utterly incomprehensible, numbers would take it “on tick,” and believe, as others did, in the divinity of Mrs. Buchan, Joanna Southcote, and now in the efficacy, power, and glory of that splendid invention, called “the unknown tongue”—which will be the mean of establishing the fame, and accomplishing the object that the inventor had at first in view,—of handing down a name to posterity, in being the head of a sect—which he will undoubtedly become. If I wanted fame, and had such blind affection for any country, as to suppose with many, that nothing could love and be constant but in Britain; that all good intentions or passions; all true religion; all justice, mercy, and truth, were there, and there only—while every bad quality, propensity, and inherent abomination, were abroad.—Did I believe such to be the case?—then I certainly should be in wonder. But, instead of letting the world know it, would tell them some “fine cock-and-bull” story, to cause them to think me a clever fellow. No, no, I wish for nothing, as since my arrival in this country, which I prefer to all others, I have become a laird,—can do as I please, and “wadna ca’ the king ma cousin”: and shall only say, that the season for incubation had not arrived in those lands nearest to the cold latitudes, where these swallows were feeding; and have not a shadow of doubt, but as the heat became greater, they would proceed nearer and nearer terra firma;—when nature, or instinct, operating, they would, ashore, act in every particular like those which Europeans have been accustomed to see.

From actual examination of several, shot for the purpose, and calm reflection, the question which has puzzled philosophers in all ages, of—“where do swallows go?” and “where lies that unknown, undiscovered country, which they visit as the seasons advance?”—It was all answered at once. They are sea fowl! and only go ashore to procreate their species, returning again to the watery element.

Day gave place to evening: the waves were larger and whiter atop than formerly, which likely would not have been noticed but for “the Aunties;” there was also a blue haze all around, except on the star-board bow, where appeared a space bright and clear, that, after the

sun had set, shone with peculiar lustre. Some thought that it proceeded from the reflection of an ice-island; but the mate, whose watch it happened to be, and who was always wiser than others—which was shewn by a contrary opinion—said it proceeded from “some great fish.”

Recollecting an appearance of the sky just before the midnight storm at Dunbar, which destroyed so many fishermen—which had been told, and I will retail at some future season—I said, “mate, a gale is near, and it will burst upon us at once.” “No! no sir, there will not be a storm this month—you are a land’s man, and don’t know, but we sailors understand every thing.” Well mate, as you please, but had I the command of this ship, all stinsails, (studding sails) royal, and others, at present bent to increase our speed, should be taken in, as the sailors have only been accustomed to single masted vessels, with all hands ready at a moment to reef the fore and mainsails. Do as you please, mate, but before morning you will be howling like a dog when not able to keep the tiller hard-a-weather.” I had not been in the cabin ten minutes, when the storm began; and the wind came with such instantaneous fury, from where the clear space in the sky had been seen, that it was really enough to make one believe a demon rode the blast. In a moment she was laid over upon one side, and the mate roared out—“mind yer weather-helm!—hard!—hard a weather! Sandy! Sandy could scarcely answer. “I canna keep her a weather for ma life!”

The door of the Captain’s state room was open, and shewed him lying sound asleep, dreaming, in all probability, of his wife, who was tenderly beloved, as his constant references shewed,—such as—“L—d! I once heard my wife say that.’ That is just the length of my wife’s foot.” And when thinking of any thing which had occurred, would say—“it was just a month before I got acquainted with my wife”—“my wife would like to hear that,” &c. The poor fellow lay locked in slumber, utterly unconscious of the cold and terrible wakening which in all human probability would be experienced in a short time. I could not feel in my heart to disturb him; but going on deck, said, “Mate, you would not believe a landsman—but the gale will increase, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you kicking and choaking like a dog, for your infernal obstinacy.” No answer was returned—in fact “they were too busy to bark at him”—but never attempted to take in a reef, though the tempest had become so violent, that the sailors were clinging to ropes, and the masts were “crackling like thorns under a pot”; and, from all her sails being still set, the vessel was driven into the waves—which had now become mountains, with such force, and to such a depth, that it was truly wonderful she did not go to the bottom. However, it was evident that such must very shortly happen, as no symptom of yielding up his opinion was perceptible, in the thick-skulled animal, who had the temporary command of the ship. Just as “things were getting from bad to worse,” the Captain, who had been waked by the awful turmoil, rushed on deck, crying, “L—d G—d! what for dive ye no reef? Mate! aro you

wanting to carry the masts by the board! or sink the ship? Reef! boys! reef! bear a hand every man and mother's son of ye! or we'll all be in heaven in a minute!!! G—d d—n ye! what for didna ye tak in the sails? Ye have lost the ship, Mate!" I'll answer for't to the owner, sir"—who was the Captain himself; but not relishing the joke, he cried—"belay yer jaw. Reef! reef! L—d! can ye no bear a hand!" But to reef was impossible, as the force of the wind was so great, that all human effort was vain, and ineffectual. Not a single reef could be made. "Let go the main sheet!—quick!—lose not a moment!—away!—jump you lubbers!—in with the stinsails!—down with the royals!—blast ye! work ye rascals! Mate, cast the kinch of a rope round the tiller, and keep it hard a-weather, for G—d sake." And up he mounted with the crew, throwing the sails loose before it was possible to take them in. I saw them indistinctly in the sky, swinging like crows' nests in a hurricane: clinging with hands, feet, and knees, as the ship went swash into the heart of a wave, with a shake and shiver, enough to paralyze every mortal feeling; sometimes she swung on the top of "a sea" as if endued with animal life, and undetermined upon which side to lie down: when, as if changing her mind, away went the ship down the mountain like a race-horse. I thought that every moment some of the men, who were swinging in the air, must be jerked from their perch, amid the boiling mass; but no, they kept hold, though assailed by almost supernatural force. Even those on the lee yard-arm, though sometimes hid by a sea, kept their hold in spite of all: while the gallant Captain, "working between death and life" in his shirt, was heard calling, like a mire-snipe from the cloud, "work away, ma fine fellows!—you chaps on the lee, have a care! Hold on, lads!—hold on! for there it comes!! Now, tie away ma boys! and d—n fear. Well done!—well done! D—n me but ye'll all be Captains some day!!"

Every thing being at length right, and the vessel "laved to," we looked at the mountains which surrounded us, roaring like so many wild beasts for their prey, with all the broken water sparkling like fire; which, added to the noise of the tempest, creaking of the ship, groans and belching of the passengers—all conjoined with the terrible darkness, was enough to make any man, however stout hearted, repent at having trusted his precious carcass in a ship. But as Desdmona loved her "black-a-vised" sweetheart better "for the dangers he had past," so we would think more of ourselves—at all events of the dry firm land—provided we were not drowned,—which was extremely probable, as—

"The bald winds blew, and the fire flauchts flew,  
 And the sea ran to the sky;  
 And the thummet it grow'd, and and the sea dogs howl'd,  
 As we gaed scouring bye.  
 And aye we munted the sea green hills,  
 While we brushed through the cluds o' the heaven:  
 Then sossed doon richt, like the stern-slat licht,  
 Frae the lift's blue casement driven."

But, would we survive!—"Aye, therein lay the devilry!" It was cheering, however, to see how beautifully she rode the waves, and that the billows assailed her in vain, which the Captain was also delighted with—saying, in porpoise idiom, "what grand wather she makes!—But L—d! mate, rin, take some hands" (sailors have no heads) "get the dead lights put in, or the stern windows will be smashed, and the ship lost after all! Move! ye lazy rascals! d—n these fellows! they'll scarcely work to save their own lives!" Having tied the helm, set a watch, and given each "hand" a dram, he and I adjourned to the cabin, where having dressed, a large square bottle was paraded, filled with a liquor, the invention of which caused divine honors to be conferred upon Sesostris, the talented king of Egypt. It was not exactly his invention, but brandy, an improvement upon the original,—at least to us Scotchmen, who love something that grips the tongue. Having mix'd brandy and "Adam's wine" together, he said—"this is Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning—we drank it afore, but a gude tale is no the waur o' being twice tell't; and if so, I am sure you'll be pleased.—Wives and sweethearts!" We drank to them, poor dears, though I was not so rich and happy as to have either. As the first word of the toast had been uttered with a peculiar tenderness of tone, I remarked—"Captain, you are constantly referring, at all times and seasons, to your wife; she must be a person of no ordinary attractions, to fix unalterably the affections of a man who is so often from home, and sees so many strange faces. I have seen married men play queer, and very ugly tricks! Your wife must be a wonder. What like is she?" "She's young, bonny, and a thousand times better than she's bonny! I am sometimes sorry that we are married!—she should have got some man with a large Estate, who could have sat in the evenings listening to her singing like a mermaid. She's o'er gude and kind hearted for a sailor's wife."—And I saw a tear glistening in his eye.

"Captain, you are a first rate seaman, and every way a splendid fellow!—your wife must certainly feel anxious when you are absent, and exposed to scenes like the one at present around us. But these separations will add a zest to your meetings and enjoyments, while the various dangers to which you are exposed, will constantly keep up that fondness and romantic tenderness, which reign paramount in the artless bosoms of those, who marry without having an eye to "what makes the mare to go, whether she has legs on or no;" but consider that—

"It is domestic love—not gold,  
That makes the bosom glad."

Besides, when your wife looks around, and considers what it is that most of her sex are joined to! how they are tortured! all the finest feelings and sympathies lacerated! their maid servants spoken to—aye faith! and thought of—in a kindlier tone than they ever hear, except on gala days when company are present. For such treatment they leave their happy homes, expecting that all shall be a flowery path without a thorn, to eternity. But, they must nurse squalling brats, through the long, dull winter nights, with none to cheer; for the husband tarrieth long at the wine cup. When she considers these things,

—Oh! ten thousand times more than can be numbered or spoken,—and that her faithful heart “on one as faithful can repose,” she must be completely happy.

Please, present her with my most respectful compliments at your return; and in the meantime, I have the pleasure of drinking to her good health. May she live long, to bless you with sweet smiles, fondness, and endearing conversation;—

“When thought meets thought, ere from the lips they part,  
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.”

God bless her, and you!”

The storm raged with unabated fury for twenty-four hours, but like every thing, it had an end; however the wind, though not so strong, continued contrary for ten days, with cold so excessive, that the deck, masts, and ropes were covered every morning with ice. The ship “layed to” all the time, in order that we should not retrograde; and being close to the great Bank of Newfoundland, a sharp look-out for ice islands was kept, many of which were seen. From the continual fog and rain, which are always in that latitude, owing to a hot stream from the Gulf of Mexico rising up into vapour, and having lost the jib-boom, with the fore-top-mast, the sailors were put to almost incredible fatigue, as we were generally so near the islands, before it was possible to distinguish them, that the whole crew were required collectively, for putting the vessel either to wind, or leeward, which was only accomplished with extreme difficulty, from the disabled state of the ship. But though it was “all but”—“often to a nearness,” and “the toss of a half-penny”—yet owing to the vigilance of the captain, and activity of the sailors, who were now getting acquainted with the method of working such a ship, we escaped all.

Most of the islands, or rather floating masses of ice, were very beautiful, though, from the risk we ran, there was a degree of dread experienced; which, if it did not allow any fine sentimental thoughts to be created, and issue from lips, heightened our respect for them in a great degree. They were of various shapes and sizes—one in particular, was like the Isle of May, only more sloped on one side. The sea was breaking against it with great fury, rising in spray to the height of three hundred feet! It seemed fixed on the great bank. The wind gradually became fair and more moderate, allowing the carpenters to repair and replace the broken masts, which were done in a masterly manner, owing to several first rate workmen being aboard, who were coming out as settlers—so at length we got pleasantly along.

The captain had kept a correct reckoning, and within five minutes of the time he mentioned, being in conversation “pacing to and fro” on the quarter deck, the mate coming to him said—“master, there is the land high and dry, on the larboard bow!” All rushed to get a view, when every head was uncovered—“hurra! hurra! hurra!” one cried—“another cheer for the land that overflows with milk and honey!”—“hurra!!” An allowance of rum was given to the sailors, the passen-

gers examined their tools, trying their edges upon the thumb nail, while the damsels practised demure looks, pleasant graceful gestures, and restrained fondness, to be used for entrapping "some great Canadian lord!"

On we went past the Island of Saint Pauls, toward the Saint Lawrence; and the fifth Sunday, Cape Rosier was distant about seven miles, its high precipitous rocks white with snow, which still covered the surface in that region of cold. A steerage passenger exclaimed—Eh! mercy! what an awfu' heap o' wild turkies maun be there, whan they mak' the grund sae white!—L—d! what gran' hunting ane wad get! There wull be heaps o' bears, droves o' deer; and what wic turkies, wild swine, and ither beasts, a body could mak' a gran' fen!—faith! I'll see if ma gan's in order!" Another said—"I never hear o' sheep. I wuss there may be plenty o' wild anes rinning about, for I like weel to hae a bit mutton ham to ma breakfast, an four hours—its fine and tasty till a dish o' tea." "Maggie," said the fellow who had formerly teased her, "Maggy, ma bonny woman, in I get a great heap o' that land, wull you tak' me?" "Noo, John, I'll just tell ye, aince for a'! that I'll look roun' a wic, and the man that has the biggest, and best cleared land, wi' the brawest, grandest house, his, and name ither wull I be! Sae, dinna fash me ony mair, I'll wait a year, and, at the end o' that time, in your estate be better than ony ither,—ye sall hae ma hand."

She would have done honor to the advices of any aristocratic mama, and I thought, had really been intended for the daughter of some ill-nurtured, ill-tempered Scotch Laird, who sits in brainless majesty, quoting passages from books, saying—"aye, that was spoken by a forbear o' mine, wha held a great post under the Crown! His cousin was the Earl o'—dear me! I hae forgotten the name o' his teetle! but its nae great matter, I'll mind it some day. However, this I'm sure o', that he was a great croney,—aye hand and glove wi' James the Fyft! and fell fechting at his side in the Battle o' Flowden."\* She would have done honor to such, for not a particle of human kindness was ever in her heart. One man, whose large eye and curled hair denoted a sanguine temperament, rubbed his hands, saying—"there's the beginning o' the land, where I'm to keep ma ain coach, gilt o'er wi' gowd! a' shining, and dazzling like the sun!! L—d! ma ain father 'll no ken his Geordie, I'll be sae grand!! Eh! mercy! how he'll glower!!

The day was uncommonly beautiful, and breeze so gentle, that the vessel proceeded only at three knots per hour, with smooth water and a clear sky. Numbers of whales were seen ahead, and as we neared them, the scene was amazingly grand and magnificent. They came to

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\* It was not James the Fifth, but his predecessor (James the Fourth) who was killed at "the Battle of Flodden Field." But the mistake seems intentional, and I have heard greater uttered by men of the same stamp, who had a family tree big enough to cover all the houses of Britain and America with "shingles." Considering it the true, genuine speech of Squire Lackbrain, no alteration has been made.—[EDITOR.]

the surface, showed their immense backs above water, blew, with a noise like thunder, and slowly went head foremost to the bottom, their great tails twirling in the air, as the mighty monsters descended to the caves of the deep. Porpoises were seen in the distance. All proclaimed that it was Sunday!—all seemed to express gratitude by their unwielding gambols, while the sun shone upon the liquid element, and their glittering sides. Had proper implements and tackle been in the ship, the poor creatures would soon have experienced, that man—reasonable, immortal man, when his heart is set upon sport, or gain, cares for neither God nor His day! Luckily for them, there was not a harpoon aboard. So the ship went on, fish sported, and the sun shone upon all—the innocent denizens of the deep, and the cruel, bloody minded animals, who possess “the human face divine.”

We passed the Island of Anticosti without seeing it; nor did I wish for even a pisgah view, having been aboard the *Leopard*, fifty gun ship, when she struck on the rocks, and went to pieces in the days of my boyhood. And as “burnt children dread the fire,” thought it better to keep distant from a place, which nature seems to have formed in a confounded hurry. Besides, there is a neck of land, and upon examining the chart, it was proved to the captain’s satisfaction, that the *Leopard* struck five miles from what is there laid down as deep water, and where the land ends. The neck is three times longer than the map represents, with ledges of rock running out for nearly two miles. At that point,—they are below water, but sufficiently near the surface, to wreck a vessel of any burthen. There is also a very strong current; so that it is by no means safe, for a ship to come within seven English miles of the land at that point, as laid down in the charts, and printed directions. The captain promised to have the mistake altered upon his return. We were disappointed at not seeing any of the white porpoises, which abound there and the Gulf of Finland, but seldom appear except in very rough weather.

None of the seamen had ever been in America before, and therefore could not understand how they should be sailing up a river, for several days without seeing the banks; having been accustomed to the Lilliputian streams of their native land. At length we constantly saw land on one side, high and covered with trees. Still, they could not believe it was a river, rising from the interior of a country, and emptying itself into the ocean. Even on a further advance, when the land was distinctly visible on both sides, they (the common sailors) would not be convinced, but it was not a narrow between two seas, and every hour expected to see it widening into the second. Day after day did we go swiftly along with a fair wind, and the waves high as in the middle of the Atlantic: from the course being almost in a straight line, without any bay or safe anchorage, a vessel can only run up or down,—while a side wind of any violence is almost certain destruction; as there is not sufficient room in most places, for bearing up against it, owing to the channel being narrow, with rocks, sandbanks, &c. many of which are under water; but as they are laid down with great accuracy in the charts, from the labours, experience, and experiments of the harbour

master at Quebec,—if the wind continues any way tolerable, “aside” or on either quarter, and attention is paid to the chart, no danger need be apprehended. Both these were our case, so we went merrily o’er the wild waves, and cast anchor at Grosse Isle, thirty miles short of the capital; where a quarranteen had been formed, for fear of destroying the leiges, by infecting them with “uninfectious” cholera. The captain and surgeon went ashore, but though there was not a single case of sickness,—“the head doctor” would not allow us to proceed—because, “we had not a clean bill of health from Leith.”

Not possessing the said bill of health, we were forced to remain three days; during which, many vessels went and came, but none with a cargo so healthy as ours. The shore was one hundred yards distant, and not at all inviting; from it being (at that place) rocky, covered with small stunted trees,—like “the evergreen pine,” which a poet of my native land has made such a fuss about, during our age of carnage, thoughtlessness, and glory—and snow lay yet in hollows which had a northern exposure. Still it was land; and as being on board ship, however well a person may fare, is unnatural, the mind wanders to the dry land—like a swarm of bees, whose ancestors were reclaimed from the hollow trunk of a tree ages ago, fly to a bush, in preference to the most sumptuous erection, which human ingenuity can invent, or hands execute for their domicile. So we longed once more, to tread the surface of what we eat, of what our last bed will—in all probability, be made, (since our captain had, like the national steersman, Pitt, “weathered the storm,”\*) and from which we must rise to an eternity of bliss or woe!

When the time of detention expired—which was at eleven, A. M., the pilot—who of course had absolute command of the ship, would not “allow of sailing.” When nearly dark, in one moment, without any previous hint or conversation, ordered the anchor to be hoisted! The captain, mate, crew, and passengers looked astonished. When their surprise had a little subsided, our former commander said—“pilot, would it not be wiser and better to remain here till morning, without running such a risk, as in this wind (it was blowing very fresh) and no moon, to venture through all the ships lying directly in our way? When, even if we do arrive without accident, nothing will be gained, we shall do equally well by starting with the morning tide. Besides, I asked you, if, we might proceed in the forenoon, when we could have reached Quebec before sunset? you replied—“no, we must not go up with this wind, for anchorage there is very difficult, and we may be forced to run past the mouth of the Saint Charles, and town of Quebec, for many miles; when it would be very difficult to return against this wind, even with a spring tide.” “I did say dat den,” interrupted the pilot, “but me do say doter tings now. Me do go up de riviere dis night to de Island of de Goss (Goose Island), and me do order you to lift votre anchore; cause me vish to go up in de dark, and to be at Quebec by teu of de vatch to-morrow, and not sooner. So come, bear hand.” And the reptile strutted along the quarter deck, as we may suppose that

\* The cry of drunken idiots twenty years ago.

David did after killing Goliath, when the Jewish maidens were looking at him with their black eyes, and singing that he had killed "his tens of thousands." I advised the captain to throw the mongrel overboard; but though his lip curled, "gills swelled like a turkey-cock," and hands became clenched, clearly showing that the old Adam had waxed strong within, and that it would be great satisfaction to his inner man—luckily he thought of his wife, which restrained and kept down his manhood. Had I been commander, the pigmy should in one instant have gone, where the Persian farmer sent the two thieves from Scheerass, tied up in a bag. "To hunt for sheep in the bottom of the river."\* But the captain had more prudence. As matrimony produces such wise conduct, "ergo," as the literate say, "it follows, that the step must be prudent."

The anchor was got up to the highly musical tune of "yo, heave oh!"—wind strong, and tide making, we run through amongst the other vessels, past sand-banks in the dark, which even our captain swore "was a miracle;" and at eleven o'clock the same night, let go the anchor at the favoured spot, which the bantan pilot had been so anxious to reach at a particular hour.

It may perhaps be expected, that I should explain the pilot's reason, for acting in such a ridiculous manner—but if any wish an explanation, they must apply to himself. I have endeavoured to describe human beings, and human actions; God, in his infinite mercy, has withheld the desire of searching after their motives, and reasons for acting in a wise, prudent, cunning, treacherous, lying, honorable, upright, noble, detestable, sinful, or sycophantic manner. Even were such practicable, no internal satisfaction could be derived from the detail: unless, I was like the great Plutarch, to explain every thought of people whom he had never seen, of whose public lives even he had received a flimsy and unsatisfactory account. But he was a clincher for conclusions; and his decision passes with the herd of mankind, as the disdainful, arrogant toss of the senseless pate, which the wealthy ignorant wretch assumes, does with the poor in spirit and in purse—for real grandeur, and the sterling stamp of true, genuine nobility.

If I had the wish, it would be an easy matter to follow the great plan, of any great historian, with their great men, and stuff the great world, full of great "fudges"—or, I would imitate the great novelist, and draw a complete blackguard—every inch a scoundrel—which no man ever was yet, whatever they may be—like "Jonathan Wild the Great." What was not possible to account for or explain, as inconsistent with the formation of the human mind, would be explained after my own manner and fashion. Which, if executed in a certain, positive, dictatorial way—with plenty of ill-natured sauce against meritorious characters, an excuse for the meretricious, a slap at the church—rediculing all law, government, or order, properly mingled together, like French punch, with a great command of low slang, and ribaldry—there

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\* Vide Arabian Tales—not Arabian Nights Entertainments.

is no doubt but I would be believed, quoted, and praised—for there is no gratification so delightful to the diseased hearts of mortals, as tearing the reputation of a better, or richer person than themselves. By putting forth my own imaginings, it would be very easy accounting for every—the most trifling—action to the general satisfaction—if not to my own. Like Alexander the Great, who by cutting the gordian knot, which he could not untie—convinced the populace that the prophecy was fulfilled. Detesting all left handed tricks, I have described men and manners, as they actually were laid\*open to my view; which I will continue to do, without partiality, favour, or affection,—without a shadow of regard for any particular sect, country, kindred, rank, wealth, poverty, age, or sex. Loving a few, esteeming a number, and hating only with a perfect hatred, the conduct of the majority. All I shall describe; but would rather march about, on hands and feet, like a baboon, or a second Nebuchadnezzar, munching grass for seven years, and never hear a lady's voice, than descend to scratch amongst dirt, and fish in waters more troubled and filthy than Acheron or Styx, for elucidations of the private reasons, which produced conduct that most of the species exhibit. It shall be left for the curiously intelligent portion of mankind, to account for an unaccountable circumstance—the conduct of mortals. And I now leave this very disagreeable subject, with one quotation from a nameless author: “There is nothing so much a subject for wonder, and yet is seldom wondered at—as, the goodness of God and the madness of man.”

On going out next morning, I was astonished at the great change that had taken place. For when leaving the country, there were only a very few houses below the capitol; but now both sides of the river was studded with cottages, painted white, and some covered with tin, which glittering, gave a splendour to the scene. More especially, as we were just at the distance for the defects being hid, like a putrid carcase in a coffin. In short, we saw them to greater advantage, than if we had been ashore. We could not see Quebec, owing to a bend in the river, but both sides, for many miles below, were open to the view. The houses were only a short distance apart—perhaps two hundred yards. But on the south, it is like an immense village with one street; and at certain distances was a church, and school. It is longer than “the lang town o’ Kirkaldy,” in “the kingdom of Fife,” but infinitely cleaner, neater, and not a scene of woe caused by want. For here they have fire to cheer, food to eat, and raiment to put on—all are happy—if they choose. Though it was evident how long the winter had lasted by vegetation only commencing. The season had been very mild in Scotland, so much indeed had it differed from all others, that most of the flowers were in full blow at our departure,—the crows busy feeding their young; farmers had sown all their oats, (I don’t mean their wild ones,) and “the merry plough-boys whistling o’er the lea,” were preparing the mould for barley, turnips, and other crops which did not require to be so long in the earth. But here, every thing had to be executed—the farmers were just beginning to plough, the ground being only dry enough since saturated with the melted snow. From the settlers having no taste, or rather following the example of older

emigrants—"who know better than the new comers"—every tree or bush had been cut over, and burnt with fire. The country for a considerable distance from the river, or far as each lot extends, has a bleak, ugly look; "bare as the back o' ma han'," and each house is like Noah's ark,—“exposed to all the winds of heaven.”

It must be remembered, that all people, however sensible and unprejudiced, settling upon uncleared land in this country, are very apt to fall into the same error. •Because, the whole territory is covered with timber, so large that a European, unless he has visited the region, can form no adequate conception of the amazing height and girth of the trees, which are growing so close as to be partly supporting each other; and the brushwood between, make it always difficult, and in many places, even for miles, impossible to pass. Therefore, a tree is considered—not an ornament, as in Britain—but a nuisance and eye-sore, which they wish to get rid of.—Never reflecting, that stripes of those, not grown to their full attitude, should be left around each field for shelter. The reason why no full grown tree should be left, is, that being so very close, and the branches forming a mutual support, if an opening is made, the first gale of wind will cause hundreds to fall, destroying the surrounding crops, killing cattle, or whatever animal may be in their way. They are from seventy to a hundred feet in height here, and larger in proportion to the distance from the gulf of Saint Lawrence.

The appearance which this part of Canada presents, convinced me that an anecdote concerning an American was strictly true. He had travelled over the Lammermuir Hills, in Scotland, for thirty miles; and having seen neither tree, bush, furze, “nor gorse that could shelter a hare”—exclaimed, on his arrival at Stow—“Well, I calculate, this is the most beautifully cleared country I ever saw!”

The Settlers are mostly French, descendants from the Colony which His most Christian Majesty sent to take possession, “multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it”—which they did, being stronger than the disunited Indians,—thereby obtaining rightful possession—if might be right. Our people, by the same immaculate, club, or thumb law, took it from “the Grand Nation.” But to dwell upon such matters, would extend this paper beyond all reasonable length, and shall therefore draw immediately to a conclusion; and will speak in the second number of these and other acts, whereby man receives honor and glory from his fellow barbarians, for destroying the works, and defacing the image of his, and their God.

The anchor was again got up, and in passing had a fine view of Montmorency Falls—named after a French Noble, whose “Chateau, de Montmorency” is fifteen miles from Paris, and one of the finest in France. Near it is the Hermitage where Rousseau lived, before he went to the Lake of Geneva. A marble slab in the garden, with a jet of water playing before it, tells the inquisitive traveller, that the heart of the kind, talented, yet mistaken being, moulders within.

On we went, and all the passengers seemed disappointed, at the appearance of the long thought of, long looked for Capitol—which was owing to the finest part of it being on the other side of the high ridge, where the Governor's House stands; which (ridge) is a continuation of Cape Diamond—an almost perpendicular rock, two hundred feet above the river. Little of the Upper Town, therefore, could be seen; and the lower is not at all inviting. Their houses being covered with tin, gives them a cold gingerbread "fly away" kind of look, which is horrible to a Scotchman, who has only been accustomed to the School House on the Calton Hill, School of Arts, Church in Charlotte Square, or any of the amazing collections of stone put up without taste, art, or ornament, which Edinburgh exhibits in such profusion among the many splendid buildings which Princes might be proud to occupy. One old woman wept, and wringing her hands, said—"Eh! but that's no the land I hae left! It will never be a hame for me! I wuss that I had never come here!" "What for no like the land?" said Maggy. "Haith it's a real bonny part, and I could make a fine fen in that hoose there"—pointing to His Excellency's. "Haith I wad be real snug!"—and she tossed her head, strutting round the fore-castle, practising how to step in a drawing-room!! Most were unable for such exhibitions: none were acquainted with the effects produced by the river water; and disregarding my caution, they drank it freely, without a mixture of wine or spirits. The consequence was, that all were seized with dysentry, and most, in such a violent manner, that they were nearly at the point of death: nor did they entirely recover for months. But on we went, and casting anchor opposite Quebec, at eleven o'clock on Sunday 27th May, 1832, looked at the place which we had sailed six weeks to arrive at. The expense to each was—Cabin passage to Quebec, ten pounds; second ditto, four pounds, ten shillings; steerage, two pounds, ten shillings; children under twelve, half price; and under six years of age—gratis. As the ship was to deliver part of her cargo at Quebec, and then proceed 180 miles up the River, for Montreal, most had taken out a passage for the latter place, which was ridiculous and absurd, though I myself fell into the same idiotical mistake; but must also defer this topic to the second number of my "ways and means." In the mean time, the whole fare from Leith was—Cabin, eleven pounds; Second, five pounds; and Steerage, three pounds. Provisions of the first, were included; those of the second, laid in their own food; but from their eating so immoderately, no proper estimate can be made of the expense. However, "the keep" of steerage passengers would amount to the same sum as the passage money.

The voyage had been fortunate, for—we were not drowned; which every reasonable man lays his account with—at least thinks it highly probable, when going on board ship. To me it had been highly entertaining, from seeing a variety of human beings, all actuated by ambition, risking life itself for wealth and grandeur; in order that they might eat wild swine, venison, &c. until like to burst, and "swatter among brandy punch like a Duke."—Viewing "innocent country passies, pair things, that ken naething but the milking o' cows and

bonny sheep"—tossing up their heads, covered with imaginary diamonds, and strutting through fiery banquetting rooms—all which had rendered it amusing—even delightful to me, an onlooker in the world's stage.

The occupiers of the soil, below Quebec, are all in comfort; and some possessed of affluence—but illiterate, with very few exceptions. From the number of Churches,—immense attention—even labour, which the Government has bestowed in erecting schools; searching out, encouraging, and supporting proper Masters, that ignorance—so prevalent, will soon be removed. When all the people from the ocean to the Lake of the Hills, will be able to see with their own eyes, the wonderful mystery, and terrible price of their salvation! Aye, even the meanest, as he lays the hatchet on earth, and wipes the sweat from his brow—thinking, that though labour is a sign of the curse produced by the first Adam, yet for him, poor, frail, stiff, and miserably naked, did the Lord of Glory die!!!

Such shall ere long be the case; and a common sight will be—an aged Father with the faithful Partner of his sorrows, toils, and wanderings “from realms afar,” seated under the shadow of some great tree, with the hands locked together, as when the Priest first made them one; listening to their rosy, healthy, and happy little immortals, *lisping* the words of eternal life. Rejoicing to know, that though formerly they had no food to eat, and scarcely tattered raiment to put on, they are now living on their own land, and dwelling in their own home,—which will be occupied by their darlings, when the last “flitting” is o’er, and they are removed to “a house not made with hands—eternal in the Heavens”—where they reasonably expect to meet all their descendants—from the virtuous example set before them, in a state of perfect, perpetual, unutterable extacy,—where all this changing scene of sorrow, enlivened by a hectic smile, like a sun-beam in a wintry day, will be forever at an end.

[As the voyage has never been properly described, so many people having experienced, and such numbers intending to try its dangers,—together with the immense ability and variety of character displayed,—we not admiring that teasing system of “to be continued”—for these reasons have been induced to insert the whole;—but earnestly hope, and expect that “the Emigrant,” will not be so long-winded in his future favours.]—EDITOR.

## THE POET'S TEST.

Come, Poet, come, thy song rehearse,  
 Bid the Pierian choir,  
 With all their magic power of verse,  
 Supply thy playful lyre.  
 Delight me, Poet, sing away,  
 Nor in thy ardour heed  
 Whether thy song be grave or gay :  
 Yet, would'st thou boast my need,—  
 See that thy theme fair truths impart,  
 To sacred honour dear ;  
 Give me the song that finds the heart  
 Transported through the ear.

It must have love, soft, tender, kind,—  
 Love true as truth can be ;  
 Love, sweetest essence of the mind,—  
 Or 'tis no song for me.  
 Let heavenly friendship swell thy strain,  
 That cheers our little span ;  
 The link in fair creation's chain  
 That man unites to man.  
 Whate'er thy theme—see it impart  
 Truths to fair honour dear ;  
 Give me the song that finds the heart  
 Transported through the ear.

Come sing of wine,—fill up the bowl,  
 Nor stinted, nor confin'd ;  
 So wine exhilarate the soul,  
 To humanize the mind.  
 And sing of war,—paint the red field  
 Where thousands bite the dust,  
 To stern necessity that yield,  
 But see thy quarrel's just :  
 That so thy theme may truths impart  
 To sacred honour dear ;  
 Give me the song that finds the heart  
 Transported through the ear.

And let me laughter round me trace,  
 Care's menace to beguile ;  
 There's nothing calls the human face  
 Celestial like a smile.  
 Nay, move the passions, do not fear,  
 In humour quaint and droll,  
 Till laughter's self a gen'rous tear  
 Force from the pitying soul.  
 Laugh, Poet, laugh,—but yet impart  
 Truths to fair honour dear ;  
 The song for me must win the heart,  
 In transports through the ear.

## ON ROADS.

“On fancy’s wild and roving wing I fly.”

The principal business of every creature is searching for the means of subsistence;—consequently, birds are found in numbers great or small, according to the quantity of food with which their maws are crammed. Fish act precisely in the same manner,—emigrating when prey becomes scarce. Quadrupeds also, behave in a similar way, having no desire but satisfying the first craving of nature; when that is obtained, with the other in its season, they are happy, without a wish to roam. As the seasons revolve, fish swim to other shores; grass and vegetables decay; then birds of the air, and fowls of the water, depart in search of insects, grain, and denizens of the deep—while those who live on earth’s surface, burrowing in holes, roosting on trees, or wandering free and uncontrolled, carry to their lairs the fruits of Autumn—trust to chance for a supply, or wing their way, as some beasts migrate, to a milder, more genial climate, trying to enjoy perpetual summer, and perpetual plenty. Birds and beasts have no constancy, which every spring fully demonstrates, nor any affection for their offspring, after arriving at maturity,—but “once rejoicing, never know them more.” Such is the animal creation. But man is entirely different;—possessed of no natural covering from the weather, like sheep; nor armed with claws for offence and defence, like a bear; or with which he can form a mansion under ground, after the fashion of a mole, and that “wise folk,” the coney. He came into this world naked, and his only defence or protection was a reasonable soul.

Having the power of speech, he was able to communicate his ideas as they arose, by that faculty; and “as steel now sharpeneth steel,” so did the intellects of one man whet another’s, by collision. His natural wants or corporeal imbecility, constancy, affection, love of progeny, and regard for his natal spot, rendered him, both by constitution and habit, a social animal;—requiring that numbers be conjoined to fashion, form, and supply the different articles of life. Without which, man can certainly exist in a savage or semi barbarous, but not civilized state; happy with his family, and the society of his friends.

Men, from their nature, sympathies, and language, lived in society from the earliest ages. Being accustomed to impart their thoughts and plans, together with the difficulties constantly requiring mutual assistance, it was very soon ascertained, that to produce any one of the very numerous articles which their many wants required, would occupy all the time of one who had not, by long perseverance from childhood, acquired a proficiency, which to a full grown person was impossible to accomplish with equal neatness or dispatch;—likewise demanding every moment of time, so that none was left to provide for other wants;—even in the mere making of Shoes. They agreed, that while the majority followed agricultural pursuits, others should only be employed in erecting houses, making wearing apparel, forming utensils, of clay, &c.

As people began to be possessed of superfluities, refinement commenced—more wants arose, which were gratified by those who, though weaker, wished to possess “more than enough,” and “be above the common.” Trades which were unknown before, because unnecessary, were practised along with those really useful; mixed with prick the garter, slight of hand, and hocus pocus. Hence the Smith’s anvil, crucible of the Apothecary, alembic of the Alchemist, circle of the Wizard, wand of the Magician, rod of the Diviner or Soothsayer, furnace of the Jeweller, wheel of the Lapidary, saw and plane of the Joiner, forceps of the Wire-drawer and Dentist, shuttle and loom of the Weaver, oven of the Baker, and lastly, the Letter of business, or those more tender, which “waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.”

Land at the mouths and sides of rivers, being most fruitful and convenient, was first occupied; and as families grew to maturity, each had to retire farther and farther back. Neighbours attacked them, carrying off the cattle, with women and children, for slaves; which was retaliated with interest, as opportunity occurred. Such practices were common since the earliest ages—as is recorded in the Holy Bible;—and we all know, how our christian brethren have caused the yells of anguish, pain, horror, and despair, to ring along the banks of wretched Africa’s golden streams. Cunning made them build towns, surrounded by walls for defence: the Artisans assembled in these, and were supplied with the produce of mother earth, by those who cultivated the soil, in exchange for raiment, and all the other articles then common among men.

Subsistence being obtained, men had leisure to reflect. Compounded of mind and matter, body and soul, they felt that love for their partners, and affection towards the helpless children, which caused them, knowing the uncertainty of human life, to labour earnestly and diligently, for securing a future support or heritage to beings whom they had forced nature to produce. Possession of the soil was a primary object—then to cover it with flocks and herds; and people were required to take charge of these, which many were willing to undertake for hire, as numbers relished the life of a shepherd or grazier, like Joseph’s brethren, and unless possessed of relatives, ready for broil and battle, they could not take land from others, nor defend their own. Even now, it is not uncommon, in several parts of the world, to observe a sower scattering seed on the ground, guarded by armed men. Hence, the immense blessing of a numerous progeny, which was promised to Abraham.

Some born with strong curiosity, wondered what would be on t’other side the waste of waters which bounded their view, seeming to join the sky; and imagination being heightened by ceaseless conjecture,—went “to push their fortune.” Others followed the example, and many descended to behold “the wonders of the great deep.” Most, never returned “to tell the matter”; but others escaping the winds and waves, appeared again in their usual haunts. They spoke of wonders seen and heard;—of the “rock bird,” “craken,” “cyclops,” with each one eye in the middle of his forehead; “the Anthropopagi,

which each other cat, and men whose heads do grow between their shoulders." Every thing they could invent was told, which other wanderer's have copied, "even unto this day"—when a traveller and liar are synonymous. The tales excited a spirit of enterprise, and thousands went along with those "who knew the road": for, though heartily sick, and terrified almost to death, they had talked so big, high, and been objects of wonder to gaping, gazing idiots, that to remain now was impossible.—Besides, they did not chuse to acknowledge how desperately afraid they were, but again went, with palpitating hearts, to venture life and limb. Just as a Midshipman, with the childish dirk at his side, exclaims in the presence of wondering maid servants—"oh! blast my eyes mama! had you only seen such waves!—Mountains are egg-shells to them! And then the lightning was so bright! you can't conceive. And the thunder! good Lord! as it roared! you know! But we sailors are jolly boys, and laugh at fear, mama! So, shiver my timbers! but we went merrily to it!—Yard arm and yard arm!—broadside for broadside!—and we beat the enemies of Old England! huzza! The trembling little wretch returns to sea, d—ning his poor eyes, and smiting his timbers, by way of convincing relatives, friends, Domestics, and the mob, that he was born a hero, and knows not fear\* "like them there land-lubbers."

A log of timber was, without doubt, the first water carriage; then trees hollowed out, which would gradually give rise to a boat, in shape made to resemble the body of a duck. The size was increased, and then covered with planks called a deck, upon which were six benches for rowers, with cables made of the fibrous covering that encircles the cocoa nut. Such were the vessels that transported gold from Hiram to the wisest of all men—though not of mortals, for the ladies gave him "a bone to pick," or "pirm to win" in his old age. He and Hiram are the first foreign traffickers and correspondents on record. Such also were used by Cadmus the Phœnician, when leaving Egypt, he carried the letters which his countryman had invented, into Greece, forty years after Joshua marched the Israelites through Jordan—"by five in a rank."† Ships had been considerably improved before the destruction of Troy, when the Pius Æneas, conveniently, lost his wife Creusa in "the row"—tricked a widow,—(Dido) and after many adventures, "knowing a thing or two," "drew up" with an heiress, whose affianced husband he killed, married her, because she happened to be a King's only child; and he became great upon the earth. So

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\* Vide the ridiculous fudge told in "the Life of Lord Nelson."

† Letters were known and used in Egypt, along with a method of keeping accounts accurately, by horizontal and transverse lines,—before the birth of Moses, who was taught "all the learning of the Egyptians." The Letters were invented by a Phœnician, and afterwards taken by Cadmus—also of that nation, when he emigrated to Boetia, first visiting Egypt, eighty years after the Jews had passed through the Red Sea, or, forty years after Joshua, with his followers, crossed the Jordan. He, Cadmus, was told the history of Moses and the world, in which he instructed the Greeks, whose descendants converted it into Fable,—EDITOR.

much indeed, that Julius Cæsar traced his family tree to the Trojan Politician.—Psha! every school boy knows these things;—at least, they read what great geniuses have written.

Navigation became a regular profession and employment. Money was invented, as a more convenient medium than barter,—even with such Fleeces as that of Colchis. The increase of people who existed by the Arts, practising various Trades in Towns, with those who had chosen the sea for a home, became greater,—all devouring the earth's produce; and having no land, nor doing any thing towards raising a crop, the value of grain was mightily heightened; and all tried to have that commodity transported at the least possible labour, which is expence. Instead of carrying it in bags, made of grass on the backs of animals, as the primary mode, a sledge was constructed. For it very soon appeared evident, that a quadruped could draw an immense deal more, than he could even stand under,—from the horizontal position and construction of his body. Though certainly an improvement, yet, as the vehicle was low, and path rough, great labour had still to be encountered. Wheels were invented, being rounds cut from large trees, and quite solid, except a hole in the centre for receiving an axle, to which was attached a box; and the vehicle was named from the word carry,—a cart. Hoops of iron were put round the wheels, to prevent them wearing,—openings were then cut to lighten them, and lastly the Nave with bevelled spokes, and joined rim, formed a thing for whirling goods to market,—a lady to shew off her beauty, natural or artificial,—my lord to a levee, and—convict to the gibbet.

Roads being of the first consequence, and without which nothing could be performed, were of course improved, though not in the same ratio, for “what is every man's business is nobody's;” and a man getting through a deep hole in his path, never thinks of stopping to fill it, but goes on, angry at his bad luck which dirtied the outer garment, though thankful that his well formed leg has not been broken, in “the slough of despond,”—or, if he dashes his foot against a stone, never removes it from the path, to prevent another being injured, but “limping” and perhaps cursing, he marches on regardless of another's joy or sorrow. As the pain decreases, he will, if a good man, say, “mercy on me, that I should swear.” Numerous expedients were suggested, but one only was tried and found to answer the purpose, when all others had failed, it was, placing Toll-Bars at regular distances, where all people travelling with horses or cattle, had to pay according to the number and purpose for which they were taken along. Those for shew, state, and displaying the opulence or pride of the owner, paid high in proportion to those in carts, proceeding with farm produce, goods for sale, or transporting merchandise.

All people tried to become rich, and not satisfied with the slow but certain reward of economy and perseverance, wished to be so without a moment's delay. Various ways of gambling, besides mercantile speculations, were invented; which the Hindoos never imagined when staking their habiliments, drinking arrack, and throwing sticks at a tied cock, each hoping that the bird will expire on his portion of the circle,

thereby entitling him to the clothes of all the other "black leg" gentry. South Sea Stock, and many other imaginary things were cried up by unprincipled villains, who "gulled" the rest of their species; and thousands toiled hard for real gold to send, with many thanks, to Agents in London, who published elaborate accounts of the great wealth which they were daily acquiring, by catching Gold Fish in a Southern hemisphere.\* Like fellows who come to this land of beauty and refulgence, and on their return do not chuse to acknowledge that there are no roasted geese, swans, and turkies running up and down, anxious that some good christian should devour their carcasses; while Madam Hog does not march into the dining room, paved with dollars, accompanied by the Masters and Misses Hog, all cooked and ready for the knife. They dont chuse to confess that such things are not, but every thick-skulled idiot, whose father had been fool enough to send the lad, with all his hopeful qualities thick upon him, to School, instead of herding cattle—where by a frequent application of the birch for ill translated versions, he learns to connect sentences, and goes upon "his travels:" wears his hat upon the side of his wise head, and returns the greatest man of his tribe or district, for—"he has been in Mericac." But to strut the game chicken of a village, does not satisfy—he must appear in print, as he could please Mama, of course all the world will be in raptures; and "the dear youth" issues a Pamphlet to the public, without ideas, sense, language, or, in short, which has no end or purpose but to mislead the ignorant. However, "he has been in print; his name is recorded in the annals of fame,"—and Mama blesses God for being "the mother of an author." An improper and incorrect idea is thus formed concerning this part of "God's fair earth:"—When the simple truth is, that if people will only be industrious, not try to catch roasted hogs, hunt broiled venison, or entrap gold fish, such another Country is not on Earth; for, happiness, plenty, independence, and opulence, are free to all men of sense.

As the gambling system improved, "The Funds" rose when some mighty Potentate was ill, and declined when he recovered, or vice versa. All those who speculated, watched and wearied for the Mail arriving, which was to decide the fate of "Consols"—Therefore, the celerity of such an important vehicle was increased by every possible contrivance to render roads smooth and dry. So that, love of chance, hazard, "odds or evens," "head or tail," "ten to one," or any other of these pretty amusements, earnestly pursued by creatures hastening into eternity, performed what none of the best feelings could accomplish—the almost incredible swiftness of the mail. The old German method, of clearing away earth from the surface, and filling the hollow with broken stones, raised high in the centre, and sloped on both sides, to prevent water lodging, was proposed by a man named McAdam, which upon trial was found effectual; and the unmusical, northern cognomen has become a word in the English language, together with the merit of an invention, which originated in necessity, and was used long before the birth of Julius Cæsar.

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\* South Sea Scheme—which ended in smoke.

The Roads of Britain are now smooth, hard, and dry, allowing the Mail Coach of one ton weight, to be drawn by four horses at eleven miles per hour, including stoppages where the ground is level. When a Gentleman rides or drives out for pleasure, the question is not,—“What Road can I go?” or, “What Road will be safest?”—but, “Which will be most delightful?” And it generally ends in his going one way, making a semicircle, and returning by another, equally good. A Farmer can, with one horse, take to market, at three miles and a half per hour, eleven bolls of Wheat,\*—or three quarters and a half, any distance not exceeding twenty five English miles; returning with the empty cart, without stress or strain, and the horse being perfectly able for work on the following day. The same grain, taken on the same Road, forty years ago—good as they were in comparison to the Roads of this Country from hardness of bottom—would have required two horses, and double time to have transported one half of that quantity.

A Farmer six miles from market, can have his men ploughing untill eight o'clock, thresh, with the machine, (or mill,) thirty quarters of Wheat; when two lads, (one smart “chap” may do it,) and five single horse carts, get it taken to market at twelve, and return at two, or half past two o'clock, for resuming their employment on the farm, during the remainder of *that same day*. Formerly, two horses must have been harnessed to each cart, with a man to every pair, and a whole day would have been fully occupied—at the rate 10s 6d sterling, for each biped, and pair of quadrupeds.

The consequence of Roads being improved so much is, that land, which was once only a mean of bare subsistence to the occupiers, enabling them to munch boiled corn or beans, in a corner of the hovel like rats, is now paying a large rent to the proprietor; which lets him “to Hague or Calais take a waft,”—hear a Signora warble the airs of Italy,—join “the fancy,”—attend at Fives Court,—walk on “the turf” “cheek by jowl,” or drink grog in a tent with some whelp of a Jockey, whom five shillings “plus” can bribe; beats upon a game cock, or,—but it is endless and sickening to follow many of them through their elegant pastimes. The Farmer or Tenant lives well, for he eats “as much fat flesh as he can hold;” educates his family by teaching the Misses to play, awkwardly, upon a Piano. “The Sons, or young Gentlemen, to ride “up to any hounds,” and rival the Squire with his “neck-or-nothing.” To swear loud, and drink deep, “as any Laird or Lord in the Land.” The father, pays and receives visits from neighbours and acquaintances; who being mostly about his own time of life, and having families, the conversation is all regarding the excellent, and finished education, which Providence has permitted them to give; and thankful that it has had such an effect as to accomplish “the youth,” and make the girls stride with all the strength, firmness and dignity “of a Duchess.” “And then” says one, “the way in which our

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\* A Boll of Wheat should be fifteen stone and a half to deserve the epithet, —“good baking Wheat.” The kind here alluded to, being first rate, would weigh seventeen stone “off or on.” Two Bolls make one quarter.—EDITOR.

wenches toss up their heads in the Church,—nothing low—no, no, never take up with a Chap as has not the ryno.—No, no, no poverty-struck devil need look at them. What would a clerk do with one of them? Lord's mercy! he does not get as many chinkers in a whole year, as will buy your Mary, or my Jean corsets, silk gowns, silk stockings, French kid shoes, gilt buckles, combs, and pearls for the hair, necklaces, bracelets, rings for the fingers and ears. Besides the things that are only seen by their effects, as cold cream and pearl powder to whiten the skin, pads and bussles; and many other things, that as I have to answer, when I see them hanging drying on ropes in the yard, I neither know their names nor their uses. But this I know, that they cost a power of money!—but we must not grudge it, as they are marks of gentility, and will keep them from marrying under a Laird, or a very rich Farmer at the least,—no low penniless rascal can come into our families!—A poor man could not keep one of them a week! We have great cause to be thankful neighbour!" If able to read, and fond of "such idle-set," Newspapers, Magazines, and Letters are brought to his door; giving him information of all the wise things done, or prevented by the tyrannical or ridiculous "freaks" and performances of "the big and little" fools round this globe. He enjoys all the comfort which successful industry, conjoined with love and friendship can bestow—If he chuses, and has made a judicious bargain. All being caused or created, simply, solely, and exclusively by the goodness of the roads!!!

It must be evident to the meanest capacity, that a man possessed of ground which, with proper culture, is just sufficient to supply the wants of his family, is equally rich with the man who has ten thousand acres,—if the latter has no outlet for his superfluous produce. In both cases, they can devour heads of indian corn, each gets his stomach crammed, each gets as much as he can swallow, but neither can get more. If one happen to be nice in palate or paunch, and wishes to vary the diet, he may, if possessed of strength and energy, march, with a pocket compass, over half decayed trees, which have fallen from age, or have been thrown down by the wind—scrambling and fighting through almost impenetrable "brush"; wading cedar and black ash swamps; through rivulets, called by the grossly ignorant, corrupters and perverters of the English language—"Creeks"—swarming with bull-frogs. After innumerable tumbles, resting, stopping to puff and pant, he may, with great luck, arrive at a "grist-mill." Having to wait a longer time than would be requisite for making a man, superior to him who had ten thousand she Asses, loose patience, though perfectly aware that death itself would follow such impiety. But he at last gets the corn converted into meal, and with the bag containing it on his back, tries to return.

If not utterly lost, and compelled to devour the flour, he arrives sinking to earth with the hard earned load. His wife instantly puts some of the precious "ware" into a pot, which had been on the log fire for hours in expectancy; after stirring, blowing, crackling, and boiling, the little creatures turn their dilated eyes with the utensil from the fire—upon which they had been fixt in such anxiety, that every second of time was magnified, and hope deferred having nearly made

their little hearts sick. They sit on blocks of timber from the primeval forest, with wooden dishes on their knees,—while the father, toil-worn and weary, lies at length resting on one elbow; when, like ploughmen round a haggis, they ply at munching “mush.” They all eat, and are thankful, except one, whose swelling heart has choked the passage of her throat. She stands regarding the beings who compose her world—her all, with that purity of love, disinterested and devoted affection, which only the best, the holiest sex, can feel,—which they always experience and act from, when their tender hearts, and blessed thoughts, are nursed, fostered, and brought to perfection by the judicious, delicate kindness of parents,—unconnected, uncorrupted, unalloyed, and undebased by maiden Aunts, ambitious Mamas, gross, brutal Fathers, or debauched, obscene Brothers. But when as God and nature formed them, neither privation, sorrow, hunger, pain, or torture are felt, when the objects of their unbought, unsophisticated, concentrated affection, are happy and content. Their love is strong,—aye, stronger than death, for it cannot die! and will subsist beyond the grave,—triumphing over rottenness, abomination, the degraded minds, passions, and propensities of money-hunters, bloodsuckers, and fiends that reside in darkness, hell, and night,—shining another undestructible gem in the ethereal regions, mingling with, and reflecting forevermore the blaze of primitive perfection, and superlative excellence, where such feelings originated, and had their birth. Thus she will stand, rejoicing that the temporal wants of her immortal darlings are supplied; though a tear, outweighing in value all the crowns and coronets of earth, dims the mild, dove-like eye, at thinking their spiritual necessities are unattended to, unprovided for, and that “Sunday shines no Sabbath day to them.”

Such is a true picture of the state which every family must be in, who possess thirty, or thirty thousand Acres of the finest land, in any country without roads; and in proportion to their goodness or perfection, the value of property is increased. For instance, two men are each possessed of two hundred acres, precisely similar in soil and climate; one sends his agricultural produce to market in single horse carts, or carts each drawn by one horse, during the same space of time as the other does with double the number of horses. It follows therefore, that the first is of far greater value than the second. Again, a person possesses a farm fifteen miles distant from market, to which is a good road,—that land is of equal value with one similar in all respects, as to size, soil, climate, &c. and situated only five miles from the agricultural mart, to which is a road so bad, that the same time and labour are requisite which conveys grain by the other. What equalizes the value of these lands?—The roads. When both roads shall be alike, then the farm at five miles distance will become three times more valuable than that which is ten miles farther off, because its produce can be converted into hard cash with one-third of the labour and time. What is it, then, that gives value to land? What is it which renders the heath clad hills and foggy glens of Scotland, fields of

England, meadows of Ireland, vineyards of Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, superior to the hills of El-Arrish, plains of Czinnitz, the Decan, country of Prestor-John, Mount Makattam, or Cachmere!—Nothing but the roads to market!!

As all are equally concerned in the goodness of roads, every one, without exception, ought to bear a due and just proportion of that expense, which is absolutely requisite towards their construction and continued repair. Not a single objection—a reasonable one, can be brought against the method of collecting money at toll bars, as practiced in Great Britain and Ireland,—which force the Peer or Prelate to pay for his coronated coach, at the same rate with the poor fellow who, with unmeaning countenance, and unlettered brain, rides to market upon a horse or donkey. Then, who in his senses dares to speak, or even think against a system which confers so many conveniences, comforts and blessings,—is the only one European institution, ordinance or law, that treats all alike, without respect to rank and power.—“True it is, and of verity,” that if money was not to be paid, a distinction would instantly be drawn; but as it is, the regulations are unexceptionable and faultless—for, they do justly, and act strictly, “to the poor man as well as the Peer.”

Erect toll bars, if you wish to be possessed of well cleared farms; get rich by their produce; be active friends or enemies; live in comfort, elegance and affluence; go when and where you will to pay just and lawful debts, receive money, take a “tumbler” with some “ancient, trusty, drouthy croney”; perform an act of unsolicited, disinterested kindness, or, with hooded kite in pouch, proceed to a “dear friend” for the purpose of making him take a grey goose quill, and “with a drop of ink—just a scratch of the pen”—give the little birdie wings, that can never return, at the end of three months, to injure the good, kind “hand,” who lent the wonderous creature power to thread its mystic way, through “the nether sky,” and passages of banks, until the faithful animal returns—not to its parents bosom, but to that friend, whose witching name had endowed it with temporary value and consequence.

Roads are not only necessary to these, but the lover requires them: who, forgetting the real state of things, fancies earth an unceasing, everlasting, unfading paradise of unpalling sweets,—where all is honor, virtue, truth, simplicity and sincerity, as he pensively wanders “by the moon’s yellow light,” to sigh, whine, and whimper vows of eternal love, constancy and regard, in the mortal ear of a temporal flower! unheeding and unthinking that man is only a poor, frail, puking, diseased, sinful, creeping worm of the dust—peering with prejudiced, indistinct vision, about in his place for a little, which will, ere long, “know him no more forever.”

Roads are likewise necessary for the man who goes to close the eyes of a dying father, that had by his venturous conduct in leaving—

“The pleasant fields traversed so oft,  
“In life’s morning march, when his bosom was young,”

Of the Emerald Isle, where wit, fun, and frolic are exhaled from the bogs, or generated by the "pratoe," merry England, or "the Land o' Cakes"—

"Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea."

Who by the sweat of his brow, though perhaps not to "hardy independence bravely bred," has nobly earned, and now leaves to his family, the ground which industry and a hatchet have cleared,—upon which he is heavily "breathing life away," and which will shortly hide his body from the weeping eyes of "wife, children and friends," in the house appointed for all living. Hares may nurse their Leverets, Squirrels may eat the butter-nut, and Ground-hogs tread upon his grave,—while the Whip-poor-will, on an overhanging branch of the Taccamahacca, scream and shriek as if to wake the sleeper!—Bears, wolves, and foxes may tread upon it as they search for prey, or "growl forth their horrid loves"; and the stag brush the dewy covering when bounding over it, his antlers gleam and flicker in the rising sun, as he passes, like a vanishing spirit, to his shadowy home. The zephyrs of summer will carry perfume from the blossoming wild flowers, wafting odour on the balmy breeze; or boreas roar with all a winter's rage. The winds of heaven may sigh and roar over and around it, but no proud Lord of Manors can flatten the humble mound for his projects, or tear the rattling skeleton from its clay abode. He must not!—he dares not!—There unmolested shall it lie, in the deep, deep slumbers of the tomb, until springing to renewed, uncorrupted, unbreathing, indestructible existence, at the sound of the last trumpet, he will appear when shivering nature, with the expiring universe, shall assemble for judgment, before nature's God!!!

AN OBSERVER.

## SONG.

The gloaming star was blinking in the sky sae blue,  
 The gowan had faulded up its fringe on the lea;  
 And the blackbird forsaken the loftiest bough,  
 To woo his happy mate 'mang the leaves o' the tree.

And we were far away in the deep and dowie dell,  
 Where nae ane o' the warld to listen was near,  
 When first my lassie deigned the tender tale to tell,—  
 To tell me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

It wasna o' the gowd that maks the miser fain:  
 It wasna o' the gems that glitter on a crown:  
 It wasna o' the trappings o' pleasure's empty train,—  
 Nor deeds o' the warrior that lead to renown.

'Twas o' that secret charm the bosom can prove,  
 The joy that awakens when with her we love dear;  
 'Twas the breathing o' the vow o' the heart felt love;—  
 Oh! this is the tale that is sweetest to hear.

Lang talked she o' the halo o' the bonny gowdan star,  
 Encircling the deep brilliant blink o' its ee;  
 The ringlets round her own were lovelier far,  
 But she talked thus frae telling o' the tale to get free.

And still would she complain that the blackbird had ceased,  
 Frae warbling his hymn o' the evening sae clear;  
 But naething that she said e'er could render me bless'd,  
 Till she told me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

Our seat was 'mang the wild flowers that border'd the stream,  
 And we sat till the light of the morning came;  
 For the cares o' this world had a' vanished like a dream,  
 And our bosoms knew the bliss that knows not a name.

Her locks were hung around wi' the dawning's dewy drops,  
 And bonny was her cheek as the blossom on the bier;  
 But loveliest of a' were the pure and simple lips,  
 That told me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

Oh! fairest grows the floweret unaided by art,  
 And sweet is the honey i' the bloom o' the haw;  
 The hame o' our childhood is dear to the heart,—  
 But the lassie o' our love!—is dearer than a'.

The sun may cease to rise, when the morning star has set,  
 And nature cease to change, wi' the changing o' the year;  
 But never shall this bosom the maiden forget,—  
 Who told me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

## THE DANSKIN MURDERS,

OR

### Landlord's Tale.

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Lay hands on him!—SHAKESPEARE.

———A thousand knees,  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
 To look that way thou wert.—IBID.

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“ I DON'T recollect the year, but it is long ago since Danskin Inn, East Lothian, was kept by a man, who with his wife, became remarkable in story for their dark deeds. The incidents are all remembered and handed down from father to son with accuracy, though the names of the actors are no longer remembered, being lost and swallowed up in the immensity of their crimes. However,—in those days it was a place of considerable resort—lying half way between, and on the great road from Edinburgh to Dunse, many people took up their quarters there. All gentlemen then travelled on horseback, carrying with them not only the money necessary for defraying their expenses by the way, but often a great deal more—for there were no banks. Many gentlemen and some ladies disappeared, without any person being able to discover what had become of them. They had gone from, or towards Edinburgh, but on arriving at Danskin all trace ceased; the Innkeeper and his Family always positively denying that they had ever seen or heard of “the bonny leddy and her noble companion since they bowed so gracefully at the door, when departing after a refreshment, which they had been pleased with, gave the servants no trouble, and paying double for every thing;—plainly shewing them to be somebody, and real gentle folks, &c.” Search proved vain, and the attempts to discover them were at length given up and discontinued.

Suspicion almost verged into certainty—but no examination took place, for justice was tardy to search out, arraign, and smite the breaker of man's law—rumour however was abroad; people talked, whispered, and chattered about: men having the evil eye—“no canny to differ with, for their barns were sure to be set in a bleeze with wildfire,—some of the cows or horses died during night,—even they, themselves, would be elf-shot when returning from a neighbour town, and struck as if with a stick or stone, when there was no moon to light their path.” Therefore, they were terrified at the bare idea of speaking aloud—only answering by shakes of the head, hints, and monosyllables, when ques-

tioned by those who resided at a distance. Some possessed of more sense, were deterred from speaking out, by the fear that, as there was no systematic way of bringing the accused to answer for an alledged offence, they had time and opportunity to work "the will of the flesh," before their hands were tied. Fear kept many silent who would have rejoiced at the laudlord getting a "hempen gravat." At length, the house got what is termed "an ill name," people were terrified to approach it—none but strangers entirely ignorant of the prevailing rumour, ever entered the Inn.

It happened that the widow of a soldier with a child in her arms was sitting upon the road-side at nightfall in the middle of December, trying to shield it from the blast with an old tattered red cloak. The cold was dreadful, and had affected the little innocent so, that life was nearly extinct;—the small blue face was turned towards its parent, who prayed to the Almighty in humbled wretchedness, with all the agony of a mother's feelings, and "lifting up her voice, she wept bitterly."

A gentleman approached on the road from Dunse, reined up his horse and demanded—"why do you sit there crying? Your child will die if long exposed to this cold. What is the reason you are not in a lodging?" "Sir, I wanted quarters at the hostelry down there, and knocking at the door, humbly requested permission to spend the night by their kitchen fire, with a little food for my child,—but having no money they refused even the shelter of a shed, hunted a large dog, driving me from the premises with oaths and curses. I run from the dog who tore the cloak, but, thank God, my baby is unhurt."

"The villain Publican! But good woman I am now going to that very house—come with me, and you shall have every comfort which money can command—for I have that, and the greatest pleasure which the possession of it can confer, is in enabling me to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate—come and take your ease in your Inn—for they will now be your servants."

He led the way, and she followed, praying that blessings innumerable might be showered upon his head. Upon their arrival at Danskin, he ordered that she should have a room and every comfort—he then retired to another apartment. As the case was now altered every attention was paid the poor widow, who, after an early supper, went to bed; at a later hour the gentleman also took his meal, not thinking it would be the last, and retired to rest.

Some time before day, the widow was awakened by a cry which soon ceased; it was succeeded by the sound of violent struggling, accompanied by the hoarse murmur of men's voices. She sat up listening attentively, and distinctly heard the sound of struggling dying away, and the murmurs subsiding into whispers. Her feelings became so acute, that it was impossible to continue in bed any longer, and rising, she approached a partition where light was now shining through. She saw the gentleman to whose generosity she was indebted for food and lodging, lying on his back upon a table, his hands and legs tied, with a handkerchief rammed into his mouth; a large fire blazed in the

room, in which were many, perhaps a dozen, knives,\* of considerable size; the brothers were at the table, holding the gentleman, one at each side; the wife held, or supported the head.

The Inn-keeper let go his hold, went to the fire, took a knife, and coming to the table, commenced cutting the throat of her benefactor!—the instrument being red hot, very little blood fell, and what did, dropt into a basket full of feathers, which prevented it reaching the floor; when the knife began to cool, he changed it for another, and so on until he had severed the head completely from the body!

The poor woman was horrified, and luckily for her safety, too much so to articulate or give an exclamation, which she certainly would have done, but her mouth was dry, the tongue clove to the roof, and she felt a terrible oppression at her labouring heart, accompanied by excessive thirst, all which, deprived her entirely of the power to speak. Though horrified, she could not withdraw her eyes—like a frog, bird, or mouse with the rattle-snake, she was spell-bound by terror, and stood looking at this dreadful scene of cruelty and murder, completely fascinated.

She saw his handsome manly limbs twisting over each other, far as the ligaments with which they were bound would permit,—the blood oozing from the mouth, ears, and in large concave globules from his nose—the belly heaving, and at length collecting into hard knots. The whizzing hissing sound of the blood when in contact with the red hot knives, together with the dreadful, indescribable sound which issued from the throat when the spinal marrow was pierced by the hot iron.

All these was the poor creature a witness of. She had been in battle, where blood ran in rivers, and man had no mercy on his fellow, but tried to deface the image of his Maker. She had seen towns taken by storm, where man not only defaced the image of his Maker, but ravished, despoiled, and made desolate, God's sweetest and kindest gift, His most lovely and perfect work. She had seen more than these; but the murder at Danskin exceeded all that she had ever seen, heard, thought, imagined, or dreamed of, and was compelled, from terror, and the intensity of her feelings, to remain until all was over, when the two brother murderers untied the cords, lifted the body from the table, and carried it slowly from the room, followed by the wife, having a candle in one hand, and head in the other. In a little all was quiet, peaceful, and undisturbed, as if no crime had ever been committed, or vile passion lurked in the bosom of any inhabitant of the Inn.

The terrified widow returned to bed, but not to sleep, and lay wearying for the dawn, thinking it would never appear,—at length it did, but as she had gone to bed fatigued the evening before, durst not rise early, in case of exciting suspicion, and therefore lay until nine, descended and found breakfast ready, of which she sparingly partook,—then, with all the composure which could possibly be assumed, in-

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\* The man's expression was "dozens of knives."

quired for the gentleman. They replied, that he had left the house early for Edinburgh, but had defrayed all expenses, and left a crown for her: upon receiving which, and thanking them for their attention, she left the house.

No sooner had she done so, than her most fervent thanks were offered up to God, for the composure with which He had enabled her to be- have, as it had undoubtedly been the means of saving both herself and child from destruction. She walked on slowly and deliberately, as if she neither knew of, nor had cause to be afraid, and saw no person until after walking about two miles, when coming to the first ascent of the Lammermuir Hills, she perceived an old soldier sitting at the road side, who, on her near approach, rose, and with great seeming difficulty, moved forward upon his stilts in the direction she was going. Upon her coming up, he entered into conversation, and after a good deal of chit chat, asked—"have you travelled far?" "I have come last from Greenock." "Have you been abroad?" "Yes, I was abroad with my husband." "Are you a widow?" "Yes, my husband was a soldier." "Was he kind to you?" "Kind to me!—oh yes, he was perhaps too kind; for if I was comfortable, he was happy! I was his idol! He was kind hearted as this baby, though brave as a lion, both in private quarrel and before the enemies of his country; he was faithful to me,—his noble nature would not let him be otherwise, for deceit and he were not more opposite than fire is to water. He never turned his back upon a friend or a foe.

"The last battle he was in, he cut down an officer and three men, seized the standard they had been appointed to guard, and rejoined the ranks of his regiment in spite of all opposition, but was mortally wounded in the moment of victory, and died four days after, in my arms, lamented by the whole corps.

"Had he survived, the commander would have made him an officer; but that being impossible, the respect which his actions created when living, was paid to his senseless clay. The regiment attended his funeral, officers and private men, burying him with military honors. I too was there, though my limbs were scarcely able to support me. When the Chaplain said "we commit our brother to the dust," and the body was let into the grave, I stood at the side and looked down, fancying that his countenance was exposed to my view, though in reality I saw nothing but the coffin. I felt that my only friend was going to be hid forever from my eyes, and that happiness, nay, even hope itself, had forever fled. The Chaplain then said "dust to dust," and earth was thrown in, which sounded so hollow and dreadful, that sight, sense, and feeling forsook me, and I only recollect tumbling headlong into the grave. Upon recovering my senses, weeks had elapsed, but every attention had been paid me by the regiment, from the regard they all had for the memory of their brother-in-arms deceased.

"When able to travel, I applied for a pass, as the sight of a soldier or sound of a bugle, had a dreadful effect upon my shattered nerves, —therefore I was anxious to depart. When my intention was made

known, all the officers joined in a sum of money which they gave me, and I departed, unable to speak my thanks, my heart was so full,—but they would take the will for the deed. I had more money than was sufficient to have made me independent all my life, and my intention was to reside with my husband's relations in Berwickshire: for I am an English woman; and though an education was bestowed upon me superior to my station, no relation of my own is alive. But his are dearer than all the world beside; and the money would prevent me becoming a burden upon them. But that hope was rendered vain, as I was robbed of all at Greenock. However, I will soon be sheltered by his father's roof, who will receive with open arms, and love me for his son's sake, and I will be comparatively happy.

“I am often angry with myself, upon reflecting what my feelings were when he died, and the earth hid him from my sight. I should have considered that we were only parted for a season, and that I had still a friend left, who has promised to befriend the widow and the orphan, and he has been the friend of this child and me! I feel confident that he will never leave, never forsake us; and oh Lord! God! preserve and keep us from ever leaving thee! I will spend the remaining part of my life in acting as a mother ought to this child, and in that of a daughter and sister to the relations of my departed husband, until Providence shall be pleased to call me hence, when we shall meet where there is neither sorrow, sighing, nor separation, but where hand in hand we will worship and adore the God of mercy forever and ever!”

This lamentation not suiting the ideas, or answering the ends of her companion, he said—“good woman, I am sorry for your misfortunes; but where did you lodge last night?” “At the *Hostelrie* down there,—*Danskin Inn*, I believe, is its name.” “By my soul I wonder you durst go there,—it is reported that they murder every body! I have been a soldier, and am returning to my friends with a pension, a great deal of prize money, and a body disabled in battle. Howsoever, devil may care, if I live, plenty of fun will be mine,—if not, why my friends likely will not grieve, as they'll be the better of what I can no longer use. But faith, to tell you the truth, I chose to beg my quarters at yonder shepherd's cot, (and very kind they were,—faith I have been sky-larking with the pretty daughter) rather than venture my old carcass into that devil's den of an Inn; for I assure you that all the people on the road warned me to be beware of it, as they murdered every traveller who entered. I wonder how you escaped. What did you see or hear?”—glancing his eye at her as he put the question.

This speech made her examine his features more particularly than she had formerly done, and these, together with the sinister glance, almost deprived her of reason—for with horror she recognised one of the murderers,—the master of *Danskin Inn*.

She recovered her presence of mind in a moment, however, and replied—“you must not speak in that way of these people in my presence, for they were kind to me and the baby: after I had got breakfast, they gave me a crown. They are very good, and you should not mind what envious and malicious creatures say.”

This convinced the villain that she was entirely ignorant of the murder perpetrated by him, with the assistance of his wife and brother. As his object was attained, and anxiety dismissed, he said—"you walk too fast for me, I must sit down and take another rest. So, good day, and a good journey to you." The poor terrified woman said—"I wish you a good day," and walked on slowly, until she had passed the first ridge of hills, when, being completely out of his sight and reach, went along the road to Dunse, by Longformacus, "without giving the grass time to grow at her heels"; and the murderer, quite satisfied, returned to his infernal den.

In the mean time, the report had reached the proprietor, the Earl of Gifford, who being a gallant man, and loving adventure, fell upon what the cowardly minded would not call a prudent plan. He was a knight errant in mind, though, not living in an age of chivalry, no opportunity had yet occurred for shewing himself, further than by acts of generosity and kindness, both to his tenantry and also to the poor, by whom he was known as their friend and father: likewise, by his proper, merciful, and judicious government of the County over which he was High Sheriff, together with his great abilities displayed upon all occasions where his Peers were assembled, and always for the real good of the human race.

Brave by constitution, and of a noble disposition, he was determined to ascertain in person the correctness of the report; therefore disguised himself with a large hat, cloak, and wig, mounted his horse and rode to the door of Danskin—demanded a glass of spirits, and counted over, during the time the servant was bringing it, a large sum of money, which he put into the bag from whence it had been taken, and rode off on the road to Dunse.

The bag of money had been seen by an unmarried brother who resided in the house, and whose cupidity being excited, was determined to possess it, and went instantly to the stable for his horse. The Earl had not proceeded above five hundred yards, until, upon looking back, he observed the Inn-keeper's brother, who he had seen looking from a window when in the act of counting the money, on horseback, and pursuing him at a hand gallop.

He was now convinced that the report was correct, and rode fast, in order to outstrip the robber. Not that he was afraid,—fear was a stranger to his heart; but not wishing to act in the character of a Sheriff Officer or thief-catcher, was therefore anxious to avoid him. But that was not so easily done as he had anticipated, for the robber had his choice of the best horses in the kingdom—having destroyed all the inferior ones, along with their owners, retaining only such as were first rate, for the purpose of outstripping travellers—one of which he was now on.

The robber gained upon him at every bound, but did not get within pistol shot, until they arrived at a place where the road joins the one leading from Garvald, on a rising ground, between Mayshiel and Millknow,—where the robber had pursued and killed a pedlar, at the

very junction of these roads, a few weeks before;—two stones grey with age mark out the place where he fell, which is still called the Chapman's Grave.

At that very spot the villain got within reach, when thinking he would treat the Earl in the same way he had done the Pedlar, fired his pistol, and luckily missed the mark. My Lord, who never suspected he would fire, wheeled round, and confronting him, threw aside his hat and wig, telling who he was. The robber knew him instantly, but thinking that unless he could now kill the Earl, his own life must pay the forfeit, drew his sword and galloped forward to attack him with great fury.

The Earl had a loaded pistol in the holster, and could easily have settled the business; but being a nobleman in mind, as he was in title, disdained to take odds against mortal man, he in a moment unbuckled his cloak, drew his broad sword, and rode, like a "Baron bold," to meet his foe, who was a brave, though bad man, of prodigious strength and prowess, rendered desperate by despair; but his bravery was the rage of a tiger—nothing noble nor generous in it. He attacked Lord Gifford with savage ferocity.

They were both masters in the science of attack and defence; and though they met with fury, there was no want of watchfulness of eye and steadiness of hand; every stroke was opposed by its proper guard, and neither could wound his antagonist: fire flashed from their clashing swords, and their stern countenances shewed the game they played at was for human life. Both being perfect horse and swordsmen, it was impossible to guess which would obtain the victory. As each rose upon his stirrup to deal the stroke, the shepherds who saw the combat from a distance, thought that the death blow was given!—but none could fall upon horse or rider. They wheeled at the gallop round each other, but neither could gain the smallest advantage. At length the Earl pretended to be weary. He guarded steadily, leaning back in the saddle, but his blows were dealt with uncertainty, and without vigour. The robber thought that now the day was his own, and did not guard with his former alertness and caution. The Earl made a thrust, the robber raised his sword perpendicular, and the hilt at the left breast, for the purpose of parrying it. The Earl merely feigned the stab, which, without driving home, instantly raised his point, brought the shell or handle to his left ear, and gave the cut six, or a back stroke, which went through the neck of the robber, whacking the head completely from his body! which fell to the ground and rolled down the slope! The body hung for a few seconds, swinging from the convulsive action of the muscles,—blood gushing from the twisting, wriggling neck. In a few seconds the sinews lost their tension, and the carcase of the villain, tumbling to the ground, fell across the grave of the Pedlar!!!

The Earl wiped the perspiration from his face, when hearing a noise, and looking round, he perceived a cart, with a woman having on an old tattered red cloak, accompanied by a number of armed men. Upon

advancing to meet them, he was informed, that the woman in the cart was a soldier's widow, who had lodged at Danskin the night before.— In short, told him all the particulars which have been already detailed, and added, that she had given information; they were constables, and on their way to apprehend the murderers, but that it was absolutely necessary to have the informer along with them, for the purpose of identifying the perpetrators; but being unable to walk, from previous fatigue, they had got the cart to convey her in.

Upon the Earl informing them of what had occurred, they went forward to examine the body. The widow left the cart, went, and having lifted up the head by the hair and examined its features, which, notwithstanding their distortion, she at once recognised, and still bearing it by the hair, like Judith carrying the head of Holofernes, she approached the party standing round the trunk, and kneeling, exclaimed "God for ever bless you my Lord! for ridding the world of such a monster."

The shepherds who had been distant spectators of the combat, now approached, waving their bonnets and shouting, long live the brave, good, and noble Earl of Gifford, until hill and glen re-echoed the sound. When their boisterous applause had sobered down into calm admiration, he directed two of them to proceed with all expedition to Danskin, call for drink, and neither by word or gesture give the smallest hint or intimation that the inhabitants were suspected; and if upon his approach any attempted to escape, to do their utmost in detaining them. The Earl then ordered a man to secure the horse that had belonged to the dead robber, in case it should run home, and from the blood with which it was sprinkled, give premature intelligence of its master's fate. The animal was taken without difficulty, quietly grazing on the bank of the Whiteadder,\* about sixty yards distant.

Every thing was done as the Earl ordered, the house surrounded, and people secured without opposition. When all their villainies were brought to light, they made a free confession, shewed the place where their victims were buried: it was a large cellar, to which they descended by a trap door. And farther acknowledged, that for many years they had murdered all men and women whom they suspected of having money, by tying their legs and arms when asleep, then carrying them to a table, and cutting their throat with red hot knives, to prevent the flow of blood; and they always placed a basket crammed with feathers to retain the little that did fall.

The murderers (the Inn-keeper and his wife) were brought to trial, and condemned. Upon arriving at the place of execution, amid the execrations of an innumerable multitude, they mutually accused each other as the cause of their destruction. Nay, all the time they were

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\* A River, so named from its serpentine windings. The natives of Berwickshire call it Whittitur.

ascending the ladder, and even when the fatal cords were round their necks, they, instead of praying to Almighty God for pardon and mercy, continued, with fury in their looks, and clenched hands, to curse each other, until pushed from the double ladder by the hangman, they were launched into eternity !

Of the noble, the gallant Earl, it is unnecessary for me to speak : Scotland knows his worth. He lies buried in an old castle at a river side, surrounded by trees and sweet smelling shrubs. About a month ago I went on purpose to look at the place which incloses his mortal remains. It is humbling to think, that the greatest and best must all return to dust; but it is the fate of all the descendants of Adam, and we should submit without repining. We ought to keep the Earl's example constantly in view; for though we can never be as great, we may try to be good, and try to serve man and beast in distress, which will be accepted like the widow's mite: for we are told in the Holy Bible, to do to every one as we would wish to be done by; and it farther says—"For this is the Law and the Prophets."

The widow was amply rewarded, and spent the rest of her life as she had said—in acting a mother's part to her child, and in that of a kind relation and friend to all the connexions of her deceased husband, dying in a good old age, lamented by all who knew her, but she herself rejoicing at the prospect of again meeting, never to be parted more, from her gallant soldier! "And I," continued mine host, cresting himself up and looking proudly in my face, "am her lineal descendant."

## THE ROVER.

YORK, DECEMBER 10th, 1832.

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### BALLAD.

O tell me, gin thou wert a King, what pleasure would be thine?  
 Wouldst thou for pearls explore the deep, for diamonds search the mine?  
 To sparkle on thy silken robes, or glitter on thy crown,  
 With Lords and Ladies worshipping thy glory and renown!

O tell me, gin thou wert a King, what pleasure would be thine?  
 Would sumptuous banquets be thy fare, thy drink the ruby wine?  
 With Ladies fair to sing to thee the minstrel's sweetest lay,  
 And Lords to laugh at ilka word that thou wert pleased to say.

O tell me, gin thou wert a King, what pleasure would be thine?  
 Wouldst thou for feats of chivalry or deeds of valour shine?  
 Or follow at the gallant chase, or lead the glorious war,  
 Returning with the laureled brow, and breast with honour's star?

O tell me, gin thou wert a King, what pleasure would be thine?  
 Wouldst thou pursue the road to fame, and woo the fickle Nine?  
 Have earth to laud thy heaven born strains, and praise thy witching theme?  
 Enjoy the dream of Poesy!—it is a pleasing dream!

O tell me, gin thou wert a King, what pleasure would be thine?  
 Wouldst thou cause genius cease to mourn, and poverty to pine? \*  
 Bring halcyon days to all thy land, such as the Poets sing?  
 What pleasure would be thine, O! tell, gin thou wert made a King?

O gin I were a King, I'll tell the pleasure mine should be:  
 I'd have nor wealth, nor fame, nor power, nor cruel tyrannie;  
 Nor Lords nor Ladies gay should wait upon me or my crown,  
 Save aye, whase bonnie smiling face would gar them a' look down!

Without a crown, this bonnie Lass would mak a King o' me;  
 And, had I aye, this bonnie Lass my lovely Queen should be:  
 The pearl might sleep in ocean's bed, the diamond in the mine:  
 A fairer jewel I would hae in bonnie Madaline!

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\* The above is extracted from the works of Robert Gilfillan, Leith.—Thinking that the original expression—"an poortith cease to pine," might be improved, I have taken the liberty of altering it.—EDITOR.

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### YORK.

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The grandest sight in the world, is a good man suffering adversity. There is yet a greater.—The one who comes to relieve it.—GOLDSMITH.

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It will reasonably be expected, and anxiously looked for by thousands "over the water," whose hearts are here, and many of whose bodies will follow, that the Capital City of Upper Canada should be fully and accurately described. Its beauty and fashion; its Judges, Counsellors, Clergy, Physicians, Artists and Inhabitants; its Philosophical, Agricultural, and other Societies; its Banking, Canadian, and Insurance Companies; its Episcopalian, Roman, Presbyterian, and Methodistical Churches; its Court House, College, (Lawyer's) Hall, and other public Buildings; its site, Streets, Promenades, and public amusements; its Harbour, Shipping and Trade. All these will be anxiously expected by our friends and our fathers' friends:—but we have only ninety-six pages to work upon, and must give a variety;—we have little elbow room,—so must "deal sma' and serve a'." Besides, as the Emigrant's Letter is dated York, and has therein promised us a periodical supply, we leave every thing to his discriminating, unprejudiced, unbiassed, independent, and tremendous pen—before which, human thought, human misery, and human motives, are all familiar, and accurately distinguished with a pen of fire. To him, therefore, we leave the description of bright eyes, blooming countenances, elegant manners, sweet smiles playing upon "lips like a thread of scarlet": all the intelligent, attractive, and beautiful of nature and art, animate and inanimate, which compose our Western Capital. To the talented "Emigrant" we leave the arduous task,—thankful that such an individual has arrived amongst us, taken an interest in our affairs, and has condescended to embellish our pages with his abilities, who is himself

an host. We shall therefore only remark, that the state of Upper Canada will be better understood and comprehended by the Speech of His Excellency Sir John Colborne, than any description that we could give, and which is, with infinite pleasure, presented to the public, verbatim et literatim, both from its comprehensiveness, and because the real character is shewn and detailed of this Province,—which affords work, wages, health, happiness, contentment, and independence to the industrious labourer and mechanic; converts the European Farmer—for the price of his drawing room furniture—into a proprietor of land, that is daily rising in value; and whose shores the neglected maiden no sooner touches than the himenial wreath is thrown round her neck—that otherwise, was—

“ Only born to blush unseen,  
“ And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

This day, (31st October, 1832) at three o'clock, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor proceeded in the usual State, from the Government House to the Chamber of the Honorable the Legislative Council, where being arrived and seated on the Throne, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was sent with a Message from His Excellency to the House of Assembly, commanding their attendance. The Members present being come up accordingly, His Excellency was pleased to open the Session of the Legislature with the following

#### SPEECH :

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

The continued Emigration, unprecedented as regards the industry and capital transferred to this Country from the Parent State, is, by its beneficial influence, forcing the Province rapidly forward, and opening to you the fairest prospects. Your deliberations, therefore, cannot but render this Session of peculiar importance to the general interests of the Colony.

You will learn with satisfaction, that the population has increased not less than a fourth since the reports forwarded for your information last Session; that the Emigrants, with few exceptions, are fully occupied in the Districts in which they are established; and that the extensive Agricultural improvements and actual cultivation, promise support and employment for our Countrymen, whom the current of events may induce to fix their abode in this part of the Empire.

In directing your attention to these favourable results, you will find that, under existing circumstances, no subject is more closely connected with the immediate prosperity of the Colony, or requires an earlier consideration, than the anticipated progressive increase in the number of Emigrants that will, from this season, annually flow into the Canadas.

The Rideau Canal has been completed, by the exertions and perseverance of the Officer who had charge of that great National Work.

The chief advantages of the Navigation cannot be attained while the unfinished works on the River Ottawa obstruct the passage into the Saint Lawrence: but with reference to the degree of improvement which the Colony has reached, and the interests of the Parent State, it must be obvious to you who are acquainted with the Districts intersected by the Rideau and adjoining Lakes, and with the avenues to internal Commerce, recently opened, that the expenditure incurred in thus accelerating the development of your resources, will produce in every respect a profitable return.

The Arbitrators appointed to adjust the claims on the part of Upper Canada, to a proportion of the Duties levied at Quebec, not having agreed on any satisfactory arrangement, a third Arbitrator will be nominated by the King, in conformity to the British Act passed in the third year of His late Majesty's Reign.

I am happy to be enabled to inform you, that the disease which, by the dispensation of Divine Providence, has so widely prevailed, has nearly disappeared in every District of this Province. At the time when the disease first extended its ravages to the Eastern Districts, the Executive Government adopted such active measures as the exigency demanded: and I feel confident that you will approve of the responsibility assumed, and the arrangements made at that distressing period, for the preservation of the public health.

*Gentlemen of the House of Assembly :*

The Annual Accounts and Estimates shall be laid before you; and I trust you will make the necessary provision for the service of the ensuing year, and for the salaries and claims of the several Departments not sanctioned last Session.

I have ordered detailed accounts to be transmitted to you, of the sums placed, by my direction, at the disposal of the Magistrates, on the urgent occasion to which I have alluded: you will, I have no doubt, provide for the re-payment of the amount advanced.

*Honorable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen :*

His Majesty having acceded to a request of the House of Assembly, in respect to the appropriation of the sums arising from the sale of Land, formerly set apart for the support of Grammar Schools, and not alienated by the authority of His Majesty's Government. The Accounts of the Board under whose control the School Reserves have been hitherto placed, will be delivered over to the King's Receiver General, at the close of the year. In this instance of consideration of the King, in complying with the prayer of the Address of the House of Assembly, you will perceive the solicitude of His Majesty to promote the wishes of the Province.

It will be for you to decide upon the practical mode of applying to the intended object, the School Funds; and whether it may not be more desirable to appoint a Commission to carry into effect the measures of the Legislature, in regard to the distribution of the proceeds

., of these lands, than to dispose of them by annual vote. Whatever course you may deem it expedient to pursue, it will be gratifying to me to concur in such enactment as may appear best calculated to secure the interests of the people."



During the prevalence of Cholera, the attention of all ranks was given by every human mean, to stay the awful distemper, alleviate the tortures of suffering victims, and provide for those whom the fell Angel of death had deprived of support or protection. Every method which deep successful study, erudition, experience and practice, urged on by the most intense anxiety, most unparalleled perseverance, assisted by physical power, with all the treasures and wonders of chemistry. But in most cases, as in Europe, all were vain! Physical power and the power of physic were alike baffled, and science put to naught before the scourge, who was sweeping houses with the merciless besom of destruction. Could attention, skill, and medical knowledge, have availed, few, if any, would so soon be laid "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The wisdom of the wise was turned to foolishness—all were alike ineffectual, and the pestilence raged until the Almighty was pleased to cease from executing sudden judgements. The Clergy were unwearied in their attendance upon, and prayers for the sick,—who, though they could not restore the sufferers to health, strength, and the bosom of their families, bent over them in supplication, and fitted the departing soul, standing a tiptoe for the dreadful plunge, which would convey it, shivering with surpris and hope, to the bosom of our Father, and our God.

Many people, with large families, arrive here every season without money, and who have not the means of obtaining a livelihood. Using the river water without a due proportion of wine, spirits, bitters, or some other ingredient, invariably produces internal complaints, which render the body, until gradually inured to the climate, unfit for labour of any kind: the mind affected by the state of the animal functions, loses its elasticity, and droops under the load,—when "a blue pill" swallowed night and morning, three times per week, would restore the bipeds to health and spirits. There is consequently a considerable deal of suffering endured by those ignorant animals, who come out with merely the exact passage money. Thinking that no sickness is to attack their invulnerable frames, and that they have nothing to do but chuse the man, whose "physiog" shows greatest simplicity, to close with, out of the thousands who stand on the wharf, offering him fifteen or twenty shillings per day, "for herding turkies off Ingan Beds!!!" His Excellency and Council have appointed people to supply all such with food, lodging, and medical attendance. When able, they are employed in making roads, or other public works, until they have earned enough for "setting up" as lords of the soil.

The Indians are always foremost in promoting labours of love,—which their delicacy of construction, tenderness of disposition, simplicity of

thought, secluded, calm, serene, contemplative, sensitive, innocent, and holy lives, so peculiarly qualify them for performing;—no nurse being so tender, no smile so sweet, and no sound so soft as is the music of her tongue. It is when poor, and miserable, and wretched—by the world contemned, neglected, or forgot, that we know the real value of beings, whose smile confers rapture, and “tears can madden to crime”; whose business is to cheer,—happiness to perceive its efficacy; and whose darling object is—thinking over the good she has done; whose empire is affection; whose life is servitude; and whose God is love. Such are thousands and tens of thousands existing in all countries, whose lives are “the salt of the earth,” and “whose names are never heard” but at their births, marriages, and deaths. Though often in misery, they confer happiness upon those who never deserved the superlative honor of being connected with the masterpieces of Omnipotence!

That those of York are fully deserving of the above encomium bestowed upon the best of that best sex, we have the superlative delight of stating, that all the ladies of this town and neighbourhood employ their leisure hours in making different articles, which refinement now classes among, and renders the necessaries of life. These are exposed for sale on a particular day, when notice being given, such of the public as chuse, attend; the articles are sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds judiciously distributed to the poor, without distinction of country, sect, or sex.

The last annual sale took place on the 2nd September, and the various beautiful “nick-nacks”—which only could have been fashioned and formed by “thorough bred fingers,” were laid out with great taste, upon tables in a large chamber adjoining the lake, belonging to the Gentlemen of the Commissariat,—the whole being under the direction and superintendance of Lady Colborne. All the fashionable and well disposed, attended; the band of the gallant 79th Regiment played; at each table stood a lady, and in a very short time all the articles were sold to gentlemen,—who will keep “as the apple of their eye,” the things made and presented by such hands. The sum collected was three hundred and eleven pounds.

From the cholera having raged throughout both Provinces, severing the bonds of friendship, love and marriage; lacerating all the tenderest affections of the human heart; tearing asunder, with sudden and merciless grasp, those whose great, whose only joy, was in the happy presence of each other,—together with the Ladies having laid aside all pride of place, rank and state—employing their leisure hours, not in idleness, listlessness, nonsense, or scandal, but in fashioning and constructing articles for the benefit of those who had no help, and no hope;—bending over disease, loathsomeness, and corruption, like ministering Angels, unappalled by the twistings, ravings, and convulsions of mind and matter separating, until the day of Judgement!—have brought the following beautiful poem to our remembrance, which is now transcribed from memory, with the full hope and assurance of its being received and perused with melancholy satisfaction, from the

certainty that we are all running to the tomb, naturally inspires, even amid the good things of this world, which many of us are over anxious to enjoy, without reflecting that they must all soon be left behind. No apology is therefore made in offering the following to a discerning, intelligent, enlightened, but dying public!!—certain, that it will call up those feelings which all of us must be improved by, and not one repent of when stretched upon a death-bed—the world and its scenes are fading from the glazed, filmy eye, while those of the mind become brighter on leaving the flesh that faints, and fails, as the spirit, sick of change, is entering, where neither grandeur, riches, fashion, or change, will be regarded, or can ever come—eternity!!!

## MORTALITY.

(FROM KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.)

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a fast flitting meteor,—a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak, and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are bye;  
And the mem'ry of those who beloved her and praised,  
Is alike from the minds of the living erased.

The child that a mother attended and loved;  
The mother, that infant's affection that proved;  
The husband, that mother and infant that blessed,  
Each,—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The Peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
The Herdsman who climb'd with his goats to the steep;  
The Beggar that wandered in search of his bread,  
Have wither'd away like the grass that we tread.

The hand of the King that the sceptre hath borne;  
The brow of the Priest that the mitre hath worn;  
The eye of the Sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The Saint that enjoyed the communion of Heav'n;  
The Sinner that dared to remain unforgiven;  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower and the weed,  
That wither away to let others succeed.—  
So the multitude comes,—even those we behold,  
To tell the same tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been;  
 We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;  
 We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,  
 And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;  
 From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink:  
 To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling—  
 But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They lov'd, but their story we cannot unfold;  
 They scorn'd, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
 They griev'd, but no wail from their slumbers may come;  
 They joy'd, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died!—ah! they died! and we things that are now,  
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow;  
 And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
 Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope, and despondence, and pleasure, and pain,  
 Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
 And the smile, and the tear, and the song, and the dirge,  
 Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye! 'Tis the draught of a breath,  
 From the blossom of health—to the paleness of death,—  
 From the gilded saloon, to the bier and the shroud:—  
 Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

### "SPEED THE PLOUGH."

*Old saying.*



THE Editor has much pleasure in presenting the following invention, to the unprejudiced and intelligent Agriculturalists of his adopted and beloved country; which was suggested by the general appearance of the circumambient soil. It has received the positive, and unqualified admiration of two practical Farmers, who possess superior judgment, and have often been "betwixt the Plough and Stilts." They are decidedly convinced, that an immense saving of trouble, labour, time, accident, and expence will be obtained by using this Plough, of which the above figure is a representation,

It is formed exactly like a common Plough in the wood-work, but, instead of the Coulter pointing forward, the upper part is strongly fixt, sixteen inches from the end of the beam.\* The under end is two inches and a half broad, and reaches fully the same depth as the bottom of the share; so, that it shall lie with a slope of forty five degrees,—precisely the reverse of all others at present in use. The coulter is formed into an angle, by being bent four inches below the beam,—it going perpendicular, or upright, through the wood. Thereby adding greatly to the effect, which makes it be drawn, instead of being pushed. The edge, which of course is in front and extends from the elbow to the end, or point—should be laid with, or formed of the finest steel; and the coulter is so fixed, that at the bottom, its edge is two inches in advance of the share, while, from its breadth, the back part is half an inch behind the other's point. The beam is made stronger than usual, while above and below the mortise, is fixt a strong iron plate, in order that the coulter may be kept perfectly firm and steady—the fastenings and wedges being similar to those in common use. The whole, extra expence will not, should not, and cannot exceed two shillings and sixpence.

That the efficiency of this Plough may be fully understood, it is necessary to mention, that when the common Plough—or all that have ever been used, comes in contact with a root, the more force that is applied only causes the irons to dip further, or descend deeper; the root rises upon the coulter, which has less power to cut, in proportion to the proximity of obstruction with the beam, the irons get fixed, or wedged, and the Plough breaks across. Or, if no injury is sustained, still great labour and time are requisite to clear the implement, and back the bullocks,—which, “as all the world knows,” are bull-horned. But when the coulter is placed as formerly described, it acts like a knife used by the hand, or exactly as the Guillotine, and will cut to an astonishing depth. From its point being equally low as, and edge before the extremity of the share, when a root is so very thick that the coulter cannot cut it quite through,† the Plough will rise sliding gently over, what would otherwise be an almost insurmountable obstruction, without difficulty, danger, loss of time, or the possibility of accident. If in addition to this, a good sharp hatchet is suspended to, or carried on the Plough, and when a large root is passed over, the man “sounds a halt,” and taking the axe, cuts through in a few seconds what is laid entirely bare by the Plough, and perforated with the coulter. Thereby clearing his field for ever of a nuisance which would have been a serious loss—or, at all events, obstruction to neatness, comfort, profit, and good husbandry.

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\* This is to suit the Canadian Plough which is four feet six inches long in the beam, and better adapted for turning round stumps than the Scotch, that is six feet and a half.

† The Roots below the surface are quite soft, pulpy, and will cut like cheese, from not being exposed to the atmosphere.

We are pressed for room in this number, but in future ones, when discoursing largely upon the main shaft of a nations grandeur, it will be stated as wonderful, and reckoned such, that Ploughs were not so constructed from the very first commencement of turning over the clod. In the meantime we are decidedly of opinion, that the foregoing is superior to any other for all kinds of ground, cleared for one, or five hundred years, upon the principle that cutting, which this performs, is easier than tearing, which all others do; and are convinced that upon trial it will obtain universal esteem and appreciation.

The foregoing description leaves the coulter point free from, and unconnected with the share; the horizontal distance betwixt them—which the state of ground to be wrought may require, being regulated by wedges in the mortise. Should it be thought necessary that the share and coulter be connected, or joined together at the points,—we have only to state, that the Plough would not enter unless the ground was very soft indeed; because it is absolutely requisite, that the coulter should be placed from half an inch to two and a half distant from the share, on the landward side, without which, the furrow will not be properly formed, nor the sod turned equally and smoothly over. Still, should it be considered proper, a shoulder may be put to the landward side, (of the share,) for the back part of the coulter's end to rest on, or in—to shift at pleasure by mean of a screw nail.

Some people may also imagine that more strength or support is necessary for the coulter. If so, an iron stay can be put on the beam one foot behind the mortise, extending to the back of the coulter's centre. But all who form such opinions will find by experience, that neither shoulder, stay, nor any other support is at all required; as, if constructed in the way before mentioned, no stress will ever be upon it or any part of the Plough. But was there ever so much, the coulter will keep its position until the wood-work is smashed to pieces.

The Editor presumes not to assert that the foregoing is perfect,—because, he is fully aware that no work of man's hand is, or can be so, from his own frailty, imbecility, and imperfection, that improvements by abler heads will be made when it comes into general use, but as it is superior to any yet known, and happened to be formed in his mind, it is now hereby offered to public consideration, from no other motive, object, or reason than an ardent, heartfelt desire for the temporal prosperity, comfort, and happiness of mankind.

## MORTAL EXIT

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,—  
The ae, best fallow, e'er was born!—BURNS.

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WHEN any event however terrible takes place that has long been foreseen, the mind of man, by getting accustomed to, and dwelling upon the circumstance, becomes callous, or accustomed to such bereavement; so that horror is deprived of its dread and terror, by gradual anticipation: every, the most minute occurrence is brought forward to the mental eye, until by frequent reflection, and the divine essence constantly dwelling upon the temporal fate of all flesh, grows calm from meditation,—even happy, at the certainty of meeting beyond the grave the object of our affection, confidence, and love; where no sorrow, sighing, sickness, shame, or death can ever come. “Men think all men mortal but themselves.” i. e.—Every one knows “that all must die!” but each, carried away by his own elastic thoughts, forms a plan of future happiness and aggrandisement, which never can be experienced but in imagination; each forgets the precarious tenure of human life, which is uncertain and soon must have an end; but never thinking that every other is also only planning joys to come, wonders at their want of reflection, in not remembering that, “the breath of man is in his nostrils!”

Such are the thoughts of mortals as regard their fellows and themselves: But with the mighty personage in question, the case was entirely different. We were told that he was ill!—was dying!—and did not believe;—for, the whole intellectual world had been at the Porteous mob, full of anxiety lest the military should descend from their Castle, before we could hang the wretched agent of man's law!—We, heard Madge Wildfire singing wildly at “Mushets Cairn;” listened to Jeanie Deans addressing neglected Majesty; were interested for Nigel's fortune, and blushed at the cowardice and meanness of the Kingly Pedagogue! Saw the stag hunt on Scotland hills; and shuddered at Newcastle—as the authorities performed deeds which would cause Demons to utter shouts of gladness! We speared salmon at the gallop with “Red Gauntlet” in the retreating Solway;—Tilted with the Spectre Knight in yester wood; and bounded with Marmion over the rising barrier.—Looked without affection at the stately Lady Rowena,—thankful at not being Ivanhoe—for, the raven locks, brilliant melting eye, ruby lip, and noble soul of the Jewish Maiden, would have caused us to fold in our bosom for ever, the simple, despised Rebecca, with all the degradation of her tribe; leaving the high born blood of Princes, for those

who relish insignificant greatness!—We saw the girl, with female delicacy and slight of hand, give the paper to Quentin Durward, as he passed with Charles the bold, to hunt the wild boar of Ardennes. We sailed *Loch Katerine*, and lay panting for breath beneath the uplifted dagger of Roderick Dhu. We loved, fought, conquered, and bled as desired by “the Great unknown!” He was in our mouths, mind, and heart!—was at our hearths, and mingled—may God forgive us, with our prayers at the footstool of grace! We read, we meditated, we raged, laughed, and wept, until we thought the mighty being who squeezed our souls with sorrow, as if in his hand, was immortal and could never die!!

When the roar “he is dead,” sounded over the earth,—the minds of men were overwhelmed with wonder and dismay!—the world reverberated, and nature shivered with the shock!—that will only be surpassed when the last trumpet shall sound! “the Elements melt with fervent heat, the Planets pass away with a great noise,” and men—the very best, will tremble! The rotten carcase shall revive! the maggot instantaneously lose its voracious appetite, and short separate existence, becoming part of, and incorporated forever with the once proud and perhaps titled *Flesh!* that contains the unseen germ of noxious, loathsome vitality;—as God is the root and subsistence of *Soul!*—The skeleton will start, wondering at the long oblivion and last sleep of the grave!—until, in full possession of undying sensibility, the past, present, and future are disclosed and remembered. The particles which for thousands of years have been devoured and swallowed by men, beasts, and creeping things,—undergoing numberless mutations, shall all again experience resuscitation! and collecting from *Abbey, Vault, Cellar, secret murder house of power, Dunghill, filth, puddle, abomination, the entrails of poisonous Reptiles, and diseased Drunkards,* appear again in their former shape with joy or fear, as their acts have been good or evil. Even each of those who, with a shriek, sunk twirling and twisting to the deeps below,—were eaten by the sunny tribe, or rocked and swung with the tide,—shall, in the oozy bed or *Sea Monster’s maw,* feel omnipotence! when bounding over the *Coral Caves,* rush with the speed of light past the wondering *Shark* and bellowing *Whale!*—lifting once more his head above the waveless *Sea!*—forgets the pain of dying, and the greater—to part from the love of his youth, but flies to meet the celestial essence which had gone to *Heaven,*—but now returns to join its former mortal coadjutor. They are reunited, and with shouts of gladness cry out, in long disused language, thanks, praises, and hallelujahs to the beneficent Creator who had not forgotten! but, “by the word of His power,” collected the scattered, worthless atoms, which wondering, loving, hoping, fearing,—enter on eternal life!

The crowd shall hear it; as they stand mutely gazing at the victim of prejudice and error, who is an elevated spectacle to thousands—for crimes committed by another! They run yelling for the *Rocks* and *Mountains* to cover them, from the terrible day of unveiled glorious perfection, whom unrepented offences have made their *Foe!* The degraded wretch, who was to kick, struggle, gasp, wriggle, and die!—

feels immortality without tasting of death! The arms are unpinioned! the Rope is loosed from his Neck! the eye that would be dimmed with blood, now reflects the blaze of glory! and the despised Being springs from the once dreaded Platform to meet his Lord in the air!—whose society the preparatory dying prayers had purified the humble mortal, for relishing and enjoying;—and who, instead of the cap that was to cover the swollen, bloated lips, encircles the head, which had been faithful unto death, with a crown of life!

We thought he would never die! and were right in the conjecture,—for over him death had no power! Buonaparte died,—was buried, and will be forgotten, or at most only at intervals remembered like a frightful dream. Because, his actions, habits, and whole existence were contrary to the nature, fine feelings, happiness and well-being of the species!—he lived for himself alone! and can therefore have no portion or place in the affections of posterity; no posthumous love exists for the individual, who shewed the imbecility of rank when in collision with genius;—making the kings of earth his footstool! He is dead! But so long as men have language, feeling, honor and knavery, virtue and vice, love and hate, “the great unknown” shall exist in the admiration, estimation, and reverence of all. His scenes are nature; and humanity must forever love her Philosopher, who lightened the load of clay.

We lament that his earthly, animal part has ceased to breathe. But the grief is slight, in comparison to the thought of such a mind being imprisoned, encased, and enclosed in a tabernacle like our own—conferring a dignity upon man unknown before!—that he lived at all, and condescended to amuse, instruct, and delight us earthworms, whose grandest attempts, and mightiest productions, are, like the glow-worm’s lamp—only shining in the eyes of those, who come in near contact with us sons of dullness! We shall ponder over his pages, and studying the sentiments, become more assimilated with such companions in the land to which all flesh is hastening;—where, his mighty mind will be amply gratified, in admiring, praising, and enjoying the eternal goodness, perfections, and excellencies of his, and our God!!

#### A SCOTCHMAN.

*York, December, 1832.*

#### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

(BY MRS. HEMANS.)

They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one house with glee;  
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and tree.

The same fond mother watched at night,  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;—  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now!

One, 'mid the forests of the west,  
 By a dark stream is laid;  
 The Indian knows his place of rest,—  
 Far in the cedar shade.

One lies where south'ren vines are dress'd,  
 Above the noble slain;  
 He wrapt the colours round his breast,  
 On a blood red field of Spain.

The sea,—the blue lone sea hath one,  
 He rests where pearls lie deep;  
 He was the loved of all,—yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

And one! o'er her the myrtle show'rs,  
 Its leaves by soft winds fann'd;  
 She faded 'mid Italian flowers—  
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus—they rest who played  
 Beneath the same green tree!  
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd,  
 Around one parent knee.

They who with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheer'd with song the hearth;—  
 Alas! for love, if thou wert all,  
 And nought beyond on earth.

### CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

“'Tis the taste of the times, to relish thō rhymes,  
 When the ridicule turns on the Parson.”

It is a melancholy truth that in this age, when “intellect has marched so high,” there should be many people in respectable situations, who make a mock of the priesthood; branding them with every approbrium which malice and prejudice can invent. That good men should be hated by blackguards, rakes, pickpockets, drunkards, and all “the et cetera” of immoral agents, is easily accounted for,—but that men of talent, education, travel, or experience, should attack and revile a great body, whose lives have been spent in deep and ardent study;—who “use the good things of this world without abusing them;”—who are set up for our reproof, correction, and instruction; who by example, prayer, and preaching, pluck us “as brands from the burning;”—who are men of ability, reflection, and refinement, should be used as a subject for low wit, by any one pretending to a shadow of sense, morality, or delicacy, is truly wonderful and astonishing!! That dandies, puppies, and such trumpery should pull up their starched collars, looking very big and fierce at a Clergyman, is quite “in keeping” with the nature of an imbecile, when aware that no danger to its person can follow such

unprovoked impertinence. But that any man of honor, courage, or generosity can, without provocation, attack, calumniate, and vilify one, or all of a profession whose hands are tied up by the laws of his order and country,—is monstrous!

That the Clergy are the most learned and respectable body in the world, none but “a born idiot” will deny. True they are only men like ourselves, and it has happened that a solitary individual turned out a “Black Sheep,” who was instantly dismissed from the blameless society, of which he never should have been a member. But does that imply or infer that none of the Clergy are virtuous?

Cowards have worn Scarlet, but will any man say that the Army have no courage?—and that they dare not march with fearless hearts, and steady step, wherever honor leads?—even when struggling in the sickening embraces of the grizzly king, they think with the ancient Roman—“it is sweet and pleasant for our country to die?—or, because a Seaman may have shown “the White Feather”—dare any one say, that a British Tar will not make his “Bull Dog” bark at the foe, from the “wooden walls of Old England,” so long as the planks hold together? And shall men of sense, who esteem courage and honesty, honor virtue, admire, cherish, and love the master-pieces of creation, deny to the servants of the mighty Being, whom they all worship and adore, that justice and respect which their office, learning, and conduct so highly merit?—who pray for, and with us,—soften our pillows, as the shivering soul is leaving the belching, heaving, twisting carcass for its everlasting home? Oh! no, let us grant them the esteem which is so richly deserved,—leaving to profligate wretches, lost to all feeling but satiating the grossest, most abominable propensities, the great glory of attacking those—who dare not resent.

Satisfied that all people of sense will agree with the above sentiment, we shall occasionally insert anecdotes of the priesthood, which have actually occurred. Many have come to our knowledge, and it will be seen that instead of being idle, lazy, listless, or useless,—as they have been irreverently styled—they are really, and truly the ladder by which we will mount to an eternity of happiness! Without looking at a particular sect or party therefore, it will be found how many hearts, of all persuasions, retired from the world, beat strong for the woes and backslidings of others. And society will not be injured that a due respect be given to those, whose minds and bodies are constantly employed for our eternal welfare.

A Clergyman in the South of Scotland, was remarkable for a hot and fiery temper;—he was possessed of honor, honesty, and many virtues, but these were not perceptible to the prejudiced, microscopic visions of the multitude, who saw only one little fault. They allowed that “he was real gude, but awfu’ camstrarie!—puir man, its a lucky thing he’s no married, or his wife wadna hae her woes a seeking,—dod! she wadna get leave to scart her ain lug! &c.” Such was the general opinion, “in kitchen and in ha’,” of the man who having had the grievous misfortune to be born with a sanguine temperament,—mind of the

most delicate construction, nerves of the finest, most sensitive formation—all polished, heightened, and cherished by a first rate education, were dreadfully alive to the slightest grossness or impropriety; and consequently was never happy when in the company of his parishioners, who, with few exceptions, resembled too much “the cottagers of Glenburnie.” Yet they feared—even revered the Almighty; and, of course, a small portion descended to the person or office of the man, who weekly stood up in presence of the congregation, and expounded the laws of eternity to creatures of clay. They often said—“Lord saufe us! is na it a queer thing, that the Minister ’ll no come to our houses, an’ tak a crack and a naggin wi’ us?—I’m sure there wad be nae great harm in him,—Mess John, though he be coming in a hamely, couthie, kindly way,—saying, as he lifed the sneek,—Weel Gude-wife, I’m come just to speir after a’ yer friens, and to tak’ ma four hours wi’ yø the nicht. But na! catch him doing that if ye can!—na, haith no! he doesna like to hear us rift—ma certie! as if he wasna flesh and blude like us a’! But it canna be denied that he’s real gude to the pair, —though he’ll no bow houghs wi’ the like o’ us! Deed, there wadna be a better man in a’ the bounds, gin he wad only gie us mair liberty to spell (swear), whan we get angry; and no fa’ foul o’ us at sic an unsoucy gate, for getting a wie drap o’er muckle o’ the creatur in our noddles—Losh me! he’s angry if we kill a nasty, filthy mawky fly!—Faith! I wuss he may never hae mair to vex him. He’s a great gowk to be sorry for tramping on a snail or a worm. But God has made him sae, and we we can only look on wi’ wonder, thinking that as naething was created in vain, he maun hae some use, tho’ we canna see’t just the now.”

“Thus Lawra’s servants prattled of their Lord”—who unlike that hero, was all goodness and honor, with a mind over susceptible for mingling in the common occupations, and common “bow-wows” of his kind;—who not understanding his motives, and seeing that his habits, actions—every thing were different from their own, naturally—though erroneously concluded, that, as “*vox populi, est vox Dei*,” (the voice of the people is the voice of God,) he was most decidedly in the wrong. They were ignorant that “he can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.” So they judged from prejudice, and therefore the verdict was unjust. Thus they settled the matter, and the whole population looked upon him with an evil eye, thinking him a “Black Sheep,” or “Will-o’-Wisp.” But their hatred or contempt had the good effect of allowing him to spend unmolested, the most precious, yet unprized of gifts, in silent meditation and contemplation.

One evening in particular, he sat enjoying the luxury of his own thoughts, which roved from sphere to sphere,—from earth to heaven; and again to the orb we inhabit. From the arctic circle, where the whale bellowed forth his joy, until man, following his slaughtering amusements, changed the scene; and the grizzly bear growled in his frozen clime. He wandered towards the Antarctic Pole, where his species made the seas red with the blood of a fish,\* whose head supplies a beautiful light and slight perfume, in the chambers of the elegant and the lovely,—as they amble to the breathings of a lute.

\* The Spermaceti Whale.

He visited Hindostan, and saw the place where Rajah Prickett harangued the learned, and gave his orders. He opened the four hundred ponderous volumes containing the world's history, which had been composed and compiled at the desire of that amiable Prince.

He saw Semiramis cross the Ganges with her mock elephants, and in air boats,\* when her armies carried destruction, havoc, fire, and flame through the land of faithful wives! He saw Aurungzebe at the battle, which decided the fate of thousands. He saw the elephant become furious from a wound, and in accordance with its nature, make for the rear. Aurungzebe began to descend; when, at that critical moment, the general advancing called out, "Beware Prince! you are descending from the throne!" and locking chains round the legs of the infuriated animal, prevented him retreating.

At another part of the field, he saw the one which carried a being, whose bosom was filled with filial, parental, and conjugal affection, wounded and unmanageable. The Prince descended!—no one was there to prevent him!—down came Dara, who contended for parents, kindred,—all, and the elephant carried havoc and destruction to the rear! The soldiers saw that the gilded Tower was empty, and thinking their leader killed, turned, fled, and the Empire became the property of the Hypocrite!

He saw Aurungzebe proceed in state to the Castle, where his aged father was "held in durance vile", and entering with demure countenance, ask for the jewels of the Crown; which were still in his father's possession. The old mild Emperor retired, but returning in a few minutes, placed them before his youngest begotten; and said, in answer to some paltry excuses from the other, for every feeling was not quite extinct in the scared heart of the monster—"Go Son, the miseries of my confinement, may, perhaps, be softened and gilded by the magnificence of thy reign!"

He saw poisonous honey presented to the nephews, and all the existing male relatives of this Pagan Herod! who became immediately and for ever deprived of reason!

He traversed the deserts of Arabia, and saw the native, with couched spear, rushing on a caravan in the plains of El-Mocateb! He visited the Pyramids of Egypt, where Ossiris, Iris, Apis, and Serapis reigned,—where the Earth was so fruitful, "from the slime of Nilus," that labour was not requisite for taking the bounties of Heaven to the garner. Much of their time was consequently spent in idleness: they had leisure to reflect, concoct mischief, and execute any of the plans which happiness, ease, "having plenty of money, and nothing to do," could stir up in the vulgar minds of the ignorant multitude;—"Wha wi' even down want o' wark are curs." Therefore, the Pharaohs were afraid that anarchy, rebellion, and every crime would cover the land, accompanied by their own destruction. For, "if the devil catches

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\* Made of leather blown up. They are yet common on that river.

a man idle, he will soon set him to work."\* Thus thought the mighty Kings of Egypt, and after due consideration, employed their subjects in building the Pyramids, fashioning and transporting the Sphinx, &c. But these works, though of amazing magnitude, were at length completed, and the people idle as before. What is to be done? was the question which each great man put to another. At length, after various plans had been considered and found defective, one was proposed which met with great approbation, and was put into immediate execution.

The people of one District were persuaded to kill certain animals as noxious or unclean, eat others, and cherish or worship only a few. Those of the neighbouring Province or District preserved what the others killed, eat what they considered unclean, and held in abhorrence creatures which the first considered Household Gods! As anticipated, no intimacy could ever take place, plans be laid or executed by people, whose food, religion, manners, and even garments were an utter abomination to each other. Jealousies, feuds, quarrels, and petty skirmishes were the constant result. And the Monarchs of Egypt reaped the reward of their wisdom, spending their time in security, without "fear in the night"—dying quietly in their beds.

He saw Cambyses overrunning the fruitful plains with fire and sword; destroying the Acqueducts to ensure the lasting miseries of the poor, that his glory might be perpetuated in the wailings of starving generations!—His glory does exist, to make the present School Boy—aye, even the Literati—wonder and envy the hero, whose glorious acts have sent him to—"where the Lord wull"!

The Clergyman thought of travellers who when told by the natives, that "a virgin was annually offered to the river"—never thought upon the difference of idiom or expression, and made no farther enquiry, but recorded it as an undeniable fact—"That a virgin was annually sacrificed to the Nile": When the truth was, that according to a law, coeval with the canals, none of the sluices could be opened until the river had reached its full altitude, which, on an average in most places, was eighteen feet. A figure formed of clay, was set nearly at that height above Cairo, covered with white cloth, that it might be perceived at a great distance, and named "the virgin"! When the Nile rose, the feet became softened, down tumbled the image, which disappeared for ever in the flood!

The good man was determined to rescue the ancient Egyptians from such imputation of cruelty and tyranny which prejudice had bestowed. "True," said the noble and kind hearted—though hasty being, "true, they behaved ill, very ill to the Jews; but "they paid dearly for all, by the conduct of Persian, Roman, and Grecian Emperors. Their descendants—the quiet, humble, and useful Copts—should have justice rendered, as in all conscience they are labouring under thralldom, more than sufficient, from Turkish Masters—without 'putting a load above a burden,' 'for its the last feather that breaks the back of a horse'!—Yes, yes, I shall rectify it."

\* This proverb is of Arabian descent.

Thus meditated the holy man to redress grievances and retrieve from obloquy, not only the characters of acquaintances, neighbours, and companions, but those who had existed thousands of years ago.

“When the Memnonian was in all its glory,  
And time had not begun to overthrow—  
Those Temples, Palaces, and Piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous”!

He ended meditating for the good of mankind, with the determination of lecturing from the beginning of Saint Matthews Gospel, regularly to the end. Proving that what had appeared “to the Greek foolishness,” was really and truly, as its name implies, good news to them and all mankind.

In accordance with such determination, he gave notice from the pulpit, and commenced at the beginning of the New Testament. Great excitement was caused among his hearers, and various conjectures expressed concerning it. Some said—“aye, aye, our Minister has begun fair, but faith they’re bits a wie farer on that’ll kittle his noddle! Ma Certie! but he has played himsel a fine pliskie. L—d! how he’ll look when he’s obligated for shame sake to skip the Chapter about *the meek folk*.” Time went as usual, though to them it appeared as if the day would never arrive, when in regular succession he, according to promise, should lecture on the beatitudes. All the inhabitants of the parish, and several from the neighbouring ones assembled, to see how awkwardly “the minister wad skip o’er—blessed are the meek.”

The Clergymen entered the pulpit, and having performed all preliminary duties, opened the Bible, turned over the leaves untill coming to the place that had produced such intense and breathless curiosity, he looked round at the smiling men and simpering females, saying, “I am the ordained Servant of our Lord, Jesus Christ!—became Minister of this Parish, and as such, it is my duty to explain every part of your, and my master’s will to mortals,—so far as weak, human nature will permit, without actual, or mental reservation. I perceive by your countenances, that the thought is passing,—Physician heal thyself; and that I ought to cure my own temper before attacking the faults of others. But, so long as I am Minister of this Parish, the truths of God shall be preached and explained though they condemn myself! Therefore, *Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth*”!!

## RELIGION.

An acquaintance with the language, customs, and manners of the ancients is absolutely necessary, for enabling people rightly to understand the Holy Scriptures. But, as such information is difficult to be procured; requiring much time, expense, travel, and research which few can surmount, even when possessed with the desire—we consider it our duty, to give explanations of those passages, which appear most dark and incomprehensible, contained in the rule of our faith; that, as our own curiosity has been amply gratified, doubts obliterated, and hope

made strong as a rock, our readers, who have not had such opportunities, may be convinced of the authenticity, purity, elegance, connectedness, simplicity, and superlative loveliness of God's will to man.

As the following sentence has been a stumbling block to many well disposed people, and is often used by the poor, ignorant wretch, who tries to make a mock of superhuman eloquence, for the purpose of shewing that there are passages without meaning, and nonsensical similies contained in the Holy Bible—we therefore, subjoin the following explanation, that the good may rejoice, and infidel restrain his polluted, pestiferous tongue.

“It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.”

The ground, in that country where this assertion was uttered and recorded, is very unequal, rising into numerous hills, mostly covered with small trees or brushwood, which the wandering tribes used to occupy, when waiting an opportunity for entering a town by surprise. Dear bought experience had taught the orderly inhabitants to guard against such disasters, by every mean which human ingenuity could devise.

They assembled in great numbers, built cities which they surrounded with high walls, and large strong gates. Being deficient in a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences, the machinery, by which these gates was moved, exhibited clumsiness of construction, and extreme difficulty in the application; so that a full hour was expended in opening or shutting any of the obstructions to an invading enemy. The citizens instantly became sensible that a body of these marauders, or wandering Arabs, could easily dash from their lurking place in the neighbouring hills, and enter a town, before it was possible for the gates to be closed.—Consequently they were never opened except upon great and solemn occasions, when a sufficient number of men were in attendance to prevent surprise. It was absolutely necessary however, that the means of ingress and egress should be in the power of every one,—therefore, a small and low door was constructed beside the large gate, which, in their symbolical language, was called “The Needle's Eye.” When a full grown person passed through, it was necessary to stoop so low that the body was supported by the hands. A camel had to be unloaded, and creeping on the belly, wriggle himself forward by means of the hind feet, which, being taught from his birth, he by long practice, and severe labour was able to accomplish.

It follows, that the simile of the sacred volume contains exceeding beauty, force, and propriety—being in substance, that a rich man must lay aside his rank, equipage, wealth, attendants, state, and all the paraphernalia of greatness, to come, a poor, naked, forked, sinful animal, crawling and grovelling in the dust, before pardon can reasonably be hoped for or expected. When the nature of human beings is considered, no one will deny, that it is easier for a camel to be trained for passing through “the Needle's Eye,” or Eye of a Needle, than for a rich man to conquer his purse-proud spirit, and trust entirely for salvation, through the merits of a Saviour.

## TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

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Come frae the hills where your hirsels are grazing—  
Come frae the glen of the buck and the roe.  
Come to the land where bright eyes are gazing ;  
Come where there never was sorrow nor woe!

SIR W. SCOTT.

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WE must leave all particulars for future numbers,—not having room in this for peculiarities, and only in the mean time give conscientiously, the following short statement, for those who most require information, from being more numerous—handicraftsmen, or those who earn bread literally by the sweat of their brow ; which all may depend upon, coming from the heart without any sinister purpose,—influenced by no power, belonging to, and acknowledging no party but one—the well-wishers of humanity !

Labourers who come to this country will certainly be employed ;—but, as all arrive first at Quebec, where their services are offered to people, who know well that the pockets of Emigrants are not full, and therefore engage the ablest at 2s. per diem, which is 1s. 8d. sterling. Those who possess money proceed up the River, 180 miles, to Montreal, by any of the numerous Steam-Boats, for two dollars and a half, 12s. 6d., or 10s. 5d. sterling.\* Wages at the latter town are 2s. 6d., or 2s. 1d. sterling. If possessed of “means,” they journey to York, at about 15s. currency for each adult ; where 3s. 9d. or 2s. 11d. sterling, is the regular days wage of a labourer. It will be seen, from the price of provisions, that something may be saved, which, according to the economy practised, will sooner or later, enable them to enter upon land with £60 currency,—or £50 sterling in “pouch.” If industry and perseverance are practised—plenty of “elbow-grease,” be given to the hatchet, they are in two years independent, and will not only remain so, but if the same steadiness of conduct is persisted in, and a “queer” kind of unquenchable drouth (thirst) not felt or regarded,—abstaining from Scotch “Pappers and Nippers,” Irish “Noggins full of Poitten,” Yankee “Bitters,” French “Water of Life,” and English “Toothful of Grog”—happiness pure and unalloyed is their unceasing portion—except by the little incidents of tooth and head-ache, just to let them understand and remember that mortality only is still their portion.

If on the contrary one chuses, like most other people who are “too well off,” to make himself miserable about nonentities and whigmaleries,—we may regret, but cannot prevent it ; happiness is in his power, and if the opportunity is not properly made use of, it is only

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\* The fare varies from 5s. to 12s. 6d.,—the average is 7s. 6d., and nothing is charged for baggage.

what myriads in all ages have and will continue to do. But be that as it may, we would advise none to come, unless each head of a family has, after defraying all the expense of transportation, £15 sterling—or £16 10s. currency, in case of sickness, or “any of the various ills that flesh is heir to”—as perhaps one, two, or three months may elapse before they are able to earn a shilling, or transport them from Quebec to York, and other Towns of the Upper Province; where the ground is better, winter not so long nor intense, and where it is easy to suppose that they are by the banks, bracs, woods, and streams of their native land;—only that every thing is finer, grander, and without drawback or alloy; for no powdered gentleman, commonly called a “flunkee,” can stop their progress as they wander from the way.

This advice is also necessary to tradesmen, who are subject to the like infirmities of their ungifted, uninstructed, uninitiated, and unscientific brethren—whose wages are for the best Joiner at Quebec, 5s. currency, or 4s. 2d. sterling; Montreal, from 5s. to 6s. currency, or 4s. 2d. and 5s. sterling; and at York, 6s. 3d. or 5s. 2½d. sterling. Masons have at Quebec, 5s. or 4s. 2d. sterling; Montreal, 6s. or 5s. sterling; and at York, 7s. 6d. or 6s. 3d. sterling, per day.

Men of wealth may do as they please,—such insignificant matters being likely below their notice, but no man who is intending to purchase land, settle upon, and improve it; earning a subsistence by that mean alone, and without the exercise of any other profession, should come to this country, without being in the actual possession of £300, or £270 sterling. Not in goods—which plenty of scoundrels will advise them to do, as the Emigrant at the commencement of this number so ably describes; because, they purchase the articles at an immense deal higher rate than the regular Merchant or Trader does, pay more for transportation and inland carriage, every article being considered and charged as private baggage over and above insurance.

On arriving, none of the Merchants will purchase “the goods,” except at an enormous undervalue. For instance, Garden Seeds cannot be sold to a dealer, (and it is impossible to dispose of them or any article otherwise,) without a discount of 50 per cent, and every other thing in proportion. A Scotch hatchet is not worth one penny sterling or currency, being utterly useless. Some people are of opinion that the shape destroys its efficiency; others, that the air annihilates the temper, and keeps the edge always blunt,—from whatever cause, it is really so. They won't do. Besides the interest and exchange are lost; and it is no unfair calculation to state—that a man who brings £100 in any kind of goods, loses at the very lowest calculation £50, or one half. Independent of the bother, loss of time, running up one street and down another, into every “shop of the line;” begging and entreating a saucy jackanapes for “a confab” with “his busy master,” when he requests the magisterial personage to purchase for G—d sake. All the time living at an Inn, with his family; so that when the various items of loss and expence are added together, and deducted from the original £100 sterling, “hard cash,” which was laid out at the “best markets” in Britain,—if he pockets £10 currency, the “stars should be thanked for their luck,” and not his own wisdom or foresight.

Therefore, all who are coming here should lodge their cash in Bank, except what is necessary to defray their expenses to York. The following copy of a public notice, will give the requisite information.

“Messrs. Thomas Wilson & Co. of Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street, London, Merchants, are Agents for the Bank of Upper Canada. Monies lodged with them, on the Bank Account, will be paid by the Bank at York, in Upper Canada, to the person or persons for whom the deposits are made, with the advantage of the exchange of the day.”

Any person in Scotland, England, or Ireland, may send money to Messrs. Wilson & Co. by paying it into the nearest Bank Office, when by the return of post they will receive an acknowledgment, thereby saving the expense of insurance, and loss on goods, which when brought here, are found to have changed their consistency into evils, and pocket the exchange, that is no small affair in these days of reform. If drowned “by the road,” the best part of the venture is safe,—as the loss of any one mere mortal who journeys to the land of oblivion, is soon forgotten, and easily supplied “by all and sundry.”

The difficulties of a journey from Montreal to York are great when entire strangers undertake it, who know not how to proceed. The difference of expence in travelling by land or water is very considerable; the first is £2 currency to Prescott, while the baggage is sent by water at 3s. 6d. to 4s. per hundred weight. Each being only allowed a portmanteau—and they proceed so far in a coach, then by a steam-boat, again in a land vehicle—changing from one to another all the way to Prescott, 228 miles. The journey wholly by water is tedious, owing to the current, number and length of the rapids, making the stages short, where the boats stop each night;—requiring from six to eleven days, according as the wind is favorable or adverse. The passage money from Montreal to Prescott is 3s. or 4s., and good accomodation can be had all the way—bed, 1s.; breakfast, 1s.; dinner, 1s. 3d.; supper, though an unhealthy, abominable, unpoetical, and unintellectual meal,—yet many people over fond of the hypogastric region partake of it (for 1s. 3d.)—because, “they never have grand dreams to tell next day,” unless when crammed like a French turkey—to the throat.

But the circumstance which confounds all new comers is, that almost every person with whom the Emigrant converses at Quebec or Montreal, tries to cheat and impose upon him; wishing his “custom,”—having land to dispose of, or on the principle of “the more the merrier,” each, and all persuade the stranger that the Upper Province is sickly, unhealthy, breathing fever, ague, plague, pestilence, and sudden death; that if existence is continued, he must become like Job when covered with boils and bothered by his rib, or Lazarus when laid at the door of Dives. All the lies they can invent are told by rascals upon the street, quay, and shops—even when sitting in a receptacle for all who have cash, jaded with a long sea voyage, unused to the climate and customs, all which produce temporary nervous irritability, meditating “if the dear friends he left will aye continue his,”—looks round for something to amuse, or make him forget,—and hears each speaking of his rich farms, fine horses, large bullocks, fat sheep, and fine grain—while at last all turn upon the bewildered wretch, advise him to remain, and not pay out money in going to a poorer soil, worse climate, &c.

We therefore earnestly recommend, advise, and entreat all who are coming here for the purchase of land, to place themselves under the Canada Company, whose Agent at Quebec will give every necessary information. By so doing, they will be transported from Quebec to the land they intend settling upon, without being exposed to, and suffering from all the imposition, trick and trap constantly practised upon the stranger in every country, but more especially in this, where people from "all the earth" are in the towns of the Lower Province. But by placing themselves under the protection of that Company, each head of a family will save, at the very lowest calculation, £10 sterling, besides time, which no labour or saving can ever replace. The expense of journeying is placed to the credit of each Emigrant, on the second instalment of his purchase money. If he should change the original intention, (which is improbable, if possessed of wisdom,) and not purchase any land from the Canada Company—still the expense is considerably less than the journey could be individually executed for. At the same time be free from all imposition, bothertation and procrastination, which would annoy, perplex, and bewilder the best head-piece that ever left the British shore.

We also earnestly advise those who are coming here, and have families, not to follow the multitude in their folly, by leaving them, "until they see whether a lodging can be procured;" when they arrive, astonishment fills t' air clod-pole minds at discovering that house rent is not greater, provisions, and spirits are far cheaper; also, if well behaved kindness and attention will be shown, which are never bestowed, experienced, expected, thought, or dreamed of, in the Old Country.—Neighbours assemble to build the house, he produces a bottle of whisky for six pence—his health is drunk, a little is poured upon the new residence, while the sun shining through branches of the mighty trees, seems to smile upon their labours, saying, "I won't fail to shine and bring to maturity every pickle of grain you sow, gladdening your souls with the fruits of my earth, which shall be all your own; and which no factor can poind, seize, and carry off!—all sublunary happiness shall be yours!"

Just as he should be working away "like death and life," sowing winter wheat, chopping, logging, burning and clearing the other uncultivated parts, so as to render it fit for crop, (every acre of which will require twenty-two days work of one man,) he has to tramp for the Old Country, leaving people to work, who are fonder of "playing at hide and seek"—like many other responsible intelligences, and trust worthy animals, than doing their duty. But off he marches, and when he arrives next year, the season is so far advanced—as women, though the most delightful companions, are not good travellers—that nothing can be sown except Turnip or a few Potatoes, if even in time for these. On looking round, he is astonished to see that no work has been performed,—for one man had at the commencement, strained his wrist; a second cut his left arm to the very bone, that had festered, and become so stiff he could not raise it to his head; and a third had been afflicted with a dumb ague.—Pshaw! in short nothing has been done. The master has lost two seasons, which is two years to the agriculturalist;—

when, had he brought out his family at first, his wife would have delighted in the growth of calves and pigs;—the girls have made places for hens and ducks, or husked Indian corn. The boys would have tried to become men, and help in the erection of a stable, expecting that it would be tenanted by a pony—all industriously employed, and being filled with hope, on a fine soil, exhilarated by purity of atmosphere—happiness would have been the portion of all—besides saving all the money expended by Mr. Wiseacre, going back for the darlings, whom he durst not bring until a house was constructed, fit for the reception of “their high mightinesses!!!”

We have nothing farther to add at present, except stating why all “new comers” should be particularly cautious when purchasing land from an individual—for many people, residing in the different towns, are possessed of ground to which they have no just claim, right, or title—having bought it from soldiers or sailors “who loved a drop of the creature,” and had no right to dispose of such grants until in possession of the deeds,—which cannot be obtained before the expiration of two years from the date of their Location Tickets.

Many of them—fond of grog, offer these tickets “to all and sundry,” for a few dollars “to carry on the spree.” A schemer lays down “the dust” in exchange for the ticket, with the caveat of a penalty “if the seller does not procure a deed.” The speculator resells it, and in turn binds himself under another penalty—“that a true and lawful deed shall be assigned by a certain date.” The poor wretch pays the money, goes upon the land, builds a house, clears, and sows different crops. When the period arrives, the soldier—or person to whom it was granted cannot be found; he has returned to “the Old Country,” gone to the States, was choked in a ditch when “mortal,” or is—nobody knows where. So the ticket is of course, and in strict justice, null and void—the property still belonging to the original granters. The poor foolish animal finds that “its no easy taking the breeks frae a hielandman”—and that “his labour is lost.” Even when the parties are on the spot—still the loss of time is irreparable, and the end can only be compared to the child’s tale—“the man to the dog!—the dog to the cat!—the cat to the rat!” &c.

Before concluding a bargain with any individual therefore, we earnestly advise all strangers to employ a Lawyer, who will soon see “if money has been borrowed upon the premises,” and that “all is snug;” without such precaution, it is twenty to one “but they will get the piper to pay.” Government have much good land, which sells at 5s. (4s. 2d. ster.) to 17s. 6d. (14s. 7d. ster.) per acre. The Canada Company has an immense quantity of the finest land in this most splendid and magnificent of countries. Both, dispose of the soil on reasonable—even liberal terms, receiving the price by annual instalments; doing more for the comfort and convenience of purchasers, than ever Scotch landlord did—to our knowledge, for a tenant. We shall give an account of this Company in the next number—its agents, regulations, intentions, and prices of land—for, under government, it has been the means of enabling many to be on horseback, hunting over their own land, who otherwise might, and must have been covered with vermin, and crawl-

ing to an hospital, or dying from want in a corner, after keeping the body warm by the heat of a dunghill.

We sincerely wish all a prosperous voyage across the Atlantic,—hoping, that after becoming Lairds and getting a name upon the earth, they may be able to curb the ruling passion—if for grog, and copy the steersman—by keeping their helm hard-a-weather.

### STANZAS FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

1.

This the last night is of an awful year ;  
 But a few moments and it shall be morn,  
 Say boastful reason, shall the future wear  
 A gilded robe, which health and peace adorn ;  
 Or shall its glories with'ring leave the thorn  
 Without a rose, and all our joys be fled :  
 Shall those nursed flowers, in summer sunshine born,  
 Fly soil'd and sear'd, by awful tempest sped :  
 And every cultur'd scheme of happiness lie dead ?

2.

If we of pleasure and of pain sum up  
 Their separate store, and by the past abide :  
 The sweets, that sparkled in our thoughtless cup,  
 Compare with the unlook'd for bitter tide  
 Which from the full Lethæan bowl have dy'd  
 The hectic check and blanch'd the palsied head,  
 We shall no more trust fortunes plumed pride,  
 Or by her fickle, syren smiles be led :  
 But look for cruel storms our fond delights to shed.

3.

O ! ye elate, who, now in innocence,  
 Gaily enjoy the tempting world around :  
 Lov'd tender flowers—Emerging from the fence  
 Of natal hall, guardian, or classic ground ;  
 The Poet may not prematurely wound  
 Your gentle breasts, ah no ! enjoy your day ;  
 But let approval every action bound ;  
 Give all the noble gen'rous passions sway :  
 And scorn to bask supine in sensual pleasures ray.

4.

And while ye now, in spring's delightful prime,  
 Charter the hours to wing a rosy flight ;  
 Lest dread remorse may to her care consign  
 Your faded beauties, there, the livelong night  
 To mourn a guilty and untimely blight ;  
 Ah ! seek betimes the gloomy house of woe :  
 Those pallid forms, perhaps as yours once bright,  
 And hear their grief, and see their sorrows flow :  
 And let your blessing soothe the wounded and the low.

5.

Then when pass the happy fields of youth ;  
 Prest on to baneful regions of dull care :  
 The flowers you've gather'd, friendship, knowledge, truth,  
 Shall still delight and bloom luxuriant there ;  
 Tho' skies portend and prospects round look drear :

They still preserv'd,—like Aaron's mystic rod,  
 Shall as blest incense in memorial fair  
 Ascend, in holy, grateful flame to God :  
 Remembrance dwelling sweet on every path you've trod.

6.

Since history's pencil on the stream of time  
 Began Canadian annals to pourtray,  
 No sword,\* as now, so terribly sublime,  
 Stretch'd o'er our wasted cities flashed dismay !  
 No Oman's floor to stop the angel's sway.  
 Destruction yet may rage our graves to fill.  
 Then bend in prayer, give charity her sway,  
 Offer the wheat and quick the oxen kill,  
 That God may say—"enough, stay now thine hand," be still.

7.

O gentle charity ! seraphic maid !  
 Thy chief delight is living balm to shed  
 O'er wounded hearts ; in pity's steps afraid  
 To meet applause, I hear thy midnight tread,  
 Gliding where groans the sick, where o'er the dead  
 The widow shrieks, and frighted orphans mourn.  
 I see thy vestal smile a halo spread  
 Around thy path, lighting the slow return  
 Of health and peace, now verging to life's dreary bourn.

8.

Ah me ! how many orphans are abroad,  
 And weeping widows bend o'er new made graves !  
 How many sires deplore their hopes destroy'd,  
 And matron cheeks a scalding torrent laves !  
 How many a maiden breast with wailing heaves,  
 For youth laid low ! The mighty eastern scourge,  
 Our fair, our strong, our rich, our learned braves :  
 Flapping with Vampyre wing, th'atlantic surge,  
 To ring o'er all our plains a loud heart rending dirge.

9.

To venture thro' life's wave without the star  
 Of undelusive light to guide our bark ;  
 On shoals and shelves our brittle boat will jar,  
 Or wreck in Scylla, or Charybdis dark.  
 That bright † and morning star, which lured the ark  
 On rocky Arrarat, to haven high  
 Above the waves ; then bent sublime the mark  
 Of future hope across the doubtful sky,  
 To cheer a trembling world, and shew that God is nigh.

10.

Faith waits upon him,—she shall still exist  
 'Till the destroying sword shall flame no more :  
 And lead to hope his votary as she list,  
 Curing each tempting fruit of pois'nous core.  
 The box which all the ruthless passions bore  
 Still cradles hope ;—then, let us not divest  
 Our spirits of her balm. What if our store  
 Of fond delights have ceased to deck the breast ?  
 Full soon we'll end life's dance to lie with them—at rest,

\* 1st Chron. chap. 21st.; 2d Sam. 24th chap. † Rev. 22 chap. 16 verse.

11.

Less shou'd we for the splendid pageants pine,  
When time still proves they cannot with us stay.

Lo! virtue grasps the square and plumbs the line  
To guide us on, a nobler loftier way.

See! faith impels us toward eternal day :

Far, far above false pleasure's stormy shore ;

Unclouded by its foul corrosive spray,

Where she shall sink in love, a guide no more,

And we, thro' endless realms, shall wonder and adore.

*Osnabruck, Eastern District.*

BETA.

## 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	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	3	9				1	0	0			
do. salted per hundred pounds, do. Ham per pound, .....	1	10	0				1	4	0			
Gesse, .....	0	0	5				0	0	4½			
Turkies, .....	0	1	10½	0	2	6	0	1	7	0	2	1
Ducks per couple, .....	0	2	6	0	5	0	0	2	1	0	4	2
Fowls, each, .....	0	4	0	0	3	4						
Eggs per dozen, .....	0	0	7½	0	1	0	0	0	6½	0	0	10
Cheese per hundred, .....	0	1	3				0	1	0½			
Butter per pound, .....	1	5	0				1	0	10			
Milk per quart, .....	0	1	0				0	0	10			
Wheat per bushel, .....	0	0	3½				0	0	3			
Barley " " .....	0	3	9				0	3	2½			
Oats " " .....	0	2	6	0	3	0	0	2	1	0	2	6
Indian Corn " .....	0	2	0				0	1	8			
Potatoes per " .....	0	3	9				0	3	2½			
Turnips " " .....	0	2	6				0	2	1			
Peas " " .....	0	1	3				0	1	1			
Apples " " .....	0	3	9				0	3	2½			
Hay per ton, .....	0	2	6	0	3	9	0	2	1	0	3	2½
Cord Wood, 8 feet long, 4 broad, and 4 high, .....	4	10	0	5	10	0						
Loaf Sugar per pound, .....	0	10	0				0	8	0			
Muscovado Sugar per pound, ...	0	0	7½	0	0	8	0	0	6	0	0	7
Tea, (Black) .....	0	0	6				0	0	5			
do. (Green) .....	0	3	6				0	3	6			
Coffee, (raw) .....	0	3	9	0	3	9	0	3	0	0	3	2½
do. (ground) .....	0	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	10	0	1	0½
Whiskey per gallon, ..	0	1	6				0	1	3			
Brandy, (Cogniac) " " ..	0	2	0	0	2	3						
do. (Bordeaux) " " ..	0	10	0				0	8	0			
Gin, (Hollands) " " ..	0	5	6				0	4	5			
Wine, " " ..	0	7	0	0	7	6	0	5	7	0	6	0
Soap per pound, .....	0	6	0	0	15	0	0	4	10	0	12	0
Flour per barrel, .....	0	0	6				0	0	6			
	1	0	0	1	5	0	0	16	9	1	0	10

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY ADVERTISER.

*Com'r. of Crown Lands Office,  
York, 1st December, 1831.*

THE following summary of the Rules established by His Majesty's GOVERNMENT for regulating the disposal of Lands, is published for the information of persons desirous of settling in Upper Canada:—

Once in every year, or oftener, the Commissioner of Crown Lands will draw up his report of the Land which it may be expedient to offer for sale by Public Auction within the ensuing year, and the upset price per Acre at which he would recommend it to be offered; the Land so offered having been previously surveyed and valued.

The Land will be laid out in Lots of one hundred Acres each, and plans prepared for public inspection; which plans may be inspected in the Office of the Surveyor General, or in that of his Deputies. The Commissioner of Crown Lands will give public notice in the Upper Canada Gazette, and such Newspapers as may be circulating in the Province, of the time and place for the sale of Land in each District, and of the upset price at which the Lands are proposed to be offered. The Lots will be sold to the highest bidder, and if no offer be made at the upset price, the Land will be reserved for future sale in a similar manner by Auction.

The purchase money will be required to be paid down at the time of sale, or by four instalments with interest; the first instalment at the time of the sale, and the second, third and fourth instalments at the interval of a year.

Any further conditions respecting these sales, will be found in the printed Advertisements giving notice of them.

To indigent Settlers who may be unable to avail themselves of these opportunities of purchase, Lands will be assigned by private sale, in certain specified Townships, at an estimated value, and the first three years, without interest, and the remainder of the purchase money to be paid in three equal instalments, interest to commence after three years from the purchase.

Free Grants are not made to any but payment will be accepted: at the end of U. E. Loyalists, or such persons as have served His Majesty in the Navy or Regular Army. Persons of either of these classes will forward their applications for Land, accompanied by official documents in support of their claims, as heretofore, to the Civil Secretary of the Lieutenant Governor, and will receive answers to them on applying to the Clerk of the Executive Council, and their Location Tickets from the Surveyor General.

PETER ROBINSON.



PERSONS wishing to bring out their friends from the NORTH of IRELAND to QUEBEC, to embark from LONDON-DERRY, can have their Passage secured by paying the following rates at the Office of Messrs. BUCHANAN & Co. *Montreal*.

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Children from 7 to 14 years of age, .....	1 6 3
Under 7 years of age, .....	0 17 6

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R. S. BUCHANAN.

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*York, Jan. 12 1833.*

R. STANTON.

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