

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND.

No. 2.

LOCH LOMOND AND ITS PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

Dear Editor,—

I closed my last letter with a pledge to say something more of my first day in Scotland. A very few sentences must suffice to fulfil this promise. The account, already given, of what passed under my notice, during the day on which I arrived in Scotland, was extended to our arrival at Balloch, the point at which Glen Leven meets the waters of Loch Lomond. Here was found in waiting a trim and convenient little steamer, which was built and launched upon this Scottish lake to convey tourists and pleasure seekers over its beautiful waters. The lake stretches twenty-three miles from North to South. At its southern extremity, where we embarked, it is five miles wide, but it narrows towards the north, and becomes for twelve or thirteen miles only a strip of water, winding among the mountains. Its surroundings are mountainous. Islands and promontories, varied alike in form, size and appearance, give to the Loch an irregularity, which has an animating and pleasing effect, to those who see it from the deck of the steamer. Only a limited part of the waters can be seen at any one time. At many points, the scene is that of a small basin, enclosed with high mountains, into which the steamer seems to be madly running at the highest speed; but passages open, as if by magic, and another one comes into view. The day was most favourable. Drifting clouds kept in ceaseless motion, the light and shadow which played upon the extensive landscape. Large and irregular patches of fern and groves of Scottish fir, which were spread along the bases and sides of the mountains, glistened, in floods of sunlight, like lustreous pictures in the groundwork of heath which appeared to the eye, either purple or brown according to the distance of the slopes and heights which were covered.

But no sooner were these scenes painted than they vanished away. Vast, gloomy shadows glided up and down, hither and thither, on the heights as if these grand, old mountains had been thrown up as a great pleasure ground, on which light and shadow might perform their weird and fantastic play. It is no wonder that the barbarous Celts made this place

THE HOME OF GIANTS.

Fingal had a hunting seat here. It was an easy thing for the ancestors of the Scots to fancy the great hunters, striding up and down these mountains, scaling heights and leaping over glens in full chase after huge stags of a species now extinct. Glorious place was this for giants in olden times; and it is a beautiful place likewise for gentlemen in the nineteenth century, who, no doubt, enjoy life in their pretty villas and picturesque demesnes, scattered along the margin of the Loch, and which appear so paradisaical to the tourist from the upper deck of the steamer. On leaving the Loch to pass through a glen of about two miles extend to Loch Long, Ben Lomond, on the side, opposite to the landing lifts his kingly head above all the mountains, in this part of the Highlands; which is three thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. His stupendous form stood out grandly against a bright sky. We were more favoured than Mrs. Sigourney, as it would appear from the following description:

"Through spreading mists looks dimly down; For though perchance his piercing eye Doth read the secrets of the sky, His haughty bosom scorns to show Those secrets to the world below. Close-woven shades, with varying grace, And crag and cavern mark his base."

This mountain is the property of a Duke. He allows people to climb to its top; and, judging from experience, he has the easiest of it. I did not join those who went to the summit of Ben Lomond; but I reserved my strength and kept in store the novelty to emphasise and give effect to a proposed trip to the top of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain or Ireland. As I am now talking about mountains I will ask your indulgence while I give a brief account of the execution of this purpose, some days after I landed in Scotland. The experience may be of interest to you; and if not it should serve as a warning to the adventurous; for I have a lively recollection of stiffness and soreness which it took two or three days to forget. This mountain rises four thousand four

hundred feet above the level of the sea, at the southern extremity of the "Great Glen" of Scotland. After

A SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS VOYAGE

along the Lochs, canals and open-sea of the west of Scotland, we were larded at Fort William, a town under the shadow of Ben Nevis. It was fortunate for us, that we were delayed, for in the daytime, so great was the tempest in the last Loch, over which we passed, that columns of water were said to have been carried hundreds of feet into the air. The poor mate and one sailor of our steamer were drowned in an attempt made before we embarked to save a wrecked vessel. This made our voyage at night all the more gloomy. We left Crinan at twelve o'clock at night where we had been kept from three o'clock in the afternoon by the tempest, I spent a part of the remainder of the night on deck, and warmed myself by the smoke-stack. Never shall I forget those midnight scenes. The tempest had subsided into a gale. The moon was concealed by dark clouds, which rushed along, just above the spectral forms of the mountains—seen in the partial darkness.

At one time, when the steamer was ploughing through a narrow passage, between an Island and the main land, a perpendicular rift appeared in the clouds just behind us; and, for a moment, the water and the sides of the mountains rising abruptly from the margin of the channel on either side, were illuminated with a flood of silvery light. A pin could have been seen on the deck of the steamer; and the Loch behind us glowed in the light of the moon. This sudden illumination gave a dream like and unearthly effect to the gloomy scene in which it appeared. With a thankful heart to God for his mercy, we arrived safely at Port William and found no trouble in obtaining lodgings at so unseasonable an hour.

After a short period of sleep and rest, we made preparations to ascend

BEN NEVIS.

About eight miles walking from the Hotel, would take us, so we ascertained before starting, to the summit of the mountain. The ordinary conveniences and means of safety, we were informed was a guide, whose fee was from two dollars and a half to five dollars, a bottle of whisky, and a supply of sandwiches. The first two we rejected, but took a good supply of the last. In the rejection of two thirds of the acknowledged equipment, we were not left unwarned. A kind-hearted old lady told frightful stories of men who had lost their way in the mists, and tumbled over precipices and perished in the cold, and the man at the bar evidently believed that the contempt of his whisky, was the putting in peril of precious lives. But notwithstanding these warnings we concluded to keep our money, and dispense with the guide. And as for the whisky, its condemnation was at hand, in the stupid, half demented fellows who sold it. We soon arrived at the base of the King of British Mountains; and a rapid walk up the more gradual ascent for seventeen hundred feet, brought us to a quiet little lake, which was nearly as far up the mountain as vegetation extends. A clear atmosphere gave an extended and glorious prospect. At this point, the islands and sea on the west came into view; and lochs, rivers, glens and mountains—moulded into beautiful forms and terminating in innumerable peaks—filled up the wide and distant scene. The general colour of the landscape was brown, and the mountains appeared to the eye as soft as if they had been mantled in velvet. But we were not yet to the top; and only stopped long enough to rest our limbs and take breath. Grouse rose at our feet and flew away on rapid wing; and a solitary hare started and bounded nimbly up the mountain side, as if in mockery of our slow ascent. Ravens hovered over the summit, and their course croaking came echoing down the heights, as if tantalizing us with a humiliating exhibition of their superior powers. On we toiled, refreshing ourselves with draughts from an ice-cold brook, that dashed and leaped along to the valley below—When nearly to the summit another look was taken, and such a vast scene was spread around within the extending horizon as to awaken strong excitement by bringing the soul in contact with this grand display of God's handy work. A few moments more and our feet were upon the apex of Ben Nevis. The circle was now complete. At our feet, to the south was a chasm, fifteen hundred feet deep; and for half a hundred miles to the north and east and south the eye rested on mountains, and winding rivers and beautiful lakes, and to the west, the waves of the Atlantic bounded the vision. The air was cold. The snow lately fallen, had not all melted away, although it was only the tenth of September; and immense banks of it which may have defied the

sons of a thousand summers were seen in the gorges at our feet. Not more than five minutes were allotted us to enjoy this wide and pleasing prospect. Ere we were aware a cloud shut down around us, and limited us to a hazy view of a few yards of broken rock. A sharpened appetite, made demands which were met by a good supply of sandwiches. The cloud increased the cold. It had been warm in the valley, and we came to the chilly heights with heated blood. We walked to and fro over a few rods of level space, and beat our hands and rolled rocks into the chasm, and waited for the cloud to lift and give us another sight. At times our hopes were raised, but our desires were not gratified. After an hour and a half of active waiting, we commenced the descent, not forgetting the warning which we had received about being lost in the mists. By care and the blessing of God, we found our way down; but I would advise others who undertake this task to employ a guide or pass Ben Nevis by. After descending a few hundred feet, we got below the cloud and the prospect opened up. Night was coming on, and we quickened our steps, so as not to be caught on the pathless slopes of the mountain in the coming darkness. I gathered some heath in late flower, and if the sprigs do not turn to powder, I trust the good friends to whom I have sent them, will accept them and preserve them as a token of remembrance connected with an adventure of mountain climbing, which gave sore flesh and aching bones for days afterwards.

But this is an episode from which I must return. On embarking again at Loch Long, after passing through the romantic glen from Loch Lomond, a rich treat was enjoyed in sailing down this arm of the sea to

GREENOCK, AND THENCE TO GLASGOW.

As we steamed along this picturesque water the mountains passed like a panorama before us. Little children threw crumbs of biscuit to the hundreds of white and grey sea-gulls which gathered around the steamer, and darted down into the water to pick up the scattered bits, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice." The day was nearly spent, the sun was painting the sides and tops of the mountains. One face only of the many seeking health and pleasure in that steamer, was familiar to me; but nevertheless how pleasant to be in the company of these intelligent well-ordered passengers, whose children shared their cakes with the fowls of the air that hovered around our heads in this calm and sublime place, on which God has lavished so much beauty and grandeur. Surely the Lord delights in beauty.

From Greenock to Glasgow we counted fifty-three iron ships of various sizes, which were in process of building; and eight or ten more, which had been recently launched, were adrift in the river, and were being rapidly prepared for sea. Not one wooden ship did we observe among them all. The assurance of the good man at Greenock that we would over-take our luggage in the evening, was realized. So the first day in Scotland was spent.

Truly yours, EDWARD MANNING.

For the Christian Messenger.

ACADIA COLLEGE AGENCY.

Dear Brother,—

Since I last wrote you from Great Village—I have been busily occupied in my Agency, with some success. While our Institutions are—in all the places which I have visited—regarded with favour, and receive large donations in the way of good wishes, but few persons realize the importance of giving liberally enough to place them in a permanent and prosperous condition. If they are ever made as efficient as the progress of the age demands, every Baptist in our Provinces must feel his obligation to contribute according to his ability towards their support. I am able now to report as follows:—

- Robert Allan, River John..... \$3 00
Michael Olding Merrigomish..... 5 00
A friend do..... 1 00
Archibald Thompson, Port Hawkesbury.. 20 00
Mrs. P. Paint, do..... 1 90
J. L. Tremain, Esq., Port Hood..... 4 00
J. Hunt, Mabou..... 1 25
A. Pushee, "..... 1 25
Mrs. Potter, "..... 0 50
Eliza McKeen, "..... 0 25
Mr. Worth, "..... 0 50
David Smith, "..... 0 50
R. Frizzle, "..... 1 50
Wm. Frizzle, "..... 4 00
Donald McDonald, Margaroo..... 10 00
Murdock McDonald, "..... 2 00
William McDonald, "..... 0 50
Samuel Peters, Sydney..... 20 00
Johnson Armstrong, "..... 10 00
J. S. Ingraham, "..... 9 25
C. H. Harrington, "..... 5 00
Thos. Armstrong, "..... 5 00
Mrs. H. W. Crawley, "..... 4 00
Mrs. Hierlily "..... 5 00

- R. Dobson, Glace Bay..... 29 00
A. Martell, "..... 1 00
Mrs. A. Martell, "..... 0 75
Eveline Martell, "..... 0 75
Rev. E. C. Spinney, Mira..... 400 00
Annie C. Holmes, "..... 10 00
Philip Spencer, "..... 5 00
A. Holmes, "..... 5 00
Wm. Holmes, "..... 1 00
Jos. Holmes, "..... 1 00
Mrs. Galen Holmes, "..... 2 00
C. Sheppard, "..... 1 12 1/2
J. Martell, "..... 1 00
Chas. Martell, "..... 2 00
Mrs. Chas. Martell, "..... 0 50
Patience Martell, "..... 5 00
S. E. Peters, Cow Bay..... 8 00
Mrs. Hill, "..... 0 50
Rev. T. H. Porter, North Sydney..... 20 00
J. Maloney, "..... 5 00
S. Maloney, "..... 20 00
S. J. Peters, "..... 5 00
Mrs. A. Logan, "..... 1 00
Mrs. Ann C. Musgrave, North Sydney... 2 50
John A. Moore, "..... 20 00
A friend, "..... 400 00
Jas. Munn, "..... 5 00
C. C. Veysey, "..... 2 00
T. F. Moore, "..... 0 50
B. Musgrave, "..... 1 00
Henry Kelley, "..... 1 00
James Kelley, "..... 5 00
Wilbert Dimock, "..... 5 00
Maurice Merrit, "..... 1 00
A. Musgrave, "..... 2 00
J. R. Ball, "..... 1 25
A. Campbell, "..... 1 00
Wm. Jefferson, "..... 1 00
C. P. Moffatt, "..... 4 00
A. Musgrave, "..... 0 50
John Durning, "..... 1 00
A. Green, "..... 0 50
A friend, "..... 0 50
W. H. Moore, "..... 204 00

I have now completed the circuit of this Island, and leave to-morrow for Guysboro. In the whole field over which I have travelled, commencing at River John, there are only three churches enjoying the services of settled pastors, viz.—Port Hawkesbury, where the Rev. J. McQuillan is faithfully laboring; North Sydney, under the pastoral care of Rev. T. H. Porter, who, like the faithful septipiel, is ever at his post. His field of labor has become so large, that the church has deemed it necessary to engage an assistant, and Bro. T. B. Layton, a Licentiate of the church at Great Village, is now associated with him, labouring acceptably; Cow Bay and Mira, where the Rev. E. C. Spinney, by his zealous efforts to build up the cause of Christ has secured the respect and confidence of the people of all classes. Sydney and Margaroo—both important fields—where the Rev. Wm. Boggs, and Rev. J. F. Kompton labored acceptably, and lived in the affections of the people, are without pastors. There is much ground for the Baptists to occupy on this Island, and but few laborers. In the places I have visited, the people are generally active, intelligent, and hospitable.

At River John, Pietou, and Merigomish, the few Baptists have to struggle hard to hold on their way, and we fear will not long be able to do so, for, on account of the death of some, their ranks are becoming sadly thinned.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

Yours very truly, J. E. BALCOM.

Port Hawkesbury, Oct. 14th, 1870.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

Dear Brother Selden,—

When I began in the year 1846, at the age of 36, to study Micmac, I had not a book of any kind to assist me, nor anything like a competent teacher. But that summer I fell in with an English speaking man—a Frenchman—who lived among the Indians, and understood their language. He could read English but could not write, was a very intelligent man, and proved a very efficient teacher. I made my own books, and he assisted me in doing so.

My first Indian book was a Legend, a singular tale of giants and wizards, love and marriage, and murder. Friend Jo had informed me that there were such compositions handed down by oral tradition, and that a female relative of his wife's could relate some of them. But she was at that time away in another Province. In the course of the summer, however, she came to Charlotte-town, P. E. I., where I was then residing, and I was introduced to her. I lost no time in visiting Jo's wigwam, and Susan, our friend, related the Adventures of Kitpooseagunow, he interpreting it for me. I marvelled greatly at the wild extravagant tale, and it occurred to me that I might possibly write it down in Micmac from Susan's dictation. Jo could then interpret it, and I could interline the interpretation, and thus become possessed of a piece of genuine Micmac composition which would be of inestimable advantage to me in learning the language.