

us. During the four succeeding days we clung to the wreck, at the mercy of the angry billows of the frowning ocean, without tasting either meat or drink during this awful period of danger and suspense. Several vessels passed at a distance, but I fancy they did not see us, as they took no notice of us. At length, on the morning of the 4th August, a sail was discovered passing to leeward; a gleam of hope brightened upon us, as our brave hardy old Captain—who held a spy glass in his hand—called out, "she's under stays my boys, and now stands towards us." It was soon evident she approached us fast; at length within hail, our Captain sung out "what brig?" judge of my excess of happiness when I heard the words "Happy Return," echoing in my ears—the same vessel that fifteen years before, had borne me from my native home. Captain G—very handsomely took us on board, and treated us with the tenderest marks of kindness: two of my fellow sufferers died shortly afterwards from a disease brought on by excessive abstinence and fatigue.

On the morning of the 22d, the call of land awoke me. I quickly leaped from my berth, and with eyes dim with tears, gazed once more on "the land of the heather." Hitherto during our passage, danger and fatigue had tended to banish intense "dreams of the future" from my mind, but the sight of home renewed them with redoubled vigour.

A heavy sea and head tide impeded our progress through the Pentland Firth, but on the night of the 25th, just as the Queen of night was sinking from our view, and her pale light was rapidly fading away, the Light House in Aberdeen harbour sparkled before us, and was a sufficient guide for Captain G—to conduct the Happy Return into port. No time was lost, and the brig was seen along side the key, on which I quickly leaped, and with heart glowing with gratitude to the omniscient disposer of events, and eyes beamed with tears of joy and praise, I once more stood on Scotland's shore.

Strolling through the town, I learned that the North Mail would soon start; I immediately hastened to the Coach Office, and engaged a seat; and after having partook of an early breakfast with Captain G—, I left in company with several passengers, and before night, had reached within fifteen miles of the dear spot, and the many dear friends, who in memory's bright page, had followed me afar. I determined to walk the remainder of the road, and arose before day light next morning, prepared for my journey. The twinkling stars were fast disappearing before the dazzling light of day, as I approached the shrine that gave me birth. In the wrinkled brow and weather beaten face, I recognized one who but fifteen years ago left nearly in the prime of life, enjoying then strength and vigour, he was now blind and deaf, so I could say nothing but to his guide. I stopped at the half-way-house in hopes to meet friends there; it was not known by that name, and the old landlord and lady had died ten years before. As I approached the mansion of my father, every thing seemed to speak aloud, and renew some fresh scene of my youth. Not a tree nor bush but hinted some juvenile tale, oft under the boughs of younger green tree have I laid down my cachel to enjoy an hour at Chess with my school-fellows—see! it bears the initial letters of many of our names still—it was under yonder bush I gave Ben Brier, a bloody nose for playing tricks on a poor old blind woman, that was led by a little boy.

Within a mile of home I met the funeral of a young man, the chief mourner appeared to be a female; recollecting the old custom, I turned back a few paces with the procession uncovered; and then with beating heart, proceeded to meet the embrace of my dear relatives. As I approached the door, a solemn silence seemed to pervade all around—not a leaf moved—nay even the stalks of corn, as they grew in the field, partook of the stillness. The sun had nearly fulfilled his diurnal task, and was sinking to rest in his western chamber, as I tapped at the door of my parent's dwelling. Two chairs stood near it, which had lately been occupied by my aged parents. I rapped loudly, but no one came forth with open arms—no one even granted admittance. I lifted the latch and entered; a table stood in the parlour, covered with bread and cheese, decanters of whisky, &c. A fire was blazing in the kitchen.—I ran through the house in the fond hope of throwing myself in the embrace of some dear one; but alas, wearied in body and mind, my dizzy brain burning with feverish anxiety, I threw myself into the old oaken arm chair, which my father used to sit in.

A SUBSCRIBER,

To be concluded in our next,

FOR THE GLEANER.

WINTER REGION.

My muse, tho' almost froze, invites my lays,
To note the vigor of these passing days;
When too such mighty monarchs, Fire and Frost,
Display their different powers—each at his post;
The one without, all potent seeks to gain;
Our inmost coverts, with the wind in train;
The other makes a struggle to debar
This foe, from marching onward quite so far—
But ah! my twerl—King Frost has almost won
The day of battle, and made many run
For shelter, close beside the good Queen Fire,
Whose usual powers seem ready to exp. re.

At morn, when Morpheus dull, unseals the eyes,
We wake and feel, with sad, tho' cool surprise,
We're chill, instead of glowing as we went;
Our back is cold, and starving is our front
We must breathe freely, tho' we shade our nose,
So, in revenge, King Frost attacks our toes.
We're ready to exclaim, with little Joe,
Who, once, in School, felt cold from top to toe,
But with SAKG EROIN, and politeness rose,
And called out to his master, "Sir I'm froze!"
We jump from bed—approach the genial heat,
But soon 'tis found we've made a bad retreat;
For all is frigid zone;—in frost and snow,
Each article we feel or see is so,

The maid was late—'twas cold—she could not rise,
So, in the grate, a half burnt bundle lies
Of good hard wood, displaying ought but blaze,
Of patience, patience! these are trying days.
When thus, at times, in rigour, Winter reigns,
All, all, is buried in adamantine chains.
We dress, in shivering haste—Queen fire peep's thro'
Yet tells us we have something more to do,
Ere she can comfort give, or heat bestow,
Which 'mid such war, we very well might know.

Tongs hard are grasped, and used at our expense,
For see! our fingers burnt, by cold intense;
The blood seems running chill, and cold as water,
While hands are numb, and teeth will often chatter.
But next, we pleasant feel "Hope 'twill not be
That some have suffered more than you or me."

We go to wash—but rather might we skate,
Or slide upon the frozen and the plate—
Some water's brought—and then our hands we lave,
Mid daggers, swords and lances, like the brave,
With saws and pikes we spend some time in sport,
But soon must haste, and to Queen Fire resort.
She now breaks thro', and smiles, and looks so sweet,
We think she's got the foe beneath her feet;
But while our face she glads and reddens o'er,
Our back feels much, he's not far from the door.

At breakfast he's banished from the place,
We find ourselves quite in a cheerful case;
The Queen too, is so brisk, she drives away
Her force, at once, and boasts of no delay;
In cheering all around, but soon must bend,
(For violent things last not, in sober friend.)
Now coal and wood are brought, with clang and din,
To shade the heat—King frost comes rushing in;
Thus on we pass the time—now hot, now cold,
No medium now, and 'tis no use to scold.
Fire; air; earth; water; thunder; sickness; death,
Alike respect all persons, ranks and breath:
Monarchs must yield to these, nor dare say nay
When these approach, and with them choose to stay.
Thus, days of rigor pass, and with them air
Succeed in time, and give us heart to bear
The lengthened Winter, void of anxious care.

PANDORA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLEANER.

Sir,
In reference to the Fire of the 19th inst. I perceive in the Gleaner of the last week, under the Editorial head, a passage containing a glaring misrepresentation respecting the Engine Company of Chatham, and one which, if allowed to continue without being contradicted, would perhaps have a tendency to produce evil consequences—You say, "In a short time the Engine was out—her works being formed of metal, immediately froze, and would not work," and you add, that no person belonging to the Engine Company was sufficiently acquainted with her machinery to state the cause, why she would not work. Permit me to state, as a member of that Company, that the former of these statements is totally void of perspicuity—the latter totally incorrect.

By one of the private rules which the members of the Engine Company have instituted, the Engine during the summer season must be taken out, and the company trained by their officers on the third Tuesday of every month. By another Rule, they are obliged to place the Engine on runners, during the winter season, and in readiness in case of a fire.

Now sir, that these rules or regulations have been strictly attended to—that the Engine Company are well disciplined; and that they have by their regular attendance and orderly behaviour manifested a strong desire to be of public benefit in preventing calamities by fire—are truths known to all, who may have witnessed their well-conducted and orderly meetings.

The fire which occurred on the night of the 19th, and which unfortunately annihilated a few buildings in the centre of our little village—was the first that has occurred during the winter season, since the arrival of the Chatham Engine from Britain, and simply owing to this circumstance, and this alone, and "not the want of skill respecting her machinery," must be attributed the want of immediate reflection on the part of the officers in neglecting to heat the machinery, by pouring a small quantity of

warm water into the Engine before they commenced working it. The second morning subsequently to the fire, the Engine Company were summoned to attend at the Engine House, for the purpose of experimentally ascertaining whether the application of warm water will on all occasions have the desired effect, and I, as one of them, have now the pleasure of stating, that even during the most inclement weather, its works will not freeze, if kept constantly in motion, after the warm water has been applied.

As I ran to the Engine House on the alarm of fire being given, a mixture of joy and pride glowed in my mind, occasioned by a full conviction, that in a few minutes the real utility of a good Engine, and the Company belonging to it, would for the first time in Chatham be clearly manifested, by the increasing element being soon extinguished. Still convinced that, but for the cause I have before described, my hopes would have been verified on that occasion.

ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

Chatham, 27th January, 1830,

SCHEDIASMA.

MIRAMICHI:

TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1831.

The Courier left Richibucto on Saturday, at 11 o'clock A. M. and arrived here about half past 7, P. M. The papers furnish nothing late from Europe.

We understand a Public Meeting is to be held at Hamill's Hotel, Newcastle, on Thursday next, the 3rd instant, at 12 o'clock noon; to take into consideration the propriety of Petitioning the Legislature of this Province, to adopt the most efficient means to prevent the reduction of the Duty on Foreign Timber, imported into the Mother Country. As this is a subject of the greatest importance, we trust the meeting will be generally attended.

A few weeks ago we made a few remarks upon the difficulties of an Editorial life, and for an additional illustration, we refer our readers, to the Communication in another column, signed, "A Member of the Chatham Engine Company," the fact of which, we doubt. If our Correspondent will take the trouble to read our remarks, he will perceive, we cast no reflection upon the Company, or its Officers, on the contrary, we endeavoured to remove any blame that might be attached to them, and our principal motive, in saying as much as we did upon the subject, was to exonerate them from a charge of neglect, which was quite current. We merely said, the Company was not sufficiently acquainted with the machinery to state the reason why she would not work on the night of the fire. Our Correspondent, in his eagerness to excuse the Officers from a charge of ignorance, unfortunately accuses them of the neglect of a very important part of their duty. Now, we should like our Correspondent to state why the Engine was taken out as he says, "on the second morning subsequent to the fire, for the purpose of experimentally ascertaining whether the application of warm water will on all occasions have the desired effect," if the thing was known before, now, we beg to inform this "wise-aere," it was not generally known to the Company, until after the above mentioned experiment, and if he knew it before, he is highly culpable in not imparting it to the Company, when such a disclosure would have been of infinite service. With regard to our want of perspicuity, we would advise our friend to remove the beam in his own eye, before he complains of the mote in ours.

To CORRESPONDENCE.—We are unable to decipher the manuscript of Incognito: this we hope will be a sufficient excuse for its non appearance.

MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

NEW BRUNSWICK. Married.—At St. John's, Mr. Peter M'Diarmid, to Miss Dolly M'Kenzie. At Hopewell, Captain Samuel Clarke, to Miss Susannah Rogers. At Gagetown, Mr. William Thorn, to Miss M. Blizard. DEATHS.—At Goudale Point, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris.

NOVA-SCOTIA. Marriages.—At Cornwallis, Mr. Wm. H. Chipman, to Miss Sophia Cogswell. At Falmouth, Mr. Dennis Redden, to Miss Margaret Bacon. DEATHS.—At Halifax, Mr. William Ross; Mr. John M'Kenzie; Mrs. Catherine Moody. At Annapolis, Mr. Robert Fitz Randolph. At Cumberland, Mr. Hugh Macdades. At Parnsboro, William Ratchford. At Halifax, Captain Charles Loveland; Mrs. Ann Barnstead; Mrs. Jane R.