

6. *Industry*.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. *Sincerity*.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. *Justice*.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. *Moderation*.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. *Cleanliness*.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. *Tranquillity*.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. *Chastity*.—Avoid injuring your own peace, or another's reputation.

Communications.

A PLEASANT TRIP THROUGH SCOTLAND,

BY A GERMAN. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

My first visit to Scotland was in August, 1826. I was at that time travelling under very auspicious circumstances, for the highly respectable and responsible bankers and commission merchants, Messrs. John Webb & Co., of Leghorn and Genoa. Visited France, England, Holland, the North of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, and returned to Leghorn by way of Vienna, Trieste, Venice, and Florence, which, during 14 months, gave me many a good opportunity to see high and low life in all its shapes and varieties. The tip-top of society I found every where nearly the same; but the manners and customs of the lower classes were different in all these countries: the former generally full of pride and vanity, and the latter full of passions and vices! Thus it has been, thus it is, and thus it will be as long as mankind do not come under one sceptre of Religion; and unless people follow the precepts of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, there will be no happiness found on this side of the grave, for the different sects of Religion create more malice and hatred than brotherly love and sisterly affection! generally speaking, according to my humble opinion.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening when I embarked at Liverpool for Greenock, on board of a steamer. The weather was boisterous and the sea rather rough; but having travelled a good deal at sea before, I stood the tossing and rocking of the steamer without inconvenience; whilst young and old, rich and poor, were suffering dreadfully from seasickness, except an elderly gentleman, who sat near me, and with whom I got into conversation about the weather, &c.

After a while, this old gentleman retired to the cabin, wishing me a pleasant night. The captain of the steamer then told me that I had been in high company; that the old gentleman was one of the best noblemen in Scotland, Lord Lynedoch, formerly Sir Thomas Graham, who, under Sir John Moore, had behaved very gallantly in the Peninsular and other wars, and that he could be of great service to me in Scotland.

During the night the steamer came to an anchor off the Isle of Man, landing some passengers, and proceeded to Greenock at day-break, when the weather became beautiful, and I could by degrees discover the distant mountains of Greenock.

When Lord Lynedoch came on deck, I was of course a little more courteous to him than the evening before; and when we approached the coast his Lordship took great pains in describing to me the interesting country which I was about visiting. On nearing Greenock his Lordship observed, "I shall leave you at Greenock, and travel up by land, but I shall be glad to see you at the Star Hotel, Glasgow," handing me his card, on which I found written General Lord Lynedoch! In presenting him with my card, and the card of my house, his Lordship observed, "How is my old friend Mr Webb?" He then told me that as he had received great kindness from Mr Webb whilst travelling in Italy, he would be glad to show me some civilities at his seat in Perthshire, and reiterated his request not to forget to call on him at Glasgow.

The interesting scenery on entering the Clyde, and on going up the river, passing Dumbarton Castle, &c., the proud bearing of some of my fellow passengers, Scotchmen and Highlanders, male and female; their broad accent, their dresses and their manners, occupied all my attention, for my greatest pleasure was to wonder at the beautiful works of creation, and to study the customs and manners of mankind, which is the best lesson one can be taught, next to adoration of God and good fellowship towards his neighbour.

After I had delivered my letters of credit and introduction to several merchants at Glasgow, I one day observed to a gentleman with whom I was returning from Knox's church, that I had met with Lord Lynedoch, and that this worthy old gentleman wished me to call on him at the Star Hotel; upon which my friend observed, "call by all means, for he is a fine old gentleman, who can be of great use to you in seeing Scotland and its society to advantage," and when I did call at the hotel, the waiter told me that his Lordship had left, but that he had given him a letter for a German gentleman. This letter I found addressed to me, including two letters of introduction to Professor Wilkes of Glasgow, and Mr Jeffreys of Edinburgh, with a note regretting that urgent business required his Lordship's immediate attention at Perth, but that he was sure Professor W. and Mr J. would receive me well; and then his Lordship requested to know the time I should

likely arrive at Perth. I thought this very handsome of the old gentleman, and being at that time 30 years of age, rather inclined to dandyism, and more of a ladies than business man, I promised myself great pleasure; and I was not disappointed, for when I delivered the letter to Professor W. I was immediately invited to dinner, and treated very kindly by old and young in the family.

At Edinburgh I was introduced into the very best society, and every body endeavored to make my stay as agreeable as possible. No doubt the good people took me for some distinguished person from Germany, a Baron, Count, or Prince travelling incog. through Scotland, for how could it be expected that a mere traveller for a commercial house would bring a letter of introduction from so great a nobleman as Lord Lynedoch? Of course I was much pleased with the hospitality of the Edinburgh gentry, and many a time and oft I fell deeply in love with some of the bewitching ladies whom I gallanted about, going to church with them, &c.

After I had seen all that could be seen in the new and old town of this modern Athens, I left every where my card with a P. P. C. (*pour prendre congé*), and set sail for Fifeshire, to go to Dundee, and thence up the river Tay for Perth.

At Dundee I had to make some visits to several correspondents of Messrs. Webb; but I hardly took any notice of them when they invited me to dinner, for I was already raised several inches in my own estimation by the high society in which I had moved in Edinburgh, and I thought it beneath my dignity to dine with merchants. *O! facinus in auditum!* Through the acquaintance of the merchants I could gain money, and through the acquaintance of the nobility I could spend a great deal, because I had to appear most fashionably dressed, and drive out in style in a carriage hired for the occasion, when I was invited to a dinner party. However, in those days of folly it was all very pleasing to me, and I now often think with pleasure on my trip through Scotland, and I should have no objection to go over the ground again, provided I was 30 years of age; for at my present age of 54, I have become too much of a philosopher, and have no more idea for dandyism, wearing a quizzing-glass, and talking nonsense with the ladies, falling in love with every pretty face and figure, without looking for some more substantial qualities, viz: a good heart, disposition, and education, and a well-stored mind.

From Dundee I wrote to Lord Lynedoch that I should leave for Perth the next evening; and when the steamer went up the beautiful little river Tay, I was delighted with the interesting scenery and views of the surrounding country, and with the prospect of meeting again with Lord Lynedoch, and being introduced to the nobility of Perthshire. On landing at Perth, a servant of Lord L.'s, who recognized me from having seen me on board of the Liverpool steamer, handed me a note from his Lordship, in which the worthy old gentleman requested me to come, luggage and all, to Murray's Hall, a few miles from Perth, where his Lordship was staying. However, I declined this offer, went to an hotel, dressed for the occasion, and took with me in a carpet bag several very necessary articles for a dandy.

On my arrival at Murray's Hall, just in time for dinner, I was received by his Lordship in a very friendly manner, and introduced to several ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank and fashion, as "Mr L., a German friend of mine." I had to seat myself near the lady of the mansion at dinner, and conversed with the younger ladies in French and Italian; nay, even in my native tongue, the German, with an elderly major, who had also been in the Peninsular wars and at Waterloo, which flattered my vanity greatly, for I was always more given towards a military career than playing the merchant, and had I never left the army, I dare say I would have been more successful than as a merchant.

When Germany rose in 1813, I was 17½ years of age; but my patriotic father equipped me and another brother, who was 20 years of age, gave us horses, and told us "go and fight for your country against the French usurpers," and when Napoleon appeared again in France from Elba, in March, 1815, and the news came to B—, my father again equipped us, and we fought and bled both at Ligny and at Waterloo, under the command of General Lutzw, who was at the head of a free corps of volunteers. Afterwards I went to Greece in the year 1832, to assist the Greeks in their struggle for independence against the Turks, and returned to Zante after great sufferings at the Morea, and the islands of Hydra and Spezzia. At Zante I was most kindly received by Sir Frederick Hovin, Resident, and Colonel of the 90th Regiment, and his noble officers did everything in their power to make me comfortable whilst at Zante, recommending me to Malta to the officers of the 18th Regiment, Royal Irish, of which I have already spoken in my travels published in 1837, under the title of "Ups and Downs of a German." At Malta I was received with open arms by the officers of the 18th and 85th regiments, though I came to them in almost a helpless condition; and ever since I have felt grateful to British officers, and the people of Great Britain in general, for their hospitality and generosity.

The piping time of peace, after I returned from Greece to Marseilles, made me change the sword for the quill, and I entered a French commercial house, and afterwards was engaged by Mr Webb as his traveller throughout Europe, which suited my roving disposition much better than being confined at the desk of a counting house, Lord Bacon said

once in Parliament, that "the merchant's counting-house was his church, his desk, his altar, his ledger, his Bible, and his money his God," and one might verily believe that if a merchant wishes to prosper, he must adore the almighty dollar like the Yankees do; get money honestly if he can, but get it at all events; or as Sam Slick says, you may cheat as much as you can, only let it be done legally.

In the Grecian mythology the god Mercury was the protector of thieves and merchants; and the shameful bankruptcies which are made in the United States, and the swindling which is practised in that country, show that since 2000 years the character of some merchants has not improved. Of course there are valuable exceptions in the United States as well as all over the world, and some mercantile men are as honorable as ever the bravest soldiers can be; but the one is entirely of a different nature to the other, and a person who has been in the army in his younger days, will make a very bad merchant afterwards, in point of guessing, calculating, and economical notions of things. The one is off-handed, free, and generous, and the other cautious and reserved, considering every body a rogue until he finds out that he is an honest man!

[Remainder next week.]

LIGHT-HOUSE AT CANSO.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

DEAR SIR,—Having a few leisure moments, I am desirous of spending them for the purpose of laying before you some circumstances of a character prejudicial to the welfare of the northern ports of this Province. If you deem them of sufficient importance to lay before your readers, I shall be glad to see them accompanied by remarks from your own pen, feeling confident if a case is made out to your satisfaction, that no effort will be spared to procure the riddance of the obnoxious evil.

The case is simply this. New Brunswick has a law compelling all ships on arrival to pay a certain rate per ton—from one penny upwards—for Light money. The only light actually belonging to this Province, in the Gulf, is at Escuminac. But New Brunswick assists Nova Scotia in supporting the Lights at St Pauls and Scatterie. At the southern entrance to the Gulf are two lights. To support these Nova Scotia keeps a private purse in the shape of a Collector in the Gut of Canso; where vessels passing in the day time can be easily boarded if the wind permits, and fleeced of six pence per ton, provided the captain is fool enough to pay it, or sign a note of hard payable to Mr Collector.

It would be easy to propound on these facts many important questions, such as:—What right has Nova Scotia to collect light money from vessels coming through the gut, and bound to ports below Miramichi? or what right has any country, but especially a friendly colony, to board ships cleared out from New Brunswick, while pursuing their voyage? or what right does Nova Scotia possess over the Gut of Canso superior to the other colonies within the Gulf? But I shall proceed to throw a few glances of light on this important subject which may answer a better purpose.

1st. *It is an arbitrary and unjust tax.* Because upwards of two thousand ships have gone through the Gut in one year, yet only £160 to £200 per year has been received by the Collector. Because, in the majority of cases, either a fair wind or a positive refusal, backed by sufficient force, has exonerated them from payment, while those who support the system have to pay, for either ignorance or the lack of sufficient crew to resist the bluster of the Collector. Because it is unparalleled at the present day. In no other part of the globe is a vessel boarded on the high seas for taxes. Because the other Provinces within the Gulf have an equal right of way through the Gut with Nova Scotia, and their consent to the tax has never yet been obtained; on the contrary, P. E. Island, in the year 1825, entered a firm protest against the usurped rights of the sister Province, and threatened the utmost resistance.

2. *Its funds are grossly mismanaged.* Take for instance the returns for 1846. Receipts, £197 16 0. Less charged for collection, £166 4 6. The nett balance appropriated to the support of the Lights being only £31 11 6! Thus, there is actually no less than eighty four per cent charged for the bare act of collection.

3. *Nova Scotia well knows that the tax is levied only through sufferance or ignorance, else why did they refuse the request of the Collector in 1845?* Hadley complained of the large fry, and prayed for a Revenue cruiser, or a piece of ordnance and ammunition to stop them. Or what means the following advice tendered by the committee of the Nova Scotia House of Assembly in 1848:

"The committee beg again to call the attention of the Legislature to the very expensive mode of collecting the Light duties at Canso, and would recommend, unless some other course can be adopted, that the present system be discontinued."

4. *A far better system of providing for the adequate support of the Lights, is employed everywhere else.* In most civilised countries, ships are chargeable only with such Lights as lie in the track of their voyage—each light being charged according to a nicely calculated scale. But a ship bound up the British Channel to a British port, is not chargeable with the light on the French coast; nor vice versa, neither does P. E. Island receive one penny from the adjoining Provinces, for the benefit conferred by the light on Point Prim, nor from ships that pass it, unless they are bound to a port in the Island. If, then, Nova Scotia cannot support

her own peculiar lights, why, let the adjoining Provinces make up the £31 11 6 between them, rather than suffer such a disgraceful system to remain any longer in existence.

I hope, Mr Editor, I have been sufficiently explicit. If, however, an explanation of any part is required, I enclose my address, and shall be happy to communicate on the subject. All I desire is to get the good sense of the merchants and friends of shipping in this Province, brought to bear upon the question, and trust you will be their pioneer to a successful issue.

Yours truly,

A SUFFERER.

Dalhousie, 1st October, 1850.

(For the Gleaner.)

LIFE IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

No. 3.

Reader,—Beneath your feet, spreading out on either side, stands the romantic capital of Prince Edward Island, with its churches, gardens, and cottages bathed in the mellow light of the setting sun; its tall sycamores, oaks and willows bending down their luxuriant branches in graceful profusion over the quaint roofs of its pleasant little cottages; while from each open window, floating gently on the evening air, comes such strains of music as almost to make you fancy yourself in some enchanted land. Here are its quays, shady walks, and pleasant squares, crowded with the fashionables of the day, enjoying their evening ramble, while towering high above your head, in sacred solemnity, stands the gilded emblem of man's redemption!

Before you spreads the broad, extensive Bay of Charlottetown; its smooth surface dotted here and there with its crowd of shipping, reflecting their graceful shadows in the dark waters beneath, while from the host of boats that ply along its bosom, comes the measured swell of the seaman's song. Here, on the one hand, fading away in the dim blue distance, runs the East River, its bold and sweeping hills and headlands stooping down their giant shoulders in varying undulations to the broad and level pavement of its shining waves; and on the other, wending their way among sweeping lawns and winding vales run the clear waters of the North and West Rivers. Around you on every side you see summer houses, country-seats, and cottages, scattered here and there among the forest of plantations that meet the view around; while starting up their turrets and towers from among the thick foliage of the forest, stands its nobler dwellings, like the pyramids of Egypt, towering high above the surrounding woodland.

On your right stands the Government House—the only thing that meets the enraptured sight out of character with this modern paradise—its pillars, porticoes and galleries tumbling down, and bespeaking ruin and decay; and there, away to the North, a mile from town, stands the new Catholic College, its tapering spire and gilded dome contrasting strangely with the dark grove of spruce trees by which it is surrounded. Here stands the "Block-house," with its breast-works, fortifications and *chevaux de frise* battery, ready to pour down destruction upon the head of the daring foe who would venture to sully the sacred soil of Great Britain with his profane foot. He would be a brave commander who would venture his fleet within range of such formidable fortifications; and it is due to the able engineer who superintended their erection to say, that as long as they are kept in their present efficient state of repairs, that the power of the enemies of our most gracious Queen and Constitution will be wasted against them in vain. Away to the South spreads the extensive estate of Captain Cumberland, with its romantic landscapes and picturesque groves; and upon that inclined plain, descending down in a bold sweep to the water's edge, are to be seen the last traces of "The French Town." A little behind, upon that rising ground, are its rude parapets and antiquated fortifications, once honored with the name of Citadel, and perhaps formidable enough in its time, but now the sport and ridicule of more refined science, and here and there around its rude ramparts a clump of dwarfish thorns or willows wave their dark branches in solemn silence, a last memento over the humble tombs of its silent dreamers.

There is something sad in thus wandering among the ruins of the march of Time, and pondering over the deep, striking pictures of the dead. Each broken column and mouldering dome carries back its thousand recollections; its traces of art; its rich historical associations, and its ancient glory. What a field for inquiry and contemplation does the classic ruins of Memphis, Thebes, Pompeii, and Carthage, afford to the contemplative mind. And who can tell, but in some time from this, when by some strange decree of inscrutable Providence, when the night of barbarism may have closed over the country that holds a protecting hand over this fair Island; or when she will have sunk, degraded, from her present exalted grandeur and glory, but some future traveller may stand upon yonder headland and point to the spot where once Charlottetown stood. And perhaps upon the spot of which I now speak, some stately town or city may start from its ruins, and rule the destinies of this Island.

Yon tall and vapoury looking column, rising up as if out of the azure wave, is the Light House on Point Prim; and that blue, cloud-like appearance, spreading along the border of the western horizon, is the barren, cold, and inhospitable shore of Nova Scotia. There, on your left, is the Governor's Island, with stagnant pools and marshy shores; and a little to the westward, on your right, rising like a huge mountain from the dark wave, is