

# POETRY.

(Selected.)

## AFFECTING SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer:—for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smiles awakes.  
His light is on all below and above,  
The light of gladness and life of love.  
Oh then on the breath of this early air,  
Send upwards the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer,—for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

To prayer—for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquility with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of creation's early bloom;  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
Then summon the spirit's exalted power,  
And devote to Heaven the hallow'd hour.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
For her new-born infant beside her lies.  
Oh! heart of bliss! when the heart o'erflows  
With rapture a mother only knows.  
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;  
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears to that gathering band,  
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.  
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
And pray for his soul through Him who died.  
Large drops of anguish are still on his brow;  
Oh what is earth and its pleasures now?  
And what shall assuage his dark despair,  
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words the believer saith.  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;  
There is peace in his eye, that upwards bends;  
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;  
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!  
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.  
It commands the spirit to God who gave;  
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;  
It points to the glory where He shall reign,  
Who whisper'd "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!  
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.  
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;  
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;  
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength  
To join that holy band at length.  
To Him, who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;  
For, a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

# LITERATURE.

## THE GREAT FLOODS IN SCOTLAND.\*

There is no destroyer so rapid and so restless as floods of water. The ravages of fire are in comparison slow and even harmless. The mountain torrent is an enemy which no rampart can withstand. It beats down the weak and undermines the strong. Other assailants attack the surface only. The conflagration, which crumbles the superstructure, spares the foundation—while it destroys the erection, it touches not the site; but the rain-swollen river, in its unappeased rage, not content with levelling the works of art, directs its vengeance equally against the works of nature. In the lapse of time and in the progress of improvement, the place that once knew its lord may know his face no more; but in the instantaneous changes consequent on the sapping and storming of an overwhelming flood, the failure of recognition is often mutual. The face of the landscape is altered as it were in the twinkling of an eye; valleys are filled up, hills subside, long-remembered channels are dried up, plains are furrowed with unwonted courses, fertile fields are changed into lakes, lakes are converted into fields; all that was permanent passes away, all that was constant suffers mutation! Currents of water are, even in their silent and unobserved progress, the great modifiers of the surface of the earth, although it is chiefly in their more violent movements that they have attracted the notice of philosophers and historians. The laws they obey and the phenomena they exhibit, on the great scale and the small, are similar; and many of the forms into which we find the face of nature moulded, and for whose solution we are apt to have recourse to hypotheses of earthquakes and other extraordinary machinery, admit of an easy explanation to him who has carefully studied the limited operations of a local inundation.

Of the many floods that have visited the more mountainous parts of our island, that which happened in August last in the North of Scotland seems to have been the most formidable; and it has furnished Sir Thomas Dick Lauder with materials for one of the most interesting histories we ever read. The great out-pouring in Moray took place on the 3d and 4th of August. There was what Sir Thomas quaintly calls an "appendix" to it on the 27th, for it completed what the former had left unfinished; but it was limited to one stream, the Nairn. The sources of the first and great flood seem to have lain in the mountain range, called Cairngorm, in the west of Aberdeenshire. The part of the Spey which lies beyond Cairngorm remained undisturbed, while the lower portion, and all the streams, both north and south, that are fed by the springs which rise in the range or round it, were flooded. The rivers most affected were the Nairn, the Findhorn, the Lossie, and the Spey, to the north,

the rise in the Don and the Dee in the south was also great, and both the Fisks were swollen, though in a less degree. The floods were not caused by waterspouts, or any extraordinary ministers of heaven's will, but by the simple operation of a rain, the drops of which, broken by the blast into exceedingly minute particles, "came down so thick that the very air itself seemed to be descending in one mass of water upon the earth." The quantity that fell was beyond all precedent. The rain-gauge at Huntly Lodge marked 31 inches, from five o'clock in the morning of August 3d, to five o'clock in the morning of August 4th—about one-sixth part of the quantity of a years reign, calculated on an average of the previous eight years. The power of such an enormous quantity of water descending upon a surface of many miles, when accumulated between the sides of a narrow valley or the banks of a river, may be more easily conceived than described. Some of the streams rose twenty, thirty, some of them forty feet above their ordinary level. The drains which have been made all over the country, Sir Thomas remarks, tend to produce rapid floods; but the effects of such a rain as that of the 3d August, 1829, could hardly have been materially augmented or diminished by drains, or the absence of them.

We may remark, before making any extracts from the volume before us, that the ingenious author takes each stream at its source—traces its course downward—shows, in his very accurate description, which is rendered more striking by a series of cuts that illustrate it, the appearance of the country before the flood came, and its appearance after it had passed—and intermixes the whole with numerous anecdotes, melancholy and mirthful, of the adventure of the fateful day. His book has all the interest of a well-told tale, with the remarkable advantage, that it is all true. For there is no pathos or humour, nothing wonderful or striking in the drawings of fiction, that is not far excelled by the powerful pencil of mother Nature. The novelist does not rise more above the common places of human life, than nature when under the influence of strong excitement does above the conceptions of the novelist. We shall look in vain through the pages of the most ingenious fiction for a scene so interesting so intense as that of poor Cruikshanks. The shrill cry over the waste of water, striking at intervals on the ear of his anxious wife, pacing the strand and praying for the day, is one of those incidents that the inventors of the terrible may injure by an attempt to improve, but which no fertility of invention would have enabled them to create.

The fate of Cruikshanks was noted at the time, and perhaps some of our readers may recollect the fact (for we recorded it) of a man who was swept away by the waters, after having been forced to take shelter on a tree in the midst of them; but the appalling details were not known before the author of this volume narrated them. Cruikshanks was inn-keeper of the village of Charleston of Aberlour, on the Spey. A dancing party had been convened in his little mansion the previous evening, and the mirth of the landlord was so extreme as to attract the painful attention and to awaken the superstitious fears of his wife. "Surely our good man is daft the day," was her observation to one of the guests; "I never saw him dance at sic a rate. Lord grant he binna fey!" When the tributary burn that passes Charleston began to swell, Cruikshanks, who had some timber lying on the banks, requested the assistance of two neighbours to drag it out of danger; but the waters increased so rapidly that they were fain to abandon the task, and escaped with great difficulty. Every entreaty was employed to prevail on him also to quit the raft on which he was floating; but, proud of his skill as a floater, he mocked at the fears of his advisers; and when his own were at length excited, it was too late to hearken to their counsel. In an attempt to push through the current, his guiding pole was torn from his grasp, and the raft sped down the stream like an arrow from the string. We shall give the rest in the words of the author.

"At the point where the burn met the river, in the ordinary state of both, there grew some trees, now surrounded by deep and strong currents, and far from the land. The raft took a direction towards one of these; and seeing the wide and tumultuous waters of the Spey before him, in which there was no hope that his loosely-connected logs would stick one moment together, he coolly prepared himself, and, collecting all his force into one well-timed and well-directed effort, he sprang, caught a tree, and clung among its boughs, whilst the frail raft, hurried away from under his feet, was dashed into fragments, and scattered on the bosom of the waves. A shout of joy arose from his anxious friends, for they now deemed him safe; but he uttered no shout in return. Every nerve was strained to procure help. "A boat!" was the general cry, and some ran this way and some that, to endeavour to procure one. It was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. A boat was speedily obtained from Mr. Gordon of Aberlour; and, though no one there was very expert in its use, it was quickly manned by people eager to save Cruikshanks from his perilous situation. The current was too terrible about the tree, to admit of their nearing it, so as to take him directly into the boat; but their object was to row through the smoother water, to such a distance as might enable them to throw a rope to him, by which means they hoped to drag him to the boat. Frequently did they attempt this, and as frequently were they foiled, even by that which was considered as a gentler part of the stream; for it hurried them past the point whence they wished to make the cast of their rope, and compelled them to row up again by the side, to start on each fresh adventure. Often were they carried so much in the direction of the tree, as to be compelled to exert all their strength to pull themselves away from him they would have saved, that they might avoid the vortex that would have caught and swept them to destruction. And often was poor Cruikshanks tantalized with the approach of help, which came but to add, to the other

miseries of his situation, that of the bitterest disappointment. Yet he bore all calmly. In the transient glimpses they had of him, as they were driven past him, they saw no blenching on his dauntless countenance,—they heard no reproach, no complaint, no sound, but an occasional short exclamation of encouragement to persevere in their friendly endeavours. But the evening wore on, and still they were unsuccessful. It seemed to them that something more than mere natural causes was operating against them. "His hour is come!" said they as they regarded one another with looks of awe; "our struggles are vain." The courage and the hope which had hitherto supported them began to fail, and the descending shades of night extinguished the last feeble sparks of both, and put an end to their endeavours.

"Fancy alone can picture the horrors that must have crept on the unfortunate man, as, amidst the impenetrable darkness which now prevailed, he became aware of the continued increase of the flood that roared around him, whilst by its gradual advance towards his feet, whilst by the rain and the tempest continued to beat more dreadfully upon him. That these were long ineffectual in shaking his collected mind, we know from the fact, afterwards ascertained, that he actually wound up his watch while in this dreadful situation. But, hearing no more the occasional passing exclamations of those who had been hitherto trying to succour him, he began to shout for help in a voice that became every moment more long-drawn and piteous, as, between the gusts of the tempest, and borne over the thunder of the waters, it fell from time to time on the ears of his clustered friends, and rent the heart of his distressed wife. Ever and anon it came, and hoarser than before, and there was an occasional wildness in its note, and now and then a strange and clamorous repetition for a time, as if despair had inspired him with an unnatural energy. But the shouts became gradually shorter, less audible, and less frequent,—till at last their eagerly listening ears could catch them no longer. "Is he gone?" was the half-whispered question they put to one another, and the smothered responses, that were muttered around, but too plainly told how much the fears of all were in unison.

"What was that?" cried his wife in delirious scream. "That was his whistle I heard!"—she said truly. A shrill whistle, such as that which is given with the fingers in the mouth, rose again over the loud din of the deluge, and the yelling of the storm. He was not yet gone. His voice was but cracked by his frequent exertions to make it heard, and he had now resorted to an easier mode of transmitting to his friends the certainty of his safety. For some time his unhappy wife drew hope from such considerations, but his whistles, as they came more loud and prolonged, pierced the ears of his forbidding friends like the ill-omened cry of some warning spirit; and it may be matter of question whether all believed that the sounds they heard were really mortal. Still they came louder and clearer for a brief space; but at last they were heard no more, save in his frantic wife's fancy, who continued to start as if she still heard them, to wander about, and to listen, when all but herself were satisfied that she could never hear them again."

The body was found next day lying in a haugh, some four or five miles down the river. The fact of his winding up his watch at the same hour that he usually did, marks how completely the unfortunate man possessed his presence of mind, under circumstances where it might well have failed the most resolute.

The plunder of the flood was miscellaneous. From Mrs. Cruikshanks it bore away a husband—From Widow Shanks, it bore away the last and dearest remembrance of a husband who had been many years before removed by a hand not less potent, though less fearful.

"The haugh above the bridge of Lower Craigellaich was very much cut up; and the house and nursery at the south end of the arch are gone. The widow of James Shanks, amidst the loss of her furniture, house, and her son's garden ground, lamented nothing so much as her deceased husband's watch, and his fiddle, on the strings of which hung many a tender recollection. That fiddle, the dulcet strains of which had come over her like the sweet south breathing upon a bed of violets, stealing the tender affections of her virgin heart, till they all entered on her Orpheus, Mr. James Shanks; that fiddle, to the sprightly notes of which she had so often jerked out her youthful limbs, and whirled round in the wild pirouette of the Highland fling, to the animating tune of Bogan Lochan; that fiddle, in fine, which had been the fiddle of her fancy, from the heyday of her youth upwards, was gone with the water, and was now, for aught she knew to the contrary, in Norway or Denmark! The grief of Mrs. Shanks for the loss of this valued violin was more than I shall attempt to paint. Great artists often envelope the heads of their chief mourners in drapery, from a conscious inability to do justice to the passion; and so must I hide the lachrymose head of Mrs. Shanks. And how indeed shall I describe her joy, some days afterwards, when an idle loon, who had been wandering about the banks of the river 'findin' things as he said himself, appeared before her astonished and delighted eyes, with the identical fiddle in his hand? The yell of Mrs. Shanks was said, by those who heard it, to resemble the wild shriek with which her husband was wont to inspire additional fury into the heels of the dancers, already excited by the power of his wonderful bow hand. She kissed and hugged the fiddle, and, as if its very contact had music in it, she laid hands on the astonished loon, and went a full round of the floor with him, ending with a fling that surprised every one. The fiddle had been found in the neighbourhood of Arndilly, whither it had merrily floated on the bosom of the waves. But what was infinitely more extraordinary, the watch, which had hung in a small bag, suspended by a nail to a post of her bed, was found,—watch, bag, post and all,—near Fochabers, eight or ten miles, below, and was safely restored to its overjoyed owner."

We have already mentioned one extraordinary instance of presence of mind in a sufferer on the brink of eternity; but Sir Thomas's book is full of instances of coolness and calculation, such as perhaps no other country could supply. On the same fatal night the miller and his man; Mrs. Scott and her daughters had removed in the course of the afternoon. The boatman, who went to relieve the old man, rowed round and round the man, without being able to perceive any hut, and it was only when a portion of the building fell, very nearly involving the boat in the ruins, that the head of its master was seen through the roof, and his voice was heard entreating assistance. His account is extremely characteristic.

"We got up on a table on ane o' the beds, and syne on chairs aboon the table, till we propped ourselves up to the ceiling o' the hoose. The water ither thing was floating 'bout. The water was full five feet deep, an' mysel' but five and a half, an' the loon\* five feet high. I was hearin' the rummel o' the oot' hooses as they war fa' in, an' sae I began to be frightit that the farrest up end o' our fire hoose might tummel doon an' kill us baith. So mysel' and the loon got a hand o' the rope, and swung wi' the help o' it, to a bed at the ither end o' the hoose, whar there was nae ceiling, an' we had hardly gotten there, wi' the Providence o' God, whan the upper end o' the hoose that we had left gied way, an' cam' doon wi' sic an awfu' rummel that my heart lap to my mouth wi' fright. I thought surely the end we war in wad gang neist. But whan I put my head oot o' the roof, an' saw a' the hooses in ruins, an' spied the boat, I trow I praised the Lord for our salvation. What think ye o' my swine, only sax months auld. Ane o' my swine, only sax months auld. Ane o' them swummed down to the bar; an' then four miles east, through the sea to Port Gordon, whar the poor beast landed safe, an' I saud him there. Ither three o' them took a sea voyage five miles to the west, an' landed at the Blackhill. See thae them i' the sty there. A' my furniture was ruined, an' I thought I wad ha'e been ruined too, if no killed or drowned. But wi' some fash I got a haud o' my watch, an' my bit picters. I an' some ither usefu' papers, and rowed them i' my napkin, an' pat them about my throat. I thought whan the water should come there, I wad soon ha'e little need o' them. But feggs I saved them that way."

It may be thought incredible, but from Mr. Scott's account it appears that he actually slept for some time during that awful night.

The patient resignation of the sufferer, as described by Sir Thomas Lauder, is exceedingly touching. Not a single instance is recorded of unmanly complaint, not one of repining; there are no poor mouths, no whining clamorous appeals. An honest and industrious shopman had placed himself down at the bridge of Campdale, on the small river Aven. His stock in trade, his furniture, his house, garden, everything, was utterly ruined. Sir Thomas visited this previously thriving family a short time after its disasters, and found the mistress of it wandering tentless about the ruined walls of her once happy home.

"It was about six o'clock on Monday night, that the flood cam' on us in ten minutes time," said she, "an' we had enugh auld to escape to the brae-side. It took eight o' the stoutest men in the hail country, wi' the risk o' their lives, to get oot my kist. We syne saw the water rise over the caves o' our thatch, an' that was the way that a' thing was till ten o'clock neist mornin', whan we cam' back, an' fun that a the sma' kinkil o' a' articles had been floated oot at a back wundo. But waur nor a' that, the hail o' Tam's goods, tea, sugar, an' siclike, war a' gane; an' the sugar a' meltit! A hunder pound wadna mak' it up till us. An' oor comfortable hoos, too, see hoos it ruined, an' it biggit but twa years ago; an' the garden new then in; an' a' destroyed, as ye see! But it's the Lord's will, an' we maun submit. An' syne, the wee pickle furniture that was saved, Tam an' me, we grew sax frightit that whan we saw the Aven begud to rise on the twenty-seven, he wud try to get it across the water. Weel, he buckles it a' together on a raft, pits a towl tillt, an' tries to pu' them to the tither side, whan just as they are i' the midst o' the water, whup! down she comes, like the side o' a hill, breaks the rope, an' aff they a' gae'd to the sea! An' see noo, sir, the hoos is as bare as a barn, an' a sand an' weet! Oor bit comfortable hoos!"

"It is the will of the Lord!" seems indeed to have been the reflection, at once pious and consolatory, of every one of the humble sufferers. Of all the examples, however, of sturdy good sense and unflinching perseverance, the most remarkable is that of Cly, the miller of Tomore, of whom Sir Thomas has favoured us with a very characteristic portrait.

"John Cly, the meal-miller of Tomore, a sturdy hale, independent-minded old man of seventy-five, has been singularly persecuted by floods; having suffered by that of 1768, and by three or four inundations since, but especially by that of 1783, when his house and mill were carried away, and he was left penniless. He was not a little affected by that calamity which fell upon him and no one else; but his indomitable spirit got the better of every thing. About seven years ago he undertook to improve a piece of absolute beach, of two acres, entirely covered with enormous stones and gravel. But John knew that a deep rich soil lay below buried there by the flood of 1768. He removed the stones with immense labour, formed them into a bulwark and enclosure round the field, trenched down the gravel to the depth of four or five feet, and brought up the soil, which afterwards produced most luxuriant crops. His neighbours ridiculed his operations while they were in progress, saying that he would never have a crop there. 'Do ye see these ash trees?' said John, pointing

\* Servant.

"These well authenticated instances of swine swimming to distances so wonderful quite contradicts the popular error, that, when thrown into the water, they speedily destroy themselves by cutting their throats with their own feet."

† Meaning his bank notes."

‡ Chest.

§ Rope.

to some vigorous saplings growing near, 'are they no thriving?' It was impossible to deny that they were. "Well," continued John, "if it wunna produce corn, I'll plant it wi' ash trees, and the laird, at least will ha'e the benefit. The fruits of all John's labour were swept away by the direful flood of the 3d of August. But pride of his heart, as this improvement had been, the flood was not able to sweep away his equanimity and philosophy together with his acres. When some one condoled with him on his loss, 'I took it frae the Aven,' said he, with emphasis, 'and let the Aven ha'e her ain-gain.' And, when aggraving tailor halted at his door one day, charitably to bewail his loss, he cut him short, by pithily remarking, 'Well! if I have lost my croft, I have got a fish-pond in its place, where I can fish independent of any one.' After the year 1783, he pent his house on a rock, that showed itself from under the soil at the base of the bank bounding the glen of the burn. During the late flood the water was dashing up at his door, and his sister, who is older than he, having expressed great terror, and proposed that they should both fly for it; 'What's the woman a' feared o'?' cried John, impatiently, 'Hae we not baith the rock o' nature an' the Rock o' Ages to trust till?—We'll not stir one fit o' John's first exertion after the flood was to go down to Ballinallock, to assist the Laird in his distress."

Another family, of the name of Kerr, hail, at an early period of the flood, attempted to escape. They remained in the garret until nearly two o'clock in the morning; when they made their way into the next house in the row. They remained in the second house until they anticipated a similar disaster, and then broke through the thatch for the purpose of quitting it.

"We syne crawled out over the tap o' the neist hoose," said Kerr, in telling his own story, "and, on our way, Jean's leg gae'd throw an awfu' gap atween the lumm\* and the roof. I then thoct to try Meggy Ross's wunda in the front, but Jean wudna' let me, for fear I might fa' i' the water, an' syne she thought I wad be lost. I then gae'd to the back, and tried to get into Hugh's but I wana' fit to break the kebbers† o' it! an' it was as weel for a pair o' it soon fell. I then teuk for the grun', and drappit down on a wee bit spat, whar I fund an auld cupple log, which Hugh had brought for fire. I heezed up. There was a hunnin pin in't, and that was like a stap, and sae I got them doon, praised be the Lord! I then brak Hugh's back wunda, and we gat in. Hugh's twa kists war soom'n' through the room like ony thing. There was a caufbed and some claes there, and that kept it wum clear, Jean wadna bide in, for fears o' the hoose fa' in." Whan we saw the boat first we thoct it was for huz; but what was our thoct whan we saw it whurlin' awa doon the water again! 'Did ye pray at all?' demanded Mr. Sutter. 'Deed, Sir I dinna ken fat we did; but an we heard the hooses fa' in, a boot huz, and it sae dark, troth we couldna think o' any thing but death."

In the house on the banks of the Findhorn, there were no other inmates than a feeble elderly woman, and her aged and bedridden aunt. When the boat drew near to the rescue of these two miserable creatures, they discovered to their horror, the dead body of the old woman in the arms of the younger one, who, placed as she was up to the neck in water, and scarcely sensible, must in a very few hours have followed her aged relation. The narrative of this woman is powerful in its simplicity, and amidst all the difficulties of a provincial dialect, will find a way to the sympathy of every intelligent reader.

"It was about eight o'clock, an' my aunty in her bed, fan I says till her, Aunty, the waters are cumin' about's; and I hardly spoken fan they war at my back. 'Gang to the kist,' says she to me, 'and tak oot some things that are to be pit about me fan I'm dead.' I had hardly tukken oot the claes fan the kist was floated boddalie through the hoos. 'Gie me a haud o' your hand, Bell,' says my aunty, 'an' I'll try an' help ye into the bed.' 'Ye're nae fit to help me,' says I, 'I'll tak a haud o' the stoop o' the bed.' And sae I gat in. I think we war strugglin' i' the bed for about twa hours; and the water floatit it up the caufbed, and she lyin' on't. Syne I tried to keep her up, an' I took a haud o' her shift to try to keep her life in. But the waters war agrowin. At last I got her up wi' ae hand to my breast, and hed a haud o' the post o' the bed wi' the ither. An' there wuz ae jaw o' the water that cam' up to my breast, an' an' an' an' jaw cam' and fuppit my aunty oot o' my arms. 'Oh! Bell I'm gane!' says she; and the waters just chokit her. It wuz a dreadful sight to see her! That wuz the fight and struggle she had for life! Willin' wuz she to save that An, her haun, your honor! hoo she fought wi' that haun! It wad ha'e drawn tears o' pity frae a heathen! The strength o' the waters at last brak the bed, an' I got to the tap o' it; an' a dreadful jaw knokit my head to the bed-post! an' I wuz for some time oot o' my senses. It was surely the death grun' I had o' the post; an' surely it wuz the Lord that wakened me, and the dead sleep had cum'd on me, an' I wud ha'e faun, and been droont in the waters! After I cam' to mysel' a wee, I felt something at my fit, an' I says to myself, this is my aunty's head that the waters ha'e torn aff! I felt wi' my han, an' tuk haud o' it wi' fear an' trumlin'; an' thankfu' was I faund it to be naething but a droont! hoo! It wuz twelve o'clock o' the day before I saw my aunty again. She was left on a bank o' sand, leanin' on her side, and her mouth wuz fou o' san."

The small sum of £1,400 was collected for the purpose of assisting in some degree the number of poor families—about 700—that suffered. To each of them it is proposed to present a medal, commemorative of the disasters of the 3d of August, and of their honorable share in it. We now quit the history of the floods in Moray with many thanks to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder for a most amusing and instructive volume.

\* Chimney.

† When, to substitute f for w.

‡ Frame.

§ Snatch.

\* An account of the Great Floods of August, 1829, in the Province of Moray, and adjoining districts. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. of Fountainhall, F. R. S. E. Edinburgh, 1830.

\* Fated—doomed. It is a very common opinion in Scotland, that an extravagance of joy generally precedes and betokens some terrible disaster to the party.

† A field by the side of a stream, formed by alluvial deposits.



WILLIAM

WH of GEORGE dissolve vince, w Tuesda pose pul ly by th neral A may con day give General the said fourteen ble on M next.

By

PUBLIC of Cr a' or be co rangemen

1st.—Per Land, not Office of the veyor-Gener Tracts will each Lot. be lodged 2nd.—The conditions of payment will whole of the 3d. Settle the option of nual instalment paid in adva be given, for paid down, ments as ab of the Instal 4th. Pers not includ previously pa 5th. Poor on payment The Land of cultivation v plication to To His Ch &c The Pett That he is a chase, and is desir of immediate therefore pra te as follow He has not therof. Ar Frederic

NOTE.—I plicant will plying with him.

NEW: Friday, the one the Betw the Comp Jacob Reed fene

his Bill in th ant, on the certificate of process of su on the ninth ing him to t ant had not his having de plaintiffs cas or bath oth with the pro and the said truth of the satisfaction of fendant do a fore the seco

NEW: Tuesday, the Between Sam

Peter Fraser, Crookshan ston, and R younger, do