

## POETRY.

### Selected.

PETER McCRAW.

TUNE.—"Bonnie Dundee."

[We find this good humoured *jue d'esprit* in the second edition of "Songs, by Robert Gilfillan," just published.\* From a first edition, which appeared a few years ago, Mr. Gilfillan's songs are extensively and favourably known for their pleasing qualities of melody and sentiment. They are chiefly in the Scottish language, in which the author must now be considered as almost the only worthy successor of Burns and Tannahill. The present poem has a good deal of the spirit of Casti's *Giuli Tre*, a series of two hundred sonnets respecting the troubles consequent to a poor poet from an insoluble debt of three small silver pieces.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Jour.*]

O! do ye ken Peter, the taxman an' writer?

Ye're weel aff wha ken naething 'bout him

They ca' him Inspector, or Poor Rates Col-

lector—

My faith! he's weel kent in Leith, Peter

McCraw!

He ca's, and he comes again—haws, and he

hums again,

He's only ae hand, but it's as gude as twa;

He pu'st' out an' raxes, and draws in the

taxes,

An' pokes the silver—shame! Peter

McCraw!

He'll be at your door by daylight on a Mon-

day,

On Tuesday ye're favoured again wi' a ca';

E'en a slice look he gied me at kirk the last

Sunday,

Whilk meen—"Mind the preachin' and

Peter McCraw!

He glows at my auld door as if he had made

it,

He keeks through the keyhole when I am

awa';

He'll syne read the auld stane, that tells a'

wha read it

To "blisse God a' gifies,"—but Peter

McCraw!

His sma' papers neatly are 'ranged a' com-

pletely,

That you're, for a wonder, 's the first on the

raw!

There's nae jinkin' Peter, nae antelope's

fleeter—

Nae cuttin' acquaintance wi' Peter M-

Craw!

'Twas just Friday e'enin' Auld Reekie I'd

been in,

I'd gatten a shilling—I maybe got twa;

I thought to be happy wi' friends ower a drap-

pie

When wha suld come pap in but Peter M-

Craw!

I'm auld now, an' 'donner't, though yince I

was honour'd—

Oh, Peter, tak pity and some mercy shaw!

I yince had a hundred o' notes, do ye wonder?

Hae we made as money yet? Peter McCraw!

My yill stand nae mair in yon auld girded barrel,

'The rattans sit squakin' in nooks o' the wa';

Nae bonnie lass now bakes for me scone or

farl—

Ye've made a toom house to me, Peter

McCraw!

There's houp o' a ship though she's sair press'd

wi' dangers,

An' roun' her frail timmers the angry winds

blaw;

I've aften gat kindness unlooked for frae stran-

gers,

But wha need houp kindness frae Peter

Craw?

I've kent a man pardoned when just at the

gallows,

I've kent a chiel honest whose trade was

the law!

I've even kent fortune's smile fa' on gude fal-

lows,

But I ne'er kent 'exceptions wi' Peter M-

Craw!

Our toun, yince sae cherry, is dowie an' eerie,

Our shippies hae left us, our trade is awa';

There's nae fair maids strayin', nae wee

bairnies playin'—

Ye've muckle to answer for, Peter McCraw!

But what gude o' grievin' as lang's we are

leevin'—

My banes I'll sunn lay within yon kirkyard

wa';

There nae care shall press me, nae taxes dis-

tress me,

For there I'll be free frae thee, Peter

McCraw!

\* Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh; Simp-

kin and Marshall, London.

† A devout legend, common in the seven-

teenth century, above the entrances of houses.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LOWER CANADA.

QUEBEC, October 2.

The following is a copy of a Letter that Mr. Buchanan addressed to Lord Aylmer in relation to suggested improvements in the Navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and sea adjacent, which letter His Lordship subsequently submitted to the present Governor in Chief, the Right Honorable Earl of Gosford, for His Excellency's consideration:—

Office of His Majesty's Chief Agent for Emigration to Upper and Lower Canada.

Quebec, 1st August, 1835.

MY LORD.—I have the honor to submit to your Excellency the accompanying Chart, illustrative of my plan for rendering more safe the navigation of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, to which I alluded in my general Emigration Report of last year that I had the honor to lay before your lordship.

In an essay I wrote on Practical Emigration in the year 1827, I offered

some remarks as to the advantage that might be expected from the establishing Light-Houses in proper situations in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, with a view not only to additional security in the navigation thereof, but also for the greater safety to the many thousands of emigrants that were destined to these fine colonies; and having had the satisfaction of observing that my humble suggestions on the subject were corroborated by others, and since for the most part acted on, I have in consequence been prompted to devote much thought to the subject which I now most respectfully submit to your Lordship's consideration.

The result of my observations, and which is strengthened by the testimony of many able Navigators and persons of great practical experience, is, that to establish a Light House on the Island of St. Paul's would be to materially increase the danger complained of in regard to that ill fated spot. This Island as well as the adjacent sea is, from April to October, subject to thick foggy weather, in an average of four days out of seven; consequently, a light could rarely be observed, and the fact of a light being on the Island would induce the doubtful and unskillful mariner to run for it. Many shipmasters who come to Quebec and Ports in the Gulf, are so much accustomed to steer their course by the aid of Light Houses in the North Sea and English and Irish Channels, that they are from habit exceedingly anxious to avail themselves of every opportunity of observing one, if in their track, and not unfrequently they will go some distance from their course to see a light, with a view to correct their reckoning.

In consequence of the frequency of fogs about St. Paul's, as before stated, and the uncertainty of seeing the light, many mariners might be led into errors, and being unable to obtain soundings from the almost fathomless depth of the sea and uncertain currents round the Island of St. Paul's, they would be brought in contact with its foaming rocks and perpendicular cliffs without the least chance of safety; besides, it will be found that nearly all the disastrous shipwrecks of late years, as also that of the ship William Ewing, from London-derry, the present season, on the Island of Scatari, took place in foggy weather, when under full sail, and the vessels running with a strong breeze before the wind on the rocks; thus affording a melancholy evidence of the want of every attention on the part of masters of such vessels, and affording strong proof that some beacon is wanted to warn the careless mariner of his approach to danger, which beacon should be stationed in a safe situation, easily found by the aid of soundings. I will here remark, that when foggy weather prevails about the entrance of the Gulf, the wind is generally from the southward, which is a fair wind for vessels bound in; when the winds prevail with any northing, and between east and west, fogs are rarely experienced.

I am prepared to expect that the objections I advance against a Light House on the Island of Saint Paul's, may on first view not find that advocacy that I anticipate will ere long be given to it, when the subject is better understood by persons of practical experience in such matters.

Having thus ventured to state to your Lordship my objections to a Light on St. Paul's, I feel myself called on to submit a substitute, and therefore crave your Excellency's particular attention to my plan, as shown in the chart, as a preventative against shipwreck, not only on St. Paul's, but on that fatal and dangerous Island, Scatari, near Cape Breton.

I propose therefore that a Floating Light be stationed on the western end of the Green Bank, in about 35 fathoms depth of water, on a parallel due east from the Island of Scatari, 135 miles, and from the Island of St. Paul's about S. E. by E. 160 miles, and from the Island of St. Peter's S. 48 miles, to be provided with a large bell, to be tolled in foggy weather and a cannon to be fired occasionally.

A reference to the chart will at once shew your Lordship the situation to which I have referred, and the objects contemplated by the adoption of a Light Ship, to be run for by ships bound for the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, and from whence a safe course could be steered, if bound to Quebec and up the river as high as Cape Mont Pelée, passing mid channel between St. Paul's and Cape Ray, and giving the easternmost Bird Island a berth of five or six miles.

Should the proposed Light Ship be adopted, it is presumed that commanders of vessels bound to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence would in general be anxious to make it, which even in foggy weather they could easily do,

from the aid of regular soundings; and having seen the light, nothing but the greatest ignorance and neglect could bring them in contact with the fatal Islands of Scatari or St. Paul's afterwards; the occurrence of any disaster under such circumstances, upon either of the before mentioned Islands, should forever disqualify the Captain from the command of a ship in future.

I also submit, that to render more effectual the benefits I anticipate from the Floating Light, a Light House be erected on the Eastern Bird Island, to exhibit a stationary Light to distinguish it from the present Light on the South West Point of Anticosti.

The expense of the Floating Light would not be found to exceed £2,000 in the outfit, and the annual disbursement would not amount to one half penny per ton on the tonnage trading to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, on the average of the last three years, as also that of the proposed Light on Bird Island.

The authorities of Halifax might be entrusted with the management of the Floating Light, and in placing the vessel at her proper moorings in April, and removing her again in October in each year, and the Government of New Brunswick would be the most proper to take charge of the Bird Island Light. The soundings round the Bird Islands being very regular, from 25 fathoms four leagues off, to two fathoms within a cable's length of the rocks, added to the whitish appearance of the water, rendering the approach thereto, with proper attention, unattended with any serious risk. The great neglect of mariners is, a want of due attention to lead and line. Many fatal accidents might have been avoided had the lead been cast every two hours when approaching the land, and having the ship put under snug sail.

Submitting the whole to your Lordship's consideration, and soliciting the honor of your transmitting this Letter and the accompanying Chart to His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonial Department.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord

Your Lordship's most obt' humble Servt.

A. C. BUCHANAN,

H. M.'s Chief Agent for Emigration in U. and L. Canada.

To His Excellency Lord AYLMER, Governor in Chief, &c. &c. &c.

NOTE.—The Chart referred to in the preceding Letter is being Lithographed, when finished, Mr. Buchanan intends to distribute a number of Copies to the proper authorities here, and in the Sister Provinces.

ADVENTURES OF JESSE BENNET, AN UNFLEDGED YANKEE, FROM MAINE.

"Why, I've made out pretty considerable well," replied he, in a satisfied, provincial tone, which we cannot transfer to our pages. "After father sold out and went down to Maine, things seemed to look better; but there was such a squad of us boys and gals, that we had soon to shirk for ourselves. Some cleared out one way and some another; but somehow, I thought I'd steer for Boston. It's a pretty curious place, and I'd a mind to see it; so mother fixed me off, and I started." "Boston! but what could you do in Boston?" asked Allen, eagerly. "What could I do? why I'd eyes in my head, and a tongue in my mouth, and as many hands and feet as my neighbours, so I knew I shouldnt starve. I'll tell you," added he, with a knowing wink, "how I fixed it; perhaps it may be of use to you one day or another, when you go to seek your fortune, as be sure you will; you'll see you neednt be no way discouraged, if things don't go just right at first." "Well," said Allen, in an expectant tone. "Well, first I put up at a tavern, and, as the landlord was a likely man, I agreed I'd ask his advice. So then he asked me what I could do; and says I, 'I can lay as handsome a swathe as ever you see—and break and swingle flax with any one. It's hard work to be sure, but I don't stand on that—and I can reap and bind, and if the grain an't too rank, can cradle up to any.' With that he laughed in my face, and says he, 'I don't think these turns will serve you here.' 'Well,' says I, 'I an't particular, I wont turn my back on nobody for chopping wood.' 'No, says he, you wont need to, for we saw it all here.' 'Do tell,' says I. 'Yes,' says he. Well, then he stood casting about for a spell, and then says he, 'I rather guess I can get you a waiter's place, how will that suit you?' 'Very well,' says I, 'but how do you know he can spare it?' So then he laughed again. 'O,' says he, 'you neednt have no difficulty about that.' 'Well, what must I do,' says I. 'What ever you are bid,' says he. 'What shall I get?' says I. 'Ten dollars a month,' says he.—'Ready money?'

says I. 'Certain,' says he. 'I'll do it,' says I. So that very day he takes me to a gentleman who engaged me off hand." "And how did you make out there?" asked Allen with much interest. "You shall hear fast enough," replied Jesse, with a ridiculous self-complacency, as he was about to contrast his awkward debut in Boston, with what he conceived to be his present experience of the world. "You shall hear." I was first quite struck up; the house was grand, and all done off with glasses and pictures, and what not, for they were fore-handed people. Miss Winslow, too—that was her name—was dressed up to the nines, and I could see plain enough didn't think small of herself. Now when folks are pretty behaved, I don't care how grand they are; but when they look proud as Nebuchadnezzar, it stirs me up considerably; so thinks I, who cares? I'm as good by natur as she. Well, as I felt kind o' strange, and didn't know how to take hold at once, I agreed I'd keep still and see how other folks did. So I had not been above an hour in the house, when I was sitting in the chimney corner, I heard a kind of a cow bell ringing just over my head; but I didn't let on; with that, one of the women folks in the kitchen speaks up to me in a flippant kind of a way, and says she, 'don't you hear the bell, boy?' 'Certain,' says I, 'I an't hard of hearing.' 'Well,' says she, 'why dont you answer it?' 'Answer a bell?' says I, 'for the land's sake how is that?' So then she laughed, and told me that to answer the bell was to go and see what the parlour folks wanted. Well, up stairs I went, and there Miss Winslow sat by a piano as they call it, with a singing book open before her, all picked off as nice as could be; and says she, looking me full in the face, just as you do this minute, 'Jesse,' says she, 'I an't to home.' 'Well to be sure, I was all in a blue maze. 'I want to know?' says I. 'I tell you,' says she, with a kind of lofty way, 'I an't to home this morning.' Thinks I the woman is underwitted. What is it to me if she's to home or not? though there she sits as plain as the nose on her face. So I went away, turning it over in my mind what her idee was in telling me such a contrary thing as that—however, I pretty soon found out it meant she didn't choose to let folks in. Well, at first thinks I, this will never do; where I came from we should call that a big lie, besides being ugly and ill-natured; and our folks would go clean off if they thought I had to tell lies for a living. After a while, though, I reasoned myself more into it. She must answer for it, thinks I, and not me; but before I could settle it rightly in my mind the bell rung again. Well, up stairs I went but Miss Winslow said she didn't want nothing; but I hadn't got seated before the dumb thing rung again. Thinks I, I'm blamed if I go this time; if folks ring for fun, they may take it out in ringing. Presently though, the same gal, Peggy, they called her—says to me, 'some one rings the street-door bell.' 'Well,' says I, 'what does he want? I suppose I an't got to answer all the bells in town, am I?' 'What!' says she, 'why, he wants to come in, be sure.' 'Well,' thinks I, 'if that is't the most shiftless thing ever I see! why in natur can't he open the door himself?' However, it was easy doing that as any thing else, so I said nothing to nobody. But when I opened the door there was no creter there; so I looked up street, and down street, and at last I see some folks tossed off pretty much after the way of Miss Winslow, and I concluded they must be the ones, so I started after them, thinking it was't but civil, and says I, 'though I can't let you in this morning, it is a pity to come for nothing, and so if you'll tell me your business, perhaps I can do it for you, and I dare say Miss Winslow would be pleased to have you call another time.' But they laughed like mad, and said it was no matter, and told me to give their duty, or some such, to Miss Winslow, and said, besides, that they had left their cards. 'Card?' thinks I, 'now what is that agin? there is wool cards, and cotton cards, and playing cards; but which of these they mean, I can't tell no more than a post.' Well, when I got back, I see scattered all over the entry floor (they had tucked them under the door I take it, and in my hurry I hadnt seen 'em) ever so many pieces of paper, all figured on with gold and stamps, and all directed to different people. 'Well,' thinks I, 'there's something!' so goes in and asks Peggy what was to be done with these, and if I had got to carry these things to Mr. this, and Miss that, accordin' to what was written on them. So then she looked in a kind of scornful way, and told me to put them in the rack. Now I knew well enough she couldn't mean the hay-rack, but what

she did mean, if I had been to suffer, I couldnt tell. But by this time I was so pestered that I was downright riled; so I wouldnt ask no questions about it, nor budge an inch; with that she took them out of my hand with a jerk, and off she set up stairs; and pretty soon back she comes and says she, looking as chipper as ever you see: 'go right up to Miss Winslow.' Well, up I goes, and says she, 'Jesse, you may go,' says she; you know I only took you upon trial, and you wont suit me, so you neednt stay no longer.' 'Thinks I, you are as well suited, I guess, as I am; so I cleared out pretty quick.' Allen Prescott, by Mrs. Sedgwick.

EXTRAORDINARY AND FATAL DUEL.—The Cincinnati Evening Post of the 29th September, publishes the following extraordinary narration.

"A lieutenant in the navy, while ascending the river in a steamboat, became involved in a quarrel with three persons from Arkansas, two of them brothers. He was challenged by one of the brothers, and endeavored to "back out," but the other party insisted upon a fight, and a gentleman volunteering to be second for the officer, they went ashore to settle their difference. At the first fire the lieutenant received his adversary's ball in his hip, and asked if he was satisfied; to which his antagonist replied, "no, not until one of us is killed." They took another shot, and the lieutenant's adversary fell dead. His brother then insisted on a fight, which the second of the lieutenant endeavored in vain to prevent. They fired and the brother was shot dead. The second of the deceased, becoming enraged with the lieutenant's second, shot and killed him, and was in turn shot dead by the lieutenant, who was conveyed from the field much exhausted by loss of blood, and is now at Louisville, recovering, under the care of his physicians. Thus four men were left dead upon the field. We give the above as we heard it from a respectable source, but forbear to mention the names of the parties, as no good could result from it, and we presume their relatives have already been advised of their fate.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—A letter to the Albany Argus, dated Pittsfield, Massachusetts, 7th inst., says:—

A singular occurrence happened here last evening. At 8 o'clock, a flash of lightning descended the rod on the spire of our lecture room, where there were assembled about three hundred persons. The rod had become detached from the roof, and had been carelessly left so, at and just below the eaves. At that point the electric fluid seemed to separate, and a portion followed the rod to the earth, and tore out the ground, scattering it in every direction. A portion burst into the second story, where the meeting was held, breaking in several feet square of the building, and scattering the timbers, &c. over the large room. Apparently it passed to the stove pipe, followed that, and instead of ascending the chimney, passed across the west end of the house, and then two rooms below through the floor to the earth, at the corner of the building opposite to that where it occurred. Many persons were stunned, scorched or thrown down. One had the sleeve of his coat cut as with a knife, from shoulder to hand. Another his hair singed all over his head, and another the sole of his boot handsomely cut off; but most astonishing to relate, no one was killed.

NOBLE ACTION OF AN ECCLESIASTIC.—

A fire having broken out a few days since at Ayr, on the opposite coast, the Archbishop of the diocese (a catholic) who was present, offered a liberal reward to any person who would rescue a woman who presented herself at a window on the first floor with a child in her arms, imploring the crowd to save them from being burnt to death. No one of the assembled throng having evinced any disposition to make an effort for their salvation, his grace obtained a blanket, with which, having saturated it with water, he enveloped himself, and had the happiness to save the lives of both parties. We mention this circumstance in the hope that the noble example of this courageous prelate may find imitators in similar cases where human life is placed in jeopardy by conflagration.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

A DEFINITIONIST.—The following definitions of experimental and natural philosophy, were given to us a few days since by a Pearl Street Merchant.

"Experimental philosophy" said he, "is to ask a man to discount a note—natural philosophy is to refuse it." New York Star.