PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

POETRY.

RAISING THE DEVIL.

A LEGEND OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"And hast thou never enough !" he said,
That gray Old Man, above whose head
Unnumbered years have rolled—
"And hast thou nerve to view," he cried,
"The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied?
Art thou indeed so bold!

"Say can'st thou, with unshrinking gaze,
Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye,
That blasts wherever it lights—the breath
That, like the simoon, scatters death
On all that yet can die!

"Darest thou confront that fearful form,
That rides the whirlwind and the storm
In wild unholy revel?
The terrors of that blasted brow,
Archangel's once, thou ruined now—
Ay—dar'st thou face THE DEVIL?"

"I dare!" the desperate youth replied,
And placed him by the Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,
Unblanched his cheek and firm his limb;
—"No paltry juggling fiend, but HIM!
The DEVIL! I fain would see!
In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape!" the Lad
Rejoined in reckless tone.
"Have then thy wish?" Albertus said,
And sighed, and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound,
With skull and cross bone's fenced around;
He traced full many a sigil there;
He muttered many a backward prayer,
That sounded like a curse—
"He comes!" he cried, with wild grimace,
The foe of Apollyon's race!"
Then in his startled pupil's face
He dashed—an EMPTY PURSE!

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to roam abroad awhile,
When nature seems on all to smile,
To view the earth on which I tread,
The carpet green that's o'er it spread.

I love to see the river glide,
And as I wander by its side
To list its music and its roar,
'Mid pearly pebbles on the shore.

I love the trees, I love their shade,
For beauty and for comfort made;
I love them when they're decked in green,
And when the fruit is on them seen.

I love the flowers of varied hue,
And much I love their fragrance too;
Oh yes! the lovely flowers I prize,
That gather dew-drops from the skies.

I love the birds that sweetly sing;
To welcome the returning spring;
How sweetly to my ear oft floats
The music of their tuneful notes.

I love the sky that's bright and fair,
And tho' sometimes 'tis dark and drear,
Yet there is hope amid the rain,
The sun will show his beams again.

I love the sun that shines on all.
That live upon this earthly ball;
I love the moon and every star
That glitters in the heavens afar.

I love the night, for sleep designed,
To rest the wearied frame and mind,
How sweet when tired our eyes to close,
And in a blest slumber find repose.

But O, how much of love I owe,
To Him who doth each good bestow,
And I his works with pleasure view,
I'll bless and praise their Maker too.

TO A ROAST PIG.

Oh, pig! or rather, little pork, once pig,
Smoking so daintly upon the table,
Making each gazer long that he were able
To eat thee, every limb, both small and big;
No more in squeaking flight, or grunting jig,
Thou runn'st about the straw-yard, sty, or stable;
Nor bump'st thy little side against the gable;
Nor cock'st thy snout, a judge without a wig!
All other viands which I ever saw,
Serv'd up in silver, crock'ry-ware, or tin,
Whether boil'd, roasted, bak'd, stew'd, fried, or raw,
Compar' with thee, are worthless as a pin!
Sweet delicate meat! crackling without a flaw,
What, ho! a knife and fork! I must begin.

THE RETURN HOME.

"My own dear home!" we whisper as we feel
Its shelter once more closing round the heart;
And as the glimpses of its sunshine steal
O'er the late yearning mind, we know our part
Is with the lov'd again. "Our own dear home!"
Where do the leaves look green when far from thee?
Where may the music of sweet voices come
To glad the soul, unless the fireside glee
Shines o'er the forms of those whose love hath been
Our strong rock and our ark? the love that earth
Hath not, with all its spells of grief and dearth,
A power to change; on which we safely lean,
Fearless and careless of the world around—
The never-fading shrine, that by home's hearth is found.

VARIETY.

SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES THE FIRST, AND HIS QUEEN HENRIETTA.

The secret history of Charles the First, and his Queen Henrietta of France, opens a different scene from the one exhibited in the passionate drama of our history.

The king is accused of the most spiritless uxoriousness; and the chaste fondness of a husband is placed among his political errors. Even Hume conceives that his queen "precipitated him into hasty and imprudent counsels," and Bishop Kennet had alluded to "the influence of a stately queen over an affectionate husband." The uxoriousness of Charles is re-echoed by all the writers of a certain party. This is an odium which the king's enemies first threw out to make him contemptible; while his apologists imagined that, in perpetuating this accusation, they had discovered, in a weakness which has at least something amiable, some palliation for his own political misconduct. The factious, too, by this aspersion, promoted the alarm they spread in the nation, of the king's inclination to popery; yet, on the contrary, Charles was then making a determined stand, and at length triumphed over a Catholic faction, which was ruling his queen; and this at the risk and menace of a war with France. Yet this firmness too has been denied him, even by his apologist Hume: that historian, on his preconceived system, imagined that every action of Charles originated in the Duke of Buckingham, and that the duke pursued his personal quarrel with Richelieu, and taking advantage of these domestic quarrels, had persuaded Charles to dismiss the French attendants of the queen.

There are, fortunately, two letters from Charles the First to Buckingham, preserved in the state-papers of Lord Hardwicke, which set this point at rest: these decisively prove, that the whole matter originated with the king himself, and that Buckingham had tried every effort to persuade him to the contrary; for the king complains, that he had been too long overcome by his persuasions, but that he was now "resolved it must be done, and that shortly!"

It is remarkable, that the character of a queen, who is imagined to have performed so active a part in our history, scarcely ever appears in it; when abroad, and when she returned to England, in the midst of winter-storm, bringing all the aid she could to her unfortunate consort, those who witnessed this appearance of energy imagined that her character was equally powerful in the cabinet. Yet Henrietta, after all, was nothing more than a volatile woman; one who had never studied, never reflected; and whom nature had formed to be charming and haughty, but whose vivacity could not retain even a state-secret for an hour, and whose talents were quite opposite to those of deep political intrigue.

Henrietta viewed even the character of great men with all the sensations of a woman. Describing the Earl of Strafford to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person: "Though not handsome," said she, "he was agreeable enough and he had the finest hands of any man in the world." Landing at Burlington-bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house; and several shot reaching it, her favourite, Jermyn, requested her to fly: she safely reached a cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a lap-dog asleep in its bed, she flew back, and amidst the cannon-shot, returned with this other favourite. The queen related this incident of the lap-dog to her friend Madame Motteville; this lady considered it as a complete woman's victory. It is in these memoirs we find, that when Charles went down to the house, to seize on the five leading members of the opposition, the queen could not retain her lively temper, and impatiently blabbed the plot; so that one of the ladies in attendance despatched a hasty note to the parties, who, as the king entered the house, had just time to leave it.

Some have dated the ruin of his cause from the failure of that impolitic step, which alarmed every one zealous for that spirit of political freedom which had now grown up in the commons. Incidents like these mark the feminine dispositions of Henrietta. But when at sea, in danger of being taken by a parliamentarian, the queen commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and domestics. We perceive how, on every trying occasion, Henrietta never forgot that she was the daughter of Henry the Fourth; that glorious affinity was inherited by her with all the sexual pride; and hence, at times, that energy in her actions which was so far above her intellectual capacity.

Her talents were not of that order which could influence the revolutions of a people. Her natural dispositions might have allowed her to become a politician of the toilette, and she might have practised those slighter artifices, which may be considered as so many political coquetries. But Machiavelian principles, and involved intrigues, of which she has been so freely accused, could never have entered into her character. At first she tried all the fertile inventions of a woman to persuade the king that she was his humblest creature, and the good people of England that she was quite in love with them.

When the king arrived at Canterbury, although not at the moment prepared to receive him, Henrietta flew to meet him, and with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, kneeling at his feet, she kissed his hand, while the king, bending over her, wrapped her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unusual with those of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those devotion; *Sire! Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majeste pour etre usee et commandee de vous.* It had been rumoured that she was of a very short stature, but, reaching to the king's shoulder, his eyes were cast down to her feet, seemingly observing whether she used art to increase her height. Anticipating his thoughts, and playfully showing her feet, she declared, that "she stood upon her feet, for thus high I am, and neither high nor lower." After an hour's conversation in privacy, Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the court; and the king, who had already dined, performing the office of her carver, cut a pheasant and some venison. By the side of the queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her to be cautious that she set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his court were now to be gained over, as well as John the Baptist. She affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her new heretical subjects then present: but we may conceive the pangs of so confirmed a devotee! She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked about this time whether she could abide a Hugonot? she replied, "Why not? was not my father one?" Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as a contemporary in a manuscript letter expresses it, induced many of the English to believe that Henrietta might become one of themselves!

EXTRACT FROM G. COMBE'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Man differs from the brutes in this—that instead of blind instincts, he is furnished with reason, which enables him to study himself, the external world, and their mutual relations; and to pursue the conduct which these point out as beneficial. It is by examining the structure, modes of action, and objects, of the various parts of his constitution, that man discovers what his duties of performance and abstince in regard to health really are. This proposition may be illustrated in the following manner: The skin has innumerable pores and serves as an outlet for the waste particles of the body. The quantity of noxious matter excreted through these pores in twenty-four hours is, on the very lowest estimate, about twenty-four ounces. If the passage of this matter be obstructed, so that it is retained in the body, the quality of the blood is deteriorated by its presence, and the general health, which greatly depends on the state of the blood, suffers. The nature of perpired matter is such, that it is apt, in consequence of the evaporation of its watery portion, to be condensed and clog the pores of the skin; and hence the necessity for washing the surface frequently, so as to keep the pores open and allow the pespiration to be freely performed. The clothing, moreover, must be so porous and clean, as readily to absorb and allow a passage to the matter perspired, otherwise the same result ensues as from the impurity of the skin, namely, the obstruction of the process of pespiration. Nor is this all. The skin is an absorbing as well as an excreting organ, so that foreign substances in contact with it are sucked into its pores and introduced into the blood. When cleanliness is neglected, therefore, the evil consequence is twofold; first, the pores, as we have seen, are clogged, and the pespiration obstructed; and secondly, part of the noxious matter left on the skin or clothing, is absorbed into the system, where it produces hurtful effects. From such an exposition of the structure and functions of the skin, the necessity for cleanliness of person and clothing becomes abundantly evident; and the corresponding duty of cleanliness is more likely to be performed by those who know the preceding details, than by persons who are impelled to performance by bare injunctions. In some parts of the east ablution of the body is justly regarded as a duty of religion; but it needs not to be told how extensively this duty is neglected in our own country. When men become enlightened, a warm bath, once a week at least, will be considered one of the necessaries of life; those who ore in the habit of keeping their skin in a proper condition, by means of bathing and friction, will bear testimony to the increase of comfort and activity which is thus secured.

I might, in like manner, describe the structure and modes of action of the bones, muscles, bloodvessels, nerves, and brain; and demonstrate to you that the necessity of bodily and mental labour, of temperance, of attention to ventilation, clothing, and lodging, and of a great variety of other observances, is written by the finger of God in the framework of our bodies. This, however, belongs to physiology; and here I assume that you have studied and understand the leading facts of that subject. First, Exercise of the bones and muscles is labour; and labour, instead of being a curse to man, is a positive source of his well-being and enjoyment. It is only excessive labour that is painful, and in a well ordered community there would be no necessity for such exertion as would be painful. Secondly, Exercise of the brain is mental activity, either intellectual, or moral, or animal according to the faculties which we employ. Mental inactivity, therefore, implies inactivity of the brain; and as the brain is the fountain of nervous energy to the whole system, the punishment of neglecting its exercise is great and severe—namely, feelings of lassitude, uneasiness, fear, and anxiety; vague desires, sleepless nights, and a general consciousness of discomfort, with incapacity to escape from suffering; all which poison life at its source and render it thoroughly miserable. Well regulated mental activity, combined with due bodily exercise, on the other hand, is rewarded with gay, joyous feelings, an inward alacrity to discharge all our duties, a good appetite, sound sleep, and a general consciousness of happiness that causes days and years to fleet away without leaving a trace of physical suffering behind.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.—Let it not be believed that the man of poverty himself is excluded from happiness. Mediocrity and indigence frequently procure for him advantages that opulence and grandeur are obliged to acknowledge. The soul of the needy man always in action, never ceases to form desires, while the rich and the powerful are frequently in the afflicting embarrassment of either not knowing what to wish for, or else of desiring those objects which it is impossible to obtain. The poor man's body, habituated to labor, knows the sweets of repose; this repose of the body is the most troublesome fatigue to him who is wearied with idleness. Exercise and frugality procure for the one, vigor, health and contentment; the intemperance and sloth of the other furnish him only with disgust and infirmities. Indigence sets all the springs of the soul to work; it is the mother of industry; from its bosom arise genius, talents, and merit, to which opulence and grandeur pay their homage.—In short, the blows of fate find in the poor man a flexible reed, who bends without breaking.—[Holbach.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.—Whether, seated by the chimney on his favourite sofa, he was engaged in reading an important document, or whether he went to his bureau to sign a dispatch, his son, seated on his knees, or pressed to his breast, was never a moment from his mind. Sometimes he would lie down on the floor beside this beloved son, playing with him like another child, attentive to everything that could please or amuse him. The Emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manœuvres; it consisted of pieces of wood fashioned to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, he used to arrange these pieces on the carpet. While he was occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skilful manœuvre which might insure the success of a battle, the child, lying at his side, would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the Emperor would recommence arranging his men with the utmost good humor.—[Meneval's Recollections.

A PARISIAN BELLE.—A French woman is all June—June, from head to foot. Even in the dog days, an English beauty dresses as though afraid the wind may change, or as if the weather looked threatening. If not on her shoulders, there are always half a dozen shawls and boas in the corner of the carriage. But the Parisienne, like the cuckoo, has no sorrow in her songs—no winter in her year. Her draperies are light as her heart. She comes forth for her parties of pleasure gay as a butterfly—fresh gloves, fresh shoes, her chip bonnet trimmed with flowers from which one might almost brush the dew; and a dress concerning which one longs to inquire, as George III. did of the apple in the dumpling, how she managed to get into it—so untumbled and neat is every fold. And then, she is predetermined to be amused; and, consequently, sure to be amusing. Her day of pleasure has neither yesterday nor to-morrow—no unpleasant reminiscences—no jarring apprehensions disturb her cheerful mind; prepared to enjoy the bright sky which Heaven has placed over head, the green herbage under her feet, the admiring friends who share these pleasures in her company—self seems to have disappeared from her calculations when she took leave of it on quitting her toilet; that is, self is so exquisitely a matter of worship with her that she has to hit upon the exact mode of rendering it a matter of worship to other people.

AGRICULTURE.

"The art of Agriculture is the parent and precursor of all other arts."—Prof. Johnston.

EXTRACT OF AN AGRICULTURAL TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

BY CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

On the 24th I terminated my visit at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Wordsworth, and left it deeply indebted to him and his family for the most polite attention and kindness, and with the pleasing hope of meeting and renewing our acquaintance at New York in the end of June.

Colonel Wordsworth drove me to breakfast at the house of a friend of his near Caledonia, a Mr. Newbold, a young man who in connexion with a Mr. Roy farms extensively.

After breakfast, which was suptuous and ample as all American breakfasts are, I inspected Mr. Newbold's farm-offices which are proportionally larger and more commodious than any I had yet seen, and include a thrashing-mill moved by water—but still they are not on what, in Scotland, would be considered a proper scale, or properly laid out.

We then drove out to his farm which consists of fine rich meadow land on the Genesee flats. His stock is of a better kind and in much better condition than Colonel Wordsworth's. I saw a very good Durham bull, several Durham cows and heifers, and crosses of these with the native breed, the quality of which latter distinctly proved the vast improvement of the stock here, that may be made by judicious crossing.

Our perambulation was, however, suddenly interrupted by a violent thunder storm which drove us back. For the first ten days after my arrival at Boston, the weather had been cold and very backward for the season, none of the forest trees being yet in leaf. For the last few days it had become hot and sultry, the thermometer in the shade ranging from 70 to 80. I did not, however, feel any of the oppression which, with the same degree of heat, I should have suffered in our own country.

The storm continuing, we took an early dinner, and I was regaled unexpectedly enough with some excellent Scotch whiskey. When it cleared we drove to the farm of a Mr. Macnaughton, who was in his fields when we arrived, but soon returned, and was delighted to meet me, a countryman of his own. He is a hardy looking Highlander, about sixty years of age, from Lord Breadalbane's country. He came to America fifteen years ago, with a small capital, and now he possesses 500 acres of the best wheat-land, all cleared and his own property.

He showed me a field of sixty acres of wheat, and mentioned in connection with it, a circumstance furnishing a striking instance of the rapid rise of the value of land in this quarter. Soon after his arrival a neighbor wished to purchase this field of him, and he accordingly parted with it for 900 dollars, which was considered the full value of it. In the course of three years his neighbour determined on selling the whole of his property, and offered back the field to Donald, but now at the price of 3000 dollars; this he at once agreed to give; a bargain was struck accordingly, and the first crop of wheat yielded the purchase money.

Donald's whole establishment smacks strongly of the Highlander. His domestic arrangements include none of the delicacies and but a sparing allowance of the comforts of life; in short he appears to be as much a scorner of luxury as his stalwart countryman of old who indignantly kicked away the snow-ball which, in their *bivouac*, his too effeminate son had prepared for his pillow.

In his farming economy he has improved nothing on what he found to be the practice of the country,—one large barn receives his crops and accommodates his horses and cattle, and like others he burns his straw and ploughs in his clover for manure; yet Donald has made money and continues to make it. What might not be a complished under a more rational system?

Limestone abounds here, but is not, as far as I could learn, made use of in cultivating land, and perhaps it is not necessary it should, as the soil may already contain sufficiency of calcareous earth. Stone dikes enclose the fields and are as neatly built as in Scotland.

The storm having long detained us, I had it not in my power to visit any other of the Scotch farmhouses but proceeded to Caledonia, a considerable town with two hotels.

Here I procured an interview with a Scotsman, from whom I learnt that 250 Scotch families are settled in this neighborhood; the greater part of them came over forty years ago with very little capital, many of them with hardly sufficient to purchase a yoke of oxen; they all got wealthy and now they own farms varying from 200 to 600 acres each. According to my informant, the mode of farming among these settlers does not differ from that followed by Mr. Macnaughton, and he, I have already noticed, plods on in the imperfect course common in the country.

I also learnt that, no doubt from the calcareous nature of the soil, the land here is peculiarly adapted to wheat, which at present sells at from four to five shillings of English money per bushel of 60 lbs.

TORONTO, the capital of Upper Canada, pleasantly situated on the banks of Lake Ontario, is said now to contain 15,000 inhabitants. The streets are good, the buildings respectable, and two handsome churches, one Presbyterian and the other Episcopalian, add much to the appearance of the town. Of the latter church Bishop Strachan a native of Aberdeen is minister.

My arrangements did not admit of my remaining here for more than one day on the present occasion, and after the pleasure of meeting with my old friend Alexander Wood who, in the course of the forty years he has resided and carried on business in this town, has acquired a large fortune, I embarked in a steamer for Hamilton. There I arrived on the 23th of May, and had the gratification of finding my daughter in good health.

I remained at Hamilton until the 8th of June, and in the interval made frequent excursions in the province, taking every opportunity of acquainting myself with its present situation.

On entering Canada I had been impressed with a marked difference between it and the United States. In the latter the people were everywhere distinguished by that cheerfulness and appearance of contentment which attend activity and exertion in peaceful pursuits. In Canada there prevailed an almost universal gloom, the consequence of recent internal commotion; of the still existing conflict and rancor of political feeling; or of the withered hopes of many who, having speculated largely in land, have received little or no return for their money. This was my early impression, and anything I have since observed, or by inquiry ascertained, has served to confirm it, and to satisfy me that of the two countries the States hold out for agricultural pursuits, by far the greater advantages to persons possessed of any capital.

With the exception of portions of cleared land varying from fifty acres in some situations, to several hundreds in others, Upper Canada is an immense and trackless forest, forlorn and forbidding at best, and in many places rendered more gloomy and repulsive, by the trees having been burnt preparatory to being cut down, and consequently now presenting to the eye nothing but bare and blackened poles.

And with regard to what is called cleared land, it consists of no more than a patch here and there, on which the huge pines that for ages had been tenants of the soil, have by the application of fire and axe been reduced to stumps four feet in height, so thick set as in many places to bid defiance to the plough, and to preclude any mode of cultivation except sowing and hand-raking the seed.

There are here no railways, and no interior water-carriage, advantages so amply enjoyed in the States, and although there are roads, they are of such a description as to be nearly impassible, except in the winter when the sleigh is made use of.

Upper Canada, too, is comparatively destitute of local markets, or of any proper outlet for the surplus produce of the land; for the population is not only thin and widely scattered, but themselves chiefly agricultural, each family therefore raising sufficient for its own supply; and there are no towns of any magnitude to create any considerable demand for the surplus, nor if there were, are easy means of transport afforded.

In such circumstances, it is by no means surprising to find that the greater number of those who had speculated in land have suffered grievous disappointment, and that of those coming under the discription of gentlemen who had attempted to convert the forest into corn land by the force of money, the greater number quickly got rid of it and then either betook themselves to other pursuits, or as sometimes happened, becoming disgusted and reckless, gave themselves up to dissipation.

There is, however, one description of person to whom a settlement in these forests may prove tolerable—the laborer, and especially the hardy Highlander who glad to escape from privation at home and delighted to roam at large, may with his own hands and assisted by a family of sons, erect a rude hovel of log, gradually clear a quantity of land sufficient for a subsistence, and in the course of time come to possess a small property, the height of his ambition. Except to such persons clearing land here cannot be attractive or made remunerating.

The objection which in most cases applies to the cultivation of waste land on a large scale in Scotland applies here with redoubled force—the expense of the improvement is more than, when improved, the land is worth.

It may give some idea of the disadvantage under which the clearing of land in Upper Canada must be accomplished, to advert to what takes place in clearing fir wood in Scotland. There, although laber costs little more than one-half of its price in Canada, and although the large trees are but as walking sticks in comparison with the Canadian pines, wood-land cannot be cleared and put in a condition for a corn crop, for less than £20 per acre. The crop of trees may go far, perhaps do more than answer this expense; but in Upper Canada, in clearing land, the trees are altogether valueless and yield no return for the trouble and expense of cutting them down and collecting their immense trunks into piles to be burnt; and after all, their stumps remain for a great many years to encumber the ground and obstruct cultivation.

In short, the art of cultivating land is not perhaps practised in any country where, viewing it generally, more discouraging obstacles to profitable agriculture present themselves, than are to be encountered in Upper Canada.

During one of my excursions from Hamilton, I visited and dined with another old friend, Adam Ferguson, who resides about seven miles from that place, on a small property which he has named Woodhill after his estate in Scotland. Here he has built a cottage commanding beautiful views, of Burlington Bay, but its own situation is rugged, solitary and gloomy, so much so that I could not help giving utterance to my surprise that he should have selected for his residence a place which to me seemed fit only for the abode of wolves and foxes, or of some recluse disgusted with the haunts of man.

In the course of seven years, Mr. Ferguson has cleared or partially cleared a few acres, of which the soil appears sandy and of inferior quality, such, as in Scotland would not be considered worth a rent of ten shillings an acre; but he possesses here but a small extent of land, the bulk of his property lying forty or fifty miles up the country, where he has settled several of his sons, and where, I am informed, the soil is good and they have cleared 1200 acres. Mr. Ferguson is the only one I heard of who has made a fortunate speculation in land in Upper Canada, having succeeded in disposing to advantage of several lots of what he had purchased.

I had the pleasure of meeting at Toronto the chief of Macnab who, some fifteen years ago, emigrated to Canada with his whole clan, and settled about 100 miles up the country. He is a fine representation of the Highland chieftain of days gone by—tall and stately; and having, with perfect courtesy, the bearing of a man born to be obeyed. He seems well satisfied with his present position and describes things as flourishing in his clanship.

I was also introduced to Sir Allan Macnab who has built a magnificent house a mile or so from Hamilton close on Burlington Bay, and made out and inclosed a large park in the English style. Sir Allan is also a fine-looking man, his countenance strongly indicative of that intelligence and resolution which he is known to possess. In the shortest interview one discovers in him the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. The interest he has taken and the services he has rendered in the affairs of Canada, have raised his character so high, that any eulogium from me might be deemed presumptuous. Suffice it to allude to the presence of mind, promptitude and energy with which, two years ago, he led out the militia force which he commands, and saved Toronto and its neighborhood from being sacked and burnt by a numerous body of rebels, when all the regular troops had been withdrawn to the lower province.

I was hospitably entertained at the house of Sir Allan, and had the honor of an introduction to Lady Macnab and his family. In conversation with him on the objects of my inquiry, he informed me that, eleven years ago, Hamilton consisted of a single house, and the country all round was a dense forest. It now contains 2000 inhabitants, and cultivation has been extended to a circuit of three or four miles. From this and other circumstances he mentioned, Sir Allan argues that by and by improvements will proceed rapidly, although he admits that in the meantime things are at a standstill.

Sir Allan was President of the late Legislative Council, but by the Whig government his merits have not been duly requited. Their influence was used against him at the late election, and it was their policy to raise to power individuals whom he had found it necessary to put in jails as rebels. Sir Allan is enthusiastic in his partiality to Upper Canada, and if the observations I have made regarding it shall ever meet his eye, they will not probably receive his concurrence; but I have no doubt the liberality of his own opinions will give me credit for the sincerity of mine, as well as for the assurance that I should feel extreme regret if the expression of them were to prove unpleasant to any of my countrymen, and more particular to my valued friends.

With reference to the opinion I have formed of Upper Canada, I may mention that the chief object of my journey was to visit my daughter who has chosen to cast her lot for life on this of the Atlantic, but undetermined, until I should decide, whether her husband and she should purchase a permanent residence in the Province or in the States. Now, looking to the matter of present comfort only—taking into view that the States are in comparison with Upper Canada, an old country, in many parts highly cultivated and good society, —and that the Province is but in its infancy and only holds out prospects of advantage to be realized by some future generation, I had no hesitation in pronouncing in favor of the former.

This explanation of my purpose will serve to show that my opinions have not been formed altogether gratuitously, nor without consideration; but at the same time I should wish it to be understood, that although I have described with faithfulness what fell under my own observation, or was derived from the most authentic information I could obtain, yet my opportunities of examining into the agricultural affairs was very limited. It is a noble country certainly, and one day may rise to immense importance; but behind, as it is in cultivation, and neglected as it has been by government at home, and deficient as it yet is in capital, its progress in improvement must, to all present appearance, necessarily be slow.

It will thus be understood that while I would recommend the States to the choice of British emigrants, in preference to Upper Canada, I am induced to do so entirely from a consideration of existing circumstance; as I do not doubt the time may come when, from the increase of population —the enlargement of present towns, and the growth of others—the establishmant of railways and other means of internal communication and access to markets—and the accomplishment of numerous other desiderated improvements, which it is in the power of Government to introduce and encourage, the Province will acquire attractions for emigrants, of which it is yet destitute, and afford those advantages which the States now exclusively present to them.

On the 8th June I took leave of my daughter and returned by steamer to Toronto, my face being fairly turned homeward.

The soil round Hamilton is of a sandy nature, and the town is encompassed by lofty wooded hills; during all the time of my sojourn there the thermometer in the shade, ranged from 85 to 90, and this height of temperature, aggravated by the nature of the locality, I felt both night and day extremely oppressive, but yet not at all injurious to health.

At Toronto I now dined with Bishop Stracham, a man of great intelligence and agreeable manners, and much esteemed and respected. His living is worth £1000 a-year, and he has an excellent house just out of the town, where I was received by him and Mrs. Stracham and their son, with that heartiness of welcome, and unaffected kindness, for which in Scotland unsophisticated families are still noted. Next day, the 9th, I spent with Alexander Wood, with all the gratification which reminiscence of former days, and the renewal of the friendship could inspire.

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