

SKETCHES OF CANADIAN LIFE,

Lay and Ecclesiastical.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN CHURCH.



BY

A PRESBYTER OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Rev. H. Stewart Halliday

LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXLIX.

PREFACE.

As the motives which have led to the publication of the following pages can possess no possible interest to the public, to parade them needlessly before its gaze would be little short of impertinence.

The portraiture of Canadian life which is here humbly attempted, has been thrown into the form of a narrative, because a book written in that style appeared to the author not only less irksome to write, and more easy to read, but also because he thought, that to trace the fortunes of an imaginary individual would afford an opportunity of describing more correctly the numerous minute details of a settler's experience than a work of higher pretensions and more important character.

With reference to the fidelity of the picture which is here presented, the author can truly affirm, that there is scarcely an incident or conversation occurring in the volume but had its counterpart in reality. Those incidents, however, have been so altered, as regards

persons, places, and periods, that their truthfulness and reality, he trusts, can give no offence, even could they be recognised, which, however, he thinks would be very difficult.

As far as the author's observation has extended, it appears to him, that information suited to families of the higher grades of intending settlers, is more required than any other. While, therefore, he trusts that the following little work may be of some service to the class alluded to, in leading them to correct views of the actual state of the colony, he would only claim for the views stated in the various conversations, such a measure of consideration as may be due to the opinions of a very humble individual, who has, however, been for many years conversant with Canadian life.

In the much more extended interest in ecclesiastical affairs which happily characterises the present day, it was hoped that the sketches of the Canadian Church which are incorporated in the succeeding pages, will not prove uninteresting to many in England, whose bounty does so much towards sustaining it in its present efficiency.

DIocese of Toronto,

10th April, 1849.

Rev. H. P. Hope

SKETCHES OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. VERNON was an English gentleman of good connections and comfortable means : he had, however, a large family dependent on him ; and the difficulty of establishing his sons in life respectably, arising from the over-crowded state of almost every profession, often caused him a good deal of anxiety. His eldest son had taken holy orders, a second had determined to study for the bar, while a third was preparing to enrol himself among the disciples of Esculapius. Thus, as Mr. Vernon used to observe, the honourable professions of law, physic, and divinity, were about to find representatives, and he hoped worthy ones, among the members of his own family. Harry, his fourth son, was a fine lad, who had just finished his education at a large and well-known public school. He had now returned to his father's house ; and the great problem to be solved was, how he should be employed, and to what object his energies should be directed. Somehow or other, this point was a long time in being settled. To business Harry had a decided distaste, and for none of the

learned professions had he anything like a strong predilection. If the truth must be told, there oftentimes floated before his imagination sundry visions of a red coat and military glory, but these thoughts he confined entirely to his own breast, as he was well aware that his parents had a most decided objection to the profession of arms; not because they considered it in any degree unlawful, or because they feared the danger and sufferings to which it might expose their child, but because they regarded it as peculiarly unfavourable to the development of the Christian character, and fraught with strong temptations to one who, remembering that he bore upon his forehead the holy sign of Him who was crucified, desired, with a true heart, to fight manfully under His banner. Besides all this, Harry was a lively, good-tempered, gentlemanly lad, and stalwart withal. He made up an eleven at cricket, drove out his mother and sisters, walked home with lady visitors at night, and above all, proved a zealous assistant to his father in the operations of the garden, of which Mr. Vernon was enthusiastically fond. This was a very pleasant sort of life; and had it not been for the conviction that things could not long go on in this way, it would have been, on the whole, agreeable enough to all parties. As weeks and months flew on, however, and Harry found himself verging upon positive manhood, he began to feel that he was, in reality, a mere idler, living almost in vain, and, as far as the future was concerned, doing good neither for himself nor others. While in this state of mind, he met with some books which set forth, in lively colours, the advantages of emigrating to the colonies, and the

splendid opportunities they presented to the determined and energetic. One work in particular, in which, it is to be feared, that the author must have given way to the impulses of a rather vivid imagination, gave such a glowing account of the Canadian field-sports, and of the wild romance and adventures of the Backwoodsman's life, that Harry was fairly captivated. The subject of his emigration was broached, and at first received with a smile of incredulity. But when Mr. Vernon began to consider the advantages which were held out to the young and enterprising by the resistless progress of a country possessed of a fertile soil, an agreeable climate, boundless resources, and whose onward march of improvement was but beginning, and when he compared them with the state of things around him, where every avenue which led to wealth or distinction was choked to excess, and when the applicants for situations, even of the most moderate emolument, were counted by hundreds, he doubted whether the feeling of affection which would have induced him to oppose his son's project of seeking his fortune in the colonies, ought not to be sacrificed. As for Harry himself, though at times his warm heart sank within him at the idea of being separated by three or four thousand miles from all he loved, yet the bright and bounding hopes of youth were ever ready to shed their light over the darker shadows of the prospect, and dispel all his fears. He was sure that success must attend his efforts, and then perhaps his two younger brothers could join him as they grew up, and bring with them, even to the far distant woods, all the blessed feelings and fellowships of home. Already in imagination he saw the forest

sinking beneath his vigorous efforts; and with a heart exulting like that of a conqueror on some well-fought field, he stood, by anticipation, on the broad acres which his good axe had won. Or sometimes, when the vision changed he would luxuriate in the feeling of mild and unfettered freedom, which he was sure must be the result of plunging into the pathless woods "where mortal foot had ne'er or rarely been." Now, he was causing the sharp report of his rifle to ring among the primeval monarchs of the ancient woods. Or again, he was pushing his light canoe over the quiet waters of some woodland lake, whose surface was undefiled by such an unpoetic convenience as a steam-boat. As a huntsman Harry dreamt too of great distinction, *bears, deer, wolves, turkeys*, every thing in short that came in the way, all were to fall victims to his deadly aim. His rifle and fishing-tackle were to supply the larder, while the plough and sickle were to replenish the purse.

What a pity it is that imagination and reality are so exceedingly different. It would be as tedious as it is unnecessary to bring forward all the arguments, pro and con, which were adduced with reference to the proposed step of Harry's emigration. It was, however, resolved that the project should be tried; and when things began thus to assume an air of reality, poor Mrs. Vernon and her daughters began to be in despair. It is a question that admits of some doubt, whether or not some small portion even of Harry's valour did not begin to ooze away until it was stopped by the bustle and excitement of preparation. A new double-barrel had a great effect in raising his spirits, and a capital rifle quite hardened

his heart. As for ammunition, it is doubtful whether if Harry had had his own way, the powder-mills at Dartford, or Walker and Company's shot manufactory at Chester, could have supplied his demand. Lead, in all its destructive forms, was in great request with him, and figured in all its varieties, from buck-shot down to sparrow-hail, amongst his very extensive preparations for dealing death and destruction among the aboriginal birds and beasts of the North American forests. We will not dwell upon the parting scenes, though they would afford us a good opportunity for indulging in the pathetic. It was, indeed, a very bitter parting, for Harry was tenderly loved by all his family, and he returned their affection with the utmost warmth and fervency of feeling. His passage out was very much like what passages used to be in a good vessel in those days, when steam navigation across the Atlantic was regarded as a chimera. His fellow-passengers were, on the whole, pleasant and agreeable people, particularly a Mr. Lawrence, a medical man, who with his wife, and, considering his age, a most patriarchal number of little boys and girls, had resolved to seek for them in Canada that provision which he knew by experience was so difficult to procure in England. He was a quiet, pleasing, gentlemanly man, who had seen a good deal of the world, and whose mind, in addition to very considerable native powers, was highly cultivated. He was moreover unostentatiously, though decidedly, a religious man, and all his views were (what was by no means so common in those days among religious persons as it has now happily become) in strict accordance with the teachings of the Church, of which he was an humble-

mindful and consistent member. Many a pleasant hour during the voyage did Harry spend in the society of this gentleman and his very agreeable family; nor was it pleasure only but profit also that he derived from this intercourse. *The varied stores* of information which Mr. Lawrence possessed always rendered his conversation interesting; and the tone of deep and reverent piety which marked his character, and the earnestness with which he spoke of the necessity of conducting ourselves in a manner worthy of our high vocation and rich privileges as Christian men, made a deeper impression on Harry's mind than he was himself aware of.

At length, after what was on the whole a favourable passage, the vessel arrived in port, and after a friendly good bye and mutual good wishes, most of the passengers separated, to pursue the course which they had marked out for themselves. Harry, at their warm solicitation, joined the Lawrences as a travelling companion,—an arrangement exceedingly agreeable to himself; and after spending a few days in making the necessary preparations and seeing what was to be seen, they bent their steps towards what was then Upper Canada. On arriving at the capital of that Province which was then called York, but which now rejoices in the more euphonious title of Toronto, the first step which was taken was to procure comfortable quarters for Mrs. Lawrence and her children; after which Mr. Lawrence, accompanied by Harry, set out upon an exploring expedition. The former had very wisely made up his mind to continue in the old settlements, and not to venture into the Backwoods. His intention was to purchase some landed property in a well-settled part

of the country, where as his sons grew up they might have an opportunity of employing themselves profitably in agriculture, if so disposed, and where he could find an opening for the services of his professional skill. Openings of this description were by no means rare in those days, and ere long, Mr. Lawrence was settled perfectly to his satisfaction in the immediate neighbourhood of the thriving village of Wilton, whose situation upon one of the great lakes, and whose unlimited water-power, arising from a strong and rapid stream which flowed past it, gave no uncertain promise of its future importance. As land, even in the neighbourhoods such as this, was, in those days, to be purchased at a moderate price, Mr. Lawrence strongly advised Harry to purchase a partially cleared farm in his vicinity, but such a step was not at all in accordance with Harry's ideas. He had not travelled nearly 4000 miles by sea and land to be guilty of such a prosaic proceeding as to settle on a cleared farm, and take to ploughing and sowing, as if he had been in the oldest country in Europe. Were all his day dreams of the ancient woods to end in a "sugar bush," and a clump of firewood? Were all his views of a picturesque hut, formed of "logs and piled-up wood," (as that authentic Canadian authority L. E. L. has it,) to find their realisations in a large red frame house filled with nothing but windows, and a still larger and, if possible, still redder frame barn? If such were to be the case, he might adopt the mode of the country, and "trade" his powder for Polish wheat, and barter his buck-shot for barley. Then, indeed, the most profitable way in which he could use his double-barrel would be in purchasing barrels in which to pickle pork; and, as

for his rifle, he thought he would keep it as an heir-loom, as it was likely to be quite as useless as heir-looms are in general. Besides all this, Harry agreed that the advice of Mr. Lawrence was quite as contrary to reason as it was to romance; he discoursed eloquently and learnedly upon the atrocious system of farming generally pursued by the older settlers,—that they took twenty crops of wheat off the same in twenty successive years,—that rather than be at the trouble of carrying the manure to their fields, they allowed it to accumulate round their barns until they were forced to erect new ones, in order to avoid it;—in short, that the cleared farms were impoverished and worn out beyond recovery, and that the wisest plan was to go back to the new country, and, waging war against the primeval forest, gain from its dominion the new and virgin soil on which it grew.

One day, when Harry was engaged in one of the public offices, in looking over some maps of those new townships towards which the authorities were directing the tide of emigration, he observed an elderly man of gentlemanly bearing similarly employed. Harry asked one of the clerks for the diagram of the township of Ilchester.

“Will you allow me to offer it to you,” said the gentleman just mentioned; “I have been looking over it for a few moments, but it is now quite at your service.”

This was said in a frank and very pleasing manner; and on Harry’s declining to deprive him of the map until he was quite done with it, he said:—

“Well, if you have no objection, we can look over it together; and as within the last month or two I have

become a resident there, I can perhaps afford you some information connected with the township which you might not easily obtain from any but an inhabitant."

This offer was of course accepted, and a long conversation ensued, in which all Harry's favourite views were abundantly confirmed. Captain Stanhope (for as such he introduced himself) spoke in raptures of the Backwoods—of the folly of remaining in the older settlements—of the surpassing beauty of the smaller lakes in the interior—of the fishing and shooting that was to be met with there—of the certainty of the resources of the country lying to the rear being ultimately developed, and that at no distant day by means of canals connecting those lakes to which he alluded, and which were so bountifully scattered through the district where he had pitched his tent—he spoke of "the language of the woods," the voice of nature heard among their solitudes, and syllabled by the falling of a leaf, or the flutter of a startled bird, or the stroke of the many-coloured woodpecker:—"I am quite unable adequately to describe it to you," he concluded; "the best way is to come and judge for yourself; but before we part I must mention one distinction, of which we are rather proud, and which none of the older settlements can boast, and that is, that Ilchester is equally innocent of bull frogs and Yankees."

CHAPTER II.

HARRY returned to Wilton with his mind quite made up that there could be no place in which to settle so suitable for him as Ilchester. He added Captain Stanhope's arguments to his own, and fairly "flooded" Mr. Lawrence, who himself, to tell the truth, had some slight hankering after the Backwoods, a feeling at that time very general. He was forced to admit the truth of some of Harry's arguments. He could not deny that, even to the uninitiated, the system of agriculture pursued by the old settlers was vicious in the extreme.

It was quite true that they did take twenty consecutive crops of wheat off the same ground, while they allowed the manure to accumulate round their barns so as almost to render them useless. It was quite true that by these, and kindred measures, they did so impoverish their farms that their crops became seriously deteriorated, and supposing the land to be worn out, the proprietors were willing to sell them at a low rate, and betake themselves once more to "the Bush." These were positive and palpable evils, though they were really much exaggerated; but at that time they had not been shown to be so, by what is now so frequently to be met with, we mean instances of old country farmers taking these very farms which were said to be utterly impoverished from injudicious and incessant cropping,

and so restoring them in a few years as not only to be able to pay their rent, but perhaps before the expiration of their short lease, to have accumulated a sufficient amount of money to purchase the farm entirely. Examples of this kind however were seldom or ever met with in those days; and the idea of exhaustion was so inseparably connected with a cleared farm, that Mr. Lawrence was almost a convert to the opinion that, in Harry's circumstances, young, ardent, full of health and hope as he was, the best plan he could adopt was to become a Backwoodsman, a plan on which it was evident he had himself most fully set his heart.

"Ah! well, Harry," said Mr. Lawrence, with a smile, "I should be half inclined to admit that you seem to have the best of the argument, were it not that in owning you to be in the right I must necessarily acknowledge myself to be wrong in purchasing property here."

"If you were not going to follow out your profession, but meant to devote your attention solely to farming, I should certainly consider you in error," said Harry. "But in the Backwoods people can have no time to be ill; and if they have, the population, I suppose, will not be dense enough for some years to render it a very desirable field for a medical man?"

"There is an objection which weighs with me even more than that," replied Mr. Lawrence; "and that is, the education of my children. The elder ones are at a most important age; and to plunge into the woods at present would be in a certain degree to separate them from the advantages of education and society when they most require them; but if I were situated

as you are, Harry, I most candidly acknowledge that I should be thoroughly tempted to take the step which you advocate."

"To be sure," said Harry, warmly. "Why, if I go and buy a worn-out farm from some of these old half-yankee quakers, the fellow would pocket my money, and, betaking himself to 'the Bush,' as he calls it, would purchase three times the quantity of land, and in a few years would have a farm equal in extent to the one he sold, besides 'locations' for all the boys. Then, to think of the difference of soil—he would be cultivating land which has been increasing in richness since the flood; while I should be toiling and ploughing and fallowing and manuring and cracking my brains over 'Loudon's Agriculture,' in order to find out some other mode of making the exhausted fields yield half the crop which he could get for merely scratching the ground over with a wooden harrow. No, no! the thing is absurd," continued Harry, who began to get more and more energetic upon the subject. "No! I'll allow him to keep his worn-out acres, and I'll become lord of the virgin soil."

"Why, Harry, you are getting somewhat magnificent; there appears to me, however, to be much truth in what you say; and much as we should like you to be near us, I should be truly sorry to persuade you to do anything that would be for your disadvantage. As a settler in the Backwoods, you will no doubt at first have some hardship to encounter, but I have little doubt that it is a step which must ultimately prove profitable, and its difficulties will be lightened by many pleasures peculiar to itself."

“Unquestionably,” replied Harry. “Think of the charm which novelty possesses, and the delight of seeing a place grow up under your own hand, and under the influence of your own taste,—nature does so much that one might often make a paradise with little trouble out of what is a wilderness, if they can only get there before those Goths, who seem to have a natural antipathy to a tree, and whose *summum bonum* seems to be to have a *clear* farm, and to live in the kitchen of an immense red, yellow, or white frame house, sufficiently ugly to throw a man of ordinary taste into fits.”

Mr. Lawrence smiled at the vivacity of his young friend, but his quiet smile was replaced by a grave and serious expression, as he replied—

“With reference to yourself, Harry, my dear boy, there is but one objection to the plan which comes with any force to my mind, and it is one which has done more to decide me against attempting to settle in the woods, perhaps, than either of those which have been alluded to. It applies of course to me, as the head of a family, much more strongly than it can to you; but still, as Christian men, we must remember that we have souls as well as bodies, and in our anxiety to provide for the prosperity of the latter, we must not forget the interests of the former, which are so inestimably more important. Now, it appears to me, that whatever may be our situation in life, we ought to consider well what influence such a step as this is likely to have upon our spiritual well-being.”

“Certainly that is a subject which I have never thought of considering,” replied Harry. “And really I do not see how it can be very intimately involved in

it. The glorious temple which God's own hand has raised in those hitherto almost undisturbed solitudes must almost dispose the mind to solemn reflection. The devotions we offer up among the Gothic arches and the dim and verdant tracery of that cathedral which the forest forms, cannot be unacceptable to God."

"That may be very fine, Harry, and it may in certain circumstances be true, but we must remember that God has appointed certain means in his Church through which He has promised to convey His grace to our souls, if we see them aright. Now, to cut ourselves off, as those must almost inevitably do who go to "the Bush," from the public ministration of God's sacraments, the reading of His holy word, and the teachings of His duly authorized ministers, is a step which no rightly thinking Christian would take without the strongest reasons. If, without those potent reasons, he *voluntarily* separates himself from these means of grace, which have been appointed by God himself, he runs (as it seems to me) a very great danger of dwarfing, if not destroying, his soul."

"I am certainly no theologian," said Harry; "but that appears a startling opinion, and if generally adopted would militate sadly against emigration to the Backwoods. It has always seemed to me that religion is purely a spiritual concern between God and our own soul; and though it is highly proper and desirable to have the outward observances of the Church, yet I should hardly have been inclined to have looked upon them as so vitally important. Do you really think, sir," he added, seriously, "that a man could not love and

serve God and lead a Christian life apart from the outward ordinances of religion?"

"I am far from asserting anything of the kind," Mr. Lawrence replied. "Where a man has strong and weighty reasons for taking such a step as that of which we are now talking, he may well hope that if he seeks it God will give him grace according to his need, without the intervention of those outward means which perhaps his peculiar circumstances justified him in forsaking; and that there are a multitude of circumstances that will justify in so doing is undeniable, for as population must precede Christianity, (at least it almost always *does* so now-a-days,) it is evident that the pioneers in the first settlement of a country will almost always be destitute of the ministrations of the Church."

"And you think that men in such a situation can hardly hope to serve God aright in consequence of this destitution?"

"I have just said that I hold no such opinion. I am far from supposing that they CANNOT serve God under such circumstances; but I think there is the most imminent danger that they WILL NOT do so. He who knew what is in man, and what was needful for his benefit, instituted these outward means for conveying His spiritual blessings to our souls, and by appointing them, and commanding us to use them, and by providing for their continuance to the end of time, He has afforded us the most conclusive of all arguments to prove that they are necessary to our souls' well-being, while the spiritual condition of those very persons of whom we have just been speaking,—the pioneers of a new country who are cut off from the

ordinances of God's Church, presents the most striking evidence of the same truth. They are, generally speaking, proverbial for their lawlessness and recklessness, fearing neither God, nor man, and often despising all law, both human and divine. What I say is, that a Christian man, and more especially a Christian parent, ought to hesitate, nay, he ought to make great sacrifices, if necessary, rather than expose himself or his family to danger such as this."

"Why," said Harry, looking rather blank, "do you mean to say that all the people who are now going to Ilchester and the neighbouring townships, are going to turn out such a set of heathens as this?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Lawrence. "I only affirm that ALL separation from the outward ordinances of religion is fraught with DANGER to our spiritual interests, and when that separation is voluntary, I think the danger becomes imminent. We ought, therefore, most seriously to consider whether in running into this danger the reasons which induce us to do so are such as will justify us in the sight of God, and warrant us in the hope that He will preserve us from it. As regards the people who are now going into back townships, the circumstances in which most of them are placed do justify them in encountering this danger, for they cannot, with the means at their disposal, hope to obtain adequate provision for themselves and their families, unless they betake themselves to 'the Bush.' The danger also is further lessened by their having just come from a country where they enjoyed the teachings of God's ministers and the sacraments of His holy Church. They cannot but feel the want of

these privileges an unspeakable loss, and under the influence of this feeling they will doubtless make a general effort to secure for themselves and their families those outward ordinances of the faith which are generally necessary to our growth in grace, and thus will their temporary deprivation ultimately prove a blessing, inasmuch as it will be the means of enlarging and extending the borders of the Church of God."

"According to your own view," replied Harry, "it can hardly be said that the temporary deprivation is the means of conferring this benefit, it arises from the very fact of this temporary deprivation being removed."

"Why, Harry, you are getting critical and correct. However, I freely admit the incorrectness of my expression. The extension of the Church of God would be much better accomplished, as far as we can see, by never allowing the members thereof to suffer any deprivation of Her holy rites and blessed sacraments, however temporary. If the government, when it opens for settlement a new tract of country, would do as a Christian government should do, and, despite the ravings of Dissent,—which in these days* almost threaten to overwhelm (if man COULD do so), that branch of the Church catholic which is established amongst us; if, I say, casting away this fear of man and acting in the fear of God, they would send into every new settlement at its first formation a duly commissioned minister of Christ, how happy would be the results which would flow from an act so worthy of a Christian government. What a bond of union would it be to the wide-spread settlers of the Backwoods,

* Not A.D. 1849.

And after a week of toil and hardship and difficulty in this far-distant land, how would it cheer their wearied spirits with happy thoughts of the home they had left; and perhaps of that home to which they were journeying—‘a home eternal in the heavens,’ to assemble (it might be) in that temple of which you spoke—that cathedral which God himself had reared in the solitudes of those yet unconquered woods, its aisles pillowed on the oaks of a thousand years—its roof vaulted and groined and filled with the rich tracery of their interlaced and spreading branches. Its organ swell the sounds of the summer wind that sang amongst them reverently—its covering the thick foliage with which, as with a garment, they had clothed themselves, while through it, as through the ‘storied window of some holy fane’ in their fatherland, ‘a dim religious light stole down upon the worshippers.’ In such a scene, to join in that blessed form of words which age after age has borne up to the throne of God the lowly confession, the earnest prayer, the holy thanksgiving of saints and martyrs of the olden time—that liturgy which their fathers and forefathers loved and suffered for, and in which many, whose image were stamped upon their hearts, were on that day, joining in the far-off land of their birth. Could such things be, and yet a holy sanctifying influence fail to result from it? Must it not make a rich return even in an earthly, a political point of view? Must it not be a bond, which, while it linked them to their home above, and kept them nigh unto God, bound them in godly loyalty to their earthly sovereign, and in proud and graceful love to their home across the sea, with all its time-hallowed

and glorious institutions. Oh, Harry," continued Mr. Lawrence, rising suddenly from his seat and pacing rapidly to and fro, "it makes my heart burn within me to think of what this country—yea, this Continent might have been, if England had but done her duty to it. And it makes me almost equally desponding when I have read accounts of the melancholy results which have flowed from her neglect of that duty, in withholding from the souls of her children in these regions those ordinances of God's Church which are so necessary to their welfare both in this world and the next. This duty, which the state has omitted to perform, must now be taken up, however inadequately, by individuals; and a strong inducement to a man of education and influence to settle in the woods, would be the hope that by his example and energy he might keep those around him from utter forgetfulness of the things of God, and that by his encouragement and assistance he might induce them to make a vigorous effort to secure for themselves the ministrations of the Church."

"I believe there is something of the kind in contemplation at Ilchester," replied Harry, who had listened in fixed and almost wondering attention to Mr. Lawrence, who spoke with deep earnestness. "Captain Stanhope told me that a beautiful site had been set apart for a church; and some respectable settlers had already written to their friends in England for assistance to build one, and were not without hope of securing something as an endowment."

"That," said Mr. Lawrence, "is a work in which

I should think, from what you have said of your connections, you might render some valuable assistance; and that is a consideration which, were I in your place, would strongly weigh with me in deciding in favour of Ilchester.”

After some further conversation in a similar strain, it was finally determined that Harry should visit Ilchester and its neighbourhood without delay, and ascertain, from personal observation, its fitness as a place of permanent settlement.

CHAPTER III.

NOT many days after the conversation detailed in the last chapter Harry packed up a few necessary articles in a small valise, and, taking with him his fowling-piece, started, in light marching order, for “the Bush.” Putting himself into one of those strange-looking vehicles—a Canadian stage, it was not long before he became more intimately conversant with the pleasures of travelling in Canada than he had previously been. Proceeding to the north, they soon left the light sandy road that marked the neighbourhood of the lake, and found themselves in the deep and heavy clay soil that lies to the rear; and now began such pitching, and plunging, and rolling as Harry in his innocence had

hitherto deemed to be the peculiar characteristic of the dominions of Neptune. The space between the zig-zag rail fences that bounded the road on either side was abundantly wide and roomy, along which a well-worn waggon-track, hard and *comparatively* smooth, wound its devious way,—now on this side to avoid a perilous mud-hole, and now on the other to escape a broken corduroy bridge. The appearance of the remainder of the road on either side of the single travelled track showed that during the spring rains it had been cut up to a most fearful extent; for as all the passing conveyances seemed to adhere most carefully to the "follow-my-leader" principle, it had been left unmolested, and had been permanently baked by the hot summer sun in the exact state in which the spring had left it. And a pretty state it was; ruts of the most alarming depth were everywhere visible; mud-holes which, though now dry, were of such dimensions as must, when full, have required no small amount of nerve to have crossed; while the innumerable irregularities produced by the poaching of the horses' feet in the deep mud, which had now been hardened by the heat, produced a state of roughness to which a ploughed field converted into cast-iron would have been a bowling-green. We have said that the travelled track was smooth, but we spoke of it in comparison with the road at the side. It certainly was smooth with reference to the smaller inequalities; but it was, at the same time, fearfully uneven as regarded the larger ups and downs. On the country roads in Canada they have a method of making a cross drain, or culvert, by laying down

two logs parallel with, and at about a foot or eighteen inches from, each other, while a third large round log is laid upon them, to form a covering for the drain. This latter log usually rises considerably above the level of the road; and though, when first made, the earth is sloped up to it on either side, so as to make a somewhat gradual rise, yet the earth soon sinks or is worn away, and leaves the aforesaid log, among other excellent uses, to prove, to the satisfaction of all who may feel interested, the strength of the coach's springs and the passengers' spines. These—varied by frequent corduroy bridges (which might be almost defined as a continued series of such culverts), and enlivened by dried-up mud-holes, the descent into which almost caused your breath to go from you as when a vessel plunges into the trough of the sea—were by no means unfrequent characteristics, *at that time*, of the road which Harry and his fellow-passengers were travelling. It was, indeed, fine exercise, for few were the muscles of man's mortal frame which were not called into action. If, however, the traveller was determined to look upon the bright side of things, he would not, even in such circumstances, find himself altogether destitute of amusement, and he would find it not more difficult to keep his seat than his countenance when watching the despairing looks and convulsive clutchings of some of his more nervous companions. Several of the passengers in the stage were evidently new comers, to whom, equally with Harry, this mode of travelling presented the attraction of novelty; an attraction, however, which they did not seem to appreciate very highly.

“Very pleasant—very pleasant indeed,” said a rather diminutive gentleman who sat in one corner of the coach, and whose countenance showed that he spake in very bitterness of spirit.—“Exceeding pleasant to have to pay exorbitantly in order to have the honour and pleasure of having one’s bones broken over the infamous roads of a detestable country like this.”

“A horrid country,” chimed in a lady who sat opposite the first speaker, and who appeared to be his wife; “a vile country except for low people. Why don’t they have the roads Macadamised, I should like to know?”

Another of the passengers was a great good-humoured looking man, clad in garments of butternut brown, and who appeared to be a farmer of the country. His dialect and voice were strongly American, and his eye had a merry twinkle in it, as he listened to the complaints which have been mentioned. “Well, now,” said he, “I ain’t no great scholar, that’s a fact, for I could a’most always do more with a span of horses than with a book, but I guess you could tell me when the clearin’s, to hum, in the old country, warn’t no bigger than they be here, whether they had ’Cadamised roads in them days?”

“Clearings in the old country!” said the lady, contemptuously, “that shows how much you know of what England is; but of course it can’t be expected that people can know much in a miserable country like this.”

“Well, I s’pose we must be a pa’cel of poor benighted critters,” said the man, with a good-natured laugh, “tho’ ’mong ourselves we *do* fancy that we know a

thing or two. One thing, tho' I never could make out no way to fix it, and that is, why if this ar' country be so shockin' bad, so many of you old country folks keep comin' out to it."

"Do you imagine," replied the gentleman who had spoken of the exceeding pleasantness of Canadian stage-coach travelling, "do you imagine, then, any one who could stay in England with comfort would be such an egregious fool as to come here?"

"May be not, may be not," said the farmer in butternut brown; "but if folks can't live to hum comfortable, I should think (but, then, I don't know nothin', I s'pose) that 'stead of puttin' on all steam and a' runnin' down of this country all the time, the best way would be, to be thankful for havin' a country to come whar' you can live comfortable. And I guess you *can* do that ar' here if you try to. But I reckon some, from the way your bows is pintin', that you're for the back lakes. I seen a sight o' folks a goin' there this summer or two, who don't know what they're a doin', more than nothin'; but they'll find out, afore long, I guess, that other folks beside themselves know somethin',—*that's a fact.*"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the other party, "I can scarcely understand you."

"Well," replied the farmer, beginning his sentence, as usual, with that almost invariable monosyllable, "I mean, that if old country folks, instead of 'temptin' to do what they don't know nothin' about, would spend their dollars in the front settlements, they could get as good land as ever was ploughed, and as good crops as ever was raised, and as good horses as ever

was foaled, and as good meat as ever was eaten, and no hardship nor nothin' o' that sort. But if sich folks as the like o' you go into the bush, a pretty fix you make on't. You've got to live in a shanty, or a brush wigwam, like enough; and you don't know enough to split a bit of wood, and put a chink in if it's out, and then you catch cold, (for it don't take a very smart chap to catch a cold in sich places, I tell you,) and you get sick with the agy, and lose your health and money with hard times and hard work (if you ain't too lazy for that), and then you've nothing to live on but salt pork, not as much as molasses with it,—no chicken points,—no sass, (sauce,) nothin'; then up goes the steam agin, an' you go to work on the old hook—a runnin' down the country. Now, according to the way I make that ar' out, it's not the country's fault, its yourn."

"I suppose you have an old worn-out farm to dispose of," said the gentleman, to whom these observations had been addressed, with a sneer, the meaning of which was too apparent to be mistaken. This was rather too much, even for the evident good-nature of the worthy farmer, who replied somewhat warmly—

"Well, now mister, you're out there, for once, I reckon—not all the dollars you ever owned would buy my farm, that's a fact, but 'taint no use" But what it was that was of no use we must leave to our reader's imagination, for at that moment such a tremendous jolt occurred that every one had the greatest difficulty in confining himself to anything like the neighbourhood of his proper seat. The gentleman, who had previously been so fluent as to the delights of the roads and the vehicle, had evidently experienced no

great increase of amiability by being crushed almost flat between his portly neighbour and the side of the stage, while his wife's invectives against the country in general, and the roads in particular, were rendered much more animated by the discovery of a dent in her bonnet—a circumstance at all times of the most agitating nature to the sex generally, for in all disasters of a similar kind you may almost invariably observe, that as the bonnet holds the highest place on the female person, so does it occupy the uppermost place in the female mind, the bonnet being the idea that first presents itself, whether the danger arises from being crushed in a carriage or wet by the rain, or soiled by the dust. These, however, were not the only sufferers by the severity of the jolt.

“My goodness,” said another man, who had hitherto said nothing, but who now was making most convulsive efforts to free his nose from the profundities of his hat, whose circumference had been suddenly enlarged from being forced over that somewhat prominent feature by a blow against the roof of the coach, and which now showed some disinclination to return: “My goodness,” he gasped, as he succeeded with a violent effort in restoring his eyes to the light of the day, “that jolt has destroyed my hat and almost ruined my nose;” and he rubbed the aggrieved organ tenderly, and with such a comic expression, that it fairly succeeded in restoring good humour to the whole party. Not long after this the coach stopped to change horses, and to afford the passengers an opportunity to take some refreshment, and here the diminutive gentleman above-mentioned, as well as his better-half, found a

glorious opportunity of indulging their eloquence at the expense of the country. The food was not eatable, the cookery poisonous, the attendance vile, and their indignation and disgust reached its climax, when the stage-driver walked in and sat down, apparently, as a matter of course, at the same table with the passengers. The gentleman started up in an agony of rage at such insufferable insolence, threatened the innkeeper with all the direful consequences of his displeasure, and seemed at a loss for language sufficiently vituperative to characterise the country where such things could be permitted. All his anger and eloquence were in vain, however. Some who were present seemed utterly thunderstruck and astonished at any one being offended for such a reason—others, amongst whom was our friend in butternut-brown, seemed to enjoy the scene with a most provoking mirth; and though some of the new-comers, who had also been rather scandalised by the proceeding of the knight of the whip, seemed, in some measure, inclined to second his proposition to have him ejected, yet it was a step which few seemed willing to undertake. Jarvey retained his place, and continued his vigorous attacks upon a plate laden with meat-pie, vegetables, “sass,” pickles and cakes, with the coolest indifference possible. He guessed he wanted his dinner, and meant to have it. He warn’t noways partiklur himself about his company, but reckoned if the gentlemen did not like to take dinner with him they had better go somewhar’ else, only he guessed they’d have to be a leetle the quickest about it, as the way he meant to start wouldn’t be slow. The result was, that the driver gained the day, and the

protesting party only made themselves ridiculous, and impressed the people of the country, who were present, with an unpleasant sense of what seemed to them their arrogance and pretension. The truth was, that the individual, whose tenacity had given rise to the scene just described, belonged to a class which is not unfrequently to be met with in the colony, and whose number is surpassed, on some of these points, by their silliness. They seem to imagine that their continued depreciation of the country, and the manifest contempt with which they treat everything that is peculiar to it, must tend to impress those around them, either with a magnificent idea of what they had been accustomed to at home, or with an overwhelming sense of their intense nationality. Their sneering and invidious comparisons between persons and things English and Canadian, tends to alienate from them the native inhabitants of the colony; and it can hardly be doubted that the feeling produced by this state of things was not without its influence in producing the troubles of '37. They seem determined not to adapt themselves to the habits which the state of the country renders almost unavoidable, and are continually complaining because a colony, scarce half a century old, does not, even in its newer regions, possess the comfort, refinement, and civilisation of the ancient and glorious land of their birth and their affections.

How different from that of the class just alluded to, has been the conduct, character, and influence of many frank and true-hearted men who, for the last ten or fifteen years, have made Canada their home. British in their feelings to the very core, and accustomed in

many cases to all the comforts and refinements of home, they have nevertheless cheerfully conformed themselves to the circumstances of the country, with the hope of eventually moulding them to their wishes, and of substituting for the rude independence and "Yankified" bearing of many of the people, a tone of British feelings and British manners. And most perceptibly has their influence been felt. The traveller along most of the leading thoroughfares of the country now meets with much fewer of those disagreeable Americanisms which were so frequently encountered when the circumstances above narrated took place, and which so identified the colonists with their neighbours "across the lines." The general tone of feeling too, at all events until lately, had much less in common with that of the free and enlightened citizens of "the Model Republic" than was then the case; while English opinions, manners and customs, prevail in some parts of the country to an extent which often excites the surprise of the new-comer.

CHAPTER IV.

DINNER having been concluded, notwithstanding the storm by which it had been interrupted, Harry proceeded, in common with the rest of his fellow-travellers, to the bar-room, to pay his reckoning; and having done so, he was standing at the door, admiring the excellent

horses which were being harnessed to the stage, as it is here invariably called. While thus engaged he felt himself touched on the arm, and on looking round saw our friend in butternut-brown.

“I say, mister,” quoth this worthy, in his own peculiarly free and easy manner, the offensiveness of which was, however, almost entirely neutralised by an expression of extreme good-nature; “I say, mister, will you liquor?”

“Lick her!” exclaimed Harry, in unfeigned surprise; “lick her! Lick who?”

“Well now,” said his fellow-traveller, laughing heartily at Harry’s mistake, “if here ain’t a caution, it’s a pity: here’s an Englishman that don’t know his own language. Why, man, I only meant to ask if you ’d have a horn.”

This would have been almost as unintelligible to Harry as the other form of expression, had it not been for the significant glance which the farmer directed to the bar, where several of the party were, as he said, washing the dust out of their throats.

Harry could not repress a feeling of annoyance at this invitation; but feeling that the man, instead of meaning to offend, intended only to be attentive, he civilly declined. After a little further delay, the whole party once more ensconced themselves in their places in the coach, and proceeded towards their destination. Where the road was sufficiently smooth to permit them to think of anything beyond the danger of dislocation to which their joints were exposed, the conversation became general and interesting. Harry found some of his fellow-passengers exceedingly pleasant people, who

had just come from England, and whose object in travelling to the North was identical with his own. The *man* in butternut-brown also, notwithstanding all his Americanisms of speech and manner, he found to be exceedingly intelligent, and possessed, as might naturally be expected, of a vast fund of information on all subjects connected with the country. A great part of the evening, after their arrival at the little village where they were to remain for the night, was spent in conversation with him ; and though much that he said was disregarded by Harry at the time, yet after-years proved to him, abundantly, the correctness of his views and the judiciousness of his advice. He dwelt with great energy on the folly and absurdity of that mania for settling in the back-woods which seemed to have taken possession of the better class of emigrants ; and exposed in a quaint, though forcible manner, their total unfitness to cope with the unavoidable hardships which must inevitably be their lot. He foretold (and time proved the truth of his prophecy) that in the majority of cases loss and disappointment, and in many misery and ruin, would be the result of the experiment. Such statements were so violently contradictory to all Harry had read and pictured to himself as the result of settling in "the Bush," that he was totally incredulous, and attributed to some extraordinary prejudice the opposition which his new acquaintance offered to his favourite project. On other points, on which Harry was more willing to be taught, he derived much valuable information from his friend in butternut-brown. He was a good specimen of a class who are still to be met with occasionally in Canada, though they are becoming,

comparatively speaking, few and far between. He was a son of a United English Loyalist, who, in the days of the rebellion, had sacrificed everything rather than prove false to that church and state to which he owed allegiance. By God's blessing upon his honest industry he afterwards acquired a competence in one of the lower provinces, where the United English Loyalists mostly resorted. His sons, of whom he had a goodly number, inherited his principles, together with his enterprise and energy of character; but as this was the only inheritance to which most of them could look forward, they gradually left their father's home as they came to man's estate, to follow their fortune whithersoever it might lead them. Several had come to the upper province, our friend among the rest, and while there they proved that their father's principles were indeed their own by turning out, heart and hand, during the "Short War," or "Madison's War," as it is often termed by them, in order to repel the American forces from the soil they attempted in vain to conquer. The class of which they were representatives are strongly American in the enterprise and self-reliance of their character, as well as in their dialect and manners, while they are at the same time intensely British in their feelings of attachment to the throne. Their loyalty is different in its character from that of the native-born inhabitants of the British Isles. It is something for which they have suffered,—something which, rather than relinquish, they and their fathers have forfeited their fortunes and jeopardised their lives. They prize it, therefore, as a man prizes some precious thing, which, though it cost him much, is endeared to him in

a tenfold degree by the very sacrifices he has made on its behalf. It is not, of course, asserted that such is the invariable character of the descendants of the United English Loyalists; too many, alas! have fallen from the high and generous principles of their fathers, and have even ranged themselves under the banner of the republican demagogue; but such is the character of many, especially the more elderly, among them, and such was the character of Nathan Wynet, with whom the reader has now in some degree been made acquainted. The enthusiastic loyalty of these men, their ardent attachment to monarchical principles, and their intense dislike to republicanism, is in many respects very remarkable, and view it in what light we may, it appears impossible to deny that it is mainly to be attributed to the influence of the Church. The United English Loyalists were almost to a man members of her communion; and it was when attending upon her sacred rites, and listening to her holy teaching, that the Scriptural lesson was written on their hearts which taught them, "while they feared God," at the same time to "honour the king." Had their loyalty been based on a foundation less stable than this, it never could have withstood the shocks of that withering tempest by which it was assailed; for nothing but a deep conviction that fidelity to their lawful sovereign was a duty, binding upon them by the laws of God no less than by the authority of man, could have prompted them to that noble self-sacrifice for which they were conspicuous. The majority of them were men who had been born in the colonies, and whose attachment to the British government was not strengthened

by any fond recollections of the distant land of their birth, or by the powerful and enduring associations of their earlier days. *They* could recall no pleasant memories of fields which their fathers or forefathers for many generations had called their own. They knew nothing of that hereditary attachment to some noble race whose banner their ancestors had, perhaps, followed to the field. Old England's shady lanes, and quiet homesteads, and ancient halls, and glorious sanctuaries, were unto them but as some vague tradition which, perhaps, rose before the imagination in some quiet day-dream, but which exerted but a trifling influence upon their views and conduct. The land in which their lot was cast was emphatically *new*, and it was producing in them a new modification of character, yet there was still at least one strong point of identity between them and those from whom they sprung. They worshipped at the same altar, and felt that the God of their fathers was still their God. And when kneeling at the footstool of the King of Kings, they prayed for their earthly sovereign, that every blessing, temporal and eternal, might descend upon his head; and for themselves, "that they (considering whose authority he had) might faithfully serve, honour, and humbly obey him:" they learnt, even though insensibly, how grievous would be the sin of lifting up their hand against the Lord's anointed, and how base the hypocrisy of endeavouring to injure him for whose prosperity they prayed. When the hour of trial came, how noble were the fruits produced by these Scriptural teachings of God's holy Church. While many who had the praises of God in their mouth, had also a two-edged sword in their hand,

which they brandished fiercely against the monarch to whom they owed allegiance, it might almost be said, without exaggeration, that

“ Among the faithless, faithful only they ; ”

for rather than prove rebels to their king, rather than turn their arms against him, for the preservation of whose authority they had so often prayed within the sacred walls of God's own sanctuary, they were content to forego every worldly advantage—to forsake the place of their birth, and to sever the closest bonds of brotherhood and the dearest ties of affection.

Doubtless there were many members of the Church who were induced to range themselves on the side of the insurgents by the blinding influence of political passion, or by the fear of that temporal loss which must inevitably have followed from adherence to their principles ; and in addition to these there was a yet larger number of “ waiters upon Providence,” who, while they wished well to the royal cause, could not make up their minds to run the risk that must necessarily have been incurred in actively sustaining it. They would gladly have continued good and faithful subjects of the king, but if that could not be without risk of bloodshed and ruin, they were ready to become dutiful citizens of the republic. This is of course admitted : but the peculiarity of the circumstance that those individuals who, under every trial and discouragement, continued loyal to their sovereign, were almost exclusively members of the Church, can only be accounted for by the fact, that in all her services she gives to the Scriptural doctrine of obedience and submission to our rulers a prominence

and importance very different from that which it holds amongst the dogmas of sectarian Christianity.

If the descendants of these faithful men are falling from the noble and Christian principles of their fathers; if they are sometimes to be discovered among the followers of the designing agitator or the political grievance-monger; if we find them ranged in the ranks of dissent and, perhaps, of fanaticism; or, if still faithful to their principles of loyalty, we see them living in neglect of all the duties which they owe to God, and which tend to fit them for his kingdom in heaven,—to what is it to be attributed, but to the fatal policy of our rulers in neglecting or refusing to provide for them those religious ordinances which exercised such a beneficial influence upon the character of their fathers? Untaught by the experience of the past, the government, instead of acting on those immutable principles of right and wrong by which Christian men, whether in their individual or collective capacity, ought ever to be guided, has adopted that miserable system of expediency which has long been in vogue, until it has involved itself in consequences which no right-minded subject of the British crown can contemplate without the most painful reflections. Our rulers have listened to the howling of a few busy and discontented men who, as a general rule, have been as much opposed to monarchical principles as to episcopal government, and have fallen into the unhappy mistake of supposing it to be the voice of a whole people. They have therefore continued to legislate as if for those who were ready to cast their allegiance to the winds, if their every political whim was not immediately gratified. And this they have continued

to do, although men high in station, talent, and character—men whose information was as minute as their motives were unquestioned—have again and again assured them that, as a mass, the American provinces are British to the core. In consequence of this policy, discontent, agitation, and sedition, have become the ready road to distinction, and often to honour and emolument: a premium has been placed upon rebellion itself, and that which in days past was but an empty phantom, haunting the over-morbid imaginations of the authorities in the Colonial Office, has now, through their unwise and often anti-British measures, become so far a reality, that opinions and practices which in other days (with the exception, perhaps, of an insignificant number of sour faced Americanised Republicans, whose attachment nothing could win, and whose opposition none should have feared) would have been scouted by the whole community as subversive of British connexion, receive now the energetic and unanimous support of a numerous and influential party. May God give unto our rulers the spirit of wisdom and discretion; may He fill them with the fear of God, and not with the fear of man; and may He grant unto the people the grace of obedience and submission, so shall we be kept in loyalty to the throne we reverence, and in union with the land we love.

CHAPTER V.

ON the morning after the events related in the last two chapters, Harry rose betimes, and went out to look at the village where they had stopped for the night, and at which they did not arrive until after sunset. As is very frequently the case in Canada, it had grown up round what was denominated "considerable of a water privilege," on which had been erected a large grist mill, painted very red, in contrast with which the casings of the numerous windows and the owner's name, "Jeremiah Grindal," in very large letters and all of the purest white, were exceedingly conspicuous. There was a large cooperage for the manufacture of flour barrels, two or three shops, or "stores" as they are called, two inns, such as they are, besides blacksmiths, carpenters, waggon-makers, and shoemakers' shops. There were a few other houses, but those already mentioned formed the greater part of the village. Having finished his tour of inspection, Harry returned to the inn and sat down with his former fellow-travellers and others to breakfast—one of those abundant meals at which, in Canada, three or four times as much is provided as would suffice for the guests if they had each the appetite of an ogre—beef-steaks without end, fried pork, cold meat, potatoes, boiled and fried, tarts, cakes, pickles, preserves, &c. &c. &c. appearing in the most

extraordinary profusion. Having to the best of their ability disposed of this rather weighty concern, a waggon was provided for those whose journey led them lake-ward. Into this conveyance Harry and several of his former companions were duly installed, together with their baggage. It was a common, strong, country waggon, but the jarring which might be expected from travelling in such a vehicle was much alleviated by a contrivance, which though a novelty to Harry at that time, was one with which he became sufficiently acquainted afterwards. Two young iron-wood or elm saplings, from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, were suspended at each end by an iron hook not unlike a boot-hook, just inside the top of the waggon-box: on these poles the cross seats rested, and the ease afforded to the traveller by the natural spring of the sapling, particularly if he were fortunate enough to secure the middle seat, was by no means to be despised. After two or three hours' drive they arrived at the river which led to the lake, on the further side of which Ilchester was situated. Here on the river bank, and in the midst of the woods, they found a store-house and pier, both formed of logs, and by the side of the latter lay a good sized open boat, which, from occasionally rigging two tiny masts, was dignified by the name of a schooner. As the boat was on the point of sailing, they immediately embarked, and dropped down the river, and towards the afternoon reached the open lake. It was a beautiful sheet of water, of very considerable extent, and here and there on its tranquil bosom were scattered islands of some magnitude and of great beauty. Sometimes a steep bluff rose suddenly

from the water, and was crowned with the trees of the ancient forest that had there held undisputed sway since the days of the Deluge. While more generally the long low points and sheltered bays were fringed to the very shore by the moisture-loving cedar, or the graceful and feathery birch, whose branches hung so low that they kissed every wave that broke upon the beach. The day was so beautiful, and a fair and pleasant breeze drove them so cheerily along, through the clear and flashing water, that all the voyagers were sensible of a feeling of exhilaration and a degree of pleasing excitement, arising from a combination of the fair scene through which they were passing, and the novelty of the situation in which they found themselves placed.

“This is, indeed, most beautiful,” exclaimed an elderly lady who formed one of the party: “I declare I am becoming romantic again, though it is rather late in the day, I confess. Yet these lovely islands, with their picturesque nooks and sheltered bays, make one long to become better acquainted with them. A rustic dwelling, in keeping with the scene, would almost tempt me to become a sort of female Robinson Crusoe.”

“If you are fond of retirement, I think you would probably be gratified to the full,” replied one of her companions. “What a pity it is that Cowper never paid a visit to these parts; for, judging by the unbroken line of forest on the main shore, he would have been in a fair way of finding that ‘boundless contiguity of shade’ for which he so poetically longed.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Harry, the feature that has struck me most in this scene is its extraordinary solitude. There is not a trace of man or of his works

beyond the limits of our own boat ; and it requires no great powers of imagination to fancy ourselves the first who have ever traversed these waters.”

“ What has become of all the people who have settled round these lakes for the last year or two,” asked one of the party of a bluff-looking Englishman who steered the boat ; “ since we passed those houses on the point just after entering the lake we have not seen a single clearing ? ”

“ Why, sir,” replied the man, turning a quid in a way which, together with his whole bearing, spoke strongly of the salt water ; “ them islands laying away to leeward are too big for a man to see through handily, and that ’s the reason we can’t make out none o’ the clearings on the east shore ; and as for the shore to the sou’-west here, where it ’s not swamp, it ’s all deeded land, and so it ’s not much use looking for clearings there.”

“ Deeded land,” said Harry ; “ what do you mean by that ? ”

“ Nothing very good, sir,” replied the man. “ Why, ye see, when a new township was surveyed, the surveyors used sometimes to be paid in land, and of course they picked out all the lake frontages, and mill seats, and such like, and got deeds for them. When that was put a stop to, the land speculators in York and thereabouts used to get hold of the surveyors’ field-notes, I believe they call them, and choose all the best lots for which they got the deeds, after doing the settlement duties. When once they had the deeds in hand, precious little trouble they took about the land ; they let it lie there unimproved for ten, or sometimes twenty

years, keeping back the settlement of the country, until folks settled all round it and made it valuable, and then perhaps they would sell it to you for a good round price, if they happened to want money; and as they pretty often do that, it is the only chance a man has of getting it out of their hands."

"You said something just now about their having to do settlement duties, in order to get their deeds. What are settlement duties?"

"It would be a hard thing, sir, to tell what they *are*, but there have been a lot of laws made by the big folks in the House o' 'Sembly to show what they ought to be. When a man drew a lot of land before he could get his deed, he had to take his 'davy that he'd done the settlement duties, made a clearing, and built a log shanty, or else cut down the timber in the concession lines, just according as the law varied. Well, there were a lot of men about the country who made it almost their business to do the settlement duties for other people. When the landed speculators made a fresh grab at some wild land, they would make a contract with some of these fellows to do the settlement duties for them, and away they'd go to the woods with an axe, and some pork and flour slung at their back, and a rifle in their hand, (for they were mostly half Yankees that followed this trade). When they found the lot (or if they made a mistake, it wasn't no great matter), they would look for a place as free from big trees as they could, and then they'd *clear* it of the brushwood that grew upon it, then they'd cut some of the saplings into lengths, and build what they *called* a shanty, that wouldn't have covered a calf. Or if the

law was that the concession lines, which divide one range of lots from another, and are intended for road allowances, being sixty-six feet wide, should be opened by cutting down the timber for that width as far as the lot extends, which is usually three-eighths of a mile, then these rascals would go down the line striking their axes into the trees as they went along, and slashing the brushwood that stood in the way. After this, they would go back and swear that on such a lot, in such a concession, in such a township, they had made a *clearing* and built a *log shanty* or hut, or that they had *cut* the timber on the concession lines; then ye see the settlement duties were done and the men got their money, and the owner got his deed; and,” he added, pointing to the long line of unbroken forest, “there’s the end on ’t.”

“Why, what a miserable state of moral feeling must prevail where such things can be tolerated?” exclaimed a gentleman who had listened very attentively to the statements of the helmsman: “are such scoundrels allowed to go unpunished when such things are known?”

“Aye, sir, to be sure they are; the set to which they belong are rough ’uns, I can tell you; they spend one half of their time in the woods, and the other half in the bar-rooms of the taverns, and he is often counted for the smartest chap who is troubled with the least conscience.”

Mr. Lawrence’s observations upon the effects of separation from the means of grace on the character of the people, crossed Harry’s recollection. These men afforded no inapt illustration of their truth.

“Ease away the sheet there, Jim,” said the steersman to one of the men, “the wind’s getting more aft. We shall soon be round that point on the larboard bow,” he continued, addressing his passengers, “and then you’ll be able to see some o’ the clearings.”

In half an hour they had passed the point, and then bending their eager gaze in the direction indicated by the sailor, they perceived a few small openings, scattered here and there along the margin of the lake, and separated from each other by long intervals of forest land.

“If those are the clearings,” said Harry, “they do not appear to be very extensive; they look as if one could almost cover them with his great coat.”

“We are a good way off yet,” replied the boatman; “besides you know, sir, five or ten acres of clearing don’t look very big when a man sees five or ten thousand acres of bush at the same time, as we do here.”

“Where in the world do the people live?” asked another of the party; “I see nothing in the shape of houses.”

“Wait a bit, sir,” said the sailor, “wait a bit, they’re not quite so big as Greenwich Hospital, and so we’ll have to get a little nearer before we make them out.”

As they drew nearer to the shore they perceived that the dwellings were of the rudest and most homely description; in several cases they were mere huts, or “shanties,” as they are called, while in others the log houses were of large dimensions, though some of them were not yet roofed, and all of them seemed in an unfinished state.

“What are those numberless black things standing

about the clearings," asked Harry, "I have been trying to find out what they can be, but cannot succeed at this distance."

"Why, bless you, sir, them's the stumps," replied the steersman, in some surprise at Harry's ignorance: "when they burnt the brush and tops of the trees, the fire took the chips and dead leaves, and such like, and ran all over the clearing, burning up all the rubbish lying on the ground, and scorching the bark of the stumps as it went by, and that makes them look so black like."

The sun was sinking behind the trees, and dyeing the evening clouds with those gorgeous hues of dazzling and indescribable glory, that so frequently mark a Canadian summer sunset, when the voyagers approached a clearing rather larger than those they had before observed, and where several houses were visible; for some time they had been sailing along the shore of the township of Ilchester, and this they were informed was "the village." This was a piece of information by no means unnecessary, for he who would have discovered the fact without having first been told, must beyond all controversy have been a person of most vivid imagination. In due time the boat was safely moored to a convenient stump, and the passengers having landed, they were directed to a log house of considerable size, which they were told was the inn. Thither they immediately bent their steps, in order to secure such quarters as the place afforded, but alas! this is a world of disappointment, and the hopes inspired by the respectable size of the house, and its air of comparative comfort, were on this occasion

destined to be blighted. Two large boat-loads of emigrants, mostly of the humbler class, who were going further up the lake, had been detained at Ilchester by some circumstances which need not be detailed. The inn, which was the only place of shelter to which they could gain admittance, was swarming with them like a bee-hive; the two or three bed-rooms which it contained, had been secured by those who were willing to pay for them; and men, women and children, were scattered in the greatest profusion, through every corner of the house.

“Very sorry, gentlemen, very sorry indeed,” said the landlord, in answer to the inquiries for lodging made by the new arrivals, “but the house is chuck full; haven’t got a hole to put a cat in, couldn’t give you a bed if you ’d all lie in one, and give me the weight of it in dollars.”

“But what are we to do?” asked the whole party in a breath, and with an expression of no ordinary dismay in their faces, “are we to remain in the open air all night?”

“Well,” said the man, “it’s a bad fix, that’s a fact, but you see just how it is; the beds are all taken; haven’t got even half a one to offer you, for there are two or three in each; then there’s this room, but the women and children who have no beds, sleep here on the floor; then there’s the bar-room, but a lot of choppers have got that, and won’t give it up to no man; and then there’s the kitchen, to be sure, but that’s pretty well as full as it be with the men folks, and tho’ its considerable of a size, yet there ain’t overly much room even there.”

“But there is a lady in the case,” answered one of the party; “what is she to do, she must have some place to rest in, for she is almost worn out with continual travelling.”

“Well, gentlemen,” responded Boniface, who seemed sorely puzzled, “it ain’t such an easy matter to make beds and bedrooms out of nothing, but for all that, it won’t do for the lady to camp out, that’s a fact. I guess my old woman must turn out, and do the best she can ’long with some of the other women, and the lady can have her bed, and I’ll sleep in the bar, and, as for you, gentlemen,” he added, “if you can find room any where in the house, you may make the best of it and welcome, that ’s all I can say.”

With this arrangement, however unsatisfactory, the new comers were forced to rest contented. The landlord, who belonged to the country, and who possessed a good deal of the free and easy manner of his class, was nevertheless very willing to oblige, and before long provided them with a meal, which English people would have regarded as a combination of tea and supper, and which, in Canada, very generally answers the purpose of both. On the present occasion, it consisted principally of backwood fare—not venison from the forest, gentle reader, nor wild fowl from the lake, or from the woods—but of salt pork fried, hot potatoes, dough-nuts made of strips of dough, twisted into corkscrew forms, and fried in fat, and tea, concerning the native country of which very reasonable doubts might have been entertained.

Supper having been concluded, the lady who has been mentioned retired to the room which the hostess

had kindly given up to her, and the gentlemen, who were four in number, continued in conversation round the table for some time. The room in which they were, was that which had been assigned to the emigrants' wives and children, and, as the evening advanced, they received sundry additions to their society, which rendered it advisable to decamp. One woman after another dropped in, each accompanied by a very respectable number of her offspring. Indeed, the number of children was as remarkable as their strength of lungs, which, on the occasion in question, they appeared to take a peculiar pleasure in displaying, whether it was that that display was called forth by the hardness of the floor on which they lay, or by a proper spirit of emulation, which led each of them to the determination not to be outdone in roaring. The mothers also at one period showed some inclination to take up the occupation which their husbands, who were mostly old soldiers, had relinquished, for several of them threatened to become positively pugnacious on the question of who was to have the corner behind the door. Before this matter was finally adjusted Harry and his companions left the room, and as the evening was fine they betook themselves to a rude sort of verandah, commonly denominated a "stoop," which ran along the front of the house. The summer was far advanced, and as it grew late the air became so chilly that the travellers were under the necessity of seeking the shelter of the house, which, by this time, had become tolerably still. Two of the party resolved to effect, if possible, an entrance into the bar-room, while Harry and his remaining companion proceeded to the further end of

a long passage, in order to reconnoitre the state of affairs in the kitchen. The darkness of the apartment was in some degree dispelled by the glimmerings of a few logs which were smouldering upon the hearth, and the heat from which gave a warmth to the room, which proved most agreeable after the chilliness of the evening air. On a long form or bench which stood directly opposite the fire, though at some distance from it, sat two men conversing in a subdued tone lest they should disturb the sleepers, who were scattered most abundantly in every corner of the apartment. As Harry and his companion entered, they could see here and there, by the flickering light of the fire, a head raised for a moment, to inspect the new comers, while the heavy breathing of most of those who strewed the floor proclaimed that they had journeyed far into the land of forgetfulness. At one side, though at some distance from the wall, stood a large table, which was altogether unoccupied, and on this (after standing by the fire for a short time, and exchanging a few words with the men who were still sitting up,) Harry and his friend determined to take up their quarters for the night. Congratulating themselves upon their good fortune, they accordingly took possession of their somewhat unusual resting place, and ere long the two men who had been engaged in conversation followed their example in betaking themselves to rest,—one stretching himself along the narrow bench on which they had been sitting,—the other laying himself close beside it on the floor. Harry's companion was soon fast asleep, but he himself felt no inclination to yield to the dominion of the Drowsy God. Whether it was that, as a general rule, young gentlemen of the nineteenth

century, who are accustomed to such effeminacies as a comfortable feather bed, find a hard table anything but soporific; or whether, in the present instance, Harry's mind was so filled with the novelty of his situation that he was indisposed to sleep, the author of this history ventures not to decide, certain it is, that for long he lay in a meditative mood, now thinking of home and all its endearing associations, and then weighing his plans and projects for the future. As he was thus engaged, one of the logs lying on the hearth having burnt through, fell down more closely upon the others, and slightly stirring them, caused them suddenly to burst out into a bright blaze, which for the time illuminated the whole apartment. It was a strange scene that Harry looked upon by the light of that dying fire. The room was large for the Backwoods, and its extent appeared greater in consequence of the lowness of the roof, which would scarcely have allowed a tall man to stand upright with his hat on; the walls were formed of logs just as they had been brought from the woods, their rough bark forming alternate longitudinal stripes with the mud, with which, as a substitute for lime, the interstices between them were plastered; the round unbarked logs which supported the loose boards forming the ceiling, were of somewhat smaller dimensions; but it was the chimney which most strongly attracted Harry's attention. The fire-place consisted merely of a straight stone back, and a large hearth of the same material; sides or jambs it had none, so that you could have burnt logs of any length, provided they were not longer than the kitchen was broad. Of the chimney, properly so called, hardly anything was visible, the sides which *would* have formed

jamb, had they been carried down to the floor, sprang from the wall about half-way between the hearth and the ceiling, with a curve, like that of a bracket supporting a shelf; and the shelf which they supported, (viz., the mantel-shelf,) did not cross them until they nearly reached the roof, so that a person approaching the fire in front might have walked into it, (had he been so inclined,) almost without bending his head; above this it was formed of what the curious in chimney building know by the elegant expression of "stick and dab," consisting of alternate layers of mud and split wood, somewhat thicker than laths. The rude sleepers too, strewn so thickly over the floor, formed a strange feature in the scene; and as Harry was reflecting upon the change which a few months had wrought in their position no less than in his own, his attention was attracted by the man who had chosen the narrow bench before the fire as his resting-place. Whether it was the glare of the blazing logs or the uneasiness of his couch which disturbed his slumbers, certain it is that he became very restless, and continued changing the position of his limbs, until at last, in making an effort to turn, he fairly rolled off the bench on which he had been reclining, and unfortunately alighted plump on the top of his friend who lay on the floor immediately beneath. In a moment they were both on their feet, boiling with indignation at the injury which they appeared mutually to imagine that each had inflicted upon the other.

"Arragh, bad luck to ye's for a murtherin', cowardly thief," shouted the man who had fallen from the bench; "take that, an' that, an' maybe it'll teach

ye's better manners than to be striking yer betthers whin they're sleeping;" and he accompanied his words with some sledge-hammer blows, one of which told with such effect, that his friend went flying across the room like a shuttlecock, and lighted at last in the midst of a group of five or six men who were comfortably ensconced in one corner. Poor fellow! this was but the beginning of his troubles. The men whose slumbers had been so rudely broken through his unwilling instrumentality immediately proceeded to take summary vengeance upon him, and belaboured him most heartily. As they did not know very distinctly, however, what it was that had occurred, and being, in a great measure, still under the influence of sleep, their blows were not by any means well-directed, and far from being exclusively devoted to the benefit of him who was the original object of their ire, they were dealt in rather liberal measure to each other. The consequence was, that in the course of a few moments every one was most diligently employed in endeavouring energetically to blacken his neighbour's eyes. One after another of the sleepers started up, and, from a mere spectator, was almost immediately implicated as a principal, until the *melée* became general. Harry, who was probably the only individual in the room who knew how the disturbance had originated, and who at first was very much amused at the absurdity of the scene, would now (in common with his companion, who, by this time, was thoroughly awake) most gladly have effected his escape, but as the battle-ground lay between the table where he sat and the door through which he wished to retreat, it

was not by any means so easily effected. His cogitations on the subject were suddenly cut short, however, and in a manner which he hardly anticipated. Some of the emigrants, true sons of the sod, were lying (unperceived by Harry) on the other side of the table, and between it and the wall. These men, from some unexplained cause, seemed to have caught the belligerent epidemic that prevailed in the room, and in their struggles upset the table, thus, in a moment, precipitating Harry and his companion amongst the feet of the combatants.

“My eye!” exclaimed Harry’s companion, as they rolled over each other from the violence of the fall; “here’s a floorer. Get out, you rascal,” he added, in a savage tone, as, on regaining the perpendicular, he saw a fellow advancing, evidently with an intention of making him resume the horizontal; “get out, I say. What on earth are you attacking *me* for? Hillo! Vernon!” he shouted, as he saw others coming to the assault; “lend a hand here, or these fiends will be the death of me.”

“Fight away, my boy,” cried Harry, who had his own hands abundantly full, and who was now laying about him manfully; “fight away, there’s no help for it; strike straight before you, and make for the door.”

Having a definite object in view, and being much cooler than those by whom they were assailed, they at length, after some vigorous exertion, succeeded in reaching the door, through which they effected their escape, just as it was beginning to be blocked up by the women and other inmates of the house, who,

startled from their sleep, were rushing to the scene of conflict. The host, with some of his choppers, entered the kitchen, and, separating those who were still engaged, after the retreat of our friends, demanded to know the cause of the disturbance. This was a question, however, much more easily asked than answered; and the puzzled air of the whole party, when they attempted to discover what they had been fighting about, was ludicrous enough.

“Ah, thin, devil a know I know,” said one of the party, “barring that whin I wakened that villian Tim Coolan was thryin’ to make me ate my own teeth for supper by knocking thim down my throat wid his mortal hard head, bad ’cess to him.”

“Be gorra, Pat, but yer out this time,” replied Tim. “It’s thru I fell on top o’ ye’s, but somebody sent me there agin my will entirely, so they did. If I’d a known who the murtherin’ villian was, maybe I wouldn’t have bate his sowl out o’ him; but its sleepin’ I was whin he sthruck me, the cowardly thief; and so I had to bate some other body, or sure I wouldn’t have got no satisfaction for the way I was thrated, so I wouldn’t.”

After some further conversation, which, however, did not avail much in throwing additional light upon the origin of the riot, the various parties concerned, one after another, again betook themselves to rest. The house gradually became quiet, and Harry and his fellow-travellers, taking some pieces of firewood for their pillows, stretched themselves upon the floor of the entrance-hall, and there passed the remainder of their first night in Ilchester.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following morning the emigrants took their departure much to the relief of all parties, and Harry engaged a room for a few days that he might be enabled to look about him. The result of his inquiries proved to him the truth of what he had previously heard on his way up, viz., that there was little chance of making an advantageous settlement in Ilchester, all the choice "lots" and most beautiful situations having been secured during the previous year, when the township was first opened for settlement. The tide of emigration was now flowing towards the adjoining township of Monkleigh, situated on a neighbouring lake, and thither Harry determined to go on the first opportunity that presented itself. As there was no road through the woods from one township to the other, Harry was under the necessity of waiting a day or two for the arrival of a boat on its way to Monkleigh, in which, when at length it came, he secured his passage and proceeded to his destination. The lake to which they now directed their course, and which before long they entered, was much more beautiful in its character and more limited in size than that which they had hitherto been traversing. It was interspersed with numerous islands of exquisite beauty and varied extent, while its shores were everywhere

diversified by picturesque bays and jutting points, clothed as usual to the water's edge with the rich and graceful foliage of the unbroken woods. Harry was in raptures with the beauty of the scene, and resolved that if he was fortunate enough to secure land on the borders of this beautiful lake he would look no further. This, however, he found to be a more difficult matter than he had anticipated, for most of the lots fronting the shore were either "deeded," or had been secured by settlers previously arrived. Harry spent some time in examining the lots which were still unoccupied, and though some of them were desirable enough, they were so eclipsed by the beauty of a property claimed by an individual who speculated in land that he could think of no other place as possessing any charms in comparison with it. He found, however, that the person to whom it was said to belong, though perfectly willing to dispose of it, asked such an exorbitant price that the dictates of prudence induced Harry, in common with many others, to relinquish the hope of becoming its owner. He therefore selected a lot which was almost as remarkable for the beauty of its situation as the one which he so much desired to obtain, but which had hitherto been left vacant in consequence of its remoteness from the usual landing place, where the nucleus of a village was being formed, and from whence proceeded an Indian portage which led to a neighbouring lake, and which formed the main road by which the emigrants found their way into the back country. Harry however did not see any reason why the spot which he had chosen should continue remote, as settlers were rapidly occupying the land lying to the rear, and influenced

by this consideration he resolved here to pitch his tent. Shortly after our hero had come to this conclusion and had acted upon it, a gentleman arrived in the neighbourhood, and being struck with the desirable nature of the lot which Harry had so much desired to obtain, he made similar inquiries concerning it, and with a like result. Proceeding shortly after to the seat of government for the purpose of transacting some business with the Land Granting Department, he happened casually to mention the property in question, and in reply to his expression of regret at having missed it was informed to his astonishment that the lot was still vacant. Finding as the result of further inquiries that there was no shadow of claim upon the land he immediately secured it, and returning to Monkleigh in triumph he took an early opportunity of exposing the rascality of the land jobber. It was one of those instances of roguery which are, or at least were, by no means unfrequent in Canada. When a new township was opened for settlement, some individual who was quite willing to risk any small amount of good name he might happen to possess "for a consideration" immediately appeared, and after selecting some of the most desirable lots proceeded to York as it was then called, and returning after a brief sojourn, gave out through the whole neighbourhood that he had purchased such and such lots. Thenceforward they were looked upon as private property, and of course no one thought of making any inquiries concerning them except from the person claiming them as his own. When an individual was found willing to purchase one of these lots at an advance of four or five hundred per cent. upon the government

price, then the land jobber would perhaps as a favour consent to sell on condition (very probably) of a large instalment being paid down at the time. On receiving this money he would post off to the Government Land Office, and then for the FIRST time become the *bond fide* purchaser of land which hitherto had remained vacant in consequence of his false representations of having previously bought it, and which he had actually sold while belonging to government for five or six times the amount of its true value. Though annoyed at having lost the property through the fraudulent conduct of an unprincipled man, there were many in the settlement who found their sense of disappointment wonderfully soothed by the thorough exposure which was made of the land jobber's roguery. As for Harry, he was becoming daily more enamoured with the situation of his own property, and his mind was too much occupied with preparations for taking possession to think much of what he had lost. It was indeed a lovely spot which he had chosen. From the shores of a little horseshoe bay into which a good sized brook of clear and sparkling water continually emptied itself, the land rose with a gradual and gentle slope until at some distance from the lake it attained a considerable elevation. The margin of this bay was edged by the same interminable fringe of wood that girdled with a belt of verdure the whole circumference of the lake. The birch, the poplar, and the cedar hung low over the waters, while behind them sprung up the tall, straight, branchless trunks of the beech, basswood, and maple, of which the forest mostly consisted. Off the mouth of the bay and at about half a mile's distance lay a

beautiful islet, which, owing to the insignificance of its dimensions and the barrenness of its soil, was incapable of supporting timber of a larger growth, but which in its stead had thrown up an abundant covering of the most graceful underwood. On either side of it the eye of the spectator fell upon the sparkling water of the wide-spread lake, and finally rested on the larger islands scattered in the distance, or on the wooded promontories of the opposite shore.

Harry had been fortunate in securing the services of a respectable man and his wife, who had been several years in the country, and who, having been mostly in the new settlements, were well acquainted with the ways of "the Bush." Having purchased a skiff, a couple of axes, and some pork and flour from a person who had just opened a "store" in the settlement, they proceeded to the spot that has just been described, and, landing at the inner extremity of the little bay, they drew up their skiff upon the shore, pushing through the dense belt of wood that overhung the beach. They found themselves after a few paces in the more open hard-wood land, and here, on a gentle rise, on the bank of the stream already mentioned, and about a hundred yards from the margin of the lake, Harry determined to erect his shanty. He showed his man in what direction he was to commence the clearing, warned him to throw as few trees as possible into the brook, and not for his life to touch a single branch that grew upon the shore of the bay. This regard for trees called forth some expressions of surprise on the part of the man who, though an old countryman, had yet been long enough in Canada to have imbibed the

idea, that to wage a war of extermination against them in every form, except in the form of apple-trees, was an unalterable law of man's nature.

“Why, bless me, sir,” said he, “if you be going to leave all them there trees as grows on the lake-shore, we might as well live ten miles i' the Bush for all the good we'll get o' the lake; we shouldn't know it whar there if it wasn't for the sound o' the water. We shan't get a breath o' wind to blow away a miskity of a summer's day.”

“Never fear, Smith,” replied Harry, “we shall see enough of the lake by-and-by, but I do not wish to disfigure the shore in the way in which most of the clearings on the lake are disfigured. What could induce the people to cut down all the trees on the bank of the lake and throw them into the water? they never can be got out again, and there they must lie, a frightful eyesore, until they rot away; and before that takes place the present generation will be in their graves.”

“Why, sir, that be all true enough,” responded Smith; “they don't make a place look handsome, and that's the truth on 't; but then, sir, ye see it be such a mighty handy way to get rid on 'em, no chopping 'em up into log-lengths, no piling o' brush, no logging on 'em afterwards, but down with them into the lake, and there's an end on 'em. We get just as much sun and air and sight o' the water as if they were all logged and burnt up and never a bit o' them left, and that's what folks want you know, sir.”

“Well, well, Smith, however that may be, I beg you will not touch a single tree, large or small, growing

on the shore without express directions from me. I intend to leave to-morrow for Wilton, from whence I shall go on to York to see to the forwarding of my luggage, and to procure what things we may want here for the winter. I shall return as soon as I possibly can, and in the meantime you must employ yourself in clearing away sufficient space on which to build our shanty, and getting the logs cut and everything you think necessary properly prepared; you understand these things, which I do not, and therefore I entrust them all to you."

"I'll see to it, sir," said Smith. "I'll have all ready for the raising; but I can't do no more till you come back and bring some help to get up the logs."

"No, of course not, but in the meantime what are you and your wife going to do? you must have some shelter from the weather."

"Never fear, sir, we've been in the Bush afore to-day, we know how to rough it; it's too late in the year to get bark, for it won't peel now, or we'd soon ha' made ourselves comfortable enough, but as it is we must be content with a brush wigwam. We'll have to be doing something beside talking," he added, looking towards the sun which had now passed the meridian, "or we won't have even that to keep us from the dew to-night."

Seizing one of the axes, Smith proceeded to cut down some small saplings, leaving a fork or "crotch" at the upper end of one or two of them. They were some twelve or fifteen feet long, and were arranged in a conical form, like a marquee or an Indian wigwam, each

pole being about a foot distant from each other, where they rested on the ground, and all running to a point at the top, where they were kept from falling by the forks that had been left at the upper extremities of some of them. When this frame-work had been completed to his satisfaction, Smith felled a large hemlock tree that stood close by, and as he cut off the branches, with their dark green feathery foliage, his wife, aided by Harry, dragged them to the spot required. When a considerable quantity had been accumulated, Smith came with his axe, and having cut off the heaviest parts of the branches, left those only that were most thickly covered with leaves. These, with Harry's assistance, he spread thickly over the frame-work, and ere long, when the former entered the wigwam, he found himself separated from the outer air by a dense and verdant covering, sufficient to turn aside an ordinary shower of rain, and to protect them from the chilliness of the night, which was now considerable, as the season was advancing. While Harry and his man had been thus employed, the wife of the latter had been busily engaged in pulling off the small upper twigs of the hemlock boughs. These she carried into the wigwam or tent, and arranged on one side as a bed for Harry, spreading them so thickly, as effectually to protect him both from the hardness and the humidity of the ground. By the time all this was effected night was fast falling upon them, and the gloom of the forest made it appear later than it really was. A roaring fire was kindled opposite the door of the wigwam, and the whole party went down to the boat to carry up their provisions, together with their household goods and chattels, consisting principally of

a frying-pan (beyond all controversy the most essential article in the culinary department of the Backwoodsman's life), a tea-kettle, a tin teapot, two or three tin cups, and a large tin dish. The next operation of interest was the preparation for supper. Smith filled the kettle and set it on the fire, while his wife, putting some flour into the large tin dish aforesaid, made a couple of most substantial cakes, each of which exactly covered the bottom of the frying-pan. One after the other they were placed in this most useful utensil, and set up at a very acute angle before the fire, a quantity of live charcoal being placed behind it. In a short time they were beautifully baked. The frying-pan, having done duty as an oven, next appeared in a new character as a pot, for some slices of salt pork being put into it, it was immediately filled to the brim with water, and the pork boiled therein, until a certain proportion of the superabundant salt was extracted. The water being then poured off it resumed its legitimate office as a frying-pan, and the rashers kept hissing and crackling away in a most enlivening manner, until they were "done brown." Tea having been previously made, the frying-pan was lifted off the fire, and with a versatility of character that can surely only belong to Canadian frying-pans, it now discharged the functions of a gravy dish. Resorting to their pocket knives, and using a piece of the new-made bread instead of a plate, they managed to do ample justice to their evening meal. When it was brought to a conclusion, Smith and his wife seated themselves on a log near the fire, and occupied themselves in pulling off the smaller boughs of the hemlock from the larger branches, in order to

make themselves a bed similar to that which had already been provided for Harry. When they had succeeded in picking the quantity they thought sufficient, they arranged it on the side of the wigwam opposite to that appropriated to their master's use, and betaking themselves to rest soon gave audible evidence of their being in the arms of Morpheus. As for Harry, he was glad to be alone. The excitement produced in his mind by the novelty of his situation and the strange wild scene by which he was surrounded, could only be enjoyed in solitude. Separated by thousands of miles of land and sea from the home of his birth, and the ties of his kindred, far even from the habitations of his fellow men, yet standing on soil which already owned him for its master, and taught by the lessons of the day past how easily the few absolute wants of man can be supplied, he felt a proud sense of independence brighten his eyes and dilate his frame, as, sitting on an ancient tree that had been uprooted by the storm, and gazing intently on the glowing embers of his watch-fire, he held communion with his own full heart, or, when awaking from his reveries, he gazed upon the scene around him, —the strange and hastily constructed hut looking more picturesque than ever by the fire-light, the gurgling of the brook that flowed close beside them, uniting with the low monotonous sound of the lake as the tiny waves broke gently upon the beach, the flickering and uncertain light of the burning logs revealing in strong relief against the gloom of the back-ground, the pillar-like stems of the neighbouring trees, which shot up from the ground tall, clear, and branchless, until reaching the upper air, they spread abroad and inter-

laced their umbrageous arms, and formed a canopy of verdure that was almost impervious—it seemed as though the entrance of civilisation itself upon such a scene would be a desecration of Nature's Temple. The very stars, which here and there he could discern through the over-arching branches gleaming in the dark-blue sky, appeared to Harry's excited imagination to be gazing down upon his intrusion with silent sorrow, while the gentle sighing of the night-wind among the tree tops seemed as the sad whisperings of the spirits of the wood, saying one to another, "let us depart hence." Wearied at length by the bustle and exertions of the day, and by the varying moods of his own mind, he offered up a few petitions for protection through the night, and aspirations of gratitude for the mercies of the day, and then retiring to his couch of hemlock boughs slept soundly and refreshingly until the morning sun aroused him from his slumbers.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the following day, after some additional directions to his man, Harry took his departure for Wilton, where, in due time, he arrived. After having given the Lawrences a glowing picture of the place and a detailed account of his own doings, he proceeded onwards to York (now Toronto), where he made arrangements for the forwarding of his luggage, and

provided himself with such a number of barrels of pork and flour as he thought necessary for his winter's consumption—a grindstone for the benefit of the axes, tea, sugar, candles, and such other *et cæteras* as his own brief experience or Mrs. Lawrence's greater skill suggested as needful for the rather primitive style of house-keeping, which he was about to commence. Having procured what he deemed requisite, our hero again set out immediately for his new home; and, after the usual delays, and annoyances of seeing after his packing-cases, he succeeded at length in safely depositing both himself and them upon the shore of his own "lot" in Monkleigh.

His luggage was piled up in such a manner as would best protect it under the circumstances from the effects of the weather; and when Harry had time to look about him, he found that during his absence Smith had been diligent. The under-brush for a considerable space round where the shanty was to stand had been cut down and piled, the logs had been cut to the proper lengths, the four that were to form the foundation were already laid and "notched down" upon each other, and Smith was just completing the troughs for the roof. Harry had observed these troughs on some of the shanties he had previously seen, but he could not help being struck with the neatness and dispatch with which they were manufactured with no other implement but a common axe. A straight clean-looking basswood-tree was selected and felled, the part free from knots and branches was cut into logs of such length as would, when laid upon the shanty, project beyond the front and back walls, sufficiently to form an

eave. These logs were then, with the aid of iron wedges, split as nearly through the middle as possible; and upon the flat side thus produced the axeman immediately commenced operations. The heart of the log is in a very short space almost entirely hollowed out, leaving only a comparatively thin shell of wood inside the bark. On the day after his arrival, Harry succeeded in hiring two additional workmen; and on the day following the walls of the shanty were erected; and the troughs, being (like the logs) almost on the very spot where they were required, were soon carried and placed in their proper position. The largest and heaviest were first selected and laid on the top of the building with the bark downwards almost touching each other, while the smaller and lighter ones were reversed and placed over the openings that intervened between each of the lower tiers. When the doorway was cut out Harry entered and began to feel quite at home with so respectable a roof over his head, although it must be owned that the openings between each of the logs, which were large enough to have allowed him to have thrust out his arm, imparted an airiness to his dwelling which, on the whole, was rather greater than was desirable. This, however, was soon remedied, for next day the men proceeded to "chink and plaster" the building. Two of them split up a number of thin pieces of wood, which they drove into the openings above-named, while the other made some mud-mortar and plastered them on the outside, with the assistance of a wooden trowel. Harry, by the direction of his man, had brought a small window-frame with him; and while he employed himself in glazing it with his pocket-

knife, one of the men, with the readiness which characterises a Backwoodsman, manufactured an extempore casing for it, by knocking an empty box to pieces, and chopping and splitting them with his axe into the required length and breadth. A long packing-case, which was emptied a few days after the roof was on, afforded them materials for a door. The chimney was of a character still more primitive than the one already described; while the floor consisted of slabs split from large basswood logs, and hewn as smooth as could be done with the common axe. Thus, in the course of a day or two, Harry found himself possessor of a house, which he began to think looked quite comfortable, and which, in his inexperienced state, he almost regarded as a curiosity, having been erected and completed in so short a time, and that almost without the aid of any other tool than the ordinary axe of the country. He soon, however, found that the society of three men and a woman, besides all his baggage, was rather more than was agreeable when restricted within the limits of sixteen feet square. He accordingly proceeded to the erection of another shanty, of somewhat similar character and dimensions; but, not being so hurried in their operations as when the first one was built, a greater amount of pains and labour was bestowed on the new building, which, when finished, was really, under the circumstances, a very snug little room. In one corner was a comfortable bed, resting on a very respectable bedstead, made with an auger, from a few small saplings which had grown close to the door; a table, and two or three wooden chairs, which Harry had luckily purchased and brought

with him on his visit to York, imparted quite a civilised look to the apartment; while some of the best of Harry's trunks and packing-cases helped to fill up the vacant corners. After a time, our hero began to test his mechanical powers. He manufactured some shelves, on which he ranged the books he had brought with him; and then made a sort of side-table to hold his desk and other *et cæteras*. These, combined with sundry efforts of Mrs. Smith—such as hanging up a little white cotton curtain at the window, and covering the table with a piece of green-baize, which had been wrapped about some of Harry's goods and chattels—rendered his quarters quite a paradise for the Backwoods. While these operations had been going on within doors, the men were busily engaged in "underbrushing," cutting down level with the ground all the undergrowth less than four or five inches in diameter, and throwing it into piles for burning; on these piles, also, were cast the tops of the fallen trees, the trunks of which were cut into logs from twelve to sixteen feet long, so that they could be drawn together and rolled into "log-heaps."

The season was far advanced. The autumn had come; and over the length and breadth of the boundless woods she had spread that gorgeous robe of a thousand varied dyes which constitutes the peculiar glory of the Canadian "fall." Often have the beauties of that season been made the subject of description; but what pen can convey to the minds of those who have never looked upon them a correct idea of the gorgeousness of the autumnal tints! They have been likened to all lovely things. To the sun, who, after

his race of strength and radiance, dies his daily death among the rich and rainbow hues of the evening sky ; to the dying dolphin, who, in the agonies of the last struggle, clothes itself with colours of indescribable splendour ; to the fair young victim of consumption, who, after gladdening all hearts with her life and beauty, sinks down to her last long rest with a brighter eye, and a purer brow, and a more glowing cheek, and a sweeter, though sadder smile, than she wore in the day of health and happiness. These are poetical and not inapt illustrations of that wonderful change which the breath of the coming, though still distant, winter impresses upon the leaves of the forest ; but about the one there is too much of glare and splendour, about the other too much of pain and sorrow, fitly to image the rich and beautiful forms which Decay assumes when he enthrones himself in the sanctuary of the autumn woods. Beautiful are those woods, when in the first warm bright days of the spring time the leaves burst forth, and after the long, cold winter, refresh the eye and gladden the spirit with their blessed livery of bright and delicate green. Beautiful, too, are they, when in their dark and rich luxuriance they cast their shadow over the sultry hours of the summer. But, oh ! how much more beautiful the varied, peaceful, holy beauty of their latter days. Harry gazed with enthusiasm upon the scene by which he found himself surrounded, and as he endeavoured to convey some idea of it to his friends in England, he longed for such a measure of the painter's power as would enable him to transfer it to canvas, although he felt that were he capable of doing so, such a production would be regarded as an outrage

upon Nature. Often did he ascend a rising ground which enabled him in some degree to overlook the tops of the trees which grew in the little valley beneath, and thought that this young and favoured land of the West was like the youngest and best-beloved son of the Patriarch of Old, being, like him, distinguished from its elder brethren by a "coat of many colours." A few more days elapsed,—a few more cold, clear, starry nights passed over,—and then the sky grew dark and gloomy, and the wind arose and sounded through the forest, tossing about the branches of the trees, which sighed and moaned and shrieked as if in lamentation at being despoiled of their gay but fading foliage, which now fell shower upon shower to the already leaf-laden earth. When Harry again looked over the valley he could see nothing but the solemn grey of the leafless branches, which on the summit of the opposite bank rose clear and well-defined against the dull cold autumn sky, except, perhaps, that here and there he found an emblem of faithfulness in the withered leaves of the oak and beech, which clung to the branches that had given them birth with a tenacity surviving death. Then came rain, and flurries of snow, and cold bleak days, and stormy nights, and Harry thought the winter had fairly set in, but soon a change became apparent. The cold had ceased, the dark clouds had disappeared, the sun rose and set like a ball of fire, its orb being clear and distinct to the eye as when viewed through a darkened glass, the whole atmosphere was pervaded by a peculiar though pleasing haze, and the air was balmy and delightful. Thus, in the month of November, after having relinquished all hope of anything but winter weather, Harry

suddenly found himself rejoicing in that most beautiful, though most uncertain season, "the Indian summer." After continuing longer than usual, the cold and rain and storm returned. December commenced, heavy masses of cold grey cloud covered the whole heavens, the wind blew steadily from the east, and towards evening the snow began to fall thickly in small flakes. Next morning when Harry went out, he was much struck with the scene. Every vestige of cloud had disappeared from the face of the sky, and its deep dark blue was such as he thought surpassed in intensity all he had ever seen. The sun was shining with dazzling brilliancy, and the pure and spotless surface of the snow sparkled here and there as if it had been strewn with diamonds. It lay about knee deep upon the ground, but it was so light and dry and feathery, that Harry walked through with an ease that surprised him. It flew up in clouds before him when he struck it with his foot, and he shook it from his clothes like dust. The air was keen and bracing, and produced upon him an exhilarating effect, and had it not been for a thermometer which he had brought with him, he would never have believed the temperature was so low. The underbrushing was now over, in consequence of the depth of the snow. Harry wisely discharged one of his men, and the other two and himself began the regular winter chopping. He had already acquired some skill in the use of the axe, and as he got into working condition he became quite interested in learning, under the direction of the men, how to fell the trees in such a manner as to be most advantageous for "logging," and before the winter passed away he became quite learned in that

and many other branches of the woodman's craft. Harry felt so much interest during the day in watching and assisting in the gradual extension of his clearing, that he seldom suffered from any feeling of loneliness; and having brought with him a number of well-selected books, and possessing a mind capable of enjoying the pleasure they were well calculated to impart, the winter evenings passed pleasantly enough. Often at these times did he look round his shanty, which, though rough, was comfortable withal, and as (after a few efforts, perhaps,) he succeeded in settling his chair comfortably on the uneven floor, and had drawn his table nearer to the pile of blazing logs, which roared and crackled right merrily in the capacious chimney, as if they were resolved that if he felt solitary it should not be their fault, he would complacently arrive at the comfortable conclusion that there were many fellows at his age much less comfortably and much less independently situated than Harry Vernon.

It must be confessed, however, that as month after month rolled on, Harry began to discover sundry elements of weariness in this sort of life, both as regarded the internal economy of his establishment and the nature of outward objects and employments. The fact was, that he had not displayed a great amount of genius in the fulfilment of his duties as purveyor, and had entirely overlooked many little etceteras which would have most materially conduced to his comfort. He had undoubtedly laid in an abundant stock of the grand staples of pork and flour; and though salt pork must be acknowledged to be an extremely good thing in its way, yet it must also be confessed that it partakes somewhat of the

character of monotony when it makes its appearance on the table three times a day, in conjunction with dry bread, for six or eight months on a stretch. Salt pork hot does not materially differ from salt pork cold; and even salt pork fried, though accompanied by tea without milk, could not be regarded as a very striking variety from salt pork boiled. These changes, however, formed the principal varieties of Harry's living, as they did that of the settlement at large; and when, in the following spring, among the various importations of domestic animals, pigs began to make their appearance, many complained of a painful degree of embarrassment on meeting them, arising from the recollection of the fearful ravages which they had, the previous winter, made upon the race: while others, who suffered under accusations of outrageous snoring, attributed the peculiarity to the same cause, with various other pleasantries of the same sort.

Out of doors there was the same unvaried, never-ending,—chop, chop, chop. Overhead there was the same bright blue sky, varied only by occasional snow-clouds, which, after discharging their burden, passed away, leaving all clear, and blue, and brilliant, as before. Around them the same cold, keen, bracing air;—under-foot (or rather, truth to tell, up to their waists, for by this time the snow was three feet deep,) the same stainless mantle of dazzling white, stretching away over land and lake, save where it was broken by the grey and leafless branches of the forest or the sombre green of pine and cedar. By degrees a vague sense of weariness seemed to sink, as it were, from the eye down into the heart; and there was a longing for a sight of the dark

green earth, and a yearning after the voice of spring, for it seemed as if winter was never again to yield up the dominion it had gained.

Under the influence of this monotonous state of things Harry not unfrequently laid by his axe, and, though at a considerable distance from any neighbours of his own rank, would walk across the ice to visit one or two pleasant families who lived on the margin or in the vicinity of the lake. The days were sometimes spent so agreeably among them that the chopping was in danger of being forgotten; and though the accommodation was of the roughest possible description, yet there was a heartiness of hospitality and a unity of feeling among the settlers generally, which formed a great charm. There was an absence of all formality, and their difficulties and strange make-shifts, instead of being made the ground of discontent and lamentation, rather afforded food for laughter and amusement. The presence in these families of lady-like women of educated minds and refined manners, had a most humanising and beneficial influence on the settlement at large, and exerted a great influence in checking the downward tendency, which soon began to manifest itself among many of the young men who were without the wholesome restraint of female relatives. In one part of the township a considerable number of these young men had settled nearly together; they were generally persons of education, and members of highly respectable families, who had been brought up to do nothing, and who, on arriving at man's estate, found *that* an occupation in which they could not afford to continue. As they found themselves fit for nothing in England,

they, or their friends for them, resolved that Canada should have the benefit of their talents and usefulness; but, alas! in a majority of instances, those who were fit for nothing at home were observed to possess very much the same characteristics abroad. Others of them again had acquired wild and repulsive habits, and after nearly rendering their fathers bankrupt, both in purse and patience, were sent out with a few hundred pounds to Canada, to reform and provide for themselves—a most sage and sagacious plan! and one which, almost without an exception, was productive of but one result, namely, the utter ruin of the class alluded to. Freed entirely from all restraint, they gave way to the most miserable dissipation, and then wrote home romantic fictions of their exertions and good behaviour, in hopes thereby to “do the Governor” out of a fresh remittance. Many of these young men, under the impulse of novelty, set to work vigorously along with their men, but being utterly unaccustomed to such employments, the solitary charm which it possessed soon disappeared, and they were glad to seek excitement and amusement wherever it could be found. Almost the only place where it was to be looked for was at each other’s shanties, where they would frequently congregate, and as the furniture of one corner generally consisted of a barrel of Canadian whiskey, there was no lack of material for carrying out their favourite method of “driving dull care away.” Here, armed with pipes, varying in the length of their stems, and the intensity of their colour, (the shortest and the blackest being regarded as the most distinguished,) they would sit for hours, dwelling with fond recollection upon the charms of life in London—the

delights of Epsom and Ascot, or their own individual feats on the turf or on the moors. These were too often interspersed with anecdotes of a much more exceptionable nature; and looseness in morality, and profanity in matters religious, became more and more apparent among many of them, and was, indeed, the most inevitable consequence of the situation in which they were placed, and the associates with whom they mingled.

Though much of their time was often worse than wasted through the week, yet Sunday was the grand day of recreation. Being entirely destitute of all those holy ordinances of God's Church which might have checked them in the onward course of worldliness and sin, that blessed day, which was intended for the advancement of our highest and eternal interests, was converted by them into a means of fearfully aggravating their spiritual maladies. They frequently took advantage of it to go to the landing-place to inquire for, and (if they could) carry home, any parcels or packages which might have arrived for them; or they took their guns, in order to be ready for anything like sport which they might meet with on their way between one clearing and another; or if business or pleasure in these forms failed to attract them, it was devoted to visiting and conviviality.

The system of regularly devoting Sunday to visiting each other was far from being confined however to the class just mentioned. It was almost universal throughout the whole settlement. The people had nothing to do, nowhere to go to, and gradually even those few who were in some degree opposed to it, were almost insensibly led into the same custom. Our hero, we

regret to say, formed ere long no exception to this rule, although the result of one of his earliest Sunday visits very nearly cured him of the inclination to continue them. Captain Stanhope, whom the reader may recollect was introduced in the earlier part of this history, and through whose representations Harry had principally been induced to come to Monkleigh, was settled in the adjoining township of Ilchester, and being at a very considerable distance and out of Harry's way, he had never found time to visit him. An acquaintance our hero had made, a good-tempered, gentlemanly young man, called familiarly Jack Drayton, with whose family the former had been spending a couple of days, proposed one Sunday morning, that as the snow was well beaten down on the roads they should walk over to Captain Stanhope's. The distance was seven or eight miles, but Harry willingly consented, as he had long been anxious to pay his respects, and they thought if the roads proved heavier than they anticipated, they would remain all night and return next morning. They accordingly set out; and as they are plodding along through the snow, we will take advantage of the opportunity to say, that though, on the whole, the gentleman they were going to see was a kind and hospitable person, and courteous withal, he was nevertheless troubled with a rather uncertain temper. When anything occurred to annoy him, it was apt to be apparent to his guests, whom he froze by a cold and lofty sort of politeness which sometimes was extremely unpleasant. After a fatiguing walk, which took them a longer time than they expected, Harry and his companion arrived at Captain Stanhope's house,

which, in consequence of his having reached the settlement very early in the summer, was in a more finished and comfortable state than the generality had attained.

“I tell you what, Vernon,” said Jack Drayton, “eight miles through these roads does a world of good to a man’s appetite. I don’t know how you feel, but I’m most awfully peckish, and I shall assuredly walk into old Stanhope’s bacon in a way that will astonish him.”

“O, I assure you there is the most perfect unanimity of feeling between us upon that point,” replied Harry; “all I am afraid of is that we are too late for dinner.”

“Never mind if we are,” said Drayton. “After we have done him the honour to come all this way to see him, the least he can do is to give us the best he has.”

They reached the door, which led directly into the only furnished room in the house, and which was consequently used as dining-room, drawing-room, &c., &c. As soon as they had knocked, or rather before they had done so, their attention was attracted by the clatter of dishes, and hurried movements about the room, which were perfectly audible through the door. At last, after a long interval, the door was opened. All traces of dinner had disappeared, and Captain Stanhope was sitting by the fire, with a book lying open upon the table. He received them in his lofty manner.

“Ah, gentlemen, how are you? Pray walk in; it affords me pleasure to see you,” he said, though it was evident that his words and manner were on very indifferent terms with each other, for there was no sort of agreement between them. “Oblige me by being

seated. *Of course,*” with great emphasis, “*of course* you’ve dined?”

“No, indeed, we’ve done no such thing,” said Drayton, in the most unconcerned way. “Eating-houses and restaurateurs are woefully scarce in these parts; and to be candid, Captain Stanhope, we have come over with the intention of doing ourselves the pleasure of dining with you.”

“Oh! ah, indeed. I am sure I am too happy—only sorry that I should unfortunately have finished dinner some time previous to your arrival; but I will order you something immediately. Mrs. Riley,” he continued, elevating his voice, on which a rather unamiable-looking old Irishwoman, who served him in the capacity of housekeeper, made her appearance. “Mrs. Riley, let some refreshment be prepared for these gentlemen without delay.”

In due time the grand staple of the country made its appearance in the shape of sundry slices of fried pork, with its usual accompaniment of home-made bread.

“Our position in the Backwoods renders it unnecessary to offer any apologies for the fare we set before our visitors,” observed Captain Stanhope, in the grand and formal way which characterised his whole manner on these occasions. “And while I hope you will succeed in making a dinner of what is before you, I grieve that I have nothing better to present.”

“I am sure,” said Harry, feeling rather awkward and uncomfortable in consequence of his host’s manner, “I am sure everything is extremely good, and—”

“And if it was not,” interrupted Jack Drayton,

whose nonchalance seemed to increase in exact proportion to their host's formality, "I for one am not at all disposed to be particular, in proof whereof I'll trouble you, Vernon, for another slice or two of that pork; I'm not particular as to the number. Ah," he exclaimed quickly, as Captain Stanhope went to a packing-case, and taking out a bottle, drew the cork, "that is a cheerful sound. For my part, I seem always to have suffered from a sort of incipient hydrophobia; for I perfectly remember that one of my childish characteristics was a constitutional antipathy to cold water, whether applied from a tumbler or a tub. And the fact is," he added, "that veracity compels me to admit that I can't abide it yet in the form of an internal application."

"You must excuse my want of either tumblers or wine-glasses, Mr. Vernon," said Captain Stanhope. "I have not yet procured anything of the sort, and therefore you must be content with a teacup as a substitute."

Harry of course begged that he would not think of making apologies for anything, as far as he was concerned.

"And as for me," said Drayton, "you need not give yourself any manner of uneasiness on my account, for I am of a remarkably accommodating turn. I'm no Diogenes to throw away my cup, especially on this occasion, when, instead of being used for hydraulic purposes, it enables me, Captain Stanhope, to pledge you in a cup of wine."

Drayton's free and easy manner kept Harry in a greater fidget than even Captain Stanhope's coldness and formality. Though almost verging upon impertinence, there was at the same time so much good-temper and

light-heartedness about him, that their host could not feel himself offended, though it was evident it had its effect in increasing his stateliness. They sat for an hour or so after dinner, during which time our hero felt himself as uncomfortable as ever; while his companion rattled away on every subject that was touched, but without any effect in thawing the frozen dignity of Captain Stanhope's manner.

Heavy clouds had been gradually extending themselves over the sky during the afternoon, and the snow had begun to fall thickly, when Harry rose from his seat, at the same time giving his friend a significant look.

"I think, Drayton, that as we have a good walk before us, and it looks like a heavy fall of snow, we had better be on the move before it affects the road."

"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Stanhope, quickly, "if you WILL go, I shall have GREAT pleasure in showing you the *shortest* way out of the clearing."

Suiting the action to the word, he took his hat and passed out at the door, followed by his two guests, who felt that it was now Hobson's choice with them whether they would walk eight miles through a snow-storm, or not.

"By taking this path," said Captain Stanhope, leading the way, "you avoid all those bogs over which you had to clamber in your approach, and gain the road in a shorter time. Nature is beautiful in all her forms, and there is a magnificence in a snow-storm which possesses an indefinite but indescribable charm. Really, gentlemen," he continued, as he paused at the boundary of his clearing to bid them good-bye, "you will have a splendid evening, and I quite envy you your walk."

A stately bow served as a period to this strange speech, and in a few moments the intervening trees screened the host and his late guests from each other's sight.

"Oh!" sighed Drayton, throwing up his eyes with mock solemnity, "the intolerable coolness and inconceivable impertinence of some people are beyond expression. I am shocked to have discovered such a representative of our race as him we have just parted from. Just fancy that old rascal," he added, resuming his natural manner and speaking with great vivacity, "adding the insult of congratulating us upon the fineness of the evening and pretending to envy us our walk, to the injury of turning us out of doors on such a night as this. The thing is unparalleled in the history of inhospitality."

"It is certainly a very different reception from what I anticipated," replied Harry; "but for my own part, if I am to be frozen, I should vote for undergoing the process out of doors in preference to enduring it within, and I am sure my sensations for the last hour or two have been strongly analogous to those which we might imagine were experienced by an icicle in the process of being congealed."

"It was that that induced me to come away," said Drayton. "I could not thaw him, all I could do."

"Induced you to come away," echoed Harry, "why, I should think there was very little choice left you; you could not help yourself; you were under the necessity of leaving."

"Not a bit of it," said Drayton. "I shouldn't have moved an inch unless I liked. I would have staid

in spite of him if I had felt inclined, for I believe I know how to manage him, though he seems to be riding a very high horse to-night."

"I am very glad you did not make the attempt," answered Harry; "I was quite sufficiently uncomfortable as it was, and I should most certainly have been a very long time in paying this visit unless I had supposed that Captain Stanhope was a very different person from what he appears to be."

"Why, to give him his due, I must say that he often is a very different person. He came here before I did; and when I arrived he was very civil. He asked me to come and see him in order that I might have an opportunity of witnessing the first beginning of 'life in the Bush,' and during the day or two I remained with him he was extremely kind and hospitable."

"He seems wonderfully changed for the worse since," observed Harry.

"Something must have gone wrong. A row with Mrs. Riley, I dare say. They used to fight like cat and dog when I first visited him, and many a laugh I have had at their squabbles. Though neither of them are burdened with amiability, they are nevertheless necessary to each other, as he could not find another housekeeper very easily, nor she another master. When I first knew him, his men used to sleep under some loose boards which they had managed some way or other to procure, while, within easy hail, Captain Stanhope had erected a small tent which he had brought with him. It was only large enough to hold two small mattresses, one of which was occupied by him, the

other by myself. I used to turn out betimes to see if I could find anything to shoot, but the old gentleman used to take things more easily; and often when I came back about breakfast time, I used to see the tent door stretched open to its full extent, thereby exposing completely the whole interior of the tent. Captain Stanhope would be sitting up in bed in his nightshirt and long white nightcap, with a coffee-mill on his knees, grinding away most diligently and holding a colloquy with Mrs. Riley, who would be frying the pork or baking the cakes in the frying-pan at a roaring fire, which of course was in the open air. Things would perhaps go on quietly for a time, till Mrs. Riley would fail to hear or heed some direction or observation, when the Captain's ire would suddenly be aroused, and he would express his opinion of her short-comings with great plainness of speech. Mrs. Riley, however, honest woman, had a great deal of candour of character herself, and never hesitated on such occasions in stating her own view of the case."

"Hold your tongue, woman," Captain Stanhope would shout; "hold your intolerable tongue, or I'll have you gagged."

"Faix, I'll do no sich thing," Mrs. Riley would reply, tossing her head; "me tongue's me own, an' bad luck to me if I hould it till it plases meself."

"Ah, you detestable old hag!" Stanhope would say through his teeth, looking, at the same time, as if he would send his much-loved coffee-mill at her head; "if you were not a woman, I'd have you tied up and give you a round dozen."

"Ah, thin, it's yourself that's the bould gintleman,

so it is, to spake of bating a poor wakely woman like meself. Bedad, it's a chape bargain the king had o' ye's, so he had, to git sich a bould captain for twelve-and-sixpence a-day."

By this time poor Captain Stanhope would be almost frantic; and I verily believe, that if it had not been for considerations of propriety connected with the shortness of his shirt-tail, he would have sprung out of bed, and, despite her sex, have inflicted summary punishment upon the amiable Mrs. Riley on the spot.

"And how was the matter finally arranged?" inquired Harry.

"Why, Captain Stanhope would shout for Riley from the other side of the clearing, and order him peremptorily to make his wife be quiet. Now, 'Misther Riley,' be it known to you, was a man of few words; but an opinion of his which was firmly held, and rather frequently expressed, was that, 'a woman's tongue was wonderful entirely, so it was;' and when called upon to put a stop to the display of its extraordinary powers with which his better-half occasionally treated him, instead of increasing the noise by any attempt at reasoning or argument, he manifested a strong approbation of St. John Long's system of counter-irritation. He used, on such occasions, practically to maintain that the best mode of soothing the irritated and inflammatory state of his wife's inward feelings was by a smart and salutary external application administered through the agency of the first stick that came conveniently to hand. Things, however, scarcely ever came to extremities, for the prospect of the application

of the counter-irritant had usually, I believe, the desired effect. These outbreaks were generally followed by a fit of repentance, which made Captain Stanhope, for a day or two, the very pink of consideration, and Mrs. Riley the quintessence of civility."

"I don't envy Captain Stanhope his servants," observed Harry. "How did he manage to pick up such a pair?"

"That's a piece of information I can't give you," replied Drayton. "He is a strange fellow, that Riley, and has a good deal of the quaint and natural humour of his country about him. I can never think of a scene in which both he and his master were prominent performers without laughing at the recollection. We had been at the shanty of one of Captain Stanhope's neighbours, and had staid rather late. Riley, who had been sent down in the morning to assist this neighbour in some of his operations, was there also; and, borrowing a lantern, we all three set out on our return home, through a most villanous path, which connected the two clearings. This path passed through a swampy piece of ground where there was a large pool, which you might almost have called a pond without much exaggeration, and a very muddy bottom it had. The only mode in which you could get over this pool dry-shod was by walking along a log which had fallen across it. Riley carried the lantern, and we got on tolerably well till we came to this same log, when Captain Stanhope said he would cross first, directing Riley to stand at one end of the log and throw the light of the lantern upon it. When he had got safely to the other side, I was to follow him. He

had hardly got half over, however, when he missed his footing, and went souse into the mud-hole."

"'Holy Pether an' Paul, he's in,' shouted Riley; and scrambling along the log, he held up the lantern over the black puddle where his master was floundering; and, in a way that was perfectly irresistible, added, 'Arrah, thin, Captain dear, are ye's at the bottom o' it?'"

"Oh! if you had but seen our stately and hospitable friend, by the light of the lantern that night, after his extrication from the puddle," continued Drayton, laughing immoderately at the remembrance of the scene, "it would have made you laugh till you cried again, if you had had the gravity of an owl. And then to have heard him; he consigned all lanterns, from jack-o'-lantern downwards, to utter destruction, and vowed vengeance against all the Rileys that ever had been, or ever should be, in existence, from the founder of the race, down to the latest generation, but more especially and particularly the unfortunate representative of that highly respectable family, whom, on that occasion, he chose to regard as the author of his calamity. Riley, however, remonstrated against the injustice of this charge, and pleaded innocent of all blame in the matter—

"'An' if I might make bould to say,' he added, 'in throth, I think it's yer honor has the right to be thankful. Sure it was the Lord's marcy ye's warn't dthrownded entirely, in that dirty wather, bad luck to it; an', by gorra, if it was meself it happened to, it's a power o' whishkey it 'ud take to wash it out o' MY throat, so it 'ud.'"

Drayton's light-heartedness served in some measure to beguile the way, and, despite the falling snow and the obscurity of the evening, they arrived safely at their journey's end. They were both thoroughly fatigued with their walk through the heavy roads, and soon after they reached home they retired to rest. Ere Harry closed his eyes, however, the thought forced itself upon him that he had been spending that holy day in a manner very different from that in which he had been taught to do; and had he listened to the remonstrances of the voice within him, he might have been saved from the sin of many similar offences. Sleep, however, soon asserted its power, and the feelings of bodily fatigue and mental uneasiness were alike forgotten.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE days were becoming long; and though the nights were generally as cold and clear as ever, the sun began to exert a very perceptible influence during the day. The depth of the snow sensibly diminished; and the action of the sun's rays upon its surface being succeeded by the sharp frost of the night, often formed a crust so strong, as to allow persons in the early part of the day to walk over it, scarcely leaving the slightest impression behind them. Sugar-making, from the sap of the maple, soon commenced; but the process has been so frequently described, that we need not dwell upon the operations connected with it, especially as our

friend Harry was so anxious to finish his chopping, that he entered into it on a very limited scale, and that more from curiosity than anything else. The thaw fairly commenced, rain began to fall heavily, and the snow soon became quite "rotten," as it is termed. The stumps, which all the winter had looked like an army of Turks, in their white and spotless turbans, were now obliged to doff their snow caps at the approach of spring. The large stones, which near the margin of the lake, lay scattered here and there on the surface of the ground, next made their appearance; and then the ground in patches became visible. It was with a feeling of pleasure, which could hardly be imagined by those whose eye has not been wearied by gazing so many months upon the same monotonous covering of snow, that Harry found himself again standing upon the fresh earth. And when, after a few more weeks of warm bright weather, the ice on the lake gradually disappeared, and the woods once more became green, and all the pleasant sights and sounds of spring greeted his eye and ear, the feeling became one of exhilaration and almost delight. Harry, who inherited in some degree his father's love for flowers, was inexpressibly pleased with those which sprung up in all directions through the forest. It was, indeed, not only a source of pleasure, but of surprise to him, to see the extraordinary profusion in which nature had scattered them abroad. It would hardly have been a figure of speech to have asserted that the length and breadth of the woods was covered by a perfect carpet of wild-flowers of every form and hue.

First of all came the simple and unpretending

hepatica, that came up out of the earth before you would have thought of looking for such a thing, and then opening in a quiet sort of way its little star-like blossoms of all shades, of white and pink and blue, it fairly took you by surprise; and as the subdued wind of the forest passed by, it nodded its little head, as though it were enjoying a quiet laugh at having stolen a march upon you. And then came the three-leaved lilies, with their drooping bell-flowers of white and purple; and though they were pretty enough in their way, yet it was hard to say what was the matter with them, whether modesty or melancholy, but they never seemed to enjoy the spring. And then when the wind came their way, it seemed to take a perfect delight in ill-using them, tearing and pulling them about till the very life seemed wearied out of their feeble and almost transparent stalks. There was the lady's slipper, too, or the moccasin-plant, as it is sometimes called, a singular and often beautiful flower; but as for the yellow variety, it always seems to have an important look about it; and though it may appear fanciful, yet one can hardly look at it without thinking of the goodly corporation of some portly old gentleman buttoned up in a rich yellow waistcoat, with a coat and etceteras of the liveliest green. The larger kind, however, with its flower of pure white, striped and shaded with lilac, was indeed beautiful, and would have adorned and enriched the choicest garden. The delicacy of its colours took away from it the important aldermanic look, which Harry at least had grotesquely enough associated in his own mind with its yellow relative, and the better proportions between the plant and the flower imparted a gracefulness

to it in which the other was deficient. And there was the dogtooth violet, with its yellow Turk's cap, and the beautiful leaves and delicate flowers of the bloodroot; and the flowering grass, with its sweet little starry blossom; and the wood-anemone, and the wild geranium, and ever so many more beside, which, though they may hold no place in the vocabulary of the unlearned, are cherished in the heart and memory of those who love the gentle tribe of the simple field-flowers. To speak thus of "the flowers of the forest" may, even to many who are well acquainted with Canada, savour strongly of exaggeration, and some may be even disposed to think that such a profusion of flowers, instead of springing naturally from the soil, have merely been "forced" into blossom upon these pages by the influence of a warm imagination. But the truth is, that many who have lived a lifetime in Canada know nothing of the wild-flowers of the woods, and they are only familiar, in their profuse and unstunted beauty, to those who have been much in "the Bush" during the first year or two after the formation of some new and remote settlement. The rapidity with which they disappear before the advance of population and civilisation might be regarded as marvellous, were it not that a very small amount of reflection suffices to point out one or two causes which account for that disappearance. First of all, then, one of the operations which takes place the year after that in which a new settlement is formed, is the importation of a considerable number of cattle, which are turned out into the woods to find their living, and a very good living it is for some years. Now it is a fact which cannot be disputed, that these same cattle,

whatever other excellent and estimable qualities they may possess, are sadly destitute of all idea of the beautiful. Their notions of "taste" are not by any means in accordance with those expressed by Alison upon that subject, being exclusively confined to considerations connected with the palate. They make no more bones of a bunch of the most beautiful field-flowers than if they were only a mouthful of common grass. And although they are said to be ruminating animals, it may reasonably be questioned whether their digestion was ever seriously affected by the thought that, in destroying the flowers, they destroyed the seed, and consequently injured the prospect of their own future food and the forest's beauty.

Bad, however, as the cattle are, they are not for a moment to be compared to the fire in its ravages in this department of the picturesque. In the spring the settlers commence to "burn brush;" and if the season is at all dry, they generally succeed in getting a "good burn;" in which case the fire runs along the ground, consuming the covering of leaves and chips which are thickly strewn over its surface, and often setting the piles of underbrush and tree-tops in a blaze, without the trouble of lighting them individually. When, however, the fire fairly begins to "run," it unfortunately seldom restricts itself to the limits of the chopping, (or, as it is called, "the follow"—a corruption, it is to be presumed, both in pronunciation and application, of the English word "fallow"). It almost invariably gets into "the Bush," and then away it goes on a journey, sometimes of days in duration and miles in length. To see the woods on fire at night is often

a striking sight. The flames keep steadily upon their course, roaring and crackling among the fallen timber, and casting a lurid and unnatural light upon the rich green of the young foliage by which it is overhung. Sometimes it seizes upon some old pine, dead and dry with age, and, mounting by its stem above the surrounding forest, flames like a beacon light—a hundred feet in mid air.

The morning, however, reveals a melancholy spectacle—the fallen trees all scorched and blackened—the beautiful foliage of the underwood seared and withered—and the ground, instead of being strewn with leaves and studded with a thousand flowers, covered as with a sable shroud, diversified here and there with patches of white wood-ashes, or smoking and smouldering logs. Of course this is dealing in death wholesale, as far as the flowers are concerned; and as the same thing is not unfrequently repeated every few years, it is easy to see how it comes to pass that they disappear so rapidly.

Harry soon became initiated into all the acts of brush-burning which have been alluded to; but even after the impediments of the brush-heaps had been removed, the mass of timber lying upon the ground, in logs of every size and shape, seemed to Harry's inexperienced eye almost to forbid the hope of ever seeing in their room a clear and cultivated field. A week or ten days, however, spent with his men and oxen in the operation of rolling the said logs into heaps and burning them, (technically called "logging,") put him in the delighted possession of a five-acre field, positively and actually cleared of everything, barring the stumps. One of his men took his axe and went into the woods—found a

moderately sized tree, whose stem divided into a fork, or "crotch"—cut it down, and divided it immediately below the "crotch"—chopped off the legs thereof, about five or six feet from their junction—hewed it to a proper size—bored holes through the said legs, about a foot or fifteen inches from each other, with an auger—and into them drove some heavy iron teeth that Harry had been told to procure—and behold, an extempore harrow, admirably adapted, from its triangular shape and natural strength, for doing its business among the stumps. A portion of Harry's farm of five acres was sown with spring wheat, and scratched in with the implement just described; the remainder was put in potatoes and turnips, with the exception of a small patch of Indian corn and pumpkins. Previous to this, however, the fences had to be made. The straight, clean, and sound logs of pine, oak, white-ash, and basswood, which they had met with in their chopping, had been cut into logs twelve feet long, and reserved as "rail cuts." After the logging was over, these rail cuts were drawn to the place where the fence was to run, and then split into rails, of which the snake or zig-zag fence was constructed. All these operations were new to Harry. The monotony, which had begun to prove wearisome to him during the long winter, was completely dispelled. Each day brought new occupations, and made fresh demands upon his energies; and when he really saw his own crops growing up before him, he thought that his former reveries of prosperity in the Backwoods were not too highly coloured, Nathan Wynet, and his sombre predictions, to the contrary notwithstanding.

CHAPTER IX.

JUNE was drawing to a close before these operations were completed, and after an interval of comparative leisure, Harry again commenced "logging."

"Hillo, Vernon," said Tom Nichol one day as he entered the clearing where our hero was at work with his men at the aforesaid occupation, "logging for your fall wheat already—you're a tremendous fellow for going a-head, to be sure. You must have a touch of the Yankee in you, I verily believe. Why, half the settlement haven't got their white turnips in yet, and hardly any one has finished fencing in the spring crops."

"Why, you know, I began early, and I haven't put in much spring crop, as I am anxious to get all I can into fall wheat. I shall put the potato and turnip ground into late wheat, but I want to get the rest of the chopping ready for the seed by the middle of September, for though they say that wheat does well upon this new land, though sown late, yet I think it just as well to be early if one can."

"Why, Vernon, you are become a miracle of farming; you talk of seed and seasons as learnedly as if you'd been bred at a plough-tail. I expect that you're about to become our model farmer—our pattern young man—only I pray you not to be too perfect, for I can't for

the life of me help hating your immaculate monsters. Do pray be content to be something like your neighbours, and don't leave us all behind in this way."

"Oh, no fear," said Vernon, smiling. "I'll have to knock off logging as soon as this corner is cleared, for I want to put up a small barn and some cattle-sheds, but I can't begin till I get these logs out of the way."

"That same building business is what has brought me your way to-day. We are going to have a 'bee' next week, and I want you to come and lend us a hand. We have a lot of spring wheat sown, and we want to get the barn up and the roof on before harvest."

"To be sure, I'll come, and bring the men with me too," replied Harry.

"Thank you, my good fellow, you're very kind, but that's not what we want. Ours is to be a gentleman bee;" and Tom Nichol drew himself up with much dignity. "None of your vulgar humdrum sort of bees, where Jack is as good as his master—no, no, we don't patronise those sort of things in our parts—we want you, but let your men stay at home."

"Bless me! how aristocratic we've grown of late! The only bee that I've been present at was very much mixed in its character, but certainly the *men* were the workers and the *gentlemen* were the drones on that occasion."

"Very true," replied Nichol, "but you're so out of the world down here, that you don't know what goes on in the settlement. We've had several bees since the one you allude to, and we've set blood against bone and beaten those fellows at their own weapons."

“ Well, if the thing can be managed without them, it is an improvement, for I cannot say that I can so far forget old times as to admire the practice of all classes sitting down together, as appears the general rule at these bees.”

“ That custom,” said Nichol, “ has been unanimously voted a bore, and is rapidly becoming obsolete in civilised society. So mind you come to our barn-raising next Wednesday, and we’ll see if we can’t have some sort of shine in the evening.”

After some further conversation, during which due honour was done to Harry’s hospitality, Nichol again betook himself to the woods, and our hero to his handspike.

Wednesday arrived in due course, and starting at an early hour, Harry took himself off to Tom Nichol’s. He arrived in good time, as he found that operations had not yet commenced, and the persons who were to form the bee were only gradually assembling.

The foundation of the intended building, consisting of four large logs “ notched down ” upon each other at the corners and resting upon some large blocks of pine, sawn off some huge tree and set upon end, was already laid. Nichol and his brother, together with his own servant-men and some of those who had already arrived, employed themselves in arranging the logs as conveniently as possible, preparing “ skids,” handspikes, and so forth. After everything was completed in the way of preparation, there was still a pause owing to the non-appearance of the corner-men, i. e. those who, from their greater expertness with the axe, stood upon the corners of the building and

notched the logs down upon each other as they were sent up. During this pause Harry walked to a little distance from the foundation to where he observed an acquaintance boring holes with a large auger near the extremities of some large saplings that were lying before him.

"Ah! O'Neil, is this you,—how are you?" said Harry.

"Ah! thin, the top o' the morning to ye's, Mистер Harry," replied O'Neil, looking up from his work, and assuming a rich brogue, which did not in truth belong to him. "And how has the world used you since last I served you, as I'm serving these poles?"

"Pretty well, thank you, but how was that?"

"Since I *bored* you," said O'Neil, giving his auger another turn,—"*bored* you with my *auguries* touching the probabilities of getting lost that evening we went over to Johnson's through the brush together."

"Botheration to you and your everlasting puns. But tell me what are you about here?"

"I'm engaged at this moment in an occupation extremely appropriate to an Irishman," replied O'Neil.

"Well, well, but tell me what it is."

"I'm *making bulls*,—don't you see?"

"Well," said Harry laughing, "I know very well what Irish bulls are, but I'm not old enough in building experience to understand what sort of bulls these are which you are now manufacturing."

"Why, you see, here I've let the daylight through the small end of these poles, about a couple of feet from the extreme point; and into these holes I shall fasten a good strong stick, which, projecting a foot or

two at nearly right angles, will form a sort of fork. When the building gets pretty high we can only roll the logs up the inclined plane, formed by the skids, with our shoulders and our handspikes to a certain height. Then it is that we apply the bulls. We catch the log on the projecting horn, and two or three clap on at the other end, and then up it goes like bricks and mortar. Now as you're a John Bull yourself, I hope you are sensible of your obligation to me in making you acquainted with the Canadian *branch* of your very respectable family."

"O, certainly," replied Vernon, smiling at the vivacity of his friend, who made it a point never to lose an opportunity of indulging in a joke, pun, or amusing story, without being very particular whether it were his own or any one's else.

"I'm sure I'll always feel grateful to you as the pleasant medium of becoming acquainted with the *Bulls* which the parts about here afford."

"You've hit it exactly, my dear fellow, our bulls are *Herefords*,—none of your short horns for us."

"Get out with your stupid punning.—Can't you talk five minutes without twisting a man's words into all sorts of unimaginable meanings?"

"Well, well, don't be savage, and I'll leave off my evil doings in that department,—and now, since I've put horns to the bulls, I may as well finish them off with a *tale*."

"A tail," said Harry, "you've not explained the nature or use of that appendage to bulls of this description."

"Ah, but the tale I'm talking of belongs to the

family of Irish bulls, and a very good tale it is, though perhaps it has been rather frequently *retailed*."

"As they don't seem as though they wanted us over at the building yet, let us have it, by all means. Old stories are better than bad puns, any day."

"You are very complimentary, certainly, though it's very consoling to know that owing to your natural obtusity you cannot estimate wit; I'll therefore try to amuse you with something better suited to your comprehension—

"A countryman of mine went over to England to visit a friend who lived close to a small country town. At an evening party some of his new English acquaintance began to banter him upon the national predilection for my occupation of this morning—bull-making—to wit."

"'Troth,'" says Pat, "'I don't see that we're any way singular in our fondness for bulls. I walked through this town of yours this morning, and bad luck to me if there's a sign in it scarce, that isn't the sign of the Bull.'"

"'Oh, you're labouring under a mistake,'" replied some of his friends, "'there are not above three or four such signs in the whole town.'"

"'Three or four!'" replied Pat, "'is it three or four ye said? Bedad, it was myself counted a good half-dozen this blessed morning before breakfast.'"

"'I can assure you,'" said another, laughing, "'that you are wrong, for I happen to know that there are exactly five.'"

"'Six, by St. Patrick,'" responded his namesake, "'and I'll soon prove it to you. First,'" and he com-

menced counting on his fingers, “‘there’s the Black Bull, that’s one; and then there’s the White Bull, that’s two; then there’s the Brindled Bull, that’s three; and the Red Bull, that’s four; and the Pied Bull, that’s five; and then,’”—said he, beginning to look puzzled for a moment,—but suddenly brightening up,—“‘then,’” said he, triumphantly, “‘there’s *the Dun Cow.*’”—

“‘That’s a bull,’”—“‘that’s a bull,’”—shouted the bystanders, convulsed with laughter and delight at having caught Paddy so neatly.

“‘That’s a bull, is it?’” said he, as soon as he could make himself heard through the peals of laughter; sticking his hands at the same time into his pocket and looking round him with an extraordinary comic air,—“‘Ah, now; do ye really mean to say *that’s* a bull?’”

“‘To be sure it is,’”—“‘Of course it is,’” cried half-a-dozen voices at once, and again the laughter broke forth anew.

“‘Ah, then, bedad, *that’s the sixth bull*; so I’m right, and ye’re wrong.’”

While Harry was enjoying the drollery of his friend, they were suddenly startled by a shout from the building, of “Beef,” “beef,” accompanied by a waving of hands, which evidently denoted that their presence was required.

“Beef!” exclaimed Harry. “What on earth are they singing out ‘beef’ for in that extraordinary way. Perhaps, O’Neil, they want one of your ‘bulls,’ for that is the only thing of the beef kind we can afford them.”

"Hurra," cried O'Neil, laughing, "see the effects of keeping good company. You're getting witty, Vernon, positively witty, but you're uncommonly *green* withal, for one would think you had only come into the Bush yesterday instead of a year ago."

"I know the Bush as well as any of you, and better than some; but I have seldom been at a bee before, and I'm a stranger as yet to the technicalities of building."

"Well, well, come along; for it's us they want, and we'll soon initiate you into the conventionalities of good society," and away they hurried to their companions.

The corner-men had taken their places, and were waiting for timber. The "short skids" (which were two stout saplings of moderate length, one end resting on the ground, and the other on the logs which were already laid, thus forming an inclined plane up which to roll the succeeding logs,) were in their places, and the work commenced vigorously. The party was strong-handed, the gentlemen settlers having assembled from all parts of the neighbourhood. It was, indeed, a strange scene, if the mind was allowed to dwell upon it, to see men, who but a short time before had been so differently occupied, assemble in a little clearing in the far Backwoods for the purpose of erecting a log barn with their own hands. There were men of ancient blood and gentle breeding,—officers of the army and navy, with their sons; lawyers, merchants, doctors,—besides a large sprinkling among the younger portion of those present, who, since they had left school or college, had been industriously occupied in doing nothing. The

charm of novelty, however, tended to give a zest to their present employments, and you would have travelled a long day's journey ere you would have met a merrier party. Round after round of logs went up, and when the horn was sounded to call them home to dinner, the barn was already some six or seven logs high. The dinner was purely a Bush dinner of a one year old settlement. At one end of the table was a leg of pork boiled, and at the sides there were sundry dishes of pork fried, and at the other end there was an extraordinary novelty, to explain which, it is necessary to inform the reader that the Miss Nichols had succeeded in importing some fowls from the old settlements, and, consequently, were the envied possessors of some fresh eggs. These enabled them to make batter, in which a respectable number of slices of the staple were fried, and thus the company rejoiced in a dish of pork fritters. Then there was bread and a few vegetables, the first fruits of the garden; and the whole concluded with a vast pie, made of dried apples brought across the lake, the crust of which pie was enriched with pork fat instead of butter,—the said fat having previously undergone a process to fit it for the purpose aforesaid. Though Doctor Kitchener might, perhaps, have turned up his nose at the idea of such “a spread,” yet we may venture to assert, that if he had been building log barns for half a day, he would have played a knife and fork by no means contemptible even there. Without being positive on this point, however, it is quite certain that those who *were* present did ample justice to the fare provided for them, as well as to the beverage wherewith they moistened their clay,—pure spring water,—to

wit,—qualified by a proper medium of Canadian whiskey.

Dinner having been concluded in a very satisfactory manner, the pipes were next brought into requisition, and after they had been dispatched, work was the word once more. The corner-men resumed their places, one or two of the most particular having first improved the edge of their axes with a touch of the whetstone. The rest gathered round and discussed the point as to *which* corner was the lowest, and which consequently required the “butt” of the next log.

“Hillo there, Nichol,” cried Jack Drayton, who was on one of the corners, “the building is too high for these skids, they’re almost perpendicular,—let us have some longer ones, will you.”

“Aye, aye,” replied Nichol, “they’re all ready,—and here are lots of following-poles too, for the handspikes will be too short directly, and we’ll want something longer.”

“Have you got any bulls ready?” asked Johnson; “we had better have some at hand before we want them.”

“Oh, yes,—they’re all right. O’Neil there, who makes better bulls than any of us, was at work this morning,—and here he comes with one of them.”

O’Neil, who was very active, had got one of the before-mentioned bulls upon his shoulder, and was coming along at a trot. Between him and the building there had stood a fence, which had, however, been thrown down for the occasion; and the loose rails of which it had been composed were lying about upon the ground. Over some of these O’Neil unfortunately stumbled, and away he went like a shot out of a shovel,

until he and his bull coming to the ground together, almost in the midst of his companions, sent them hither and thither, in order to avoid being transfixed by the end of it. No sooner, however, was O'Neil down, than fearing that he was seriously hurt, they all flew back to his assistance.

"O'Neil, my dear fellow, you're not hurt? I hope you're not hurt?" cried a dozen voices at once.

O'Neil gathered himself up in a moment, and seizing one leg with his hand, he hopped about on the other, grinning, at the same time, in a somewhat equivocal manner, between mirth and misery. The ruling passion soon prevailed, however.

"Hurt! Oh, no; not much hurt; but"—and here he gave another hop or two—"hang that sarcastic dog Nichol; there's no *standing* his *raillery*!"

"Good!" "capital!" "excellent?" sung out half-a-dozen, who were delighted to find him well enough to pun, without, at that particular moment, being critical as to its quality.

"I don't think it's so very good to be so nearly killed as I have been," said young Stuart, in a peevish tone. "I wish to goodness, O'Neil, you'd not be so stupid as to go stumbling about in that way. The horn of that bull was nearly the death of me; and as it was, it has scratched my head. And just see," he added, taking his hand down from the aggrieved part, and looking rather frightened, "just see how it bleeds."

"Ah, yes," replied O'Neil, still rubbing his shins, and looking more comical than ever, "that unfortunate horn! I'm sorry to see that yours is decidedly a case of *gore*."

"I tell you what, O'Neil," said Stuart, evidently annoyed at the want of sympathy he had experienced, and the merriment which O'Neil's comic way of bringing out his drolleries invariably provoked; "I tell you what it is, I don't see the fun of cutting a fellow's head open first and then laughing at him afterwards."

"You're an uncommonly funny fellow, Stuart," replied O'Neil. "Who would have fancied that you would have regarded the expression of my sympathy as 'the unkindest *cut* of all?'"

The fun and good humour of O'Neil soon brought things round; and as neither his bruises nor Stuart's wounds proved very deadly, the work went forward as cheerily as before. Ropes were brought and fastened by one end to the topmost log at each extremity of the building, while the other was passed round the next log that was to come up and handed back to the corner-man, who hauled away at it, and thus materially assisted in rolling it up the skids. A young madcap named Stanhope, a son of our formal friend, who was one of the corner-men, had fastened his rope, and while waiting for the others, began to amuse himself with the loose bight which he held in his hand.

"I say, Charlie," whispered he to Sanderson, who had come over from the opposite corner to help him to haul up the rope when the log should be ready; "I'll bet sixpence that I'll catch Morris with the bight of this rope as if it were a lasso."

"If you do," said Sanderson in reply, "he'll thrash you as sure as a gun."

"I'll give him leave to do that when he can catch

me," said Stanhope; "but *I guess* he'll have to take a quarter's gymnastics before he will be able to do that. So here goes."

At that moment Morris was just below him, and, by a dexterous twist of the rope, he passed it fairly round Morris's neck, and gave him a pull that astonished him.

"You intolerable young scoundrel," shouted Morris, as soon as he comprehended what had happened to him; "you atrocious young villain. If I don't break every bone in your body, then I'm a Dutchman."

Rushing to one of the corners, he began to scramble up, while Stanhope stood on the top, splitting his sides with laughter. When Morris, however, had nearly reached the topmost log, he took to his heels and scampered round the building from corner to corner like a squirrel. The building was now a considerable height, and poor Morris found, on gaining the top, that he had neither steadiness of head nor sureness of foot to run along a single log at such a distance from the ground. He, therefore, sat down astride upon it, and propelled himself with his hands and feet; but he soon found the hopelessness of his pursuit. He was compelled, however, to join at last in the laughter that was ringing on all sides; and compromised the matter by promising Stanhope a sound drubbing when he caught him off the building.

"Oh, never mind him," said Drayton, still laughing. "You're not choked, Morris, after all—only a little black in the face," and he pointed to his brow, which was of a fine negro tint, in consequence of his having unconsciously wiped the perspiration from it with his

hand, which was begrimed from grasping some charred logs which were in the building.

“I’d advise you, Stanhope,” said a young Medico, “to relinquish cornering and emigrate to Constantinople. You’d make your fortune at the bow-string.”

“If I might offer a suggestion,” observed O’Neil, and the twinkle of his eye showed there was a pun coming, “I would recommend the capital of Palestine in preference, for there he would have a chance of immortality as the discoverer of a new species of *Jerusalem art-o’-choke*.”

While the bystanders were abusing O’Neil’s pun, and laughing at it—both of which they always made a point of doing—they were suddenly called to order.

“Come, come, boys, it’s getting late,” said Johnson, “let’s have no more skylarking, or we shan’t get the plates on Nichol’s barn to-night.”

“Timber! timber! timber!” shouted the cornermen.

Those on the ground immediately commenced, first with handspikes, and then with their shoulders, to roll the log up the skids.

“Are you sure you’ve got that rope all safe, Stanhope?” asked Johnson. “Are you sure that there’s no danger of its slipping?”

“It’s impossible,” replied Stanhope; “I’ve got the true timber hitch.”

“A new form of disease that, Doctor, that Stanhope’s got. Shove her up. Heave O!” shouted O’Neil. “This log’s mighty heavy, so it is; a new form of disease—I say—the timber itch—hadn’t you better prescribe for him, Doctor, dear?”

“Oh,” said the Doctor, “try sulphur—it’s the sovereignest remedy on earth for diseases of that class.”

“Very good, indeed, Doctor; but I think, as a temporary measure, we had better administer a little *logwood*. Heave O!—up she goes!”

“For goodness sake, O’Neil,” said Johnson, rather sharply, “let us have no tom-foolery till we get this log up; if people begin to laugh and let go their hold, the log will be down, and some of us will get killed. Do pray be quiet.”

“Oh! I’ll be as quiet as a mouse if you desire it,” replied O’Neil. “You shan’t hear a *pun-stir* even if you listen,” and his eye twinkled merrily, as putting his handspike in a fresh place he lifted with all his might.

“Hold hard, men!” shouted Nichol. “It’s no use trying to put up both ends of the log at once; we’re not strong enough.”

“Well, then, let us secure this end where it is,” said Morris. “Hillo! Stanhope, you young rascalion, make that rope fast by a double turn round the top of the skid, and hold on to it, and let’s see whether you are as good at work as in playing pranks on your betters.”

“Bring one of the short bulls,” said Nichol; “if we put his horn under the log, and his butt on the ground, that and the rope together will keep this end fast, I’ll be bound.”

“That’s all right,” observed Johnson, when these arrangements had been completed, and one man left to watch that the bull did not slip from its proper position when the other end of the log was raised to its place,

“that’s all right—now, men—to this end—beef! beef!—to this end all of you,” and clustering towards one extremity with their bulls, following-poles, hand-spikes, &c. &c., they soon deposited it on the top of the building, where having secured it, they proceed to lift the other to the same level.

Evening was beginning to close in before the walls of the building were completed; and as they went towards the house to perform the ablutions necessary to prepare them to appear at the evening meal, Harry thought that there were many things in this world more unpleasant than “a raising.”

The reader may be left to imagine how merrily the evening was passed; neither would it be a matter of much interest to tell him how there were only two beds in the house at the disposal of the guests; and how four slept in one of those beds and five in the other; and how some deposited themselves upon the floor and others upon boxes. It would not, we again repeat, be a matter of much interest or information—for we do not possess in Canada any *peculiar* way of packing fifteen or twenty of Her Majesty’s lieges into two beds,—and therefore he can imagine how people in other parts of the world would accomplish this operation, and then he may confidently conclude that it was effected, in the present instance, in a way very similar. We shall only add, in the words of O’Neil, that “the night was by no means the least cheerful part of the day.”

CHAPTER X.

THE particulars related in the last chapter may convey some idea both of the nature of some of those occasions which brought the settlers together, and of the cheerful and merry-hearted mode in which the work went forward, among the class described. But while the records of many a cheerful hour might easily be noted, we might also dwell upon many an instance of severe and trying hardship, and many a case of bitter disappointment and distress. We shall not, however, on this occasion, at least, go into detail in this part of the subject, for however general the sketch might be, there would nevertheless be so strong and unavoidable a resemblance in many of its features, to numerous real cases of distress and suffering, that it would be difficult to avoid the imputation of personality. We have endeavoured to describe, without exaggeration, the state of the settlement, the difficulties which not even the power of money could overcome, and the wants which it was unable to supply. We must therefore leave the reader to imagine the trials which must have been unavoidably encountered by such a class of persons as have been alluded to. At the present period of our story hardship was in its heyday in the township of Monkleigh, although the warm and friendly feeling which was general among the settlers,

together with the novelty of their situation, and the bright anticipations of hope, did much to lighten it. The days of disappointment and regret were yet to come. It will not, however, be necessary to trace, either in the experience of Vernon or his neighbour, the gradual development of those days. At all events it will be needless to do so with that minuteness of detail which has marked the narrative of the earlier period of our hero's history. The reader must now imagine that two or three years have passed away. The clearings have become considerably extended—the houses comparatively more comfortable—the cattle more numerous—the settlers more busy. A saw-mill or two have been erected, and consequently boards are no longer at such a premium as formerly. A grist-mill also betokens a state of advancing civilisation, and throws the hand-mills into the shade. Farming machines begin to make their appearance rather generally, and one or two persons of sanguine temperament actually begin to talk about PLOUGHS; affirming, that some of their land having been chopped for years, the stumps *must* be beginning to decay.

The settlers gradually become more and more absorbed in their own immediate concerns, and have less sympathy and interest to bestow on those of their neighbours, and consequently there is a sensible falling off in that warm feeling which, by reason of their mutual dependence, bound them to each other in the early days of the settlement. They are more independent of each other, and consequently more selfish. But notwithstanding all their exertions, and notwithstanding the fact, that the period had arrived, when,

according to all the authorities on Canadian subjects at that time in vogue, they should have been in possession (as they had fully expected) of every substantial comfort which a farm can be expected to afford, they found a most unpleasant but most unmistakeable discrepancy between these anticipations and their fulfilment. Strange as it may sound, yet it is nevertheless true, that scarcely a single family in the settlement, of the upper class, had yet succeeded in raising a sufficient quantity of wheat to provide their own households with bread, while all the efforts in "the slaughtering line," could not prevent their accounts from being disfigured, by such items, as sundry barrels of pork, varying in price from twelve to seventeen dollars each. And if this was the case with the principal necessities of life, to the production of which all efforts were directed, it may easily be supposed that there was a still greater deficiency in numberless other particulars. In fact, the farms, if they might be so called, swallowed up everything expended upon them in the way of labour, and did not return even food enough to sustain those who toiled upon them, much less did they repay the wages which were necessarily expended.

Harry's farming operations formed no exception to the general rule. It is true that he had no family to sustain, but he kept constantly one man, often two, and sometimes three, to assist him in clearing land, and in carrying on the necessary work of the farm, while the wife of one of them was engaged to see to the household duties and comforts. These people were paid by Harry at the usual high rate which prevails generally in Canada, in return for which they *ate* up everything

produced by the joint efforts of themselves and the farm, besides a great deal more which had to be paid for from other quarters. He still, however, continued to hope, that as his clearing increased, his expenses would diminish, and that before long he would be under no obligation to draw so frequently upon his father, as he had done heretofore.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the strongly expressed opinions of Nathan Wynet recurred to his mind more frequently than they formerly did, and his visions of prosperity in the Backwoods lost somewhat of their vividness.

During the winter things did pretty well—there was abundance of provisions of the staple kinds; but after the middle of summer there was, generally speaking, a decided change for the worse. The flour was all eaten up—the pork had utterly disappeared; and as the nearest butcher was some sixty miles off, there was a considerable degree of perplexity as to the means of supplying the wants of the settlement.

During one of these seasons of dearth, Harry went off to the landing-place, on a foraging expedition, a boat being expected from the other side of the lake with provisions, and sundry other articles for the one or two “stores” which had been opened at what was called “the village.” On reaching his destination, he found half a dozen of his acquaintances there, on the same errand as himself; and though the boat had arrived, she had brought them disappointment, instead of pork. The fact was, that she had stopped at one or two places on her way to Monkleigh, and had been emptied of everything eatable long before she had completed her voyage.

“I’ll tell you what,” said Jack Drayton, looking excessively dismal, “I’ll be invisible soon, if this goes on. You’ll hear my voice perhaps, but you’ll not see me, for I’m getting so thin, that you’ll look straight through me without knowing it.”

“I shouldn’t be at all surprised,” replied Captain Conway, an old officer who was present. “For my part, my stomach is in a state of collapse, and I don’t know whether it will ever come right again. I declare this is worse than campaigning.”

“A pretty state of things for a country where we all supposed that game was so plentiful,” observed Vernon. “I’ve been cattle-hunting in the Bush these two days, and I took my gun with me, in hopes of knocking over something that would furnish a fellow with a dinner in these hard times; but I saw nothing to shoot, unless it was a red squirrel, or a woodpecker or two.”

“Shooting,” exclaimed O’Neil. “Bad luck to the shot I’ve fired since the year that the bears came across the settlement; and here am I like a big fool, with a rifle and two double-barrels, and powder enough to blow up the Tower of London. I’m almost inclined to trade on favourable terms; I’d almost consent to give a double-barrel for a single-barrel—if that single-barrel was a barrel of pork.”

“I shouldn’t object to flour,” said Morris. “We scraped out our last barrel this morning, and its contents only made a cake as large as the bottom of the frying-pan, and that was short allowance for a family breakfast, I can tell you. I declare to you, that I’ve had nothing since, except my dinner, which con-

sisted of half of a speckled trout which my sister caught in the brook."

"I trust that you did not over-eat yourself," said O'Neil, with a concerned look.

"Certainly not," replied Morris, laughing, "if I may judge from my present appetite. And now I move, as we have all some distance to go, that since Swillit, the tavern-keeper, has something in his house to eat, though he has nothing to sell, we adjourn thither, and before we part indulge in the now rare luxury of a regular tuck-out."

This motion was carried by acclamation, and they forthwith betook themselves to Mr. Swillit's best room, where in due season a very respectable meal, considering the great difficulties of the commissariat department, was set before them. It is hardly necessary to add, that the guests did most ample justice to the substantials, and hardly less honour to the fluids dispensed from Swillit's bar.

Whether it was that the patronage thus extended to him opened his heart, or whether it was the prospect of making an extra dollar or two that influenced him, certain it is that the said Swillit entered the room after his guests had finished their repast, and with something of mystery in his manner, expressed his regret that the gentlemen should be so put to it by the boat not having brought the expected provisions—that he was very nearly out himself—very nearly indeed; but still, rather than see them in a bad way, he thought he *could* perhaps spare them a barrel of flour; and that he had reasons for thinking that Mr. Notions, the store-keeper, could be persuaded to part with one of the two barrels

which he had reserved for his own use ; and finally, that he was willing to take whatever price should be named by Mr. Notions. Swillit was unanimously declared to be a very decent obliging fellow ; an opinion, however, which underwent some slight modification when they ascertained that neither he, nor his friend Mr. Notions, would accept one shilling less than *fourteen dollars* a barrel for the flour, being about three times its ordinary price.

However, there was no help for it. The flour was accordingly purchased, and divided among those who were present in such a manner as was most likely to supply their several wants until the arrival of a fresh supply.

CHAPTER XI.

It is so long since we lost sight of Mr. Lawrence and his family, that the reader must have well nigh forgotten them. We must now, however, recal them to his recollection. Harry had frequently visited them since the period of our last acquaintance with them, and sometimes during the winter spent a considerable time under their roof. Though Mr. Lawrence was very much the senior of our hero, there was nevertheless a strong feeling of friendship between them, and there was nothing of constraint or fear in the deep feeling of respect with which Harry regarded his friend. These visits were of the greatest benefit to the former, as they tended in a

degree to remedy some of the evils resulting from his situation. He had been carefully, and to a certain extent religiously, brought up. He was, generally speaking, extremely well disposed, and free hitherto from anything like vice or immorality. But the separation from all those ministrations of religion which, by their frequent recurrence, are calculated to force its importance upon the mind, had been accompanied by a most marked and injurious effect upon the character of the settlers at large, and he had not by any means escaped the general deterioration. Nothing could more effectually convince the most unreflecting of the necessity of the Divine institution of the sacred ministry, not merely to men's eternal but their temporal well-being, than to watch the melancholy consequences resulting from the want thereof among a community of Christian men in the depths of the forest. This downward tendency in Vernon's particular case was not so uninterrupted as in many others. The blessings of a sincerely religious education cannot easily be altogether thrown away, or its restraints forgotten. And its power was much strengthened by the earnest, sincere, and practical form which religion assumed in the pleasing character of Mr. Lawrence. Harry's visits, therefore, were fraught with benefit as well as pleasure to himself—benefit arising not only from the conduct and conversation of his friend, but also from the solemn feelings produced upon his mind by the now unusual opportunity of worshipping God in the public assemblies of His Church.

“I do most sincerely wish,” said he, one Sunday evening to Mr. Lawrence, as they returned from the seemly little church in the village of Wilton, “I do

most sincerely wish, that we could only have a clergyman among us in the Bush. I'm a very long way from being what I ought to be; but I don't think I should be as bad as I am if there was only something and some person to put one in mind of one's duty now and then."

"I am sure, from your account of the state of things amongst you, there is very urgent need that you should be no longer without the ordinances of religion. People can scarcely realise the greatness of the want till they have the opportunity of tracing it in the results."

"We are, indeed, a sad set," said Harry. "We are becoming practically heathens—working like galley-slaves all the week, and making Sunday a general holiday, with the pleasures of which, if a little business can be united, so much the better. We have no one to startle us from our worldliness by bringing to our minds those solemn considerations which we are so prone to forget; and when anything happens to sober us a little, the effect soon passes away, for there is nothing to deepen the impression and render it permanent."

"The picture you draw is a melancholy one," replied Mr. Lawrence, "but surely you do not mean to allow things to remain in this sad state. I trust that you will succeed in erecting your church, however homely it may be; and with the aid of your friends at home, surely your settlement might do something towards sustaining a clergyman."

"I see very little chance of success in either one way or the other; there has been a good deal of talking upon the subject, but though some funds even have been collected still nothing is done—'What is every one's

business,' you know, 'is nobody's'—and I am afraid the whole thing will fall to the ground. People are becoming accustomed to do without the ordinances of the faith, and are yearly becoming more indifferent to them. Our wants in this respect used to be a subject of frequent conversation and regret, but now we scarcely hear such a thing mentioned. We are becoming so used to our spiritual destitution that we hardly know and certainly seldom *feel* it to be such."

"But surely you must feel your wants when sickness and death come among you?"

"We do, certainly; at all events to some extent. There was a great gloom thrown over the settlement last winter when poor young Middleton was lost on the ice in a snow storm, and was found next day frozen to death. It was a sad scene when we all gathered round his almost solitary grave, under some tall pine trees. It was a dark gloomy day, but so cold that the snow, with which the clouds seemed burdened, could not come down except in scattered flakes. The wind sighed and moaned through the tree tops with a melancholy sound, and everything around us was most depressing. The despondency appeared to reach its height, when, for a moment, it seemed as if the poor fellow was going to be buried like a dog. Not one amongst us all but missed the parson THEN; no one for some minutes volunteered to act as chaplain, till a naval officer who was present took a Prayer-book from his pocket, and while we all uncovered as well as we might in such a bitter blast, he reverently read a few passages from the burial service. If we could only have had some one then," added Harry, "who would have spoken to us kindly and earnestly

and seriously, none can tell how much good it might have done us, both individually and as a community."

"It might, indeed," responded Mr. Lawrence; "and how should the knowledge of such circumstances influence all, who value the highest and immortal interests of mankind, to strain every nerve to extend the ministrations of the Church, which is the divinely-appointed agent for conveying the blessings of Redemption to the souls of men."

"She has no lack of work before her," observed Vernon; "for not only are the new settlements in this state, but churches and clergymen are far from abundant in the older ones. There is a great change for the better in this neighbourhood since you came here."

"There is," replied Mr. Lawrence; "and I thank God that He has permitted me to be, in some measure, the instrument of effecting that change. Soon after we came, I found that I couldn't follow surgery and farming too; and as I understood the one, and did not understand the other, I let the farm and removed here, to the outskirts of the village, in order the better to attend to my profession. Being now close to the church, I resolved to use my efforts to render it more fit for the purpose for which it was designed. We raised money sufficient to pay the debt which encumbered it. We got the interior completed, and we have remedied, as far as possible, its incorrigible outward ugliness. The good effect of rendering the building seemly and handsome, as far as our means would permit, was at once apparent in the increase of our congregation. At that time we had only occasional service performed by the clergyman at Overton; but our

distance from him was so great, and his other duties so numerous, that it was utterly beyond his power to give us that attention which the growth of the place required. After various efforts, we have now, thank God, got a parson of our own; and the happy effects of this are becoming every day more apparent."

"You have certainly done a great deal in a few years," said Harry; "more, indeed, than one individual could have hoped to accomplish."

"I have not done it alone. I always had the sanction and advice of the clergyman at Overton, and the assistance of many in the neighbourhood, besides that of our friends at home. I have not been the machinery, as it were, by which these changes have been brought about: I have merely been the means of setting it agoing, and keeping it at work."

"Even in that point of view," replied Harry, "the thought of what you have done in this good work must be to you a source of great satisfaction."

"Rather a source of great thankfulness and gratitude that I should have been permitted to enjoy the privileges of advancing, in the remotest degree, the interests of the Church. This is felt, my dear boy, to be an honour of no common sort, when we see and realise the truth, that the Church is the body of Him who died for us."

"I wish I knew more of these things, and could enter into such views and motives," said Harry. "If I did, I even might be of some use among some of our people in Monkleigh."

"There was never one, my dear Harry," replied Mr. Lawrence, warmly, "who honestly *wished* to know more of the things of God but sought to do so; and

no one ever sought in sincerity who did not find; and as for being of use in our proper and legitimate sphere, the result of my observation is, that there is seldom a case where an earnest-minded man, who, in humble dependence on the Divine blessing, directs his efforts energetically to carry out any well-considered object calculated to promote God's glory and man's good, but who almost invariably meets with success. If we are resolved to succeed, we generally do so."

This conversation was carried on in a similar strain for some time; and before it was concluded, Harry opened his heart completely to Mr. Lawrence. He told him that for a long time back he had had many hours of serious thought and reflection, and was by no means easy as to his state—that he felt much ignorance—much need of instruction—that he was sincerely desirous to live as a Christian man ought to live; but that his unworthiness appeared so great, and his weakness in everything that was good so unconquerable, that he could not bring himself to hope that he would ever become a really consistent Christian. It need hardly be said how warmly and affectionately his friend entered into his feelings—how he sympathised with, instructed, and cheered him. The reserve which is generally felt on these subjects having been once overcome, their subsequent communications were open and unrestrained; and when some short time after Harry bade his friends at Wilton farewell, he departed to his Backwood home, with a lightened heart, and with every good and holy purpose confirmed and strengthened.

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH the subsequent history of Harry Vernon will necessarily lead us to glance at some of the religious and ecclesiastical phases of Canadian life, yet it is not our intention to write a religious story, properly so called. We do not, therefore, feel called upon to enter into a detailed account of the state of our hero's mind further than may be requisite to explain the principles and course of action adopted by him in the various circumstances into which he was subsequently thrown. On his return to Monkleigh from the visit alluded to in the last chapter, he daily devoted a portion of his time to the earnest perusal of Holy Scripture and some excellent books which Mr. Lawrence had lent him, and which were well adapted to deepen the good impression which had been made upon his mind.

He was much alone, in consequence of his distance from the main body of the settlement; and the season being winter, the long evenings were spent by him in solitary thought, study, or devotion. The effect of this communion with himself and God, proved to Vernon an inestimable blessing. The sense of his shortcomings and misdoings, his forgetfulness of God, and his ingratitude and worldliness of spirit, filled him with unfeigned humility, and led him to deep repentance.

One thought, in particular, which had been strongly

impressed upon his mind by Mr. Lawrence, tended much to produce in him sincere contrition and lowliness of heart. And that was, that his offences were the sins, not of a heathen or an infidel, but of a *Christian*; that, having at his baptismal hour been numbered among the children of God, and having at his confirmation solemnly ratified the engagement which had been made in his name, his transgressions had not merely been violations of the Divine law, but had been acts of unnatural disobedience against a most compassionate and loving *Father*. These considerations so abased him in his own eyes, that the Redeemer appeared to him almost in a new light. He had been too well taught not to know theoretically that, as sinful and fallen creatures, we can have no other refuge or hope but only in the blood and merits of the Saviour; but it was not until now, when he had been taught to know himself, that he rightly or realisingly understood the immeasurable love and long-suffering of Christ, or knew anything of that gratitude and thankfulness which we owe to Him for His unmerited mercy in dying for us. He began to understand, from his own experience, what St. Paul meant when he said that the *love* of Christ constrained us to die to *sin* and rise again unto *righteousness*.

This, in fact, became the mainspring of Harry's conduct, his great principle of action; and to its influence must be attributed the course of conduct which he pursued for the future. His endeavour was to prove the genuineness of his faith and "the sincerity of his love" by an humble and honest endeavour to walk (by the Divine strength) in accord-

ance with his Saviour's will. It has not occupied much time or space to state the alteration which had taken place in Vernon's principles, but it must not, therefore, be supposed that it was a sudden alteration. He had been reflecting upon these subjects long before he spoke to Mr. Lawrence; and a very considerable period elapsed subsequent to that time ere his views, principles, and resolutions took the definite form in which they have just been stated. It has been mentioned that, to a certain extent, Harry had been religiously brought up; and had his religious education been more sound, his knowledge of these things might have been earlier, and more gradual than it was, and might have sufficed to keep him from many evils into which he unguardedly fell. As it was he had given way to worldliness and forgetfulness of God ere his religious views or principles were clear or well defined; and in struggling back to the narrow path in which he had been placed at holy baptism, he had difficulties, sorrows, and dangers to encounter, which otherwise he might have escaped. Time rolled on, and as his views and principles became settled, the good effects of his intercourse with Mr. Lawrence became manifest in the strongly *practical* character which Vernon's religion assumed. One of the first fruits which it produced was the establishment of daily worship in his household. His workpeople were called together morning and evening, and one of the lessons for the day and a portion of the liturgy were reverently read. He feared, at first, that during the busy seasons it would be difficult to keep up the morning devotions, but when the effort was made he found it nothing.

The time appointed was, when the men came in to breakfast, and the short space required for the service was never missed. It was the best and only substitute which could be provided for the public hearing of grace which the Church provides in her daily prayers; and the effects produced by it were highly beneficial. Finding that their employer's general life and conduct corresponded with the admonitions which he read to them from Holy Scripture, and with the prayers which he offered up with them, the workpeople looked upon Harry with great respect, and never in his presence were guilty of gross or profane language. Another means which he adopted for the good of himself and his servants, was gathering them together on Sundays and reading the full service, those parts of course excepted which are to be used only by a priest. After the service he also used to read one of Bishop Wilson's or Bishop Beveridge's Sermons, copies of which he had received from Mr. Lawrence.

At some distance from the lake, and running parallel to it, there were some very bad cedar-swamps, which were difficult to cross. Beyond these swamps rose a fine tract of hardwood-land, which was thickly settled with old-country emigrants of the lower class. These settlers, though at no great distance from Harry's clearing, were altogether cut off from the lake by the swamps already mentioned, and they reached their settlement by a long land-road leading from the landing-place, or, as it was more generally called, "the village." A man who belonged to this settlement had been hired by Vernon; and the swamps being so difficult to cross, and the way round by the village

being so far, he thought it hardly worth while to return to his father's shanty for the sake of spending Sunday. Harry had been pleased with the man's attention and devoutness at morning and evening prayer; and when, on Sunday forenoon, he summoned them together for worship, this Thomas Clarke received the invitation with evident pleasure. After the service was over, Harry wandered down to the margin of the lake, and loitered for some time along the beach, enjoying the beauty of the scene. The season was the early summer. The larger part of the surface of the lovely sheet of water that stretched before him was calm and unruffled; but here and there a smaller space was rippling restlessly and in darker colours, until its tiny billows were lost in the placidity by which it was surrounded. Anon, as he gazed, a light breeze swept across its bosom; the spots of darker hue extended until they met, and the whole surface of the lake became agitated and disturbed. Again the breeze died away, and all became still; its last sigh expired among the foliage, and the leaves of the poplars that overhung the lake fluttered themselves to rest; the tiny waves came wearily to the shore, and then, gently retiring, sunk into repose. The whole scene was pervaded by a stillness and deep tranquillity which seemed suited to the day of holy rest. The waters lay "peaceful as a cradled child," and they caught the shapes and reflected in all their beauty the bright colours of the gorgeous clouds that floated in the heavens above.

And while Harry looked thereon, he remembered Him who can say to the waters of the troubled soul

“Peace, be still.” And as the clouds of heaven were reflected from the bosom of the tranquil lake, even so (thought he) ought we to be ever able to trace some resemblance to the Saviour’s moral attributes in the character of those who are pledged to walk in His holy footsteps, and who bear His sacred signs upon their brow.

While occupied in these reflections his attention was attracted by the sound of some one approaching, and on looking round saw Thomas Clarke almost close beside him.

“Well, Clarke,” said Harry, addressing him; “come down like myself to have a look at the lake, I suppose? And it’s very well worth looking at too; I hardly ever saw it more beautiful than it is to-day.”

“You may say that, sir,” replied Clarke; “and it do seem to do a man’s eyes good to look a little farther than ‘cross t’ clearin’, and that’s about as far as most on us in ‘t bush can see frae’ one month’s end tae t’other.”

“I was very glad by the way to hear you read the responses this morning,” observed Harry. “I have often to read the whole of the service myself, and that is what I don’t like. I hope you will always do so as long as you are with me.”

“That I will, sir, you may depend. Deary me! but it did my heart good to hear ‘t church sarvice again. It’s better than four years sin’ I heard it before, and this morning it seemed as if I was back again in ‘t ould country. There’s no pray’rs, sir, like ‘t church pray’rs, at least to my thinking.”

“I’m very glad Clarke that we are so much of the

same mind, for I have met many from your part of the world who thought very differently."

"That 's true, I 'd say," replied Clarke, "for there 's a vast o' Dissenters about Yorkshire, but my feyther was always a stiff ould churchman, and wouldn't let ony on us ha' ought to do wi' them. We oft' used to gang tae 't city, and when we could manage it, he would tak' some on us tae 't minster, and after I 'd been there I never could 'bide the meeting-house and its ways. But, deary me!" he added, "we hear little enough either of church or meeting in this country."

"Too little indeed," replied Vernon; "and we see the effects of it in the forgetfulness and neglect of all our religious duties, which are so general among us."

"Why, sir, we 're about as like Turks as Christians, at least back in our settlement. Sunday is 't great day for shooting when pigeons come past, and sometimes it is forgotten altogether. I past James Holden's clearing once and found him hard at work chopping, and when I asked why he worked on Sunday, he held out that 't was Saturday—he 'd fairly lost count, and I 'd hard work to show him he was wrong."

"It is a sad state of things, truly. But is there no one among you who could read the service? That would be far better than nothing; you might meet at each other's houses, and take the part of reader in turns."

"Why, bless you, sir," replied Clarke, "there 's scarce one in all 't settlement that 's scholar enough to read 't church service. There war' Job Stephens, to be sure, who 'd been a great methody at hoam, he tried to hold some prayer meetin's, and he did pray, for sartin,

if making a noise is praying, but some folks thought that his prayers and his life didn't agree, and so they came tae nowt."

"You speak of your father as one who has a great regard for religion, and you have evidently had some education from the way you read. Could your family do nothing in the way I have mentioned?"

"Why, sir, you see, folks like us doan't like to put themselves for'ard. My ould feyther, who's a good man I believe, if ever there was one, tries to keep t' fear o' God in his own house, but he wouldn't like to tak' upon himself to teach his neighbours. Me and my brother, who is a better scholar than me by a great sight, tried to keep up a sort o' Sunday-school in our poor way, but though the neighbours warn't very far off, still there war' no roads, and we'd no books to signify, and so that came tae nowt, like Job Stephen's prayer-meetings."

"It is a very sad thought to any m'an who feels the importance of these things, to remember how many thousands in these new settlements are living in the same way, and yearly becoming more indifferent to their best interests."

"Very true," replied Clarke; "and what's goin' to come o' t' young folks, I doan't know. There's scarce one in ten that knows t' Lord's prayer, or if they did, they've forgot it. I never thought, when I was in England, that a church and parson war' half sae much use as they are."

"It's an old saying," observed Harry, "that 'we never know the value of blessings until we lose them.' The worst feature in this case, however, is, that though

we have lost these blessings very few among us seem to be duly sensible of the greatness of the loss."

The conversation was interrupted by a summons to dinner; but it did not pass away from Harry's recollection, and in the end produced beneficial results.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOT long subsequent to the conversation related in the last chapter, our hero was put to very considerable inconvenience by the straying of his oxen. They had wandered away from the usual tracks where they were generally in the habit of feeding, and for several days they defied all Harry's efforts to find them. Having set his men to work, he started in pursuit one morning betimes, taking something in the shape of eatables with him, and putting his musquito veil on his hat. Though some persons, even in Canada, may smile at the idea of a man's wearing a veil, yet if they were doomed to "hunt cattle" without one, in the height of the musquito season, for as many days and weeks as we have done, they would find not only their inclination to risibility very considerably abated, but the probability is, that the *power* to indulge in that pleasant peculiarity of our race would be very nearly classed among the impossible things of this life, by reason of a swelled face that would be by no means becoming. A piece of thin and transparent material, suited to the purpose, is

drawn close round the straw hat, just above the leaf, which serves, from its projection, to keep the veil from unpleasant contact with the face. It is very short, descending only to the neck, and perfectly close all round, being, in fact, like a short bag without a bottom. A drawing-string, similar to that which fastens it to the hat, runs round the lower extremity, by which you draw it tightly round your throat,—an arrangement which bothers “the varmint” most consumedly.

To return, however, from this digression. Harry hunted in every direction, but when the day was well advanced he seemed no nearer success than ever. Not the faintest echo of the cattle-bell reached his ear; and the tracks were too numerous, the season too far advanced, and, consequently, the ground too dry to enable him to trace them by their foot-prints. Having gone for a long way to the west (guided in a direct line by keeping the sun upon his left), he resolved to take a sweep to the north, and return along the border of the great cedar-swamp, mentioned in the last chapter, until he should judge himself to be immediately in the rear of his own clearing, which he would then strike by taking a direct course to the south. Following this plan, an hour’s walking brought him to some bold banks, which, in a continuous though wavy line, descended somewhat suddenly towards the swamp. At the foot of these banks, the land, though more flat, still continued to slope, the hard wood became interspersed with a few gigantic pines; the dark hemlock became frequent, and the underwood more dense; and then, as you still descended, came the “cradle-holes,” filled with water, and the almost

impenetrable mass of cedar balsam and other moisture-loving trees—the confusion rendered apparently more hopeless by the quantities of fallen timber covered by its coating of moss. Harry proceeded along the space which lay between the foot of the bank and the swamp, as there the “feed” was more luxuriant; but still his search was vain; and he had almost come to the resolution of taking the most direct course to his own clearing in despair. Just then, however, he suddenly came upon some fresh tracks, which, from the greater moisture and softness of the soil in that neighbourhood, were very apparent. Cheered by the prospect of at length succeeding, he started with renewed energy in his search; and ere long he came to where he was assured, by the marks they had left behind them, they must have rested the previous night.

Here, however, all his skill was required; for ere they had lain down and after they had risen, they had browsed in every direction, and the tracks were so crossed and intermingled that it was scarcely possible to follow them out of the labyrinth. At length, however, he discovered the direction in which they had left their morning pasture, and was led by it to where the bank jutted out in a point into the valley, or rather “flat,” which has been described, and even retained some slight elevation, until it was seemingly lost in the swamp. He was about to cross this rise as a matter of course, when, on gaining its slight ascent, he observed with surprise that the tracks turned directly towards the swamp. He paused, and listened attentively, but no bell was to be heard; nothing broke the deep silence and solitude of the forest except the

occasional rustle of the wind among the foliage, or the quick sharp tapping of the woodpecker. It was mid-day, however, and the cattle most probably would be lying down, and, consequently, he might be in their immediate neighbourhood without hearing the bell. He therefore followed the tracks, and, as he advanced, instead of the ridge on which he walked descending to the level of the rest of the swamp, it still retained a small elevation, yet sufficient to render it firm and dry, and became considerably extended in width; hardwood was interspersed among the evergreens, and the richness of the "feed" had evidently enticed the cattle thither.

"Why," thought Harry to himself, "this ridge is taking me straight to the northward; and unless the swamp is of enormous breadth I must be near the other side of it; and if so, this has been a good day's work to find so good a road to the back settlements."

Shortly after this, his quick ear caught the regular though faint and distant sound of an axe; then a pause of a few moments; then a crash, immediately followed by the "thud" of a falling tree.

"That must either come from the settlement," thought Vernon, "or else it must be some Indian cutting canoe-bark." He listened again, and again came the regularly-repeated strokes of the axe, though evidently at a considerable distance. "That's no Indian," quoth Harry to himself; "if the bark is all that is wanted, the tree wants no more chopping after it is down." While listening attentively to the distant axe, he was suddenly startled by the strokes of a bell close beside him; and there were

Messrs. "Buck" and "Bright," the former just awaking from a comfortable snooze and shaking his bell in the operation, while the latter seemed to be enjoying his cud amazingly. Heartily glad as he was to find his cattle, his curiosity having been aroused by the sound of the axe, he left his cattle to their ruminations, and pushed on in the direction from which it came. The ridge ended abruptly at the edge of a stream that flowed through the swamp, and beyond the stream the swamp looked as uninviting as one could well desire. Harry, however, scrambled across on a fallen log, and, pushing through what might literally be called "a tangled brake," he again emerged on dried land. The axe rung more and more clearly on his ear, and in a few minutes he found himself on the edge of a small clearing, where a man was hard at work chopping. He uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing Harry emerge from the woods.

"Why, Mr. Vernon, is that you? How in the world did you ever get here from that side? Have you been lost?"

"No," replied Harry, "I haven't been lost; but my cattle have led me a long hunt;" and he explained to the man how he had got through the swamp.

"Well, sir, I wouldn't have believed it unless I'd seen you, for I thought a wild beast could hardly have got through it, let alone a man. But now I remember," he added, "I heard a bell in the direction of the swamp this morning early; and I thought it so strange that any cattle should be there that I took it for an echo, or something of that sort."

Harry found that he had "come out" near the

middle of the back settlement, and not far from Clarke's clearing. The man on whose chopping he was saw at once the importance of the discovery of a near way to the lake; and after having asked Harry to sit down in his "shanty" and rest—an invitation, however, which he declined—he proposed to return with him to the other side of the stream, where the land rose and formed the dry ridge where our hero had found his oxen. They accordingly set out towards the swamp at a rapid pace, for the day was now far advanced, and Harry knew that he would have to make the most of his time in order to reach home before it was dark. They soon found themselves among the denser growth and the confused mass of fallen and moss-covered timber of the marshy ground; and guided by the faint sound of the cattle-bell, they succeeded in reaching the stream, not far from the place where Harry had previously crossed it. They soon gained the ridge, and Brown (which was the name of Harry's companion) having carefully observed the place, and taken its bearings by the setting sun, bid our hero good evening and returned towards his own clearing.

The former did not need Brown's parting admonitions to make haste, for the shadows of evening were already deepening in the gloom of the forest; and the incessant hum of countless hosts of musquitoes almost prevented him from hearing the bell, which sounded more faintly than ever, as the cattle retreated from the swamp. They were evidently making for the higher ground, to escape in some degree from the annoyance of the musquitoes, and Harry had to exert his powers in order to overtake them. By the time he reached

them the sun was down, and the light was becoming so faint that he was continually stumbling over the fallen logs and brushwood that came in his way. He knew that he must be still far from his own clearing, and he began to think seriously that he should have to make up his mind to pass the night in the woods; knowing, however, the instinct and sagacity of the cattle in finding their way home, he resolved to submit himself to their guidance; and fearing lest in the dark he should be separated from them, he got close to the bell-ox, which was a quiet, docile brute, and seizing the end of his tail, secured himself by that means against the danger of separation, and, urged on by his voice, it was astonishing with what skill they avoided every serious obstacle, in the shape of windfalls and the like. They kept steadily upon their way, and ere long Harry felt that they were on one of the well-worn cattle-tracks which lay in the neighbourhood of his clearing. Suddenly he was startled by a distant shot; a little after he distinguished the faint echoes of loud and frequent shouting; and then, a little after, he heard the violent and continued ringing of cow-bells. A moment's reflection told him that these sounds proceeded from his own people, who, supposing him lost, were using these means to attract and guide him, should he happen to be within hearing. He immediately gave a loud and peculiar cry, which he knew would be recognised; and urging the ox at the same time to greater speed, in order to make the bell ring more violently, he was assured by the answering din that his shout had been heard distinctly. In a few minutes he was at his own fence, and heartily glad he was to be there.

His men, who were seriously alarmed on his account, and had almost made themselves hoarse with shouting, were greatly relieved by his appearance. His housekeeper bustled about as briskly as a parched pea, to get him some supper; and after thankfully acknowledging the guiding and protecting care of Him whom he now earnestly and honestly strove to serve, he went to his rest; and deep and sweet was the slumber of the weary cattle-hunter.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE fear that the details of the last chapter have not proved very interesting, and the probability is, that the reader is so much of our mind, that had he suspected the amount of its prosiness, he would have skipped it altogether. We must, however, remind him that this does not profess to be a narrative of exciting adventures, but a plain and simple detail of the unromantic routine of Canadian life.

He whom we magnificently call "our hero" has, we doubt not, been all along regarded as a very milk-and-water sort of personage, and latterly, we suppose, that many have set him down as what they would emphatically call "a regular spoon."

Well! it must be confessed that it is rather humiliating to have our "hero" held so cheap, but then we console ourselves with the thought, that we are not *vain* of him, and that it is the correct proportions, not

of Henry Vernon, but of Canada, that we are anxious to portray.

It was not very long before the discovery of an easy way of crossing the swamp led to the formation of a well-beaten path, leading from the back settlement to the lake-shore. Harry became much better acquainted with his neighbours in the rear in consequence of this circumstance, particularly with the Clarkes, for whom he was soon led to entertain a high respect. The father of the family was a remarkably fine specimen of an English peasant. His fine manly figure was still strong and erect, although he bore upon him the weight of many years; his head was bald and white, and was encircled by a fringe of thin and hoary hair, which was indeed to him a crown of glory, for it was found in the way of righteousness. His whole manner was marked by a singular gentleness and simplicity, while his bearing towards all who were his superiors in rank, was deeply, though not servilely, respectful. He loved to speak of England and its ways. He had no false and foolish pride to keep him from alluding to the time "when he lived *sarvant* to farmer so-and-so," or to prevent his talking kindly and affectionately of "his old *maister*." He was essentially a churchman—his quiet practical religion was the unmistakable fruit of her holy teaching; and though ignorant, for the most part, of those grounds and arguments by which his views were sustained, yet he had from his youth been instructed to regard them as true by his authorised teachers—he saw them sustained by the testimony of Holy Scripture, which he most diligently read; and all the arguments brought against

him by sectarians had no more effect upon his mind, than the shower that falls from a passing cloud produces upon the steadfast rock. With their irreverent and noisy modes of worship he had no trace of sympathy, and as he considered them in error, he consequently thought it *wrong* to countenance them in any way—and this was ever sufficient for him. What was *wrong* he would not knowingly do, what was *right* he would at any hazard strive to perform. His family, as might have been expected, had been carefully brought up; and the elder members of it partook, in some measure, of the old man's character. Among all the privations of the Backwoods, there were none which he felt so severely as the entire separation from the ordinances and ministrations of the Church: he had always kept up the observance of family prayer, but his soul longed for the fuller and richer privileges of God's Holy Sanctuary. Having heard from his son how Vernon spent the Lord's-day, he surprised him one Sunday morning, shortly after the path was made through the swamp, by presenting himself at his door attired in his "best." He touched his hat respectfully in answer to Harry's friendly "good morning," and said that he had made bold to come over and ask leave to attend the service, a request with which, of course, it gave Harry great pleasure to comply. Next Sunday, with Vernon's permission, he brought his family with him, and afterwards one or two of his neighbours would occasionally accompany him, so that now and then there was quite a congregation. This circumstance at length induced Harry to say that, if the people in the back settlement would like such an

arrangement, he would be very glad, instead of reading the service in his own house, to read it in one of theirs. Old Clarke was delighted at this proposal, and offered the accommodation of his premises, as being very central in situation. This arrangement was accordingly agreed upon; and when Harry went over he found that a very considerable number of persons had come together. He took the opportunity of saying that he did not presume to take upon himself the office of their religious teacher, but that, as it seemed much better for some one to read the service than to leave Sunday without any religious observance at all, he had offered to do so.

The elder people present expressed great obligation to Harry for his kindness; and from that day forth he regularly read the service and a sermon to the people of the back settlement.

This was accompanied by very beneficial results. The settlers never forgot when the Sunday arrived. The shooting and similar amusements ceased; and Harry, assisted by the Clarkes, gathered the children and young people together and instructed them in their duties both towards God and man. A strong feeling of respect and even affection towards Harry was frequently manifested by the settlers, produced not merely by his attention to them, but by his own consistency of conduct. Religion was a subject of which he seldom spoke unless circumstances required it, and then it was reverently, decidedly, and briefly. He allowed his *conduct* and *actions* to show that the attention which he paid to his daily and weekly devotions arose from no mere formal or hypocritical

pretence to piety. His character for sincerity and the desire of his approval induced many to attend the service who might not have done so merely for its own sake. And though Job Stephens would occasionally say that there was no spirituality in such prayers, and that reading sermons out of a book was desperate dull work, yet since Mr. Vernon took the trouble to come over the swamp to read to them, the least they could do was to attend; he would add, however, that he did not think he could be *converted*, or he would soon make away with the books and give them a prayer and exhortation out of his own heart.

Great, indeed, must we admit the responsibilities of life to be when they are rightly weighed and duly pondered. Few, indeed, are the situations in life in which the influence of an individual, whether for good or evil, may not be considerable. There are many in Canada, situated as Vernon was, who might do all that he did, at little sacrifice; and the amount of good that might be thus effected, can only be rightly estimated in that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Instead of this, however, we generally see those who might and ought to be the examples to their poorer or less intelligent neighbours, withheld, by the fear of singularity, from pursuing a course of conduct which might prove of incalculable benefit both to themselves and those around them. The consequence generally is, that ere long, they become equally indifferent to their religious duties, and the whole neighbourhood enters upon a downward course of growing disregard of those observances to which, as Christians, they were bound to attend.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Harry's new opinions and practices became generally known among his acquaintances of his own class, he experienced that trial which is the general lot of persons under such circumstances—that, viz., of ridicule. Some of them addressed him as *Saint Harry*; others asked him when he joined the Methodists; while others made tender inquiries as to the state of his nerves when exercising his new calling as a preacher. Vernon took all this bantering very good naturedly; he was found to be as cheerful as ever, and as ready to enter with all his heart into any innocent amusement.

It was only when the amusements or the conversation took an objectionable turn that he quietly remonstrated; and, if that proved ineffectual, as quietly withdrew. He carefully avoided a tone of assumption or superiority; and the consequence was, that though perhaps not so great a favourite as before with some in the settlement, yet his cheerfulness of manner, and quiet consistency of conduct, gained him much respect among all classes. He was still a welcome visitor at the houses of his various acquaintances, although his distance from the main body of the settlement rendered his visits less frequent than they would have otherwise been. One evening a number of the settlers had met at Drayton's, more by accident than otherwise, and, as

was very natural, their conversation, among other topics, rested upon the success which had hitherto attended their efforts, and the prospects which lay before them for the future.

“Well, Drayton,” said Tom Nichol, addressing the host, “how did your wheat turn out this year? Are you going to make your fortune by it?”

“Fortune!” echoed Drayton, “make our fortune! I wish with all my heart we could make our *bread* by it—and that’s what we’ve never done yet.”

“Why, I’m surprised at that,” replied Nichol. “I saw your wheat a few weeks before harvest, and it looked uncommonly well; I thought you would have had a glorious crop.”

“So it would have been; but before the ears were half filled the ‘rust’ struck it, and shrivelled up the grain, so that it was scarcely worth cutting.”

“You are no worse off than your neighbours, if that is any consolation,” observed Captain Conway. “My wheat escaped the rust, it is true, but hands were so scarce, that before I could get it cut a great deal shed on the ground, and then the wet weather came on, and what was not shed sprouted in the ear, and so what bread we have is regular ‘stick-jaw:’ in fact, it is more like very stiff paste than anything else that I’m acquainted with.”

“We are a remarkably successful set of farmers,” said O’Neil, in a dolorous tone. “I couldn’t get any new land cleared last year for fall wheat in consequence of house-building, and therefore I sowed upon the stubble and harrowed it till I was half dead. Indeed, my feelings were almost as much harrowed as the field,

and the return was a most magnificent crop of *chess*. I verily believe I won't get the seed back."

"That comes of matrimonial projects, O'Neil," said Drayton, laughing. "If young gentlemen farmers *will* build nice houses for future wives, instead of clearing land, they must expect their wheat to turn out chess."

"None of your nonsense, Jack, or I'll become like your wheat, excessively *rusty*. I assure you it's no laughing matter, for even if things were as you suppose, *chess* of this description would prove a *check to mat-ting*; for a few more such games and I should have to take to *pawning* everything, even to my coat and continuations."

"I'm afraid you will have some distance to go before you find your 'uncle,'" said Nichol; "the sign of the three balls is not very frequent among us yet; and if you took your continuations to where that sign might be found, it might be justly said that your pantaloons were *farther-fetched* than even your puns."

"I shall apply to my friend St. Harry, for I hear he has been selling lots of wheat, and consequently must be revelling in this world's wealth."

"You never made a greater mistake in your life," replied Harry; "it is true that I did not suffer much from the rust except round the edges of the field, or where the log heaps were burnt; and I was fortunate enough to get the crops under cover before the wet set in. But what of that? Though I sold some fifty bushels to Notions, the storekeeper, he wouldn't give me more than three-and-sixpence a bushel for it, and then the rascal made me take it out in 'store pay,' though I don't want a thing out of his trumpery shop."

The only thing I could do was to give some of the men an order on the store for the amount of their wages; and it was lucky that amount was not great, or I should have been bankrupt."

"You're a remarkably lucky fellow," said Morris; "for you are the first gentleman farmer in the settlement that I've heard of who has ever sold anything. For my part I am so accustomed to pay two or three great hulking fellows ten dollars a month to do me the favour of eating up everything the farm produces, and sundry barrels of pork and flour produced by some other farm, that the idea of selling anything appears absurd."

"But how in the world is it," asked Drayton, "that the common people about us seem to be getting on so well. Some of their clearings are almost as large as ours; and *they* seem to have plenty to sell whenever *we* want anything. There are plenty of families about us here who, when they came, hadn't a shilling, who now seem to want for nothing."

"I don't think it is very difficult to account for," said Harry; "in the first place they have been accustomed to labour from their childhood; and what seems privation to us is comfort to them. For instance, we have pigs, and they have pigs; we fatten our pigs and eat them; they fatten their pigs and sell them to us, and live upon potatoes themselves. So with eggs, butter, poultry, flour, and everything we need, and *they* can do without; and yet they don't do without them entirely either, for after we have bought these things from them, we, as Morris says, pay them handsome wages to come and help us to eat them. They do all

their own work, and then for 'a consideration' they come and help us to do ours, during which operation they must be well *fed*. Now, the result of this state of things is, that in consequence of our consuming their produce and labour, our money is being transferred into their pockets, and we are becoming poorer, and they are becoming richer."

"Humph!" said Captain Conway, "an extremely pleasing view of our position and prospects in these delectable Backwoods. I can tell you that I for one feel myself to be in very different circumstances from those in which I expected to have been by this time. I've got rid of some 1500*l.* since I came here, and upon my honour I've got very little to show for it."

"You're a long way from being singular," observed Morris; "for I must confess it would puzzle my powers of arithmetic to tell what has become of the money we've spent since we came here."

"Without wishing to undervalue your property, Captain Conway," said Harry, "I am sure you might advertise it in all the papers in Canada, and you would not get 500*l.* for it, consequently you have expended, during the five years you have been here, the sum of 200*l.* per annum, in order that you and your family might encounter every possible hardship, suffer all manner of inconvenience, and place your children in a position of the utmost possible disadvantage."

"Why, Vernon," exclaimed Drayton, "what a raven you've become; what on earth has set you croaking at this rate?"

"Croaking or not," answered Conway, "there is much truth in what he says. I don't mind the hard-

ships we've gone through, or the inconveniences to which we are still subject; but I am becoming very anxious about my children. How in the world are they to be educated here? and without education another generation will see them ranged on the same level with the common labourer. It is a matter of painful surprise to me to observe in this settlement men of education so insensible to this consideration. There are some of their children, I am sure, who will scarcely be able to write their names, and consequently they will find themselves positively *beneath* the working classes, for while the source to which they must look for subsistence is the same, viz., manual labour, their tastes, habits, and ideas, render them less fit for it."

"I'd advise you, O'Neil," said Nichol, "to take warning by Conway's long face, and forswear matrimony and its awful consequences, unless," he added, "you have your national good-luck and secure a lady with lots of tin."

"Avaunt, thou mercenary wretch!" exclaimed O'Neil, in a mock heroic manner, "can you insult me by supposing that I would ever make that holy state a matter o' money?"

"Horrid," said Drayton, "a man who would appropriate as his own an attempt at a pun which at the least must be five thousand years old, is ready for anything; for my part, I shall button up my pockets. And Mary," he added, turning to his sister, "pray keep a sharp eye on the spoons and sugar-tongs."

"It's all very well for you bachelors to be merry," said Captain Conway, and the shade of anxiety which the conversation had called into his face was hardly

dispelled by his pleasing smile, "but I begin to think seriously that we have all made a great mistake in coming into the Backwoods. We are not in our proper place; but the difficulty is, how to get out of the false position in which we have placed ourselves? For my part, I have made such a hole in my funds, that I am afraid to move again, for a second failure would be ruin, and yet I am not able to educate the children here, and I am not rich enough to send them to the boarding-schools in the towns; and the truth is, I feel myself in a regular dilemma."

"Why is 'the Bush' like a mousetrap?" asked O'Neil, gravely.

"Don't keep bothering with your nonsense," said Morris.

"I only ask a simple question, and one extremely pertinent to the subject in hand. Why is the 'Bush' like a mousetrap?"

"Your riddle is easily read, O'Neil," replied Drayton, "because once you get in, you can't get out."

"The resemblance is unfortunately too strong," observed Vernon, "but I nevertheless mean, before the sleighing is gone, to take a run through some of the front settlements, to see if I cannot find some feasible mode of escape from O'Neil's mousetrap. It won't do to be utterly victimised."

"I can't think what has come over you, Vernon; you used to be one of the most sanguine amongst us, and now you are groaning away like a lodged tree in a storm. According to your account there is nothing but ruin before us all. Is this one of your new lights?"

“I’ll tell you what has led me to think as I do now,” replied Harry. “Though I am a bachelor, and have been tolerably steady and industrious, I have managed, like the rest of us, to get through a good deal of money since I have been here, and the governor, in his letters, expresses great surprise at its not making more adequate returns, and talks seriously of stopping the supplies. Now, were he really to do such a thing, what would be my position? If I did not starve it would be as much as I could hope for, for constant and unremitting labour would not do more than supply me with the merest necessaries of life. There is not a farm in the whole settlement that will supply food to the proprietor and pay the wages of a man the year round, and so the prospect which seems to me to lie before us is that of a very indifferent livelihood, to be procured by incessant bodily toil, to which we have been unaccustomed, and for which many of us are unfit.”

“There is some truth in that,” said Drayton, “two or three young fellows amongst us have hurt themselves seriously by hard work, but then, you know, things will improve as our farms are enlarged.”

“Yes,” replied Vernon, “but look at the amount of labour and expense that we must incur before our clearings will be worth calling farms. Here is Captain Conway tells us that he has spent 1500*l.* already; and most of us, during the last five years, have spent sums which would have purchased cleared farms in much better positions than our present locality. For 600*l.* or 800*l.*, we could, when we first came to the country, have bought properties with better out-buildings

and larger clearings than we shall have for the next ten years. We should have had none of the hardships to which we have been exposed here. We should have had *comparatively* good roads. We should have been near good markets; and, if we wished to part with the property, we could have done so with advantage, which I am sure we shall not be able to do here for a long time to come."

"I think the only mode of accounting for the unspeakable folly of which we were guilty in taking the step we did," said Conway, with something of bitterness in his manner, "is to suppose that we were victims of one of those fits of temporary insanity which sometimes seem to seize upon whole communities."

"I vote that the subject of conversation be changed," said O'Neil, "or there will be some coroner's inquests to-morrow morning. Conway will cut his throat, and if I'm on the jury I'll bring a verdict of manslaughter against Vernon."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Nichol; "let us change the conversation, by all means, or we shall all get a fit of the blues. Let me entreat you, Miss Drayton," he added, addressing his host's sister, "to open your piano, and let one of your beautiful songs banish that horrid spirit of grumbling and discontent that seems to have taken possession of us."

Miss Drayton kindly acceded to a request which was immediately joined in by all present; and seating herself at the instrument, drew forth its tones with no unskilled hand. Her voice was rich and cultivated, and some of the gentlemen present being similarly gifted, "croaking" gave way to music and conversa-

tion of a more sprightly character. No one could have looked upon the apartment in which the parties, whose conversation has been narrated, were assembled without feeling the great incongruity which existed between it and the persons and many of the things which it contained.

The rude log walls—the large fire-place, in which the wood fire was crackling merrily—the simple nature of the few articles of furniture—contrasted strangely with some shelves filled with handsomely-bound and well-selected books, and the piano, at which sat an elegant and ladylike girl, surrounded by men of gentlemanly bearing and educated minds. It was one of the anomalies of the Backwood mania—an anomaly which ought never to have existed, and one, it is to be hoped, which will seldom be seen again.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONSIDERABLE share of prudence and common sense was unquestionably one of our hero's characteristics. In consequence of the tone of his father's letters, he had been led to reflect much upon the chances of success likely to flow from settlement in "the Bush;" and the conclusions (based upon the results of his experience) to which he came were those which were stated in the last chapter. Though there was some

society in the neighbourhood, yet he felt sensibly that the nature of his avocations throwing him almost continually and unavoidably into the company of his workmen had a deteriorating effect upon his own mind. He observed that what he was sensible of himself was experienced by others, particularly those who had no friends or families near them. Some fell into excessively gross and dissipated habits; some married their own servants or half-bred Indians; and, with those exceptions where there were ladies in a family, which generally contributed to keep up its tone, there was altogether a downward tendency, which alarmed him for the future. When the thought of marriage, so natural to a young man, occurred to him, he saw very plainly that if he was to live upon his farm the idea of marrying a lady was absurd; and for him to marry any one of rank inferior to his own would be impossible. These considerations had led him to the determination which he had expressed at Drayton's, of going to the older settlements; and his idea was to endeavour to "trade" his two hundred acres in Monkleigh for one hundred in the more favoured region of "the Front," and induce his father to pay any balance which might be necessary. He accordingly betook himself to his old friend Mr. Lawrence, at Wilton, to whom he explained his views and projects.

"It has been quite apparent to me for some time past," said Mr. Lawrence, "that your ideas of 'the Bush' have undergone a great change. I am most sincerely thankful that I did not make a fool of myself by following your example, which I most probably should have done but for the sake of the children. If

you can succeed in effecting your present plans, I shall be delighted to have you for a neighbour."

"There is one reason which makes me very anxious to succeed, but it is one on which I've said little except to you. I mean my strong desire to partake in the ordinances of the Church, which I now feel to be so essential to my spiritual well-being, but from which, in my present situation, I am almost entirely debarred; and another is, that I think I could do very well upon a good farm if near a good market, which would be the case if I could succeed in getting one in this neighbourhood."

"With the former reason, you know, I most fully concur," answered Mr. Lawrence, "and few considerations ought to weigh more strongly with you in leading you to shift your tent. As to your probabilities of success on a farm in this neighbourhood, I am not very competent to judge. I never was a farmer at home, nor in this country, except for the first year, and then I certainly did not find it a very lucrative affair; but then, of course, I knew nothing about it, so it is not very wonderful that I lost money by it."

"Why, no," said Harry, "besides which you did not give yourself time to make it answer: the first year is necessarily an expensive one."

"I very soon saw, however, that farming would not do for me," replied Mr. Lawrence. "If I kept the boys on the farm to make farmers of them, their education must be neglected, and as that did not accord with my ideas, I determined on relinquishing agriculture. I sent George, who was nearly fourteen, to Upper Canada College, a first-rate school, where he has got

on admirably. Ellen, who was nearly twelve, I sent to York also, to a private boarding-school, and I have been very well satisfied with her progress. She has always been away when you've been down, and she is grown so that you will hardly know her. George, having completed the course of study at Upper Canada College, has resolved on studying medicine and becoming my assistant; and the younger children are doing very well. What with my practice and my private means, I am pretty comfortable; and if I can succeed in giving my children a good education and good principles, I am not afraid of their temporal prospects in a country like this."

"Oh, well," said Vernon, "I have none of these things to trouble me, and farming in a neighbourhood like this must, I think, be profitable, and seems to me a pleasant and independent mode of life. I should be well content to have a farm within a few miles of Wilton."

"I dare say that if you had you would succeed better than you appear to have done at Monkleigh," replied Mr. Lawrence. "The farmers here seem to do very well, but when I say farmers, I don't mean *gentlemen* farmers. They work hard, and from the proximity to the lake and the extent of water privilege, Wilton affords a good market, and they can generally command that grand desideratum in Canadian life, 'cash,' for their produce, hence they, as a general rule, are a thriving and substantial class, who enjoy every comfort which can be desired by honest and intelligent yeomen."

Vernon became more and more impressed with the

desirability of obtaining a farm in the cleared parts of the country, the more he examined into the relative advantages of agricultural pursuits carried on in the front townships as compared with those in the rear. He could not help feeling, however, that his friend Mr. Lawrence did not seem to enter very warmly into his plans, although at the same time he appeared, on the whole, to approve of them. Having returned one evening from the inspection of a farm that had been offered for sale, and with the general character of which he was much pleased, Harry dwelt strongly upon the probabilities of success that would attend his efforts should he be fortunate enough to secure it, and described the mode of operation which in that case he would adopt.

“I hope your success will be equal to your anticipations, Harry,” said Mr. Lawrence. “Agriculture is, without doubt, a most legitimate and important calling; but have you fairly made up your mind to devote yourself entirely to it; have you determined to become a farmer for life?”

“I have not thought much about the matter as far as that is concerned,” replied Vernon; “I don’t see, however, that I can very well do anything else; I have no other occupation or profession on which to fall back; besides which, farming here will be a very different thing from farming in the Backwoods.”

“But if it be a Christian duty to make conscience of *all* our ways,” said Mr. Lawrence, “surely, in determining upon our future course of life, we ought to consider not only our own things but also the things of others; and if, while we provide for our own wants, we

can be *more* useful to our fellow-men in one calling rather than another, such a consideration ought to have great weight in determining our choice."

"Very true," answered Vernon; "but I do not exactly see how it applies to my particular case."

"Indeed! The application does not appear very difficult. Look at the state of the Church in this country, the fearful ignorance that abounds, the multitudes who are perishing for lack of knowledge, the destructive false doctrine, heresy, and schism that prevail, and then say whether an earnest-minded Christian man is most likely to be useful in his generation as a tiller of the ground or an ambassador of Christ? It is not an occupation which will, in this country, make a large pecuniary return; but it is a glorious work to which I hope to devote, at least, one of the sons whom God has given me."

The proposal startled Harry, for it was one for which he was unprepared; and, at first sight, he shrunk from the responsibility which he felt that such a step would involve. It was, however, a subject of frequent and earnest conversation between himself, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Grey, the clergyman of Wilton. These conversations it is quite unnecessary to detail. Suffice it to say, that at length, after deep and solemn and lengthened consideration, our hero resolved to become a candidate for holy orders.

On Harry's communicating his views and wishes to his father, he found that they met with his most cordial approval. The bishop of the diocese, being called to the Upper Province by official duty (for in those days Upper Canada had no bishop of her own), received him, on his introduction, with great kindness; and as, at that

period, there was no university or theological school in the country, his lordship sanctioned an arrangement which had been conditionally made between Harry and Mr. Grey, that the latter, who was a graduate at Oxford, should prepare him for the examination necessary for admission to holy orders. The farm at Monkleigh was let upon what is called an improvement lease—that is, the tenant received all the benefits arising from the farm, and instead of paying a rent bound himself to “improve” it by annually clearing a stipulated quantity of land. These arrangements having been completed, Harry bade farewell to his old friends at Monkleigh, none of whom expressed more sincere regret at his departure than his humble neighbours across the swamp, particularly the Clarkes. It was not without a pang of deep regret that he left a neighbourhood where many hardships had been mingled with much happiness, and where warm-hearted hospitality and friendly feeling had done much to lighten the difficulties with which all had to contend.

CHAPTER XVII.

VERNON was soon domiciled at Mr. Grey's, under whose direction he vigorously commenced his studies. Wilton was growing rapidly, and had almost passed from a village into a town. Mr. Lawrence's family, and those of several other persons of respectability, afforded

a pleasant circle of acquaintance, and altogether Harry found himself very agreeably situated. He frequently accompanied Mr. Grey in his visits to his parishioners, and thus gradually acquired a practical knowledge of the duties which he himself would hereafter be called upon to perform. He assisted in all those duties where lay-agency was permitted; and thus while being useful to others, he benefited himself.

With this brief notice we shall pass over the period of his preparation, as there was little connected with it which is peculiar or characteristic of Canada. Neither shall we dwell upon the solemn feelings which accompanied his ordination, for a similar reason. The reader consequently must be re-introduced to our hero, as "The Reverend Harry Vernon," — a travelling missionary appointed to visit a wide-spread tract of country, embracing portions both of the old and the comparatively new settlements. Harry rode well, having been accustomed to the saddle from his boyhood; and it must be confessed that he had rather a weakness in the way of horseflesh. He had long had his eye about him, and from the good horses for which Canada is remarkable, he had selected a beautiful creature, who is thus particularly adverted to because it is by no means improbable that she may re-appear with some prominence upon these pages. She was clean-limbed, strongly, though not clumsily formed, of a high spirit and free from all vice, unless it was, that, if suddenly pinched behind the saddle, she would kick furiously. Mounted on his new purchase, who rejoiced in the somewhat appropriate name of "Fidget," and provided with a valise attached to his saddle to hold his robes, linen, and other etceteras,

he proceeded to his appointed sphere of labour, which lay at some distance from his friends at Wilton. He had not been long there before he found ample proof that the life on which he had entered was necessarily one of self-denial. The section of country to which he was appointed consisted of many townships, and though some of them were well cleared and densely settled, there was not, for fifty miles in one direction, and thirty in the other, a single family above the rank of a yeoman farmer. Hence he was at once deprived of everything like congenial society. He was also destitute of a home; for though with some difficulty he had procured a room towards the centre of his mission, to serve as a sort of head-quarters, yet he was seldom there, and indeed there was very little to attract him thither. Though he met with great kindness and warm hospitality from those to whom he ministered, yet he had to put up with all kinds of discomforts and inconveniences. One night his quarters were clean and comfortable, the next they were in every respect the reverse. Sometimes he enjoyed the luxury of a *whole* room to himself; at others, he would have been truly thankful if he could have enjoyed the individual possession of a *whole bed*. In the back townships, there were the almost impracticable roads,—the scattered population,—the rude accommodation, characteristic of “the Bush.” In the older settlements there were some things which annoyed Vernon even more, though they did not affect his personal comfort so immediately. Chief among these things was the general tone and manner which prevailed among “the rising generation,” particularly the young men. Having for the most part been brought up, if not born,

in the settlements, they had hardly ever seen persons in a rank of life superior to their own. The farms on which they lived were cleared and fertile ; the families of which they were members were thriving and comfortable. These circumstances induced them to regard themselves as by no means insignificant members of society, and led to an independence of manner that was far from pleasing. They had nothing "British" about them ; and even took upon themselves to ridicule the English dialect of their fathers, for which they substituted a half Yankee slang that was unbearable. They considered themselves vastly superior to "the old folks," as they termed their parents, and "guessed that they were considerable smarter than the old country people." This arose, not from any intercourse with the free and enlightened citizens of the neighbouring republic, for there was scarcely an American among them, but appeared to be solely the result of the circumstances in which they were placed—those, namely, of isolation from persons of a superior and more educated class, and the comfort and independence of their worldly circumstances.

It used to prove a trial to Harry's equanimity to meet one of these young gentlemen on a Sunday morning, decked out in full holiday costume, and riding a horse,—and that often a remarkably good one,—rendered as gay as leather could well make him. It is difficult to describe one of these exquisites. One of their most striking characteristics, however, is a partiality for long hair, that would have scandalised a Puritan ; and the yellower and lankier and more unmanageable it is, the longer they delight to wear it, —drawing it over to one side, or, perhaps, parting it in

the middle, and cutting it off square an inch or so below the ears, which are entirely concealed by it.

On the top of this abomination they place a black beaver hat, with rather a low crown and a broad brim. A cloth surtout, the skirts of which are separated behind, and pinned together in front, to save them from being soiled by the horse's flanks. A very open waistcoat, showing an immense quantity of shirt breast. A pair of trousers painfully new, strapped down by a long, narrow thong of leather, with a single button-hole; over a super-human effort of the country shoemaker, in the shape of "*a fine boot.*" And then his horse is as fine as himself,—first there is a new-looking saddle of yellowish-red leather, with stirrups so long, that the toe of the "*fine boot*" aforesaid, can just reach them; then there is a new halter, with its leather shank or strap, tastily adjusted round the horse's neck; and over that is a new bridle,—sometimes with a double rein,—and, last of all, there is a new martingale, to make the horse hold his head gracefully, and afford a legitimate opportunity of adorning him with a few more straps; and as he goes prancing along, if his rider does not indulge in a flattering opinion of himself and his appearance, then, as the well-known Mr. Slick says, "*it's a pity.*" We have said that Vernon's equanimity used to be greatly disturbed by such a spectacle as we have attempted to describe; but when, in passing, the exquisite treated him to a nod, it upset him altogether. This latter operation among the class alluded to, does not consist in bending the head slightly forward upon the chest, but giving it a sudden jerk over the shoulder nearest to the person who is honoured with the salute.

The Canadian-country dandy of the older settlements was a new character to our hero, for Monkleigh and its neighbourhood was settled almost entirely by old countrymen; and though it startled him a good deal at first, he soon got accustomed to the appearance of the animal, and as they did not trouble him with much of their company, he got over the dread which had seized him on first making their acquaintance.

With the more elderly people he managed uncommonly well, and got by degrees into the way of making himself at home wherever he went,—spoke to them of the first days of their settlement, and of the present state of their farms. He made friends with the mothers, by asking about their children; and in the evening, when the young people themselves came home from school, he would assume a pleasant and cheerful manner, and gathering them round him, would catechise them on their religious knowledge, which, in the majority of cases, he found lamentably deficient. This always used to afford a most easy and natural method of affording sound lessons of religious faith and duty, not only to the children themselves, but to the elder members of the family also.

Still, at the best, the life of a travelling missionary, useful as it undoubtedly is, is far from proving satisfactory to the missionary himself: he is here to-day, and gone to-morrow; his sphere is so extensive, and ministrations at each station so interrupted, that it is impossible for him to become well acquainted with the members of his various flocks.

Here, he officiates in the room of a private house; there, he occupies a barn; in another place, he is

fortunate enough to get a school-house ; while it sometimes happens that he has to perform his duties in the open air. Then, the congregations are untaught and irreverent, sitting where they ought to stand, and standing when they ought to sit ; and not unfrequently leaving the *whole* service to be read by the clergyman alone.

Vernon, of course, had his share of these troubles. He mingled in strange scenes and with strange people, and officiated in all sorts of places, though he possessed what every travelling missionary cannot boast of, and that was *one* edifice, which he used to call his cathedral. This was a church (so called) which a knot of churchmen in one part of his mission had made considerable efforts to build. They had got up the shell and had it rudely floored ; there were some loose boards placed upon blocks for the accommodation of the worshippers, and an immense erection for the convenience of the clergyman ; but as it was the solitary convenience of the kind, it was difficult to say whether it was to be regarded as the pulpit or the desk. The country carpenter had evidently been possessed with the happy thought that, by making it twice as large as necessary, it would answer both purposes, which it accordingly had to do. Altogether, Vernon's cathedral was a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture and arrangement that would unquestionably have astonished the minds of the members of the late Cambridge Camden Society. In order that the description of it may be characterised by brevity, we can compare it to nothing so well as a small barn, about ten feet longer than it was broad, destitute of projecting eaves, and

into which, by some mistake, an immense quantity of glass had been inserted; namely, one enormous square-headed window behind the pulpit, three large square windows on each side, and *four* at what *ought* to have been the western end, two of them at the ordinary level, and two others, far above them, to light an intended gallery—as if there had not been previously glass enough in the edifice to have lighted a dozen churches of the same size; add to this, that in the interior there was no plaster on the walls, and that on the outside the half-inch boards, which formed the only protection from the weather, were unpainted, and the reader may form some idea of Harry's solitary church.

Although there was much in his mode of life which he felt to be unsatisfactory, it was not without its bright spots, and our hero resolved not to be disheartened. People who had not heard the service of the Church for twenty years welcomed him with such sincere delight, and extended to him so much kind hospitality, that it made up for the coldness and indifference which he sometimes met with, and made him willing to endure the hardships and difficulties to which the travelling missionary must always to a greater or less degree be exposed. A more graphic idea of some of the features of missionary life in Canada may perhaps be conveyed by descending into some of the details of his experience, and this we purpose to do in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VERNON'S previous experience in the Backwoods proved of considerable use to him in his new mode of life. The rough, and sometimes almost impassable roads, and the wild, rude ways of "the Bush," were by no means new to him, and he accommodated himself to them with the greater facility. The readiness of resource, and the feeling of self-reliance which he had acquired, prevented that sense of strangeness and loneliness which sometimes comes over those unaccustomed to the woods, and were often of material service when he found himself placed in difficulty.

A very rapid thaw had set in towards the latter part of the winter, and had made great progress at the time when Harry had to serve one of his most distant Backwood stations. He had, however, got on better than he expected, and there was but one piece of bad and swampy road to pass before he reached his destination for the night, and that he hoped would be still sufficiently frozen to allow his horse and cutter (as a small single sleigh is called) to get over safely. Shortly before reaching the part of the road in question, he met a man, whom he knew slightly, and whose horse bore very unequivocal marks of having been in a mud-hole.

"Good evening, Mr. Mitchell," said Harry, pulling

up. "How is the road between this and Small's?—Not very good I'm afraid, from the look of your horse."

"Och thin, yer riverence," quoth Mitchell, who was a son of the sod, "they're mighty bad entirely,—I thought my horse would have been swamped clane and clever, and that I'd niver see sight of him more. The frost's out wonderfully, so it is, and the sun will be down afore long, and though it's a smart baste yer drivin', I'm in dread you'll niver get over the big hole that's open beside Smith's clearin'."

"I must try, nevertheless," replied Harry, "and the sooner I get on the better, so I'll bid you good night."

He had not driven far, when he saw from the state of the road that the account which he had received had not been overdrawn; he remembered that not far from where he was, a footpath struck off into the woods, which had been formed in order to avoid the bad part of the road which has been alluded to; and along which he had once or twice ridden on horseback during the summer, when the mud-holes were impassable. This path led for about three miles directly through the Bush; and when Harry reached it, he found by the track that was beaten through the snow, that it had been used through the winter; and as the forest in the neighbourhood was entirely hardwood, and tolerably free from any great quantity of fallen timber, he resolved to attempt to drive his horse and cutter along the path, rather than run the risk of the mud-holes. He had not gone far, walking through the snow, rendered shallow by the thaw, and trying to guide his horse carefully through the intricacies of the underwood, before two saplings, growing unfortunately close together, wrenched

off the upper part of his cutter-box, which was made something like a gig-body. Fastening it on as well as he could, he proceeded as rapidly as circumstances would permit, scrambling over logs, and making circuits round the tops of fallen trees. His difficulties however were increasing,—the sun had set, and, the night falling fast, rendered his progress slower. By the time he reached a stream which he had to cross, and which, in consequence of the thaw, was now open, the stars were shining brightly in the deep-blue sky, and every trace of daylight was gone. Misled by the obscurity, he struck the stream at the wrong place; he had, in consequence, to leap his horse over a large log which lay in the way, and fully expected to see the sleigh broken to pieces; fortunately, however, it escaped, only losing the loose part, which fell into the stream. Harry had to let go the reins; but Fidget, notwithstanding her name, stood quietly on reaching the opposite bank, and her master having crossed the brook on a fallen log, flattered himself that the worst was over. He was surprised, however, to find the snow on the side to which he had crossed very much beaten, and discovered, to his dismay, that instead of one path there were numerous ones, leading in all directions. After various attempts to hit upon the right one, he gave it up in despair, and returned to where he had fastened his horse. Though he could not account for the multitude of tracks, yet as they seemed recent, it appeared reasonable to suppose that some persons must be in the neighbourhood. He therefore resolved to make himself heard if possible, and after shouting for some time most vigorously, he distinguished an answering shout. Ere long he discovered

two figures approaching, who proved to be Indians, of whom a considerable number had "camped" in the neighbourhood, and the tracks he had observed were the paths leading from the stream to the several wigwams. Vernon found difficulty in explaining his position to his new acquaintances, but at last their few words of English, and his few words of Indian, aided by signs, had the desired effect, and they kindly guided him to the proper path that would lead him to his destination. Just as he was emerging upon a well-beaten sleigh road, he met with another misfortune, for in the dark he managed to get foul of a small low stump, which startled the horse, and by a sudden jerk one of the shafts were snapped in the middle. It seemed now as if he must leave the remains of his sleigh on the road-side; but unwilling to do so, he unbuckled the shank of his halter, and placing the shivered parts of the shaft together, he bound the whole to the trace, whose tension helped to keep them from dropping or hurting the horse. Proceeding thus, he managed to reach a shanty, at the door of which he applied for assistance to patch up his cutter to enable him to get to his journey's end.

The owner was very ready to afford any aid in his power; but when he saw the state of the cutter, he told Vernon that it was impossible for him to proceed.

"But how in the world," asked the man, "did you manage to make such a smash of your sleigh. Did your horse run away, sir?"

"No, but hearing the mud-holes were very bad by Smith's clearing, I drove through the Bush by the footpath."

"O, you're joking, sir," said the man, incredulously.

“ Who ever heard of driving a cutter three miles through the Bush ? ”

“ It is a fact, nevertheless,” replied Harry, “ and I tried it because I would rather break my cutter than swamp my horse.”

“ Well, I ’m ten years in the woods ; and if any one else had told me of it I wouldn’t have believed it. But,” added the settler, “ you can’t go any farther to-night ; and though we ’ve but a poor way of doing, we ’ll make you as comfortable as we can. So come in, sir ; and I ’ll take good care of your horse.”

From the state of dilapidation in which Vernon found his vehicle, he was only too glad to accept the offered hospitality. Though his host had, as he had said, been ten years in the woods, he had very recently come to the place where he now was, and everything being of the rudest possible description, reminded Harry of his own old shanty in Monkleigh. The family consisted of the settler, his wife, and several children, most of whom were in bed in one corner, and in the opposite one stood another bed, which was the peculiar property of the parents. Harry soon observed that his hostess was proceeding to make such changes in this bed as were intended to fit it for his accommodation. This however he strongly protested against, and consented to accept their hospitality only on condition of their keeping their own bed and allowing him to do as he pleased. At last, though not without great difficulty, he carried his point, and, turning down the solitary wooden chair which the shanty boasted, in order that the back of it might serve as a pillow, he spread one of the buffalo skins which formed his “ sleigh robes ” on the floor,

and drawing the other over him, he found himself much more comfortable than when, from consideration for the feelings of his entertainers, he felt himself obliged to accept the beds which they often with great kindness relinquished for his use. Next morning the united skill of Harry and his host rendered the sleigh more fit for the prosecution of his journey, which he was enabled to accomplish without further accident.

On our hero's first commencing his missionary career, he found his ideas of delicacy and propriety very much in the way. The houses where he stayed very frequently consisted only of one apartment, which formed the parlour, kitchen, and bed-room of the husband and wife, and, perhaps, three or four grown-up sons and daughters. Getting into bed and out of it again used to be terrible operations. Sometimes when bed-time approached Harry would go, and on pretence of looking at his horse would remain out for some time, hoping that, at all events, the females of the family would take the opportunity of retiring for the night. On his return to the house, however, he generally found that no advantage had been taken of his absence. He would then sit down by the fire and talk to the host, flattering himself that perhaps his hostess and her daughters would do as he had done, and afford him an opportunity which they had neglected. Such an idea, however, never seemed to cross their minds, and so there was no help for it but to prepare for the worst. His devotions, which could not be called *private*, had to be performed in the room, for he feared to offer them outside the house, lest the inmates of it being ignorant of his having done so, should think that he

neglected them altogether. And then divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, boots, and neckcloth, he got into bed, hoping when the others were asleep to render himself more comfortable, or else kicking off his "continuations" underneath the bed-clothes. Habit, however, enures us to anything, and after some time Vernon used to manage these matters with a coolness and skill, that would perhaps have led an ignorant person to suppose that his modesty had really received a very serious shock.

In some parts of Harry's mission there were great numbers of Protestant Irish, who retained in undiminished strength many of their national characteristics. There was among them much loyalty to the throne and attachment to the Church. There was great kindness and warm-heartedness towards their friends, and no lack of downright uncompromising hatred towards Papists, rebels, and other enemies; there was a good deal of fun and humour, and, with some exceptions, a very considerable proportion of *dirt*. Harry had many exemplifications of these various features of the national character—especially the latter. There was one man in particular—a kind, simple-hearted creature—who was known as "Jack Morgan," and for whom Vernon had a great liking. He was unable, however, to extend this partiality to his house, in consequence of cleanliness forming *no* part of its attractions. Jack was always most warm in his invitations.

"Ah, now," he would say, "sure yez'll stay with us next time yez come this way. Throth, I'd be proud to have some discoorse with yer riverence—so I would—only there's no time unless yez 'ud stay all night."

Harry fought off as long as possible ; but fearful of hurting the poor fellow's feelings, he at last made up his mind to undergo a night of it. He was by no means "a lavender parson ;" and he was rather sorry that he was not literally so on this occasion, for had a scent bottle been among his travelling equipments, he would certainly have put it in requisition. It was falling dark, on a bitterly cold winter's evening, when he arrived at Jack's ; and after seeing that his horse was comfortable, he betook himself to the house. A perfect log-heap was blazing on the immense hearth, which occupied nearly the entire end of the room. The chimney, like many in the Bush, had no jambs, but merely came down a little way beneath the rough board ceiling, looking like a vast suspended extinguisher. The fire was so intensely hot that his side next it was almost scorched, while, owing to the severity of the cold and the openness of the house, the other side was nearly frozen.

Jack was rather proud of his mansion, for it was built of squared logs ; it had several good-sized windows, and was divided into two rooms below, beside some accommodation over-head. He had several chairs—the blackened beams of the ceiling displayed a good show of hams and bacon—and sundry flour barrels in the corner showed that there was no danger of famine. Harry and his entertainers were sitting round the fire, "discoorsin'," as Jack said, on various subjects ; the former turning round every now and then to get the other side warmed. He had kept on his great coat, and feeling a great wind behind, he turned up the collar in order to protect his neck.

"It's a purty could night," said Jack, observing the

movement, and then casting his eye round the room, which was illuminated by the fire-light, he added with an air of great satisfaction, "and the house is purty warm too."

Harry not feeling quite prepared to assent to this latter proposition, looked round to avoid giving his host a direct answer, and saw a full-grown cat *leap into the house from the outside* through a large *open chink* near the door. Whether this chink had been left open between the logs from carelessness, or for the especial convenience of the cat, Harry did not inquire, but he could not help thinking it a peculiar kind of evidence of the truth of Jack's observation, that "the house was purty warm too."

Summer, however, had its inconveniences as well as winter, as every travelling missionary is well aware. Vernon used occasionally to stop at the house of a very worthy man, named Thomas M'Bride, whose wife was a regular character, stout, tall, hospitable almost to excess, and having an irrepressible relish for joking and exaggeration. At this house Harry used to have a room to himself, and a bed with sheets and pillow-cases adorned with frills, and a beautiful patch-work quilt, and curtains to the bedstead, and various other luxuries too numerous to mention. Among them, however, he could not, in the summer months, count upon the "sole occupancy" of the bed, for there he found an amount of company that was far from desirable. Wearied however with a long ride under a burning sun, he generally managed to get to sleep, though the temperature of his apartment not unfrequently bore a disagreeable resemblance to that of the

black hole at Calcutta. Windows are in no esteem among the class to whom our hero ministered; and one would imagine, judging by their log houses, that there was a heavy window-tax in Canada, or else that the people deny themselves glass in their houses in order to put it all in their churches.* Notwithstanding these things, however, Harry, as we have already said, generally managed to get to sleep; but soon after daylight his slumbers were as generally disturbed by the voracious propensities of his bed-fellows. Next to his room was the apartment of his host and hostess, divided from his own simply by a partition of inch boards, not over and above close together. He had therefore no difficulty in hearing that a cause, similar to that which disturbed his own rest, affected that of Mrs. M'Bride.

“Och, Tom, dear,” quoth she, in a whisper, addressing her husband, “they ’re mighty bad, arn’t they? They ’ll have me out o’ bed, big as I am, if yez don’t hould me. Arrah, plague on yez for *flays*,” and here she gave another bounce. “May the divil fly away—”

“Hould yer whisht,” exclaimed Tom in the same key, “and don’t be cursin’—sure the minister ’ll hear yez.”

“Arrah, who ’s cursin’? Sure it ’s not me; but, faix, if I was, it ’s enough to make a saint swear, let alone a sinner like me.”

Vernon thought it prudent to give some intimation

* This, of course, refers to old country settlers of the *class* and in the *circumstances* described in the text. In the older settlements, where frame and brick houses begin to be built, the partiality for glass manifested in Canada is astonishing.

of his being awake, as he did not wish to overhear any more of their private communications. Finding this to be the case, the worthy hostess commenced a conversation through the wall.

“Are yez awake, Mr. Vernon?” she asked, giving the partition a knock at the same time.

“Yes, Mrs. M‘Bride,” replied Harry, with a yawn, as if he had just been disturbed, “I’m pretty well awake now.”

“An’ how did yez slape?”

“Pretty well, thank you.”

“An’ had yez many *flays*?”

“Well, I must confess I’ve had a tolerable share of them.”

“Och, bad luck to them for *flays*. It’s them childer that brings them in. They do be playin’ among them murtherin’ pigs, or rakin’ among the chips; an’ there’s flays everywhere in this country, in the summer time, I do believe. The young villains,” she added, “if I catch them there to-day, I’ll break every bone in their body, wanst I’m up.”

“If yez would bate them five times as much as yez do,” grumbled Tom, “it would be good for them; but yez won’t do it yerself, and yez won’t let any one else.”

“Get out with yez,” said Mrs. M‘Bride, laughing. “Sure, yez think ever since the day yez bate Andy M‘Guire’s boy with a throwers, that nobody can do any execution in that way but yerself. Och, yez are great with a throwers, so yez are! Sure, yez had better not put yours on till yez have bate the childer,” she continued, laughing still more heartily, as Mr. M‘Bride, evidently not relishing the subject on which

his wife was rallying him, got up and commenced to don his outer garments. The whole establishment soon followed his example; but on many a subsequent occasion did Vernon laugh at the remembrance of the extraordinary conversation in which he had borne a part.

We are very far, however, from wishing to impress the reader with the idea that the life of the travelling missionary is a continued series of difficulties, hardships, or annoyances such as these. With a certain share of them he will inevitably meet, but, as has been already stated, there will be much kindness and hospitality extended both to him and his horse; while in the older townships he will often enjoy the luxury of clean and comfortable quarters. With one more incident from the life of a travelling missionary, we will take leave of our hero in that character.

CHAPTER XIX.

ONE evening, Vernon was informed that a man lay very dangerously ill at about the distance of ten miles from where he then was; "And, indeed, sir," said his informant, it would be a great thing if you could go and see him, for he has been laid down a long time, as I hear."

On inquiring into his character, he fancied that there was something like hesitation in the answers which he received, and he could learn nothing farther than that

he was an English mechanic who appeared to be regarded as superior in intelligence to those around him, and had the reputation of being something of "a scholar."

Next day Vernon mounted his horse, and as he drew near the neighbourhood in which the sick man dwelt, he met an Irishman whom he recognised as a regular attendant at one of his stations, from whom he inquired the way.

"Ah, thin, is it Thomas Chisilthorpe yer riverence is goin' to see?" said the man, laying down his burden and looking at Harry with much interest. "Sure it's meself is glad to hear that same anyhow; though I'm afeared it's little good that *man* can do him."

Vernon now learned that the person whom he was going to visit was not only dangerously ill in body, but more fearfully diseased in soul. From what he could gather, the invalid appeared to be a man of strong natural parts, and his intense desire for knowledge had induced him to read everything that came in his way. In an evil hour he had become acquainted with the infidel works of Paine, which flattering the pride of his reason, and falling in with the evil inclination of his nature, had seduced him from the right way and converted him from an inconsistent Christian into a bold denier of our most holy faith. His learning and powers of argument had long been the talk of the village and its neighbourhood. Admired, and wondered at, and somewhat feared by his companions when abroad, his home, like the infidel's home in general, was the abode of discord, bitterness, and strife. For some months before Vernon had heard of him he had been suffering from a

lingering and most painful disease. "And oh, sir," continued Harry's Irish friend, from whom he had received the greater part of the account just given, "he's so dreadful cross now, and with the wife more than all; but he doesn't treat her so bad now as he used, though small thanks to him for that, for he's so weak he can't, but," he added, as Vernon turned away his horse, "I won't be keeping yer riverence. So good bye, kindly sir, and God speed yez."

Harry rode on with a heavy heart, feeling more than ever bound to visit this unhappy man, and yet unable to overcome an involuntary shrinking from the encounter. It was rather late in the season. The sun, which had shone brightly in the morning, had now disappeared behind some cold grey clouds, and the day had become bleak and cheerless. The road which he was pursuing was wild and broken, and fitful gusts of wind swept through the trees and strewed his path with the sere and yellow leaf of autumn. At last he came to a desolate looking clearing, in which stood a house which from the description he had received he knew to be that of the invalid. Having fastened his horse to the fence, he knocked at the door, and a voice, in a sharp uncourteous tone, bade him, as he supposed, to "come in." On trying the latch, there seemed to be some obstruction in the way, and on applying a little more force, the same voice bade him "come round to the other door," in a tone now strongly marked with anger and impatience. "Alas!" thought Harry, as he obeyed the mandate, "the account which I have heard, is, I fear, but too true. That voice augurs badly for my success."

On entering the house he was met by a careworn, unhappy-looking woman, and immediately opposite to the door stood a bed on which lay the sick man whom he had come to visit.

“I am a clergyman of the Church,” said Vernon, advancing to the bedside of the invalid, “and as I was travelling in this part of the country I heard there was illness in this house, and therefore I have come to see you.” The sick man pointed to a chair, in which Vernon seated himself, and as he looked upon the sufferer he could not help being struck with the manly proportions of his frame, though evidently but the wreck of what it had been. The lower part of the face was still handsome, but it was the strongly intellectual character of the forehead which rose above it, that particularly attracted his attention. His naturally fine countenance, however, was ruined by the expression of unhappiness and irritability which now sat upon it, and when the paroxysms of pain came on, the workings of his face and the quick motions of his hand showed plainly the impatience of his soul. To Vernon’s inquiries as to his sufferings, he returned short and rather ungracious answers; and when from his bodily ailments he passed to the spiritual maladies of the soul, he assumed a sullen silence. Harry was anxious to avoid argument, and therefore he did not appear to be aware of the invalid’s peculiar opinions. He spoke as if he whom he addressed was professedly a believer in Christianity, and one who must be aware of the immortality of the soul. He spoke of the weakness and corruption of our nature—of its blindness to its true interests—of its proud self-confidence and its enmity and opposition to

God and His holy ways. He then, in contrast, endeavoured to exhibit the infinite purity of the Divine nature and its necessary abhorrence of what is evil. He then asked if the sufferer knew of any mode by which such opposing natures could be reconciled. The same silence being preserved, Vernon endeavoured to explain, in such a way as he thought most likely to touch his heart without arousing the opposition of his intellect, the wondrous scheme of mercy exhibited in the atonement rendered by our blessed Lord. He spoke of the Saviour's all-sufficiency and willingness to save even to the uttermost. He dwelt upon His sufferings and His boundless love. He told of the rich blessings which He was ready to pour upon the contrite and submissive soul in answer to its fervent reverent prayers, and warned him solemnly of the danger and responsibility he incurred by neglecting so great a salvation. To every topic he appeared alike insensible; and having offered up his petitions on his behalf Harry left him, as he had found him, dark, sullen, and unsubmitive. Although his reception had been much better than he expected, Vernon nevertheless departed with a depressed and sorrowful heart. He had been riding for many days, and he now bent his way towards the solitary room which has been already mentioned, as forming his head-quarters. It was evening when he arrived, and having seen his jaded horse made comfortable for the night, he betook himself to his chamber, and cast himself into a chair, in weariness of body, and loneliness of heart. The wind had been rising before he had reached his destination. The clouds rolled in dark and heavy masses across the

sky, and as the evening closed in, the rain, ever and anon, came driving on the wild gusts that swept along. While daylight lasted he sat watching the clouds as they flew past, and listening to the wind as it moaned round the old frame house, and then rushed roaring and crashing through the adjoining forest. When, too, he looked from the desolate scene without, to the more desolate scene within, his spirits, already dejected, became still more depressed.

Night had now come on, and the darkness of his apartment was rendered visible by a miserable candle supported by a piece of tin, which, by courtesy, was called a candlestick. His snuffers consisted of the handle of his penknife and the end of his pencil case. In one corner stood his bed, with its four naked melancholy-looking posts; in another was an empty barrel, on which he had deposited his saddle. The chair on which he sat was kept in countenance by another without a back, and the yawning fire-place before him was occupied by a half-burnt black log, which had held possession since the previous winter. On the humble shelf above it lay a Greek Testament, and a few other necessary works, while a Bible and Prayer Book occupied the table at which he sat.

In the intervals of the storm, when the wind seemed for a moment to forget its fury and died away into silence, no sound was to be distinguished unless it was the beating of his own heart, or the grating of his boot as he drew it over the naked floor. And as he sat in that gaunt chamber visions of home came over him, and yearnings after communion with those he loved. And then again would the sick man's chamber, and his uneasy pain-stricken

face come vividly to his memory. And when he thought how much the storm that raged without must be in unison with his troubled mind, he knelt down, not only to ease his own weary and over-burdened heart, but to pray that God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, would cause the day-star to rise upon his heart and give him peace.

Many months passed away, and yet Thomas Chisilthorpe lingered on in a very miserable state, both in body and soul. Harry having been called by his duties from that part of the country, a long interval had elapsed since he had last seen him; but having heard that he was rapidly becoming worse, he determined to visit him as soon as possible, in order to make one more effort to bring him to a better mind. On entering his house, familiar as he had become with the faces of the sick and dying, he was shocked at the change which had passed over him since they had last met. He was emaciated to a perfect skeleton—his cheek bones seemed bursting the skin, and his eye, except when it seemed almost about to start from its socket with the intensity of his agony, was sunken and deadened by exhaustion.

He took Harry's hand, though with much feebleness; and on his condoling with him upon the severity of his sufferings, he looked up with an expression so different from that which he had formerly worn, that Vernon could not help being struck with it.

"Ah, sir," he said, "they are indeed severe, and hard to bear at times; but such long and trying affliction would never have been sent upon me but to answer some good end."

Harry could scarcely believe that he had heard aright,

so surprised was he by the altered manner and opinions of the sufferer.

“I am delighted and thankful to hear you speak in this way,” replied Vernon. “You seem to be in a very different state of mind than when I saw you before.”

“Very, very different, sir,” he fervently replied. “I have been in a dreadful condition; and Oh, had God cut me off *then*, what would have become of me? I used to listen to all you told me, and I knew that what you said was true; for I was well brought up, sir. My father took us all regularly to the parish church, and was very careful about our ways at home. I always believed in my heart, even in my worst days, that if there was a God it was the God of the Bible, and if there was a Saviour it was Jesus Christ. But, though I knew what you said was true, I never felt as if it was.”

“But there now seems to be a very happy change in your feelings,” said Vernon; “to what cause do you attribute it?”

“Why, sir,” was his reply, “I used to lie here and think of all I had done against God, and all that was before me, and when the thought of *eternity* would come over me, I would try to repent, but I could not; my heart was perfectly dead and insensible. Then I would try to pray, but I seemed to be praying to the winds, and I thought it was a mere mockery to attempt it. But still as I grew worse I could not help *thinking*, and I had the Bible read to me, for I was too weak to do it myself. I kept remembering my ways too, and at last I began to find my heart melt a little, and felt something like sorrow for my awful sins. Then it was also that I began really to pray, for I no longer felt as

if my prayers were unheard ; and wonderful as it seems, it has now become the greatest comfort of my life to pour out my heart to God."

" I trust, however," said Vernon, " that you are not relying upon any undefined notion of the mere mercy of God, or upon the change that has taken place in your feelings. I hope that it is only through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you are seeking the pardon of your grievous sins and the acceptance of your prayers."

" Oh, sir, how otherwise could a simple wretch like me hope to be forgiven by God. It is to the Saviour only I would trust. I would give up all hope from anything else, and would come to Him, bringing only my sins with me, for I have nothing else to bring to render Him merciful to me. I know—for I've been well taught, sir, in my younger days, and therefore the greater my guilt—I know that if I can only come to Him, *even I* shall not be cast out. And though it may almost seem presumptuous for such a sinner as me, yet I am now enabled to believe, that the great promises of the Bible would never have been given, if God was not willing to fulfil them, and that the Lord Jesus Christ would never have died upon the cross for us, had He not been ready to save the greatest sinners, if they will only turn from their evil ways to Him. What would ever become of me, sir," he added, " if I had not God's own word for it, that Christ is able to save to the *uttermost all* that come to Him."

There was now a pause in the conversation occasioned by the unwonted effort he had made in speaking.

" I am dreadfully troubled with my old bad habits,"

he said, resuming the subject, after he was a little recovered. "When in the days of my health, I was terribly given to swearing upon all occasions, and now, if any little thing goes wrong, I find such a struggle to keep from giving way to it. I *do* watch against it, sir, and pray against it too, but sometimes it rises to my lips, and when it does so," to use his exact words, "it is just like a mouthful of brimstone to me. Oh, sir," he added, with a most anxious expression, "do you think it is *sin*?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Harry; "a breach of one of God's express commandments must be sin; but if you *sincerely* loathe yourself for it, and strive in the strength of God against it, you will at last succeed, and this, with all your other sins, will be pardoned for Christ's sake."

"I have been a dreadfully cross man, too," he continued; "and I've vented mostly upon my poor wife, who is rather irritable too, so that we've lived together like fire and water. It's a great grief to me *now*, sir, and I am striving against that too, and I pray God to enable me to overcome my impatience, and I *do* think He is enabling me to get something the better of it."

He was now seized with a paroxysm of pain which interrupted the conversation; and while Vernon was thankful to observe that the invalid gave the most encouraging proofs of the reality of his repentance, namely, an apparently sincere desire "to forsake sin," yet he could not help reflecting upon the awful fallacy, which he had found widely prevalent among the people, that what was popularly termed conversion, was an event which, in the ordinary course of things, could

hardly be expected to take place till men had gone on, perhaps for years, in a course of sin. He could not help being struck with the strength of evil habits in the case before him, and he thought, should the patient live, and his repentance prove sincere, to what dangers he would be exposed through the influence of those evil habits, and how feebly and falteringly he would walk along the narrow path that leadeth unto life, compared with the calm, consistent, onward march of him who, being born unto God in holy baptism, is taught from his earliest hour to conduct himself as becomes the child of such a Father. The paroxysm of pain passed away while these thoughts were passing through Vernon's mind, and addressing Chisilthorpe, he observed, "that dreadful as his sufferings seemed to be, yet if they were the means of leading him to true repentance, and teaching him to look for the pardon of his sins to the Saviour, he would have reason to bless God for them to all eternity."

"Aye," said he quickly, "I shall bless Him not only throughout eternity, I trust, but I bless Him *now* for them. I would not exchange my present condition at this moment, to be as I was, in the proudest day of my health and strength. Oh!" continued he, and he threw up his emaciated arm, to give emphasis to his words, "Oh! I am *happy* now amidst all my sufferings, compared with what I was before. The thought of eternity does not make me tremble as it used to do, for the remembrance of Christ's bloodshedding takes away fear of it."

Worn out by talking and by the severe attacks of pain by which he had been frequently interrupted, he

fell into an uneasy sleep, and Vernon took advantage of the opportunity it afforded him to question his wife as to the reality of his struggles against his evil habits. The answers which he received were most satisfactory, for, with every appearance of sincerity, she assured him that he was now like a different man. As Harry sat by the side of that weary and pain-worn sleeper, and thought of the wonderful revolution which appeared to have taken place in his thoughts, feelings, and character, he lifted up his heart in gratitude to God for so striking a manifestation of His grace. It is true that he had ceased to be as sanguine as he once was, as to the genuineness and reality of repentance under such circumstances; but he knew that, while there was *no* such comforting evidence of our faith as a well-spent life, the grace of God was, nevertheless, sufficient for us even at the eleventh hour, and while apparently free from anything like that cant, which comes only from the lips, and against which the heart rises in disgust, there was, at the same time, a sincerity and earnestness of manner,—a truth and vividness of feeling about the penitent,—that convinced him that every word he uttered came fresh from his inmost heart. We will not weary the reader with further details,—suffice it to say, that subsequent visits strengthened the hope, that God had granted to the sufferer repentance unto life, and though Harry was removed from that section of the country ere he sunk beneath the disease, yet he had reason to believe that his end was peace.

At the close of the visit which we have just described, Vernon left the house with feelings of deepest thankfulness, and many were the cheerful and pleasant

thoughts that rose in his breast, as he rode along, for nature, on that still evening, seemed to be in unison with his gladdened spirit. The sun was sinking in the west, and twilight was already falling upon the forest road which he had to traverse, when it brought him suddenly to the margin of a tiny lake, whose waters, sheltered by the dark foliage which surrounded them, lay in their solitude unruffled by a breeze. Not only was it protected from the wind, but the primeval forest which grew upon its shores shrouded it almost from the light, and not a ray from the departing sun rested upon its bosom. Dark and motionless it lay, undisturbed by aught, save where a solitary water-fowl floated upon its surface; and gazing on that lonely bird as it held its way over those dark waters, Vernon was struck by the strange and silvery brightness of the track which it left behind it. So beautiful was it, and so wild and lonely was the whole scene, that, giving way to the prevailing mood of his own mind, he paused upon his way, and bethought him of what to liken it. And he thought that the bird was an emblem of the faithful Christian, who, born from above, and full of his master's spirit, holds his quiet way over the dark waters of this weary world, leaving behind him a pathway glistening in the light of heaven; brightened by trials patiently endured,—by difficulties nobly met, and gleaming with acts of faith and deeds of charity. And as that bird arose from those gloomy waters, and soared upwards and upwards still, till rising above the ancient trees that grew upon the shore, the sun's last rays glistened upon its plumage, so, when his hour shall come, the Christian shall rise upwards from his path of earthly

toil, and clad in the spotless livery of heaven, shall rejoice for ever in "the sunshine of the Saviour's smile." And even as when the bird had vanished from his sight, its track was still gleaming on that lonely lake, so when the Christian shall depart hence, the remembrance of his holy deeds will linger brightly on the earth, and serve as a beacon-light in guiding others on the road to heaven. Vernon turned, and resuming his solitary way he thought that the memory of the just was *blessed*.

CHAPTER XX.

AT the period when Vernon was exercising his office as a travelling missionary, the political state of the Canadas was becoming more and more unpromising. The Colonial-office had adopted a system of conciliation towards the radical or republican party, which, instead of being regarded as a generous wish to meet their views and remedy their alleged grievances, was looked upon by them as a course of policy dictated by fear. The Downing-street authorities were all bows and smiles to every lying grievance-monger who chose to present himself; and their mendacious assertions were listened to, and legislated upon, as if they expressed the voice of the great body of the colonists. Encouraged by this unhappy system, Papineau and his followers in Lower Canada indulged unchecked in insolence of the most

seditions and treasonable character, while the same party in Upper Canada employed a low-bred, disaffected pedlar to do the dirtiest, but most important part of the work, namely, *the lying*. This creature, through their medium of a seditious newspaper, circulated throughout the country falsehoods of the most monstrous and extraordinary nature; and, by deceiving some of the more ignorant of the people, rendered them in some measure discontented. We have heard of a man who, mistaking the sudden buzzing of a wasp for distant thunder, hurried away to avoid the anticipated storm. The mistake which the sages of Downing-street made was strongly analogous. They fancied they heard the distant and angry murmurs of a disaffected people, and immediately endeavoured, by propounding remedies for fictitious grievances, to avert the imaginary storm, instead of crushing the contemptible insect which had caused the false alarm. On the other hand, those who were sincerely loyal to the crown, and who, as subsequent events showed, were the vast majority of the people, were generally looked upon with coldness by the authorities; while radicals and republicans were listened to "with the greatest respect." The really British part of the inhabitants were snubbed and discountenanced. The much esteemed Governor, Sir John Colborne, was not supported by the Home Government, and the testimony of professional agitators was taken and acted upon in preference to his. He was at length recalled, to the great delight of the republicans, and the sincere sorrow of the loyal and British-hearted. Sir Francis Head was appointed in his stead. He was described by those who professed to

know him, as "a tried reformer,"—which most persons interpreted to mean an ultra-radical. These suppositions seemed more than verified when it was found that he was lauded and recommended by Joseph Hume; and when, not long after his arrival, he called Dr. Rolph to the Executive Council,—a man who was known to be a rank republican, and who was subsequently implicated most deeply in the rebellion.

The loyalists had for a long time been disheartened, and felt that since the Imperial Government threw the weight of its influence into the republican scale, exertion on their part was almost hopeless. This depression was much increased when, for a short time, it seemed as though the Governor also was about to throw himself into the arms of the anti-British party. When at length, however, he took a firm stand against their unconstitutional demands; when it began to be understood that, while ready to remedy any grievance that could be proved to exist, he was determined to maintain inviolate the prerogative of the Crown; when, in answer to the addresses which were poured in upon him, thanking him for the stand he had made, his plain, nervous, and spirit-stirring replies were circulated throughout the country, who, that was in Canada in those days, but remembers the thrill of joy that, like an electric shock, passed through the length and breadth of the land? Men's eyes grew bright, and there was many a swelling breast, and many an uplifted head, when they found that they were no longer to be subjected to a contemptible democratic faction; and that they might yet hope to live and die beneath that flag which was to them the emblem of institutions which were dearer to them than their lives.

The House of Assembly, in which there were a greater number of Americans than of any other country, took up the cudgels against Sir Francis. They stopped the supplies, and he in return reserved all the money bills, and consequently all the public business of the country was utterly paralyzed. The House was dissolved, and the country appealed to, and the answer which it returned was by no means equivocal. Previous to the dissolution the republicans had a majority of eleven. In the newly elected Assembly the loyalists had a majority of twenty-five. In fact, the principal leaders of the radicals lost their election altogether; and with all their energy and perseverance, which are proverbial, they only had seventeen members in the House, while the loyalists returned forty-five. The radicals, as a matter of course, attributed the success of their opponents to the undue and unconstitutional influence of the Government. And they resolved, as a manifestation of their power, to carry the municipal elections of the city of Toronto; here, however, they were utterly foiled, for they were all carried against them by majorities of two to one.

These details are perhaps of little interest to the general reader; but they are useful as showing, in the most decided manner (Lord Durham's Report to the contrary notwithstanding), that Upper Canada had no sympathy with republicanism, and that its people revered and loved the monarchical institutions of their fatherland. If the case is to any great extent different at the present day, it must be entirely attributed to the obstinate incredulity and suicidal policy of the Colonial Office. The circumstances which have been briefly alluded to had thrown the country into a state of the greatest

excitement. Rumours began to be rife that as all the troops had been sent to Lower Canada to quell the insurrection that had broken out in that province, the republicans in Upper Canada would take advantage of the opportunity, and endeavour to carry out their views by force of arms. Armed parties were said to meet stately for the ostensible purpose of firing at a mark, but really in order to be drilled ; and a feeling of distrust and alarm was experienced in many parts of the country. That there was really any ground for these latter rumours, Vernon did not believe. It is true that he had heard some vague reports of such proceedings, but he attributed them to that exaggeration which was sure to exist during a war of parties such as then prevailed. It was during the first days of December, that suffering from a feeling of indisposition with which he had struggled for some time, he resolved to visit Wilton in order to consult his friend, Mr. Lawrence. Wilton had by this time become a considerable place,—there were many good “ stores ” —a bank agency had been established—the mills and machinery on the stream which flowed beside it had much increased—the arms of a regiment of militia were deposited there ; and the character of the place was decidedly loyal. This was more than could be said for some of the old townships in its neighbourhood ; and the inhabitants of the village were well aware that if difficulties *did* occur, they were tolerably sure of coming in for their share of them. Still no immediate apprehensions were entertained, and consequently no preparations were made. It was situated in the valley of the stream which was the cause of its prosperity, not far from where it fell into the lake. The main line of road ran some miles to

the rear, from which another road running down the valley communicated with the village. The clearings were mostly in the neighbourhood of the main road and to the rear of it ; while the land in the immediate vicinity of Wilton, especially as it approached the lake, was comparatively poor in quality, broken in character, and was consequently much less cultivated. If this description has been understood, the reader will perceive, that if the road leading along the valley from the village to the main road was obstructed, all communication with the former would be rendered difficult.

At the time we have mentioned, Harry put his resolution of visiting his friends into effect. The winter thus far had been most unusually mild, and the roads were proportionably bad ; no snow had fallen, and it was almost impossible to get one's horse out of a foot-pace. By the time Vernon reached the road leading down the valley to Wilton, it was very late, and he thought as Mr. Lawrence would most probably have gone to bed before he could reach his house, he would put up for the night at a very decent inn, with the landlord of which he was acquainted, and which stood at the corner formed by the intersection of the two roads. The sky had cleared, the moon and stars shone out brightly, and there were symptoms of a sharp frost. Vernon saw the coating of mud rubbed off " Fidget's " legs, and had her well fed and bedded down. He then betook himself to the inn, and found the landlord busy piling wood on a newly-kindled fire in the best room, and making every arrangement for his comfort.

" Glad to see you back in these parts, Mr. Vernon," said Boniface, who was a jolly good-natured looking

Englishman. "Going down to see your old friends at Wilton, I suppose?"

"Yes, I intend going on to the village in the morning," replied Vernon. "And how are they all down there, and how are things going on in this part of the world?"

"Why, I believe, they are all very well. I saw the doctor the other day, and last Sunday I went down to church, and the parson gave us a grand sermon about fearing God and honouring the Queen. These rascally radicals I do believe hate him as bad as they hate the Governor, and that's saying a good deal."

"I suppose they are very violent just now?" observed Vernon. "I've seen nothing of them, for I've been in the back townships lately, and there the settlers are all old countrymen, and loyal to the back-bone."

"They are getting altogether too bad about here, and I do think in my heart we shall have some trouble before long. Some on 'em were trying to frighten me t'other day, when I was telling 'em what I thought on 'em; but drat 'em," exclaimed mine host energetically, "I'd like to see the rebel among 'em all that I'm afraid on. I've fought for King George before to-day, and when the time for it comes, I'll do it again."

"I hope there will be no occasion for that," replied Harry, "but if the time does come when the lawless proceedings of these evil men shall render it necessary, I have no doubt but there will be many found who, like yourself, will be ready to peril their lives before they will see old England's flag trampled on by a set of rebels."

“ No doubt on ’t, sir, for, putting Wilton out of the way (and they ’re all true blue there), I ’d venture to say, that in twelve hours I could myself get a lot of men together that would thrash three times their number of rebels, any day.”

Vernon soon retired to his room, which was on the second floor, and the window of which looked down upon the Wilton road. He was tired with his long ride through the mud, and though not feeling very well, he dropped asleep almost as soon as his head reached the pillow. His slumbers, however, were far from easy—he was haunted by strange, confused, and uncomfortable dreams, in which the scenes of his missionary duties, and the faces of his friends, were mingled with grotesque political events and personages. At length he awoke. The moon was still shining brightly, and the temperature of his apartment told him very distinctly that a severe frost had set in. He again composed himself to sleep, and just as he was sinking into a state of unconsciousness, he thought he heard a sound as of many footsteps passing along the now hard and frozen road, immediately beneath his window. He roused himself and listened, but the sound, if not imaginary, had now died away. He thought it strange that any number of persons should be moving along the road at that time of night, and had nearly come to the conclusion that he had been deceived by some of the wild dreams which had before disturbed his rest, when he thought that his ear again detected in the distance a similar sound. He listened with breathless attention, and heard it draw nearer and nearer, still evidently proceeding from a considerable body of

persons coming along the main road and then turning down the road to Wilton. Vernon could not repress a vague feeling of alarm at so unusual an occurrence, and springing quickly but cautiously from his bed, he approached the window, and, looking out, saw distinctly a large party of men, armed with rifles, proceeding silently and quickly on the road towards the village. Hardly had they passed out of sight, and just as he was on the point of going to awake the landlord, his ear, quickened by anxiety, distinguished the approach of another party, and from the window, which commanded a part of the main road as well as that to Wilton, he saw them halt, and, apparently, examine the house. Then, as if satisfied that all was still, they advanced as noiselessly as the state of the frozen ground would permit, and cautiously making the turn down the valley, they hurried after their companions who had preceded them.

Vernon, fortunately, had several times slept in the house before, and consequently had some acquaintance with the localities. He knew also where the landlord's apartment was situated, and proceeding thither with great caution lest he should wake any of the other inmates, he quietly opened the door, and advancing to the bed-side aroused him as gently as he could.

"Hillo!" exclaimed the host, rather alarmed. "Who's that? What do you want here?"

"Hush, for your life," said Harry, in a subdued voice. "It's me—Mr. Vernon; get up, directly, and come to my room; but be quiet, and don't wake any one."

"Why, what in the world's the matter," asked

Wagstaff, for that was his name, "just wait a moment, till I get a light, and—"

"No light, or we're ruined," said Harry, seizing his arm as he was going to light a match. "Hark!" he added, "do you hear that?"

"I hear nothing," returned Wagstaff, then paused and listened again. "And yet I do, too. ~~Why~~ it's like men walking over the hard road. It must be some folks going by the house; but what can they be stirring so early for? Who can they be?"

"I can tell you," replied Harry. "*They are the rebels going to attack Wilton.*"

If one of the aforesaid rebels had fired his rifle through Joe Wagstaff's window, he could not have been more startled than he was by Vernon's words. Having already slipped on some clothes, he followed his guest to his chamber, in time to see another party disappear down the road leading to the village. Harry looked anxiously in that direction, fearing to behold the sky reddened by the flames of its burning houses, but all was calm and still, as if the heavens with their thousand starry eyes saw not in those scenes the workings of evil passions, or the perpetration of wicked deeds.

"The rebel thieves!" exclaimed Wagstaff. "They've to take to the night for their work; they dare not do it in daylight. How long have they been passing, do you know, sir?"

"I don't know how long they had been passing before I awoke," replied Vernon; "but I slept so uneasily that I think I was disturbed by the first party that passed."

"And how many do you think have gone by?"

“ I think that I can't have seen less than eighty or a hundred ; and of course I can't be sure that many had not passed before I woke.”

“ The day will soon break,” replied Wagstaff, “ and yet they can't surely have attacked the village. We could hear a single shot such a night as this, and if they 'd fired the houses we should see it on the sky.”

“ Hark !” said Harry, “ there are some more coming along the road,” and looking cautiously from the window he watched their approach. “ These are evidently only a few stragglers,” he added, “ and they are hurrying on at such a pace as looks as if they were afraid of being too late.”

“ What 's to be done ?” asked mine host, looking sorely puzzled.

“ That is a question not very easily answered,” replied Vernon, “ but *something* must be done, and that quickly. You had better go off and see if you can gather some of those loyalists you were speaking of before supper, and I shall try to reach Wilton, and warn them of their danger.”

“ The thing is impossible, sir ; you 'll only get shot if you try it ; and at any rate you wouldn't be in time ; if they 're going to do anything, it would be done before you could get there.”

“ I shall try, nevertheless. I know the path that leads to Breck's old clearing. It turns off the Wilton road not half a mile from here, and the frost has made the swampy part hard enough for a horse. If I can reach the clearing, the sleigh road that he made to the mill runs along the sand ridge, and is sure to be pretty good, and it does not come out on the

Wilton road again till within a short distance of the village.”

“That’s a lucky thought, sir,” replied Wagstaff, “for very few of the neighbours knew much of old Breck, except yourself and Mr. Grey. I doubt if almost any one has travelled the path since you used to do so when you were visiting him in his last illness, for since he died the clearing’s been deserted.”

“So much the better, as they will hardly think of guarding it. And now, Wagstaff, this is no time to think of ourselves—take your man, if you can depend upon him, and see that you get as many of the loyalists together as you can; and keep off the roads lest the rebels should catch you.”

“We’ll do our best, sir. Jim is an Irish Orangeman, and he hates a rebel as much as he does a Papist. I’ll just get the women out of the way, and then we’ll be off; and if we are all alive, if you don’t hear summat on us before night, then my name isn’t Joe Wagstaff.”

“Let us, then, be both quick and quiet,” replied Vernon. I’ll go and get my horse, while you and your man remove your wife and servant girls to some place of safety. Though it is darker now than it has been all night, the day will break immediately, and therefore we’ve not a moment to lose. Good bye to you, Wagstaff, and may God of His mercy keep and guide us through the dangers that threaten us.”

“Good bye, and God bless you, sir,” returned Wagstaff, taking Harry’s hand and giving him a hearty squeeze. “They’ve made a parson of you, but you wouldn’t have made a bad soldier, to my thinking.

But stop," he added, as Vernon was hurrying away. "You 've no arms. I've got nothing but a double-barrel fowling-piece, but if you'll take that, you're welcome."

"No, no," said Harry, "I want no arms—they would be of no use to me. I'm not going to fight—I'm going to ride."

"Then, if you won't have that, you shall have a stout, heavy cudgel of mine, and if any rascal wishes to stop you on your ride, why, seeing that your arm is none of the weakest, a clip from it might help to clear your way."

These arrangements having been determined on, each party proceeded immediately to carry them into effect, with as much dispatch and silence as the circumstances would permit.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE moon was nearly set—a light was flitting from window to window in a small dwelling in Wilton, but after a little time it was extinguished, and a man emerged from the door and took the way to the main road. The individual in question was a mechanic of the name of Jones, who, having a journey before him, had made an early start in consequence of the badness of the roads and the shortness of the days. At some little distance from the village a wooden bridge was flung over the stream which here

crossed the road, and just beyond the bridge was what would be called a strong position. On one side of the road ran the stream, which was of considerable magnitude, and the opposite bank of which was steep and rugged. On the other side, a bold sandy ridge or spur (down the Wilton side of which ran the sleigh-road leading from old Breck's clearing to which Vernon had alluded) jutted out from the range of hills that formed one side of the valley to within a few yards of the road, so that a few men could have occupied the space intervening between the foot of the ridge and the river bank, and have cut off the communication of one part of the valley from the other; for the spur was not only wooded, but from being much exposed to the wind, it was rendered almost impenetrable from fallen timber.

Jones was picking his way over the rough road, generally keeping well to the sides to avoid the waggon track, which was very much cut up. When he came within sight of the bridge he found the road worse than ordinary, in consequence of the trees growing near the side; the feeble rays of the sinking moon were intercepted by the same cause, and the difficulty of the way stopped the cheerful whistle by which he had previously beguiled the road. He had paused a moment to determine which side of the road was the smoothest, when he heard distinctly the sound of approaching steps, not as of a single person, but of a considerable body of men.

Jones, though more surprised than alarmed, resolved to remain where he was, under the deep shadow of some hemlock trees, until the approaching party should

reach the bridge, which was not many yards in front of him. This they very speedily did, but instead of crossing it, they halted at the farther side; and, even with the aid of the failing and uncertain light, Jones could perceive that their numbers were considerable. He also thought they were armed as well as he could discern; and a circumstance that alarmed him as much as any other, was the cautious and suppressed tone of their conversation. He threw himself down on his hands and knees and crept noiselessly under the shelter of some low pine and hemlock bushes that grew close to the road-side and afforded a secure screen, while at the same it allowed him to watch the motions of the other party. A man who rode a large, powerful-looking horse, and who appeared to be the leader, dismounted, and seemed to give some directions about the occupation of the ground; he then, accompanied by another person, crossed the bridge and passed close to where Jones was concealed.

“Well, now Jabez ha’n’t we done the thing slick?” said the leader to his companion. “I do b’lieve there ain’t a mortal critter but thinks that we ’re all to hum, in our beds, ’stead o’ bein’ out a Tory huntin’.”

“Well,” said the other man, “we’ve been considerable smart, but for all that, we’re three hours too late. This darn’d Tory hole will be all of a buzz before we can get hold o’ the arms and the dollars, and the folks we want; and if we’re kept here ’stead o’ being up to help to take Toronto, what will M’Kenzie say?”

“I tell you what, Jabez, you’re gittin’ skeer’d, and I guess you’d better go back to hum,” was the rather contemptuous reply.

“It’s a lie,” retorted the other. “I ain’t a bit more skeer’d than you be—all I say is that we’re too late.”

“If you’ll come on to the next turn in the road,” said the leader, “you’ll see the village, and how slick we can put the trick into them. And, golly!” he added, “if they war’ awake, I guess we could make them scratch gravel a leetle the quickest.”

During this brief conversation they had been within earshot of Jones; for, on being charged with being “skeer’d,” the party so charged had stopped abruptly in order the more emphatically to vent his indignation. They now, however, proceeded a short distance towards Wilton. While they were gone, which was only a few minutes, Jones observed the arrival of another party at the bridge, who halted, like the others, without crossing it. As the two men returned from their reconnoitring expedition, he heard one say to the other that he thought that they had men enough; while the other party seemed to be in favour of waiting till reinforcements arrived.

Jones was a thoroughly loyal man; and though by no means deficient in courage, there is no denying that what he had seen and heard produced anything but a soothing effect upon his nerves. He was, in plain English, in a horrid state of fright, and his trepidation was increased by the thought of his house, in which he had left his wife and children, being one of the first which the rebels would come to. He therefore resolved, if possible, to get back to the village, and give the alarm before too late. He accordingly crept stealthily through the bushes, and keeping under the shelter and shadow of the trees, he succeeded in gaining the road beyond the turn which the rebel leader had mentioned,

and which while it encouraged him with a sight of the village, hid him at the same time from the sight of his newly-formed acquaintances. Taking to his heels he flew rather than ran, and the distance that intervened between himself and his own house was passed in an incredibly short space of time. He dashed open the door, and told his wife to take the children to a place of greater safety which he mentioned, or the rebels would burn them and the house too. Leaving the poor woman in a state of speechless alarm, he flew next to Mr. Lawrence's, whose dwelling was not far distant, and thundered at the door as if he meant to knock it to pieces.

"Have mercy on the door, my man," said Mr. Lawrence, "and I'll be with you in a moment. Has any accident occurred; or what's the matter?"

"The rebels—the rebels, sir," gasped poor Jones, utterly out of breath; "they'll be here directly and cut all our throats unless we look sharp; they're close at hand."

"Why, Jones, you are dreaming, or mad, surely. What are you talking about, man?"

"I tell you, doctor, I saw them not ten minutes ago. They are just on the other side of the bridge, and they will be here before we're ready for them. For God's sake come and help to alarm the village, or it will be too late."

"Run to Captain Thornton's," said Mr. Lawrence. "He has charge of the arms, and commands the militia; and I'll follow you in a moment; let us all meet in front of the church."

The noise that Jones had made at the door had roused

the whole household ; and the tidings he had brought threw them all into the greatest excitement and surprise. Mr. Lawrence sent off sons, daughters, servants and all, in different directions through the village, to give the alarm, and tell the men to meet with what arms they had in front of the church, which was near the centre of the village. Jones had aroused Captain Thornton, and when Mr. Lawrence reached his house he found that he had already gone to the building where the arms were kept, and had also sent his establishment to arouse the neighbourhood. Mr. Lawrence then ran to Mr. Grey's, and told him of the threatened danger. He then returned to the front of the church accompanied by the parson, and by the dim light of the breaking day he saw a considerable number of men assembled, and equipped from Captain Thornton's arm chest.

"There ought to be more men here," said Mr. Lawrence. "What keeps them?"

"They have not had time to have the news, and get here yet," answered a bystander.

"Has no one thought of ringing the church-bell?" asked Mr. Grey.

"I've thought of it several times," answered Mr. Lawrence. "But I thought it would be well not to let them know that we were ready for them."

"Well," said Jones, who had joined the group, "I think it might do good if they did know it. Some of them, I think, arn't over fond of coming to blows, and if they knew that we were wide awake they might not come against us at all."

This idea was generally approved of ; and accordingly a loud quick peal was rung, which had the good effect of

disheartening the rebels, and of hastening the loyal villagers to the place of meeting.

“I hope, Jones,” said Captain Thornton, returning to the party which he had left a little while before, “I hope you have only been frightened by shadows, after all; I’ve been some way down the road but I can see no sign of any one.”

“I never heard tell of shadows going out ‘a Tory hunting,’” said Jones, rather sharply, “nor heard them talk of helping M’Kenzie to attack Toronto; and that’s what the shadows *I* saw were talking about, unless my ears are as bad as my eyes.”

“Well, well, man—don’t be testy about it; but tell me what do you think delays them, or where are they?”

“When I saw them they were posted on the other side of the river, behind Old Breck’s Ridge; and I think they are there yet, waiting for some more of their own sort, so as to be strong enough not to give us a chance of success against them; and then it would make no odds whether it was daylight or dark.”

“Had we not better in that case go forward and attack them before they become too strong for us?” suggested Mr. Lawrence’s son.

“It would be running too great a risk,” replied Captain Thornton. “The valley isn’t twenty yards broad there. We should have to cross the bridge in the face of their fire, while they would be almost entirely sheltered; besides, we’ve no idea of their numbers.”

Daylight had now completely broken, and every object within view was clear and distinct, but still no traces of the rebels could be seen. Suddenly, however, every ear and heart was startled by the report of two or three

shots fired in the direction of the insurgents' position, and not long after a horseman was seen coming at speed towards the village, his head bare, and his horse and his lower garments dripping with water.

"Who on earth is this coming?" said Captain Thornton; but before many surmises could be made the new comer was close at hand.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Lawrence, "it's Harry Vernon. He must have escaped from the rebels, or have ridden through them."

Next moment Vernon dashed in among them, and was welcomed with a hearty cheer, for it was evident that he had been riding for his life. His horse's flanks were heaving, and her bit covered with foam; his own face was deadly pale, except that on his cheeks there glowed a bright red spot, and his eye was gleaming with wild excitement.

"Thank God," he said, "that you are not all murdered, and that I am safe among you; I've had a narrow escape from those villains beyond the bridge; but we'll catch them in their own trap yet, if they don't have a care."

He was immediately assailed with numberless questions as to his escape; how he came to be in the neighbourhood; what force the rebels had; what he thought they were going to do. And while he is endeavouring to give as clear an account of himself and his adventures as he could, we must take the reader back to Wagstaff's inn, where our hero was left at the end of the last chapter, preparing to set out for Wilton.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE shadows were long, and the light of the setting moon was faint and feeble when Vernon rode cautiously out of the stable-yard of "the Crown and Castle," with which regal and aristocratic emblems Mr. Wagstaff had adorned his sign. He kept the side of the road in preference to the middle, not only as being the smoothest, but as being more sheltered from observation, and proceeded, notwithstanding his anxiety and impatience, at a slow pace, for fear of overtaking the party who had just preceded him, and lest the noise of his horse's feet on the frozen ground should reach their ears. Every faculty was painfully upon the stretch until he came to the path that struck off the road, and by which, if he could succeed in following it, he hoped to get round the insurgents, and alarm the village. This, however, he had great difficulty in doing. The path had not been used for a long time, the leaves of the preceding autumn lay thick upon it, the darkness was increasing, and more than once he thought he must abandon the undertaking in despair. Having dismounted immediately on leaving the road, he was obliged to *feel* his way along the path, sometimes with his feet, and often with his hands, and, as may easily be supposed, his progress was extremely slow. Tortured by anxiety on behalf of his friends, he thought the path

was interminable, and it was with a truly grateful heart that he found himself, just as day was beginning to break, on the outskirts of old Breck's clearing. The fences were down, and everything, as far as he could discern by the uncertain light, appeared most desolate; and so changed did the place seem to him, that he found some trouble in discovering the sleigh-road that led from the clearing along a sandy ridge ending in the spur, at the foot of which the rebels had taken up their position. He had ridden some way along the ridge, and was at no great distance from the valley, when the sound of the village bell struck his ear. Though the sound was faint, owing to the distance, yet the quick startling manner in which the peal was rung told plainly of danger and alarm.

"I am too late," thought Harry, "they have attacked the village;" and striking his horse he dashed onwards as rapidly as the nature of the road and the lingering obscurity would permit. He had not proceeded far before he again reined up his horse, and listened with breathless attention. No sounds of strife or conflict, however, came mingled with the quick tolling of the bell, and he began to hope that the villagers had discovered the rebels in time to make some preparation for their reception. As he drew near the Wilton road, he proceeded with much caution, as he was, of course, ignorant of the tactics of the insurgents. Breck's sleigh-road descended the side of the ridge next to the village, and then, running along the foot of it, struck the Wilton road, close to the bridge. As Vernon descended the hill he could see the bridge, and the portion of the road leading from it to the turn from whence the village

was visible. No one was in sight, and he thought that if he could once succeed in getting across the bridge he would be safe, for he would then be on the same side as the village; and even if the rebels were on the road beyond the turn, he could manage to avoid them. His plans, however, were suddenly deranged by the unwelcome sight of a small party of the rebels, headed by a man on horseback, advancing towards the bridge, and thus cutting off all chance of his gaining the other side of the river at that place.

The stream, which flowed from Wagstaff's inn to Breck's ridge in nearly a straight course close by the side of the road, took a sudden bend, and crossed it almost at a right angle just after passing the latter place. "The flats" on both sides of it were cleared and used for meadow-land, and were here and there intersected with fences. The clearing on the left-hand side of the river, on which Vernon was, extended from the water's edge along the foot of Breck's ridge, and the high land which formed the boundary of the valley, until, at a considerable distance down the stream, it was interrupted by a belt of impassable cedar swamp, which ran down from the foot of the hills to the bank of the stream.

When, as he descended the ridge, Vernon perceived the road clear and unobstructed, he pushed on at a more rapid pace; and he was proceeding along the open flats at the bottom of the hill before he observed the party of malcontents advance to the stream, and take possession of the only means by which it could be crossed. His first impulse was to make for the rising ground, and screen himself beneath the trees; but before he

could effect his object he was discovered, and his evident wish to escape brought several rifles to bear upon him, a proceeding very well calculated to give force and decision to the commands which were issued by the leader at the top of his voice, ordering him to come forward and surrender himself. Harry found himself in an extremely unpleasant position, and hesitated how to act. Before him was the well-armed rebel party,—behind him stretched the meadows for a considerable distance, but affording no chance of escape, in consequence of the belt of cedar swamp by which they were ultimately bounded,—on his right was the steep wooded range of rising ground, which could be ascended only by the rugged path which he had just traversed, while on his left ran the river, which, though generally shallow, was higher than usual, owing to the open winter, and which now presented such a body of rushing water that he had great doubts whether he could induce his horse to attempt to ford it. A single glance showed Vernon how he was placed; and he thought, could he but once get beyond the range of the rifles, his best chance of escape would be to endeavour to retrace his steps in the direction of old Breck's clearing.

“Come on, will you,” shouted one of the rebels, raising his rifle again on observing Harry's continued hesitation, “come on, I tell you, or I'll blow you through.”

“Who are you?” asked Vernon, in reply; “and by what right or authority do you presume to stop men upon their lawful occasions?”

“You'll find that out afore long, I reckon,” was the reply; to which was added the reiterated command to “come on.”

A plan of escape from the unpleasant proximity of the rifles flashed across Harry's mind ; and advancing a step or two, he again halted.

"I am a man of peace," said he, unbuttoning the collar of his great coat to show his white cravat, and at the same time concealing his cudgel by holding it between his thigh and the saddle, and, assuming a somewhat nasal twang, "I am a man of peace and a preacher of the Word of God. I am alone, and unarmed, as befits my calling ; for what have I to do with the weapons of carnal warfare ? Pray, gentlemen, put down your guns, for they might go off, and hurt me ; and let the gentleman on horseback come and confer with me. I can't tell that you *ain't* Tories."

The men laughed as Vernon uttered the above speech at the top of his voice, and with symptoms of great trepidation ; and the leader of them immediately rode towards him, as it was quite apparent that he was alone. Harry had succeeded in the first part of his scheme. The sleigh-road or path was bounded on one side by the ridge, and on the other by the fence inclosing the meadows ; and as the well-mounted rebel leader approached, his person was directly and necessarily interposed between his friends on the bridge and his anticipated captive. As he drew near, Vernon touched Fidget gently with his heel, and while he was apparently about to advance to meet him, he managed to make his horse seem a little restive, and half turned her round. At that moment the rebel looked back for a moment to reply to some remark from the bridge, and Vernon seizing the opportunity suddenly wheeled completely round, struck the mare with his heel,

and she, already irritated, sprang away almost at the top of her speed. The rebel leader was for a moment taken by surprise, but the next instant he was dashing after our hero along the foot of the ridge. The result was what he had anticipated. The men on the bridge were flurried by the suddenness of the move, then they hesitated to fire for fear of injuring their leader, and before they very well knew what to do, Vernon was out of the range of their rifles. Fidget's spirit was fairly up, and before he was aware of it, she had passed the road leading up the hill, and, dashing over some loose rails that had formed the fence, took to the broad meadows that skirted the river. They were smooth and stumpless, and the frost on the preceding night had rendered them hard and firm. Away went the pursued and the pursuer like the wind; but Fidget, it was evident, had met her match, for the rebel's powerful horse seemed to be gaining on her. Immediately before her a low rail-fence intersected the meadow, and Vernon, taking her well in hand, rode straight at it, and cleared it easily. The rebel, who was evidently an ordinary farmer, did not seem to relish the idea of following this example; for farmers, though they often have good horses, are very often most indifferent horsemen. This appeared to be the case with the individual in question, for on coming to the fence he threw himself from his saddle, and dashing down some of the rails, crossed the fence, and then remounting, made after Harry with renewed vigour and increased speed. The interruption, however, afforded Vernon a moment for thought, and he began to consider where he was riding to, and what he should do; he could not go much

further along the river, for he was rapidly approaching the cedar-swamp which formed the boundary of the meadows, and the large field in which he now found himself looked very much like a trap, for though he had had little difficulty in getting in, it seemed likely to prove a much more difficult matter to get out. The fences, except where he had entered, were high and strong, and it seemed as though he must at last either make up his mind to become a prisoner, or try Wagstaff's cudgel against his pursuer's sword, which appeared the only weapon with which he was armed. If the truth must be told, the latter was an alternative which Harry at the moment did not feel much disinclined to adopt. The blood was dancing through his veins with wild excitement of the race, and having been in former days a tolerably good hand at single-stick, he had very little dread of the result. At the commencement of this history we said that he was a stalwart youth, and now that years and labour had nerved and strengthened his frame, his physical powers were greater than falls to the lot of most men. Still, however, the remembrance of his principles and his character rendered him averse to resort to violence, until the last extremity; and he resolved to endeavour to get into the next field, which had no fence at the river side, and strive to ford the stream. The fence before him was a straight one, and he could see no mode of getting *through* it, and as to getting *over* it, that was out of the question, for its height forbade any idea of the kind. As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind he reached the fence in question, and his anxious eye discovered a set of "bars," a Canadian substitute for a gate. How

to get these bars down was the question, for his pursuer was now close upon him, and was calling loudly to him to surrender, and swearing that if he "didn't do so right off, he'd cut his darn'd Tory heart in pieces." Harry clenched his teeth, and grasped his bludgeon with a firmer hold, but just as he had almost made up his mind to turn upon his foe, he bethought him of Fidget's solitary vice, for the profitable employment of which a favourable opportunity had now arrived. The head of the rebel's horse was within a short distance of Fidget's tail, and Harry, watching his opportunity, gave her a sudden and severe pinch, just behind the saddle. According to custom, Fidget lashed out, and in a moment placed her heels in such near neighbourhood to the nose of the rebel's horse, that the unlooked-for proceeding exceedingly startled that respectable quadruped from his propriety. Being kicked is, under all circumstances, an unpleasant operation; and horses, like sensible animals as they are, have a decided objection to it. In order to avoid this undesirable consummation, the pursuer's horse threw up his head, swerved suddenly and violently from his course, and Harry had the satisfaction of seeing the rider fall heavily upon the hard and frozen ground, while the animal itself scampered off in a state of perfect freedom. Vernon instantly made for the bars, and having passed through them into the adjoining field, he immediately rode to the stream, and passing down the bank for some distance, selected the apparently most favourable place to ford it. Fidget, who at other times, might have hesitated at the idea of the cold bath that lay before her, was now as much excited as her master, and at

once plunged into the river. The water was not so deep as he had anticipated, for the horse hardly lost her footing for a moment, though at one time she sank above the saddle. Having gained the opposite bank with less difficulty and danger than he expected, he started at speed, with a thankful and exulting heart, across the field into which he had entered, and thence he passed into a narrow lane, fenced at both sides, which led directly to the Wilton road, and debouched upon it midway between the rebel position and the village. As he struck into the lane, he looked across the river, and saw his former friend limping about in a vain endeavour to catch his horse, a sight which freed him from all apprehension as to any further continuance of *his* attentions.

He was dashing along the lane, and had nearly reached the end of it, when a man sprang from the shelter of a bend in the fence, and made a grasp at his bridle with one hand, while with the other he held a rifle.

“Stop,” shouted the man, “you’re my prisoner.”

“I’ll never be the prisoner of a villanous rebel!” cried Vernon. “Hurra for the Queen!”—and, before the man could avert it, a crushing blow from Wagstaff’s cudgel stretched him senseless on the earth. Away went Harry along the lane, his eye flashing, and his heart beating, and every nerve and fibre of his frame thrilling and quivering with an excitement, of which till then he could have formed no conception—every personal consideration, and every thought of danger, lost in the wild feelings of the moment. A clump of trees grew at some distance

from the end of the lane, the neighbourhood of which was otherwise quite clear, when, within ten or a dozen yards of the Wilton road, a couple of rifle shots, and the whizzing of the bullets, told Harry that this clump was not tenanted by any particular well-wishers of his; but his attention was distracted from their good offices by the appearance of one more daring than the rest (and that, by the way, was a characteristic for which they were by no means remarkable), who had stationed himself at the corner, formed by the intersection of the lane and the road, and, at the distance of only a few yards, threw his rifle over the fence, with the sincerest possible intention of letting the daylight through our worthy hero. Fortunately for Vernon, he discovered his new friend in time, and rising in his stirrups, as his horse bounded on, he launched his cudgel at the fellow's head with most hearty good will; and though he missed his mark, it had the effect of so deranging the rebel's aim, that the ball did not come even within hail of him for whose special benefit it was intended. Another moment, and he had made the turn from the lane into the road, and a few minutes more and he galloped into the village, in the manner described in the former chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE alarm had spread throughout the village and its neighbourhood so completely, that every loyal man capable of shouldering a musket was assembled by the time that Vernon arrived. The news which he brought was of an encouraging nature, inasmuch as it assured the villagers that the numbers of the rebel force were not so great as their fears had led them to anticipate; and cheered them by the hope that ere long the exertions of Wagstaff would bring the loyalists of the back country to their assistance. The insurgents still hesitated to advance, and even the two or three who had thrown themselves forward for the purpose of intercepting Vernon had, on his escape, made a precipitate retreat on their main body.

Captain Thornton, who was an old military officer, took advantage of the delay to post the men as favourably as possible, and to give them such plain directions as were likely to be of service to a set of undisciplined men. Mr. Grey, accompanied by Vernon and some of the women and non-combatants, went to the church, and there sought from Him "whose power no creature is able to resist, and who is the only Giver of all victory, that they might be saved and delivered from the hands of their enemies, and that He would vouchsafe to abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices."

It was drawing on towards mid-day, and still there were no signs of the rebels. Captain Thornton, taking a few of the best armed and most intelligent of the men with him, resolved to advance and ascertain whether or not the rebels continued to hold their position, or what had become of them. They went forward with the utmost caution, and found to their surprise that the enemy had decamped, leaving scarcely a trace of their presence behind them. As soon as Captain Thornton had ascertained that they were really gone, he sent one of the men back with the glad tidings to the village, and then pushed on towards the main road, in which direction he naturally supposed the rebels had retreated; he found, however, that they had crossed the stream by the dam of a saw-mill, that was situated between their position and the main road, to which they made their way through the woods, and had come out upon it, some distance on the Toronto side of Wagstaff's inn. Their conduct in the present instance was strongly marked by that want of courage and decision which characterised the whole course of the rebellion, particularly the threatened attack upon Toronto, which was attempted about the same time. The endeavour to surprise Wilton was frustrated through the instrumentality of several circumstances. The very bad state of the roads had delayed and separated the rebels, and rendered them so much later in reaching the scene of action than they expected, that it produced hesitation and uncertainty in their plans. When they were on the point of advancing, the sudden flashing of lights in the village, produced by Jones's alarm, again rendered them undecided. The dawning day increased

their indecision, and the peal from the church bell showed plainly that all chance of surprising the village was at an end, and tended to dishearten them. The escape of Vernon, the bruised frame and dislocated shoulder of their leader, and the state of insensibility into which what Wagstaff would have called "the clip" from Harry's cudgel had thrown one of their companions, told them plainly that success and safety was not the unalienable prerogative of one party; and when in addition to all this one of their friends came from the rear, and informed them that the loyalists of the back country were assembling, the small amount of courage which was in their craven hearts utterly disappeared, and they unanimously resolved upon the movement which we have already mentioned.

It is not our intention to drag the reader through the history of the rebellion. It is well known how triumphantly the loyal population of Upper Canada, without the assistance of a single soldier, not only suppressed the outbreak, but drove off the American sympathisers (who would have thrust their democratic institutions upon them), wherever they presumed to put their foot upon their shores.

One would naturally have supposed that when the Canadians had, by their actions, showed how truly they were attached to monarchical institutions and the British crown, the Colonial Office would have overcome the impression under which it had heretofore laboured, that they were nothing less than a colony of rebels. It might have been expected, that such an expression of attachment would have been proudly and gratefully received, as a testimony of no mean value, coming as it

did from men living in the immediate vicinity of the much-vaunted "model republic" to the value and excellency of England's ancient and hallowed institutions. It was, surely, not chimerical to hope, that for the time to come the Government would be able to distinguish its friends from its enemies, and would no longer discountenance and depreciate those who, in order to sustain it, had freely perilled their lives. It would have appeared to most men, to be only just that those persons who, when an apparently favourable opportunity arrived, had treacherously risen in arms against the constituted authorities, would thenceforward be regarded by them with distrust, and would never, until they repented of, and forsook their republican predilections, be intrusted with places of honour, influence, or emolument.

These anticipations, however, were all doomed to be disappointed; for it soon became apparent that the old policy would be strictly adhered to by the Government authorities. Downing-street seemed to owe Canada a grudge, because she proved emphatically loyal, when, according to the pet theory in those quarters, she ought to have shown herself essentially disaffected. The novel policy of Sir Francis Head in regarding loyalty as a virtue, and treason the reverse, however gratifying to the really British party, was, nevertheless, looked upon as fortune too good to last. It produced such an outcry from the radicals, at the outrage of disaffection being deprived of its ancient prescriptive right of being coddled, caressed, and nourished on the pap of official smiles and patronage, that many among the loyalists doubted from the very first whether it was a course that

would be sanctioned and supported by the Home Government. No very long period of time was permitted to elapse before these doubts were converted into certainties, and it soon became almost a proverb to say, that, for a man to have distinguished himself for loyalty or bravery during the rebellion, was the best possible made of securing the *discountenance* of the Government.

Few circumstances more strongly corroborated the truth of this saying, than the treatment experienced by the gallant leaders of the determined band, who cut out the piratical steamer "Caroline" from her moorings on the Niagara river, and sent her over the falls in flames. Captain Drew of the Royal Navy, together with the officers and men under his command, acted on the occasion alluded to with all the coolness and daring that has so constantly characterised the service to which they belonged; and one of them, namely, Lieutenant M'Cormack, received no less than six or seven wounds. These officers rushed forward on the outbreak of the disturbances, to offer their services to the Government. And great and distinguished as were the services rendered by them all, and by the brave men under their command, they were rewarded by no mark of approbation by the Imperial authorities, but were chilled and disheartened by neglect. Official documents and despatches passed over in contempt or indifference the loyalty, the exertions, and the sufferings of the British-hearted population, while they expressed sympathy with, and sometimes commendation of the republican party, who had made up a whole bookfull of grievances, and then, rather than have them remedied, and thus lose the lever by which they worked up and agitated the

people, wickedly and unnaturally took up arms against their lawful and indulgent sovereign. The views of the radical faction, who had been triumphantly proved to be a small minority, not only by the overwhelming results of the county and municipal elections, but by the events of the armed struggle that ensued, were pertinaciously and authoritatively set forth as the opinions and desires of the great body of the colonists, and this by high commissioners, who knew as much of what the feeling of the country was, as could be learned while passing along the middle of one of its majestic rivers, or sea-like lakes, in the exclusive society of their own newly-arrived suite, or from the citizens of a neighbouring, and, at that time, not very friendly *Republic*. Measure after measure, full of concession and conciliation to the democratic party, followed one after the other in quick succession. The powers and prerogatives of the Crown were surrendered as fast as they were demanded. The Governor-General was reduced to a mere showy cipher. Radicalism, which was but a puny infant even in '37, has been so skilfully papped and nursed and cherished by the Colonial Office, that it has attained its present alarming growth, though, even now, it may well be questioned whether it is really as strong and thriving as it is supposed to be. There has never been any fear, however, of its growth being stopped, for no one in the colonies can doubt the capacity of the dry-nurses in Downing-street. It has long been rendered the *interest* of every man to become "a liberal," and the more violent, troublesome, and energetic in opposition to British or monarchical tendencies he proves, the more successful he is likely

to be. Men, on whose heads rewards have been placed as traitors to their Queen, have returned or been recalled, and appointed to offices of honour and emolument, while those who shed their blood for the cause of British institutions have been unrewarded and forgotten. What wonder is it, therefore, that radicalism should increase? or who can be surprised, that men, whose best and truest affections are with England and England's ways, should sink down into apathy and indifference, when they find their loyalty thrown back upon them thanklessly,—when they are regarded with a strange, cold look by the Government they would have died to uphold,—and when they see themselves subjected to the tyranny of those very traitors, who, but eleven short years ago, they drove at the point of the bayonet from the soil which they polluted with their presence. They can never act with these men; but, on the other hand, they have now nothing to be loyal to, for the land they love casts them off as if their affection for her was an inextinguishable offence. Who, then, can be surprised, we would again ask, that cold indifference should have taken the place of ardent loyalty?—indifference which is becoming so general, that few things could have raised the cry of bitter indignation which is at this moment* ringing throughout the province, short of the insult arising from the shameless proposal which has just passed the Provincial Legislature, in spite of the petitions of 48,000 Upper Canadians against it, to pay the rebels from the public treasury for the loss they sustained, in consequence of their own wicked and unjustifiable act of insurrection, aggravated by the

* March, 1849.

presence of the miscreants* who were the principal instruments originally used for spreading discontent and disaffection among a well-meaning, prosperous and loyal people.

This political chapter has led us away from our hero and his concerns; but Canadian politics are by no means a pleasant subject to any true-hearted subject of the British Crown, and, therefore, it seemed better to have done with them at once. We have now pleasure in bidding the matter a hearty farewell, and returning to particulars more congenial to our taste.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME time subsequent to the rebellion, Vernon was appointed by the bishop to the charge of an old settled township, which was, however, a "new mission," no clergyman ever having resided permanently within its limits before Harry received his licence. The settlers were mostly English and Irish, with a sprinkling of Scotch and Canadians, and the number of nominal Church people among them was considerable. Notwithstanding this, however, dissent was extremely rife in the neighbourhood, and many, or indeed the majority of those who called themselves members of the Church,

* Many of those engaged in the rebellion have returned to Canada under the Amnesty Act.

were very strongly tinged with many of the peculiarities of Methodism. Shortly before Vernon's appointment, one or two gentlemen's families had come to the township, and commenced farming; but, with these exceptions, the rest of the population consisted of the ordinary yeomanry of the country. A church had been built by the exertions of the farmers, but which had been opened for divine worship only when some travelling missionary visited the neighbourhood. On other occasions, the people resorted to the meeting-houses of the "various denominations," and therefore it was little to be wondered at that they imbibed some of their ways. There was no parsonage-house, but as Vernon was still single, that was a matter of little importance, particularly as he was able to procure lodgings in the house of an extremely decent and respectable family who belonged to his own congregation.

The state of things in the mission would probably have disheartened any one, who, on being appointed to a stated sphere of regular duty, would have expected to find everything well organised and arranged; but Vernon's previous experience as a travelling missionary prepared him for the difficulties of an untrained and untaught people, and enabled him to meet cheerfully and hopefully many circumstances that would have cast down one less experienced than himself. The church which had cost the poor people that built it many struggles, was—like most churches built in Canada under such circumstances—a remarkable specimen of ugliness. It was small, and of the proportions very frequently found in the country, viz. thirty feet by forty; its walls were high, its roof was low in pitch, its eaves

were cut off as if they were sinful vanities unsuited to a place of worship—its boarded walls were unpainted—its quantity of glass was amazing, and its tower was like (to use an admirable simile which we have lately met with somewhere) an immensely long narrow packing case set up on end. It stood exactly the wrong way, the tower being towards the east and the communion table towards the west. A huge gallery crossed the tower end, and at the opposite extremity there was a low communion rail, embracing, however, so small a space, that the clergyman and communion-table filled it up almost entirely. Immediately in front of the rails stood the pulpit, in front of that was a capacious reading-desk, and in front of that again was a clerk's desk. This stately pile of boxes advanced so far along the middle of the church, that had a plumb-line been hung over the front of the immense projecting gallery, it would nearly have fallen into the clerk's desk, which was almost immediately below it. The only seats in the church consisted of loose boards placed upon blocks, and arranged longitudinally instead of across the building, which was indeed almost the only way in which they could be disposed, in consequence of its being nearly separated into two divisions by the pulpit and desks aforesaid. When Vernon asked for a surplice, the people seemed hardly to know what he meant. When he commenced the service, no solitary voice uttered the responses; when the congregation should have risen, they sat still; when they should have sat down, they continued standing; when he gave notice of the communion, he found on coming to administer it, that the vessels consisted of a black bottle and an old tumbler.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, these people *were* church people, but they had been so long without the holy reverent ordinances of the faith, and had become so accustomed to the ways of sectarian worship, that they had actually forgotten how to bear themselves in the House of God. This state of things, however, was soon remedied to some extent. Harry immediately called upon the two or three parishioners of the higher class who were in his neighbourhood, and asked them to occupy a place in the church where they could be observed by the whole congregation. Knowing that as they were familiar with the service, their movements would regulate those of the rest, and begging them as a favour to himself as well as a duty which they were bound to render, to join audibly in the service of the Church.

He spoke of these things, among others, in his visits to the people generally, and took frequent occasions to point out publicly the duty, importance, and profit of demeaning ourselves reverently in the House of God.

Things rapidly began to wear a different aspect, and, with some exceptions, the people who formed his congregations assumed somewhat more the appearance of *worshippers* than they did before.

It frequently happens in Canada, as elsewhere, that two or three families of gentle people in a parish, instead of being a comfort and assistance to the clergyman, are exactly the reverse. They are often the most irregular attendants on the services of the Church, or when they are present, instead of being an example to those beneath them, they frequently are the most irreverent persons within the walls. Instead of countenancing

and assisting the parson in carrying out any plans for the benefit of the parish, they often manifest such indifference, if not opposition, that they prove a hindrance rather than a help, and many a clergyman has sincerely wished that he was altogether destitute of what is called "Society," rather than have gentry in his parish who set an evil example.

Vernon, however, in this respect was remarkably fortunate, for though the number of educated and intelligent persons of the upper class who resided in his parish was small, yet they were generally worthy and well-conducted persons, who fell into his views, and strengthened his hands to the utmost of their power. Vernon's heart was in his work, his character was persevering and energetic—his tact was considerable, and his religion was most sincere and practical. It was, therefore, natural to suppose that he would gain the respect of those to whom he ministered, and accordingly it was soon found that he exerted over them a powerful and beneficial influence.

Years passed on, and Vernon still laboured diligently, and was cheered and rewarded by many tokens of success. He obtained a short leave of absence, and had gone home to England in order to see his friends, from whom he had been so long separated. On his return to Canada, he married the eldest daughter of his old friend Mr. Lawrence, to whom he had previously been engaged, and again betook himself to the sacred work of his ministry with renewed vigour. He had met with, and overcome to a very great extent, the difficulties and various disheartening circumstances inseparable from a new mission. He had altered, enlarged, and as far as

it was possible, beautified the church. He had been the means of building two others in different sections of the township, and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing them free from debt, and well filled with regular and attentive worshippers. He was anxious to impress his flock with the conviction of his sincerity and honesty of purpose in all that he did; and that whether they approved of his proceedings or not, still that those proceedings were prompted by a sincere desire for their welfare, and an honest conviction that the course of conduct he adopted was *right*. It is true that he did not escape that calumny and misrepresentation which every man acting in his capacity must expect; but his general consistency of life was such that it proved *less* than harmless. He spake "concerning Christ" with the frequency and fervency of one who felt that all his own hopes, and the hopes of his people, must spring from the Cross alone; and at the same time he spake "concerning the Church," as the divinely appointed agent for conveying the blessings of that redemption to our souls. Thus he sought to attach the people not so much to himself as to the Church of which he was the minister; and he had the satisfaction of observing a sound and correct understanding of her distinctive principles extending among his flock. His temporal reward and comfort had also been increased by the erection of a comfortable and commodious parsonage in a beautiful situation; and there, with a wife like-minded with himself, and two or three rosy children, our hero enjoyed as large a share of happiness as men may look for in this world of sin.

Vernon was one morning sitting in his study, when a

neighbour of the name of Osborne, one of the gentlemen farmers before alluded to, rode up to the door, asked the servant if Mr. Vernon was at home, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, walked into the study at once, in a way that showed that he felt himself at home.

“Good morning, parson,” said he, in reply to Harry’s cordial salutation, and addressing him by a title very generally used by Vernon’s parishioners of the better class, “if you are not too busy, I want to have a little talk with you.”

“Certainly,” answered Vernon; “I am at your service. I’m only sermon writing, and there is time enough for that.”

“Well, then, to get the most unpleasant part of the business over first, I want to ask a favour of you.”

“Name it; and if I *can* do it you may be sure I will.”

“Well, I’m sure it’s very kind of you to say so. The fact is, I am hard up; and I am worried about money matters. I can’t draw on England for the next two months; and though it is a thing which I have scarcely ever done, yet I want to get a bill for a small sum discounted at the bank, and I came up to ask if you would do me the favour to become my endorser.”

“I will do so with great pleasure,” replied Vernon. “I am sure, Osborne, that one so punctual in all money matters as yourself, need not have regarded my doing as you wish me as any such great favour as you appear to regard it. I’m only sorry that I am not able to supply your need, without troubling the bank; but though I am better off than some of my brethren, yet, as you very well know, we parsons are not troubled with over much of this world’s wealth.”

“True, indeed,” replied Osborne; “but your name will be as good to me as the money, and I am equally obliged by your giving it. I’ll run into town to-morrow, and, I’ve no doubt, that this bit of paper will free me from my present difficulties.”

“I hope so, indeed,” said Vernon. “You have one comfort, however, for which not only you, but the country at large, ought to be thankful, and that is that there is a fine promise of an abundant wheat crop this year. I think I never saw the fields look more beautiful than they are doing just now.”

“They do, indeed, look splendidly,” returned Osborne. “But I tell you what, parson, I am beginning to have doubts as to farming in Canada being so profitable an employment as I once thought it.”

“You mean *gentleman-farming*, I suppose?”

“Of course I do. There can be no doubt whatever of its proving most profitable to the yeoman farmer.”

“What you represent as doubts in your mind are certainties in mine,” observed Vernon. “I have now been many years in Canada, and have watched things closely; and the result to which I have come is this, that the gentleman-farming which we *usually* have here will, in nine cases out of ten, prove a losing concern.”

“And yet,” said Osborne, “when I first came here I felt very sanguine. We are near Toronto; the land and the roads are good; we can send everything our farms produce to market, and generally can get the money for it; and it is undeniable that the yeoman farmers about us are getting rich, and are able to purchase land for their children.”

“Very true,” replied Vernon. “And when I gave

up the mad scheme of farming in the Backwoods, so impressed was I with the certainty and success that would attend the same occupation, in such a locality as this, that I had fully resolved to devote myself to it. I have seen abundant reason since then, however, to change my opinion."

"Your present views, I am sorry to say, seem to be borne out by the results of experience, for I hardly know a single gentleman farmer in the country who appears to make it answer."

"If we will reflect for a moment," said Vernon, "I think we must admit that this result is by no means astonishing. There is not *one* probably out of *one hundred* of the class to whom we allude, who, previous to their coming to Canada, knew one end of a plough from the other, or who could tell wheat from barley, though in full ear; they had never, perhaps, performed an act of manual labour in their whole lives; and how to discover the age of an ox or cow would probably prove to them an inexplicable enigma. They could very likely lead a regiment, or sail a frigate, or plead a cause, or balance a ledger. The younger ones, perhaps, could floor a passage in Homer; while others could furnish you with the names and exploits of the champions of the ring, or the winners on the turf, or initiate you into the mysteries of life in London. These persons resolve to emigrate to this country, and they appear to be suddenly impressed with the idea that a voyage across the Atlantic will infallibly convert them into agriculturists. If you were to propose to these persons the idea of their farming in England, they would justly regard you as insane. But what can be more absurd than to suppose

that if farming in England requires much practical skill, knowledge, and experience, the same pursuit in Canada calls for neither one nor the other? Is the soil, or the crops, or the mode of producing them so different that the same experiment which would certainly lead to ruin *there* must inevitably lead to prosperity *here*?"

"That is a view of the case that is most unaccountably overlooked," observed Osborne. "At least, I know that it was so with me,—for the only fields with which I was practically acquainted, were Lincoln's Inn-fields; and I knew much more about 'a case' than a cow. When I began to farm, I had to depend entirely upon the men whom I happened to hire; and as they saw that I was perfectly 'green,' the rascals fleeced me nicely. Still, one overcomes this ignorance by degrees, and I think one could do pretty well on a farm if it was not for the ruinous wages which we have to pay."

"That is perfectly true," said Vernon; "and that is the reason why the yeoman farmer succeeds so well. He not only has skill, strength, and knowledge of the calling to which he has been trained, but he does all his own work, keeps no servants, and has no appearance to make. Now, *you* can't do this—you have only your own pair of hands, which are not, owing to your previous habits, very efficient, either as regards skill or strength; and therefore, if you don't keep servants, you must give up farming. Now, the result of the difference which exists between you is simply this,—when the yeoman farmer has sold his produce, the money is his own, and is probably put in the savings' bank to buy a farm for his son; when you have done the same thing with your crops, the money is not your

own, for it has to be put into the pockets of your labourers, in the shape of wages. Now, I for one do not look upon this as very astonishing. If the yeoman farmer forsook his plough, and, taking up your calling, undertook to conduct a case before a court of justice, would you be surprised if he utterly failed? Then why should it occasion so much surprise and disappointment, if, when you forsake the occupation to which you have been bred, and take up his trade, of which you know nothing, and for which you are unfitted, want of success should, to a great extent, attend your efforts?"

"It is certainly not very much to be wondered at," said Osborne, shrugging his shoulders; "but still I think that I have learnt a good deal about farming, and could manage pretty well if it was not, as I said just now, for the wages, which run away with all the profit one can make. By the time one has hired men to plough the land; put in the seed, cut and carry the crops to the barn, thrash, clean, and bag up the grain, take it to market, and paid tolls, market-fees, and the tear and wear of horses, harness, and waggons, all that the produce brings will scarcely do more than pay their wages."

"Exactly," responded Vernon. "And thus, if all the proceeds of the farm go to pay the workmen, how is their employer to live?"

"That is a question that has been presenting itself to my mind of late, with rather unpleasant prominence; for I see that I could not maintain my family, and keep out of debt, without the aid of my small income from England; and even with its assistance, I can hardly keep straight with the world, as the cause of my visit

to you this morning bears witness. I endeavour, too, to be economical, but I still find a difficulty in making both ends meet. I give the man whom I always keep, and who boards himself, 40*l.* currency a-year, besides a cottage. We have a good many cows, and therefore I have to keep two servant girls, one of whom is pretty well occupied in looking after the children ; these, with their wages and living, cost me close upon another 40*l.* I have to get another hand during seed-time, and several during harvest, and I can hardly do without a boy, besides ; so that it is quite clear that the necessary servants, male and female, cost me considerably above 100*l.* per annum. Now, though my farm is a tolerably good one, and well situated, yet after the necessary food for the household, and food for the stock, is provided, all that I can sell of it will not raise the sum I have mentioned."

"I am quite sure of that," answered Vernon ; "and hence I feel assured *that no gentleman in Canada, if he is destitute of other sources of income, can live upon a farm, if all the operations of that farm are to be carried on by hired labour.*"

"I can hardly question the strength and correctness of your position," replied Osborne ; "unless, perhaps, in the case of some gentleman who happens to have a thorough practical knowledge of agriculture, and who is able and willing to put his own hand to the plough ; though it must be confessed that the former requisite is very scarce amongst us. I look forward to the day, however, when my boys will be old enough to help me, and so save me from hiring so many hands as I do at present."

“Certainly, if you resolve to make farmers of them, and accustom them betimes to manual labour, they may prove of great assistance to you, and fill the place, and do the work of common labourers to whom you at present pay some nine or ten dollars a month.”

“Well,” said Osborne, “I can’t say that I think *that* a very flattering or encouraging light in which to regard the matter.”

“It is, nevertheless, the *true* light in which to view it,” returned Vernon. “We are already agreed that the time has not come for gentleman-farming to succeed in Canada. If you give your sons the education, habits, and tastes belonging to their rank in life, you must unfit them for farmers. If you will make successful farmers of them, you must begin with them early; and consequently they *cannot* have the education, and they *ought not* to have the tastes and habits which would unfit them for an occupation to which they have been devoted.”

“I can’t agree with you there, parson,” said Osborne; “my maxim is, give a boy good principles, and a good education, and then he is fit for anything.”

“—But a Canadian farmer,” added Vernon, smiling. “Now Osborne,” he continued, “you know how cordially I agree with your maxim; but suppose your son, who has now been for a year or two at school, shall have passed creditably through all the prescribed studies; suppose he shows, as I believe he does, aptness and talent, and expresses a desire to enter the University; you will gratify this desire, and at seventeen or eighteen your son will have taken his degree. He left home and the farm at about eight or nine years old,

and, except during the vacations, will not be there again for another eight or nine, during which period his mind and energies will be devoted to anything but agriculture,—will he, under such circumstances, be likely to prove a successful farmer ? ”

“ No,—I ’ll readily grant that he will not be likely to prove anything of the kind ; but you are supposing an extreme case. A good education does not necessarily imply a university degree, or a very critical knowledge of Greek and Latin.”

“ Then why do you send Tom to Upper Canada College,* where he will learn scarcely anything else ? ”

“ Why,” said Osborne, apparently rather at a loss, “ it ’s a capital school, you know,—and these things help to expand the mind ; and besides, it would never do for him not to have *some* knowledge of Greek and Latin.”

“ We are not talking of education, remember,” answered Vernon, “ but of what is likely to fit a young man to farm successfully. Now, I don’t see that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is by any means essential to this end. Virgil’s agriculture is out of date, and Loudon, and Liebig, and Johnson are now the order of the day, and their works are not written in Greek. Now, I should say, that if you wished to make your son a successful farmer, you ought to teach him to read, write, and count as well and as soon as possible. When he has acquired these elementary branches of knowledge, you ought to put him behind a set of harrows, as soon as he is big enough to hold the reins, and keep him steadily at work. So with ploughing, sowing, reaping, cradling,

* See Appendix, 1, 2.

threshing, cattle-feeding, horse-cleaning, driving, and doctoring, give him a *practical* knowledge of them all as soon as possible, and inure him to manual labour while he is young, by giving him plenty of it,—*for it is only by practical knowledge, combined with physical ability to labour*, that he can hope to make farming profitable in this country. This course will make your son a farmer, it is true, but it will make him fit for nothing else. It must almost irrevocably fix his lot in life. It will enable him (though still with the disadvantage of more expensive habits, learned in his father's house,) to cope with the yeoman farmer, who, a few years ago, was a common labourer, while it will serve as a barrier to prevent his ever rising to any great extent above him."

"You are a regular Job's comforter, parson," answered Osborne; "and I, for one, will never vote for having you employed as an emigration-agent, for you would certainly frighten every intending settler of the middle classes of society to such an extent, that not one of them would ever make Canada his home."

"On the contrary," said Vernon, "I am the strenuous advocate for the emigration of the middle classes; and the advantages they would derive from such a step are so great, that the only mode of accounting for their not adopting it is, the extraordinary ignorance that prevails in England with reference to this colony."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from an adjoining township, who informed Vernon that an old churchman, for whom he had a great respect, was lying dangerously ill, and was very desirous to see him. Osborne immediately took his

departure, and Vernon, having explained to the messenger that a funeral, which was to take place in the afternoon, would prevent his setting out immediately, promised that he would follow him to the sick man's house immediately it was over.

CHAPTER XXV.

M'FARLANE (which was the name of the invalid whom Vernon was called to visit) was a Scottish churchman, of great intelligence of mind, and great consistency of Christian character. Like many members of that heretofore oppressed and persecuted branch of the Catholic Church, he was thoroughly versed in the reasons of his attachment to her, and all the temptations to schism to which he and his household were in no ordinary degree exposed, were altogether ineffectual to move them from the steadfastness of their principles. In the township in which he resided there was very seldom any of the ministrations of the Church, except such occasional services as could be rendered by Mr. Broughton, whose parish bounded it on the one side; or by Vernon, whose mission joined it on the other. The farm on which M'Farlane lived was about fifteen miles from the nearest of Mr. Broughton's churches, and perhaps sixteen or seventeen from those of Vernon. Around him, on all sides, were the meeting-houses, or, at

all events, houses where meetings were held by numerous Dissenting denominations ; for the population of the township, being of a very mixed character, false doctrine, heresy, and schism were rife within its bounds. Whenever the roads and the weather would permit, M'Farlane would put his horses to the waggon, and putting as many of his large family into it as it could contain, would betake himself to one or other of the churches, according as the hours of service afforded him the time requisite to travel the distance above named. When the season or the roads prevented his doing this, he used to assemble his family, and with them would go reverently through the appointed service for the day. He seldom interfered with the religious views or practices of others, and, indeed, he knew little of them, for he never entered their places of worship, nor would allow his family to do so.

Such a course of conduct, as may be easily supposed, drew upon him a good deal of attention on the part of those who consider it the height of Christian charity and liberality to profess *no* distinctive opinions, and who are ready to go *anywhere* to "hear the word of God preached."

That he was a most worthy man, who paid much attention to what he regarded as his religious duties, no one could deny ; but this fact only rendered his conduct more inexplicable to them. Much was said of his bigotry, his benighted state, and so forth, but then it was a fact well known to the settlement that his integrity was spotless—that his word was always to be unhesitatingly relied upon—that his house was consecrated by daily prayer—and that no one was more ready

to do a kindness to a neighbour, if in any perplexity or trouble.

Such was, in brief, the character of the man who was now laid upon a bed of sickness, and who sought from the hands and from the lips of the Church's minister the blessed consolations of the faith.

The twilight was passing into darkness ere the sixteen miles were passed that intervened between Vernon's dwelling and his destination. On his arrival he was warmly and gratefully welcomed by the family, and found, upon inquiry, that though the old man had been suffering a good deal he was now much easier, and was in the perfect possession of all his faculties. It was a rude and homely log-house, but everything within was neat and scrupulously clean. An air of anxiety was visible on every face, for serious apprehensions were beginning to be entertained lest he whom a married daughter spoke of as "the head of the house," should be taken from them. The aged wife of the sick man was evidently bowed down in spirit under the prospect of the trial that appeared about to fall upon her; and when Vernon was shown into the room of the sufferer, he found him the most composed and cheerful of the whole party.

"I'm vera glad to see ye, Maister Vernon," said the old man, speaking in his strong Scottish dialect, and shaking our hero's hand warmly—"I tak' it vera kind o' ye to come sic a lang gate to see a puir auld man like me; but I ken'd ye wad come if ye were able, and I wad be real glad to partake in the holy Sacrament once mair, afore I gang the way of a' flesh."

"I am very glad you sent for me," replied Vernon;

“and it will be a great pleasure to me if I can afford you any comfort under the trial which God has seen fit to lay upon you.”

“I’m vera thankfu’ to you, sir,” answered M’Farlane. “The callant that cam for ye wad tell ye that I had sent owre for Maister Broughton, for I ken that if we i’ this township belang to onybody, it’s to him; but he wasna at home, and he’ll no be back till the night, and this morning I didna think that I’d be living noo.”

“Your messenger told me that you had sent for him, and as he can’t be sure that you would send for me, I think it very likely that he will be here early tomorrow. You seem much better now, and as there is no immediate danger, I think that, in every respect, it will be better to wait till the morning, and see whether he comes or not, before administering the Holy Communion.”

“Just as you please, sir,” said M’Farlane. “I’m vera much easier noo, thank God; and if I hae a quiet night I’ll maybe be fitter for’t in the mornin’.”

A long conversation followed, of the most pleasing character, but which, of course, it is unnecessary to detail at length. Notwithstanding his moral and blameless life, and great attention to his various duties, social and religious, his mind was filled with deep humility, and sustained by a quiet, simple, unwavering faith in the blood and merits of the Redeemer.

“I was brought up in the fear o’ God, sir,” said he; “and I’ve tried to serve Him frae the time I was a bairn; and though by His grace I’ve been kept frae open sin in the sight o’ men, yet ma ain heart condemns

me; and when I think o' ma short-comin's, I'm whiles feared o' what's afore me. But still I ken in whom I have believed, an' I'm persuaded that He is able to keep ma soul, which I have committed to Him, against that awfu' day when we shall a' hae to stand afore Him, to answer for the things done in the body."

He afterwards spoke of his family, and the many temptations to neglect their religious duties to which they were exposed.

"I've tried hard, sir," he said, "baith by precept and as far as I could, by setting them a gude example, to bring them up to obey God and His church; and I trust that after ma departure, if it be the Lord's will to tak me awa at this time, that they'll walk in the way their forebears have walked before them for mony generations."

"You have every reason to trust in the faithfulness of the Divine promise," replied Vernon. "Having trained up your children in the way they should go, you may humbly hope that when they are old they will not depart from it. Still," he added, "situated as your young people are, far from the ordinances of the Church, there is great danger of their being led, first to attend, and finally to join, some of the numberless schismatical bodies by which they are surrounded."

"None o' them has ever yet attended the meetings that are held a'round us; and as long as I'm maister o' the house, I couldna allow it,—for if I was to let them do wrang, how could I account to God, now that I'm gaun into His awfu' presence, for neglecting to use the authority over them which He has given me for their gude?"

“I wish your views of the responsibility and authority of parents were more general,” answered Vernon. “That filial disobedience, which is a crying sin in this country, arises as much from parents neglecting to teach their children to obey them, in their early days, as from any other cause. I trust, however, that your family are restrained from what is wrong, not only by the force of your authority, but by their own convictions.

“I hope and believe so,” said M^rFarlane; “at ony rate, as regards the sin of countenancing separation frae the Church. They’re weel grunded in the reasons o’ their faith, for I never could see onything in the Bible but Episcopacy, as far as the government of the Church is concerned; besides, schism gangs sic lengths here that it warks its ain cure. There’s about us here three or four kinds o’ Methodists, and three or four kinds o’ Presbyterians, and four or five kinds o’ Baptists and Unitarians, who profanely ca’ themselves Christians, an’ I ken na how mony mair. They’re aye splittin’ up into different societies, and tearing ither to pieces. Noo, I’ve been always showing ma young folk frae Holy Scripture, that the Church o’ Christ is *one*, and that it’s just clean impossible that thir bit sects that spring up the day and split up the morn, can belong to the *one* Church o’ Christ, which He Himsel’ planted eighteen hundred years ago, and which is to continue even unto the end o’ the warld.”

“These truths appear so evident, both from Scripture and common sense,” replied Harry, “that the only wonder is that men can deny them.”

“It’s just a mystery to me,” returned the old man;

“if there’s one thing in Holy Scripture that’s clear to the plainest body that reads it, it’s the unity o’ the Church. There’s some differences, nae doubt, in the opinions o’ some o’ the folks belonging to it; but for a’ that, her ministry, her creeds, her sacraments, and her prayers, are a’ one and the same, wherever they’re to be found.”

The conversation on these and kindred topics continued for some time, until the invalid began to show signs of weariness and exhaustion. Vernon then read to him some of the most devotional and suitable passages of Holy Scripture, pausing now and then to dwell upon some portion of peculiar beauty or fitness to the sick man’s case.

“Noo, sir, if ye please,” said M’Farlane, on Vernon’s making a longer pause than usual,—“let us have the Evening Prayer. O, sir, I *love* the Evening Prayer.”

“Certainly,” replied Vernon; “but would you not prefer uniting in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick?”

“I’d like weel to hae them baith, sir,” answered the sick man; “but as I’m getting verra weak, it’ll maybe be better to hae the Visitation Office; but,” he added, “I’d be thankfu’ if you’d read some o’ the collect, sir; “I love the collect of the Evening Prayer.”

The household were accordingly assembled, and after having reverently joined in the devotions which were offered by his bedside, the old man sunk into a peaceful sleep; and all, save one who watched beside him, betook themselves to the adjoining apartment.

During the remainder of the evening, Vernon listened with much interest to many details connected with the Scottish Episcopal Church with which the family were

able to furnish him. They spoke with the greatest reverence of many of the bishops and pastors, especially of Bishop Jolly, whom they had known.

“His time,” said a son-in-law of old M^rFarlane, “was spent either in study or prayer. He went regularly to the church, morning and evening, and spent a gude while in prayer; and when in his own house he was mostly at his books or on his knees. He was an auld man, and had little duty to do, and this was just the way he passed his days.”

“Hech, sir, if ye’d only hae seen him in his robes inside the communion-rails,” said old Mrs. M^rFarlane, “ye wad na hae forgotten him for a while; he was vera tall, and sae thin that he looked as if he’d got nae flesh upon his bones; his head was quite bald, and the skin o’ his head and face was sae white that ye could scarce see the fringe o’ snaw-white hair that cam round the back o’ his head to his temples; his eye was clear, and his thin lips were bright red; and I’m sure whan I used to see him reading the Communion Service, I used to think that he was na’ human.”

“And his death was vera wonderfu’,” said one of the daughters, an expression of awe coming over her face.

“’Deed, ye may say that,” replied the old woman: “he lived alane, and naebody except a young man he was preparing for the ministry cam’ near him. One night he went to his bed as weel as he was in ordinar’, and took some gude book that he was readin’ wi’ him—he locked the door, which was his way, and when the young man cam’ next mornin’ the door was still shut, an’ naething to be heard. The door was forced, and there lay the gude bishop dead and cauld; he was lying on his back as straight as if he had been laid out; his

book was closed by his side, his hands were crossed upon his breast, and a white napkin was drawn over his face. "Noo, sir," added Mrs. M'Farlane, "it wasna in human nature to do sic a thing as that, and it's hard to believe ought else but that the angels laid him out.

These and many other minute details, told with a simplicity, and at the same time with an earnestness, that showed how deep a hold they had upon the memory and affections of the several speakers, caused the time to pass swiftly; and at rather a late hour Vernon retired to rest. When alone he reflected on what he had that evening witnessed, and felt that he was indeed beneath the roof-tree of a family among whom the fear of God was a powerful and ruling principle. There was a quiet staidness, and a due subordination and regularity about the whole household that struck him much, though it would have been most difficult to describe, and the declaration of Holy Scripture came strongly to his mind, that God hath chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

At a very early hour next morning, Mr. Broughton, according to Vernon's anticipation, rode up to the door. He had arrived at home late on the preceding evening, and on learning that M'Farlane was very ill, he rose as soon as it was light, and rode fast, fearing he would be too late. The invalid, who still continued easy, was much gratified by his arrival, and shortly afterwards preparations were made for the administration of the Holy Communion. While they were going forward Vernon and his friend walked out alone; and the former expressed the gratification he had experienced from his visit.

"He is, indeed, a most excellent old man," said

Broughton, "and I am so glad you were able to come and see him. When I arrived at home last night and heard of his illness, my regret for it was much increased by the fear of his dying without his seeing a clergyman,—a circumstance which he would regard as a very great trial."

On their return to the house, they found everything in order. The whole family had made some change in their dress, and looked clean and tidy, and each member of it was present. On entering the sick man's room, every preparation was made for the decent administration of the holy rite. It was a homely apartment. Three sides were formed by the rough logs of which the house was built, while the other consisted of the board partition which divided it from the common room which answered the purpose of kitchen and sitting-room together.

The rays of the morning sun were streaming brightly through a window that looked towards the east. In the middle of the room stood a table covered with a fair linen cloth, on which the elements were placed. Across one end stood the bed of the invalid, his white head propped up by pillows, and his hand grasped in that of his aged and afflicted wife. Round the room, the family, who were all grown up, and who were eight or nine in number, had ranged themselves with noiseless reverence—their prayer-books open at the Communion office, and ready, with heart and voice, to join in the sacred ordinance.

The service commenced; and Broughton's impressive tones added to the solemnity of the scene. Soon, however, the voices of the assembled household rose, as the voice of one man, in the deep and reverent response; or, if one tone could be distinguished from the others,

it was owing to the greater fervency of the sick man's petitions. The priests having received, the sacred elements were distributed to the other communicants in order; not one among that well-trained household held back. The left hand of each was opened, and across it was laid the right hand, "*in*" the palm of which they received the consecrated bread, and reverently bent the head over it to consume it. Last of all, the sufferer partook of the blessed memorials of his Redeemer's dying love—the succeeding prayers were said—the hymn of praise and thanksgiving was offered with united voice—the blessing was solemnly pronounced—and the holy rite was over.

Vernon had seldom been so impressed. He had supposed the age when such scenes were beheld had long since passed away, and that ere it would return long years of labour, teaching, and self-denial must necessarily elapse. He little thought to find the realisation of what he sometimes thought *might*, perhaps, be hereafter, if God's servants were faithful to the cause of truth, in a neglected township of Upper Canada; and he thanked God from his heart for affording him so striking and encouraging an example of what is meant by "the communion of saints."

About the middle of the day Vernon was obliged to bid the aged patriarch farewell. He saw his face no more; but he had abundant testimony to show that "his end was peace."*

* In these days, longings after a healthier religious state lead men to draw imaginary sketches of things, not as they are, but as they would wish them to be. Lest it should be supposed that the author has been doing so, he begs to state that every particular of the foregoing chapter is rigidly true.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE wonders of steam-navigation had rendered the voyage across the Atlantic so trifling an undertaking, that Mr. Vernon had often talked of taking a trip to Canada in order to visit his son, and ascertain from personal observation the capacities and advantages of the country. The want of success that had attended Harry's farming operations had banished for the time all ideas of sending out his younger sons, one of whom he had placed in a counting-house, and the other had been bred an engineer. During our hero's visit to England, just previous to his marriage, he had pointed out very clearly the reasons of his failure in the Backwoods, and had endeavoured to convince his father that, notwithstanding the want of success that had attended his agricultural efforts, Canada still afforded excellent opportunities to young men of education, energy, and principle. Mr. Vernon was rather incredulous, but Harry continued in his letters to reiterate his opinions; and when his father saw that, though one son had acquired a knowledge of medicine, another of business, and another of engineering, yet that, from the vast number of competitors in all these pursuits, years must pass away before they could provide for themselves, he became more inclined to carry his project of visiting Canada into execution; not only for the sake of seeing his son who

was already there, but also in the hope that he might do something for those whom he should leave behind. He accordingly took his passage in one of the Cunard steamers, and in twelve days was safely landed at Boston. He pushed on, with little delay, towards Canada; and we leave it to the reader to imagine the pleasure which both father and son derived from the meeting, which had been looked forward to on both sides with such pleasing anticipation.

Some time after Mr. Vernon's arrival, when he began to feel settled, and all the news from home had been fully detailed, a gentleman of the name of Robinson, who had been one of his fellow-passengers in the steamer, and to whom he had given an invitation to visit his son, called at the Parsonage. He had come out with the intention of settling in the country, and was extremely anxious to gain every information that was likely to prove useful. Like most new comers, he was strongly impressed with the idea that the only mode in which he or his family could employ themselves in Canada was in agriculture; though, as usual, it turned out that it was a pursuit of which he was utterly ignorant. Dinner was over, and a long conversation had ensued with reference to Canadian gentleman-farming, in which Harry stated the views which have been already detailed in his conversation with his friend and neighbour Osborne.

"But," said Mr. Robinson rather despondingly, "what is a person, situated like myself, to do? I am a professional man, and I know nothing of business, therefore I cannot turn my attention that way, for it would only end in ruin."

“And yet,” replied Harry, “you hope that another calling, of which you confess yourself equally ignorant, will lead you to prosperity.”

“Why, you know, I must do *something*, and what can I do but farm? If I am to do *nothing*, I may as well do that at home, as incur the trouble and expense of coming to Canada to do it.”

“I am not by any means sure of that,” replied Harry. “Emigration might prove of very great benefit to you, even if you did nothing.”

“I do not comprehend your views,” said Mr. Robinson; “you told us a little while ago, that the only men who could hope to succeed in Canada, were those who were able to work hard, and now you speak of my getting on by doing nothing; what is it that you advise me to do?”

“That, of course, depends very much upon the extent of your resources, and as I am entirely ignorant on that point it is difficult to give any very specific advice; I can only say, generally, that a gentleman who can manage to maintain a family in anything like respectability in England, can do so with much greater ease and in much greater comfort in this country.”

“My means are no secret,” said Mr. Robinson, frankly. “I have met with some serious losses lately, which have compelled me to think of emigration, or leave the sphere of life in which I have always been accustomed to move. I have a sum in hand sufficient to purchase a good farm, and I think when all my affairs are settled, I shall, perhaps, have about 250*l.* per annum. With this sum and a farm, I thought I could manage to rub along in Canada, and do something for

the children as they grew up, which is impossible in England with such an income ; at all events, for a man who, like myself, has always been accustomed to one more than double the amount. Your opinions, however, with respect to farming, have rather disheartened me, and I feel as if Canada was no place for me, or others situated like me."

"Then the sooner you get rid of such a feeling the better," answered Harry, "for this country offers you and others of the same class very great advantages, though they appear to be most woefully misunderstood at home. That it is an admirable country for the farmer, mechanic, and labourer, is admitted on all hands, for they immediately betake themselves to the several employments to which they have been accustomed; and as there is generally abundant demand for their skill and strength, they are almost sure to prosper, though, of course, they may expect some difficulties, perhaps, at the outset. But, besides this, it is an excellent country for the gentleman of limited means, if he would only act as judiciously as those of the humbler class, in confining himself, as a general rule, to such occupations or modes of life as he is familiar with. When I say limited means, I allude to those who have a hundred a-year and upwards, or capital which, in this country, will produce, at least, that sum. If a family of respectability comes here with only four, five, or six hundred pounds in the world, (and many have come with much less,) it cannot fail but they will have a great deal to contend with; though, even in such circumstances, they are more likely to do well here than elsewhere. But is there a country in the world," asked

Harry, turning to his father, "where *such* a family would find *such* a sum an independence?"

"Of course, the thing is impossible," replied Mr. Vernon; "and every family of the better class who are so reduced must be most unwarrantably sanguine if they indulge in any such expectation."

"And yet," resumed Harry, "an evil report has sometimes been brought upon the country in consequence of the disappointment of such expectations. But take your case, Mr. Robinson, as an example. By the mere fact of bringing it to this country, your 250*l.* per annum becomes 300*l.* If this sum arises from money vested in the funds, or other securities, and if you have the power of removing it to this colony, the legal rate of interest here, being double what you can obtain in England, makes your 300*l.* into 600*l.*, while there are many safe and honourable investments which annually yield seven and eight per cent. The loose money with which you spoke of purchasing a farm, might still be expended in that manner, not, however, that you might lose money by farming it yourself, but simply as an investment; and good land is one of the best, because safest, investments in the country. If the farm is well situated, the rent will generally pay you six per cent. upon the purchase-money, and the principal is always increasing, owing to the rapid rise which takes place in the value of property in this country. Do you see that farm on the opposite hill," said he, pointing to some beautiful rolling fields on the neighbouring rise; "not more than two years ago the owner offered it for sale for about 800*l.*, and could not find a purchaser; at this moment he would not accept 1500*l.*, though it only consists of one hundred acres."

“Is it possible!” exclaimed Mr. Vernon; “why at this rate, I shall begin to think that, old as I am, I had better emigrate also, for it is not every day, or in every place, that one can double their income.”

“That is certainly a very encouraging view of matters,” said Mr. Robinson, directing his conversation to Harry; “but if one is not to farm, how is one to be employed.”

“Employ yourself in the manner in which you occupied yourself at home,” answered Vernon. The expenses of living will, on the whole, be less than in the cheapest parts of England, for you are freed from the rates and taxes which press so heavily upon a small income there. Were I in your position, I should be inclined to purchase a small quantity of land in the neighbourhood of some of our larger towns, on some of the main roads leading into Toronto, for instance. There you could build according to your own taste, keep your horses and carriage, and enjoy the society which is generally to be found in such localities. You ought to have nothing more to do with farming than allowing your man to cut hay, and raise oats for your horses, and such other things as were within his unaided power. You might thus, by good management and his exertions, enjoy many of the comforts of a farm. You might have your own poultry, eggs, milk, butter, and so forth, while most of the work would be done by the man whom you would have to keep, even if you had no land at all.”

“A very pleasant prospect, indeed,” said Mr. Robinson, “but it appears to me far too good news to be true.”

“Of course I have spoken on the supposition of your

being able to bring the capital, which produces your 250*l.* sterling per annum, to this country, as, by so doing, you would more than double your income."

"But, supposing I could do so, to live in the way you have mentioned, would require my whole income, notwithstanding its increase, and I do not see very clearly how, if that was the case, my family could be much benefited."

"To have 600*l.* or 700*l.* a-year to live upon instead of 250*l.* seems to me a very palpable benefit to any family," said Harry, with a smile. "Besides, I am far from thinking that there would be any necessity for spending any such sum as the former. Servants and clothing are rather expensive here, but everything else required for a family is very reasonable. Horses and carriages are cheap and good, and can be well afforded on an income that in England would not allow such luxuries to be thought of for a moment. On the first-named sum you could live in a very comfortable style—give your children a first-rate education*—save money, and be a person of much greater consequence than you would be at home with six times the amount.

"Well done!" exclaimed Mr. Robinson, laughing somewhat incredulously. "Pray, how many more advantages have you to enumerate?"

"Several more," continued Harry, quietly; "but I will dwell only upon one. If you were now in England in possession of 600*l.* or 700*l.* a-year, you would find it as much as you could do to live in the manner you had always been accustomed to do, and to educate your children as became their position in society. After

* See Appendix, 1, 2, 3, 4.

their education was complete, would not their future provision be a source of great anxiety to you? Now, in this country I am sure that no young man of education, energy, and principle, who has been taught to do *something* for his own maintenance, but will be able to provide for himself. I do not mean to say that he will have no difficulties, but I am confident that, if willing to exert himself, he will always find something to do that will remunerate him.

“That is more than can be said for England,” observed Mr. Vernon, “as I know from the difficulties I have had with my boys. Harry here has been less expense and less trouble to me than any of the rest, and that speaks well for Canada.”

“I should have no hesitation in saying,” resumed Harry, “that if a lad in this country, who has been educated and brought up to a profession or business at the expense of his parents, fails to provide for himself, the fault must be his own. Within the last year or two I have myself heard of several openings where a young medical man might (by hard work of course) have made from 250*l.* to 300*l.* a-year. Of lawyers we certainly have our share; but, notwithstanding their numbers, they all seem to thrive, and from the loose way in which deeds and conveyances, and so forth, are often executed here, it promises at some future day to become a perfect legal paradise. The Church, too, although it does not hold out any great temporal inducements, will, nevertheless, afford a maintenance to earnest men who seek not great things for themselves. Surveyors, engineers, and architects, are in no lack of employment. Land agents, brokers, and

business-men, seem to thrive. And the danger of these callings being overstocked is not great, for the number of the educated class is comparatively small, and the resources of the country are yearly becoming more developed, and fresh openings are offered to the enterprising and industrious."

"The advantages of settling here seem to be undeniably great," said Mr. Robinson. "At all events, for those who can bring their capital with them. I question, however, whether your theory of this being a good country for gentlemen of small means, would hold good in the case of those who possess a stated income, and have no power over the principal. From what I have been able to learn since my arrival, I am disposed to think that there are many parts of England where a family could live quite as cheaply as they could here."

"Perhaps they could," replied Harry, "as far as the mere expenses of living are concerned; although I think it might admit of a doubt, whether you could live in England *as well* as you could in Canada upon *the same* amount of income; for, besides living, you must remember the rates and taxes which you have there. But, supposing, for argument's sake, that you *could* live there as well and cheaply as you could do here, still, if a man thinks of his family, he cannot doubt that the probabilities of providing for them must certainly be very much greater in a country like this,—whose vast resources are just beginning to be developed, and which is still so thinly peopled,—than in a country like England, where, from the density of the population, the competition in every calling and profession is so overwhelming."

“That is unquestionably true,” answered Mr. Robinson; “and, if properly understood, would doubtless have great influence in inducing families of the class in question to emigrate to this country. Such a step, however, seldom seems to present itself to their minds, unless under the pressure of some great difficulty or misfortune.”

“And, then,” said Harry, “they come here, and expect to find a fortune ready made to their hand; or, at all events, to make an independence out of means that cannot in any country yield more than a bare subsistence. Now, if they would remember, that after coming here they would have the *same* means they previously possessed (more or less increased, according as they could bring their capital with them or leave it at home); the *same* family to maintain, educate, and provide for; and that *all* the country promised to the prudent, energetic, and well-principled, was *a very much greater facility than England afforded* for effecting these objects, particularly the last,—it would lead them to form more rational expectations than are sometimes indulged.”

“It ought to do so, certainly,” returned Mr. Robinson; “but I am inclined to think you mistaken in supposing that people at home are so sanguine in their expectations of emigration proving so profitable. Whatever may have been the prevailing opinions in other days, the general feeling among the better class at present is, that to go to the colonies is a dreadful undertaking, full of privation and risk.”

“I am quite aware that many of the middle classes, who have been accustomed to the comforts and refinements of English life, associate the idea of settling in America with visions of hardship and horror. They

think of stumps, log huts and scalping-knives, and sigh over the thought that it must necessarily entail the relinquishment of all the enjoyments and humanising influences of civilisation. And —”

“Nay, nay,” interrupted Mr. Robinson, smiling, “they don’t think quite so badly of it as all that.”

“And yet,” resumed Harry, “there seems to be a latent impression, that if they *could* but make up their minds to meet these dangers and trials, eventual prosperity would be the result. Perhaps, however, there are two classes, one too sanguine and the other most absurdly labouring under the impression that Canada is still a wilderness, in which none of the refinements of life are to be enjoyed.”

“That is quite true,” said Mr. Robinson. “I am sure I was quite unprepared for the advanced state of comfort, and indeed elegance, which marks society in many parts of this country.”

“I am sure I can say the same,” observed Mr. Vernon. “This boy of mine has, for years back, been telling me that the people here were not in the savage state which we in England are apt to imagine; but, notwithstanding his statements, I have been a good deal surprised by what I have seen here. I came from Boston by way of Lake Champlain and Montreal; and though I knew, of course, that it was a comparatively old city, I was struck by its extent; the magnificence of its quays; the character of some of its buildings, particularly the new market, which is indeed a splendid edifice; the marks of extensive commerce, and the number of villas and gentlemen’s seats, which are scattered about its beautiful neighbourhood. Then, as I came up the river to this province,

putting aside the wonderful natural beauty of some of the scenes, there was much in the works of skill and civilisation that surprised me ; the immense canals round the various rapids would do honour to any country in the world ; and the villages and towns are considerable, both in number and extent. Brockville is a prettily-situated and attractive-looking place. Kingston, with its strong fortifications, its extent, and substantial look, would not have struck me as a Canadian city. Then we came to the pleasing little towns of Cobourg and Port Hope, where, as I am informed by a fellow-traveller, every comfort and, indeed, almost every ordinary luxury, could be obtained ; and where, he also said, there was as much good society to be found as you could expect to meet with in a country town in England : and when at last we landed at Toronto, I must say that it far exceeded what I expected."

"When we parted at Boston," said Mr. Robinson, addressing Mr. Vernon, "I went on to New York, and thence by Albany to Buffalo. I then took the cars to Lewiston, where I embarked in a steamboat, which landed me in a few hours at Toronto ; so that it was the first British ground on which I had stood since I left England ; and really when I looked about I almost fancied I was at home again. The change from the American dress, voice, manner, and appearance was so striking, that a single moment told me I was among my own countrymen ; and the whole character of the place reminded me of some very respectable provincial town in England."

"The difference is very great, certainly, between one side of 'the lines' and the other," observed Harry ;

“and almost every one is struck with the English characteristics of Upper Canada.”

“The shops are very handsome in Toronto,” said Mr. Vernon, “and I observed one or two that need not have been at all ashamed of themselves even in London; and they seem, too, to be exceedingly well supplied with everything one can desire.”

“Another thing that struck me,” said Mr. Robinson, “was the number and handsome character of the private equipages that filled the streets—from the dashing-looking dog-cart, to the capacious family carriage. One would suppose that the people must be very well off, or else that horses and carriages are very easily kept.”

“There is often,” said Mr. Vernon, “a great bustle for a town like it, about three o’clock in the afternoon, for stages and omnibuses are starting apparently in all directions, and the cabs seem without end. I hardly see how a town of some three or four and twenty thousand inhabitants, can support them.”

“It ought to be an indication of wealth,” observed Mr. Robinson; “people who can afford the amount of cab-hire that must be expended in Toronto, can hardly, as a community, be poor. Indeed, the *signs* of wealth are great; so much so as to lead to some fears of its being factitious. I brought some letters of introduction with me, and I not only found the society extremely good, but their drawing-rooms are furnished with a luxury which I certainly did not expect to meet with in Canada. I was at one or two dinner-parties, and really the plate, the dinner-service, the cookery, the wines, and, in fact, the whole style of the entertainment, was more what one would have expected to meet with in

a nobleman's mansion than in that of a Toronto gentleman."*

"They are undoubtedly overdoing it there," said Harry; "and the luxury and expense which is fashionable among them is not only absurd but sinful. It is, however, the spirit of the age, and I am not sure that the people of Toronto are worse than others."

"I have just returned from the west," said Mr. Robinson, "and have passed through a very fine country. Hamilton is a good-sized town, and, from its admirable position at the head of Lake Ontario, must become, ere long, a large and flourishing city. There are some beautiful places in its neighbourhood, and many gentlemen seem to have settled in the vicinity. The travelling is pleasant in that part of the province, from the excellent plank roads which intersect it; and as the weather was good, and the country pleasing, I quite enjoyed the journey to London, which, though not *quite* so extensive as its English namesake, is, nevertheless, a thriving and promising little town. Altogether, I have been very much gratified, and indeed surprised, by what I have hitherto seen in Canada."

"I have observed," said Harry, "the same feeling on the part of most new comers; and it of course arises from the invincible ignorance of people at home upon all matters relating to Canada. They have set it down in their minds as certain, that it is some outlandish place, the latitude and longitude of which is somewhat

* The late calamitous state of things in commercial, monetary, and political affairs, which has affected the empire and indeed the world at large, has caused considerable changes in Toronto, and in Canada generally.

difficult to ascertain, and where, if you should be fortunate enough to reach it, you run a very great risk of being murdered and scalped by Indians, eaten up by bears, or bitten to death, in summer, by musquitoes, and in winter by frost. They are convinced of the truth of some such view of the case, and therefore it's no use talking—for if you do tell them the truth, they won't believe you."

"There is truth in what you say, Harry," replied his father; "for the fact is, that we are so accustomed from our childhood to regard Canada as almost an unbroken forest, and to think of its inhabitants as Backwoodsmen, that we can hardly credit the evidence of our own eyes when we find in this supposed wilderness towns and cities, with all their comforts, conveniences, and luxuries."

"You have both seen," said Harry, "that in many places in Canada, from east to west, you may find localities where you may enjoy almost as much society, refinement, comfort, and, if you desire it, luxury, as any family belonging to the middle classes can wish for or expect. Now, if the advantages which I have already named are borne in mind in connection with this fact, I think that my theory, that this country offers great advantages to the gentry of smaller means, say from 200*l.* to 500*l.* or 700*l.* a-year, is a sound one; and that if its advantages were understood, they would be acted upon."

"People in England, however, especially with such incomes as you have last named, are not very likely to come to Canada."

"Because," answered Harry, "they do not know

what is good for themselves and their children. Many families at home with such incomes are emphatically *poor*. They have appearances to keep up, which strains their incomes to the utmost, and not unfrequently involves them in ruin—and no man is more to be pitied than the poor gentleman.”

The conversation was here brought to a close by the arrival of two or three of Harry's neighbours, whom he had asked to spend the evening with his father and Mr. Robinson.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was a beautiful evening in the early part of summer, and our hero and his guests betook themselves, some to the garden, and others to the verandah, which ran along the front of the parsonage.

“I am much pleased with what I have experienced of the Canadian climate,” said Mr. Vernon to our former acquaintance Osborne, with whom he was strolling through the garden. “Nothing can be more beautiful than such an evening as this; and the sky is quite unrivalled, in the richness and intensity of its blue, by anything we can show in England.”

“It is very beautiful,” replied Osborne; “and though I have travelled a good deal, I never in any country saw anything to surpass the gorgeous splendour of many of our sunsets.”

“ I have not, as yet, found the heat so great as I expected, though I suppose it is rather early to expect the high temperature which I have heard of as prevailing here in the summer months.”

Yes,” answered Osborne. “ We shall not, of course, have it till July and August, when we are sure to have it very hot for some weeks. We have, however, much pleasant weather throughout the summer, for the intense heat never lasts for any length of time. The weather here very often runs in periods of three days, that is, we have in three days very hot or very cold, and then a change to cooler or warmer weather, according as it is summer or winter.”

“ Talking of winter,” observed Mr. Vernon, “ I must say that, notwithstanding all your sleighing, and furs, and stoves, and so forth, I should dread the awful cold of that season; I shouldn’t at all relish the idea of having my nose frost-bitten.”

“ If you remain here for a winter,” replied Osborne, smiling, “ you will find that the danger is not so great, or the season so unbearable, as you imagine. Our winters are moderating with great rapidity; so much so, indeed, that we are all grumbling about it.”

“ No very great or reasonable cause for discontent, I should think,” said Mr. Robinson, who had joined them.

“ It has its inconveniences nevertheless,” resumed Osborne; “ for some winters previous to the last, we had hardly a single day’s good sleighing, which proved a most serious drawback to the people in the back townships, who depend upon the snow to enable them to get their produce to market. Instead of the fine dry

bracing weather we used to have, we have frequent rains and many thawing, unpleasant days, while on others the sun shines out with such power that you might fancy it was April instead of February. Unless some thirty miles to the north, we never have snow worth mentioning till after Christmas, and it seldom affords sleighing till the end of February. Indeed, I don't know when we had a month's steady sleighing until last winter, which was colder than usual; and even then the snow was so shallow that a day or two's thaw took it all away. If you go into Toronto in any day in winter, you will find many people walking about in the same dress they would wear in England,—an ordinary great-coat, black hat, and leather or woollen gloves. If you are going to drive, a warmer dress is certainly desirable; and no sensible man will have any great objection to fur gloves and cap, and, if he has it, a fur coat besides."

"Your description of the winter varies very much from what I supposed it to be, and from what it must have been some years ago," said Mr. Vernon. "Why, my son Harry used to write home such accounts of the snow being three feet deep, and of its covering the ground for so many months, that I thought a man might almost as well emigrate to Greenland."

"And so you will find it yet," replied Osborne, "if you go back to Monkleigh, or any of the Backwood townships lying to the north and north-east, though not, I believe, to the same extent as formerly. I am speaking of the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario and the west, where the winter is less severe than even here."

“Sir Francis Head gives a very different account of the climate in his ‘Emigrant,’” observed Mr. Robinson; “he there speaks of having seen the left cheeks of twenty soldiers simultaneously frozen, though they had to march only a few hundred yards; and many other horrors of the same description.”

“And I have no doubt of their perfect truth,” rejoined Osborne; “but I think he unintentionally gives an erroneous impression with regard to the Canadian winter, by failing to say, that, though we *have* this severe cold, it only continues for a very short time, and that we often have not three days of such intense frost in the course of a whole winter. Such very cold weather is most certainly the exception and not the rule; and it will convince you of the correctness of these statements when I tell you that the principal carriage-builders in Toronto have given up the manufacture of sleighs,—unless when they happen to be ordered,—in consequence of the uncertainty of the snow falling in any quantity, or remaining if it does fall.”

“If this be the true state of the case,” said Mr. Vernon, “it is certain that ninety-nine persons in England out of every hundred entertain very erroneous ideas with reference to the Canadian climate.”

“I am quite ready to confess,” continued Osborne, “that it is a climate characterised by extremes, but not to the extent which is supposed. This, I think, is proved by the great healthiness of the old settlements generally, and I think the parson’s garden here affords another proof,—here are apples, pears, cherries, and plums of the choicest descriptions. That vine upon the trellis yields abundantly, and the peach and apricot-

trees, which are now only beginning to be tried here, bear fruit, though not with the same certainty as the other trees. That privet hedge retained its lower leaves all last winter, though the most severe we have had for years; and those beautiful climbing roses were only frozen at the tips of the long, tender shoots. The flower-borders, too, contain many choice plants and shrubs, most of which are left without any protection; others are shielded effectually with a little litter, and very few beside those only which would be removed from the borders at home, have to be taken up in this country.”*

Leaving Osborne to expatiate upon the climate of Canada, we must beg the reader to accompany us back to the verandah, where “the Parson,” as Osborne and others of his friends were in the habit of calling him, was seated, in conversation with one of his guests. The latter was the son of an English clergyman, and a young man of very pleasing character; he had only recently arrived in the country, and was staying with one of Harry’s parishioners. He was much interested in ecclesiastical matters, and our hero was not without hopes that, on understanding the state of the Church in the Upper Canadian diocese, and her great need of earnest men, he might, perhaps, be induced to devote himself to the work of the ministry.

“The view which you have just given me,” said young Hamilton, in answer to some of Harry’s remarks, to which he had been listening, “of the state of the Church in the diocese, while it has encouraging features, is still very sad. It is a fearful thing to think of such numbers

* See Appendix, 5.

of townships, and such immense districts, altogether destitute of those holy ministrations which are so essential to our spiritual well-being."

"It is sad, indeed," replied Vernon ; "and it will, perhaps, afford a more clear and distinct view of the state of this diocese, to read you an extract from a document on the state of the Church, lately addressed by our bishop to his clergy. 'It appears,' says his lordship, 'that there are at present three hundred and thirty-four organised townships in this diocese, and others annually opening for settlement. That each township embraces an area of about one hundred square miles, equal to *eight* or *ten* of the *largest* English parishes. That the organised townships are all settled ; some densely, others partially. It further appears that the number of clergy is one hundred and thirty. Of these, thirty-two labour in towns, and can give but very little of their time to the country. Five serve among the Indians, and such whites as associate with them. Thus leaving ninety-three clergymen for the rest of this great diocese ; and it is found that their services, incessant and laborious as they are, must, in order to be effective, be confined chiefly to the townships where they reside, leaving *two hundred and forty-one* townships comparatively destitute of religious instruction, except from the occasional visits of the travelling missionaries, who may number about twelve, and, taken from the ninety-three, leave as resident clergymen only eighty-one.'"

"And are there really inhabitants in each of that immense number of townships which are spoken of as being destitute of the services of religion ?"

"They are *all*, I believe, to a greater or less extent,

settled ; and even the most thinly peopled of them, is rapidly filling with settlers. The consequence of the present state of things is this, that since the people in such localities must necessarily be years without the ministrations of the Church, they become indifferent to them ; and when she is able to reach them, they have sunk into utter apathy, or they have joined themselves to some schismatical or heretical sect, and under all circumstances, such a result is not much to be wondered at."

"It is not, indeed," replied Hamilton ; "but notwithstanding what the bishop says, cannot the neighbouring clergy, or the travelling missionaries, manage to reach them occasionally ?"

"They do all they can," answered Vernon ; "but they cannot perform impossibilities. If you will consider the number of the clergy, in connexion with the number and extent of the townships, you will see that large portions of the diocese cannot be efficiently visited."

"Yes," said Hamilton, "these townships appear to be very large, and form a great contrast to our English parishes."

"One township, as the bishop says, is alone equal to a dozen English parishes," answered Vernon ; "and a clergyman may think himself well off, if he has *only* one to take charge of. Many have the care of two, and others again, who perhaps confine the chief part of their labours to one or two, nevertheless visit stately two or three others in their neighbourhood. Then we have travelling missionaries, but they have whole districts on their hands ; and if they were all to work themselves to death, their exertions after all would be

but a drop in the bucket. Our indefatigable bishop, who knows the diocese far better than any other individual in it, says that he could employ most profitably upwards of a hundred additional clergymen, and that, indeed, a lesser number could not adequately supply the present wants of the Church here."

"And what," asked Hamilton, "did you say might be the number of the clergy at present employed in the diocese?"

"The total number is 131, of which 93 are employed in the townships, and the remainder are engaged in the towns and cities. All of these have as much, and often more, than they can do. The country clergy have two, three, and sometimes four, churches to serve. All have two full services, and many who are equal to it, have three each Sunday, with from ten to thirty miles to ride between the churches. Then they have the occasional duties connected with each congregation, and often several week-day stations. So that they have abundance of work, and however willing they might be to visit the more destitute townships around them, you must perceive that it is utterly beyond their power."

"Their duties are, indeed, heavy," observed Hamilton; "and we have evidence enough of it in your own case."

"My duties are not so heavy as those of many of the clergy. I could name those around me who regularly serve three churches every Sunday at the distances I have mentioned, and who, especially during the winter months, have one *or more* services *every day* in the week except Monday and Saturday; and I know of another who does not seem to regard eighteen services in a fortnight as very extraordinary work."

“ Most other persons would regard it as such, however,” replied Hamilton ; “ and now will you explain to me how these men, who may emphatically be called ‘ working clergy,’ are remunerated ? ”

“ Do you mean the *amount* of their remuneration, or the *sources* from which it is derived ? ”

“ I should be glad to be informed on both points,” said Hamilton.

“ As for the *amount* of their remuneration, it is very inadequate, considering the expenses which they have to to meet. There are some of the older missionaries, who, in former days, enjoyed an income of 200*l.* sterling per annum. This was subsequently reduced, and they now receive 170*l.* The number receiving this amount of stipend is only twenty-two ; and as they die the income of their successors is cut down to 100*l.* The general income of the remainder of the clergy is 100*l.* sterling per annum. Some of them derive assistance, to a small extent, from glebe land, or from the contributions of their parishioners ; but, unless they possess some private means, they have the utmost difficulty in making both ends meet.”

“ If it was not a cheap country I don’t see how they could do so at all,” observed Hamilton.

“ Very true ; they could not do in England on the same means what they do here,” replied Vernon. “ But as they have almost all families to support, and are under the necessity of keeping one, and frequently two, horses, to enable them to perform their duties, the income I have mentioned soon disappears, even under the most careful management. If you have two horses,—and in many missions they are almost indispensable,—they will cost you at the *least* from 20*l.* to 25*l.* per

annum ; a lad, to look after them, will generally cost you in wages and food, from 30*l.* to 35*l.* ; a servant woman, and a girl to look after the children, while their mother is making and mending, will, together, cost another 30*l.* : so that horses and servants will run away with at least 80*l.* per annum. Then the duties of alms-giving, and the expensiveness of clothing, leave a very small balance to meet the unavoidable outlay for living. Hence it is a melancholy truth that many of the clergy, notwithstanding every care, are, to a greater or less degree, involved in difficulty."

"I am sure," said Hamilton, it is not at all to be wondered at. But how is it that, while the work is so heavy, the remuneration is so small? Whence do they derive their incomes, and how is it that they cannot be increased?"

"To explain this matter fully would, perhaps, prove tedious to you," answered Vernon; "and therefore, without going back to the past, except as briefly as possible, I will endeavour to explain the sources whence the Church in Canada derives her temporal revenues. In former days a proportion of the stipends of the clergy were paid by the government. This, however, has ceased, and none of them now derive their maintenance *directly* from that source ; for the government, in these days of liberalism, is opposed to the Church rather than friendly to it. A most munificent provision was made by King George III., consisting of one-seventh of the whole province, for the maintenance of 'a Protestant clergy;' a large portion of which has been recklessly sold ; so that the Church, in many townships, is destitute of a single acre of land. The proceeds of these sales

were invested in England for the benefit of the Church. The ministers of the Presbyterian body, however, set up a claim to be considered as forming part of 'the Protestant clergy' named in the Act; inasmuch as theirs was the established faith of one of the three kingdoms, though the details and provisions of the Act itself showed that the clergy of the Church alone were intended by the term. The agitation commenced by them extended to the various denominations throughout the colony, and became a grand grievance, out of which the Radicals made an immense amount of political capital. Indeed, 'the Clergy Reserves' continued for many years to be a source of heart-burning and discord among the people. And as from the excited state of the popular mind here upon the subject, it could not be finally settled, it was agreed that it should be referred to the Imperial Government for decision, the Church pledging herself to abide by the result, whatever it might be. Previous to this, however, an Act had been passed to authorise the sale of one-fourth of the Clergy Reserves, which was accordingly done. The decision, then, that was come to was this, that the proceeds of this one-fourth was to belong to the Church and to the Presbyterian establishment, and to be divided between them in the proportion of two to one. Of the remaining three-fourths one-half was to belong to the same bodies, and was to be divided in the same proportion. The other half of the three-fourths was left to the disposal of the Governor-General of Canada and his council, for the purposes of religious worship and education. And so, out of an endowment given by a Christian king for the *Protestant* clergy of the English Church, *Romanists*,

Wesleyan Methodists, and Presbyterians of various kinds, receive a measure of support. While that Church, for whose benefit it was intended, is grudged the pittance that is left."

"What a striking example," said Hamilton, "of the time-serving expediency of the government of the present age; and what a grievous national sin for a Christian country to endow forms of religious error, subversive of the one true faith. But how is the proportion which still belongs to the Church applied?"

"The interest or revenue arising from the Church's share of the proceeds of sales of the Clergy Reserves invested in England, is paid over to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, who acts as the trustee of this fund. From this source forty-four of our clergy are at present supported; and fifty more are allowed 100*l.* per annum by that most noble and munificent cherisher of the Colonial Church the same Society, out of its own general missionary resources."

"I am sure the churchmen of Canada ought to feel themselves much indebted to that Society," remarked Hamilton. "I have heard much of its liberality since my arrival here."

"No member of the Church," replied Vernon, "who is really aware of her position in this diocese, but feels the deepest gratitude to that Society and to its fellow-labourer in the same good cause, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Besides the sources I have mentioned, however, there is another to which I have not yet alluded — I mean various resources within the diocese, by which thirty-two more of the clergy are sustained; the chief of which resources is

our excellent "Church Society,"*—an incorporated body, with the bishop at its head, and formed very much on the model of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This Society is rapidly increasing in usefulness, and must be looked to as the ultimate means of building up the Church in this diocese. There are two or three other clergymen supported by the Rev. Mr. Waddilove, and as many more by the New England Society in London; and thus I have shown you the sources from which the revenues of the Church in this country are derived."

"It is a point on which I am very glad to be correctly informed," replied Hamilton; "for I have hitherto found myself unable to comprehend the various accounts I have heard. But is there no hope that the incomes of the clergy may be rendered somewhat more adequate than they are at present?"

"Our good bishop is now endeavouring to mature some plans by which he hopes to secure to those who have laboured long a small increase of stipend; and, in the mean time, we have an important, though, perhaps, not very pleasant duty to perform—that, namely, of teaching our people that they are BOUND to 'minister to us of their carnal things.' Compulsory tithes, exacted by the force of laws, can hardly be acceptable to God; but we must impress our people with the truth that He who is the author of all our blessings, *requires* us to honour Him with our substance; and that, as an act of love and duty to Him who redeemed them, they ought to sanctify their worldly substance by devoting at least a tenth part thereof to the service of His Church."

* See Appendix, 6.

“To teach them so is unquestionably a part of the truth of the Gospel, the whole of which the ministers of God are bound to declare; but still,” continued Hamilton, “when we consider the immense numbers who yearly leave the mother country to settle in this colony, it is unquestionably a bounden duty on the part of the English government—or if it in these days of latitudinarianism fail, then it is a duty on the part of the English Church—to see that their children in this land do not ‘perish for lack of knowledge.’”

“Very true,” replied Vernon; “and it is, I believe, on this principle that the great Church Societies at home continue their grants, which, munificent as they are, are nevertheless inadequate to meet the urgent wants of this great diocese. We must bestir ourselves in this work, and teach those committed to our care that it is ‘more blessed to give than to receive.’”

A summons to the tea-table put an end to the conversation, which the reader, if he have read it, will probably think was sufficiently prolonged. The evening passed pleasantly, and when it was over, both Mr. Vernon, senior, and Mr. Robinson, agreed that neither the society nor the comforts to be found in Upper Canada were at all to be despised.

The various persons whom, in the course of this narrative, we have introduced to the acquaintance of the reader, have been so very communicative on most points of interest connected with the colony wherein they dwell, that they have left us nothing to add.

Harry Vernon is, himself, going steadily on in his quiet and holy duties as a parish-priest, speaking to his flock “concerning Christ and the Church.”

Mr. Robinson has resolved on settling in his near neighbourhood. Vernon's father is very much inclined to come to a similar resolution, though the idea of finally leaving England is very painful. Many of Harry's old acquaintances in the Backwoods have left Monkleigh, and have sought other and more congenial employments. Our old friend, Mr. Lawrence, too, is keeping the even tenor of his way, "doctoring," as the farmers say, her Majesty's lieges after the most approved fashion. And now, having said our say, we bid a hearty farewell to the reader, who has patiently waded with us through the foregoing pages, trusting that they may have tended, in some slight measure, to impress him with just views of the advantages and drawbacks of settling in Upper Canada.

APPENDIX.

I.

EDUCATION has been spoken of in the foregoing work, and in order to give a more minute detail of the facilities presented in Canada for its acquirement, than could be well incorporated in the text, the following particulars are subjoined. For the earlier stages of education almost all the towns and good-sized villages offer good opportunities, as may be seen by the following advertisements :—

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

THE MIDSUMMER VACATION WILL END ON SEPT. 23, 1847.

TERMS.—DAY SCHOLARS.

	Per Annum.			Per Annum.
	£	s.	d.	£
Preparatory Form . . .	6	0	0	College Form . . .
				9
				0

BOARDERS.

	Per Annum.			Per Annum.
	£	s.	d.	£
Preparatory Form . . .	30	16	0	College Form . . .
				33
				16
				0

OPTIONAL BRANCHES—(Extra.)

	Per Quarter.			Per Quarter.
	£	s.	d.	£
Hebrew or German . . .	1	5	0	Singing and Instrumental
Hebrew and German . . .	2	0	0	Music
Ornamental Drawing . . .	1	0	0	1
				0
				0

J. P. DE LA HAYE, Collector U. C. College.

EDUCATION.

The Rev. H. N. Phillipps, formerly Mathematical Master at the Camberwell Collegiate School, in connexion with King's College, London, and for many years Head Master of the Antigua Grammar School, West Indies, has made arrangements in Toronto for the Boarding and Tuition of a limited number of Young Gentlemen.

The plan of instruction intended to be pursued by him in every branch of education—commercial, as well as mathematical and classical,—is of the most substantial kind, the good effects of which are evinced in the number of his pupils in the West Indies who have been admitted to holy orders.

In cases of pupils intending to become candidates for collegiate exhibitions, and university degrees, or for admission to the legal or medical professions, suitable routines of study will be adopted, with a view to insure success.

TERMS PER QUARTER.

£ s. d.

For tuition in the ordinary branches of an English education 2 10 0

For tuition in the Greek and Latin classics, and the mathematics 3 0 0

For boarding, payable in advance 7 10 0

The charges for private instruction will vary according to the time and attention required by the pupil.

The school will be opened on the 18th September next, at No. 2, St. George's Square.

Testimonials of qualifications from the Rev. Henry Melville, Chaplain to the Tower of London, and Principal of the East India Company's College, Haileybury; from the Rev. J. S. Brockhurst, Head Master of the Camberwell Collegiate School; and from the Bishop of Antigua, may be seen at the Church Depository, King Street, Toronto.

August 16th, 1848.

EDUCATION.

The Rev. F. J. Lundy, B.C.L., Assistant-Minister of St. Mark's Church, Niagara, has two vacancies for private pupils. He undertakes to prepare young gentlemen for matriculation at King's College, Toronto.

Niagara, Feb. 14, 1848.

EDUCATION.

James Windeat, B.A., Master of the District Grammar School at Brockville, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, is desirous of receiving into his family three or four additional boarders, whom, if required, he will prepare, by a particular course of studies, either for the exhibitions of the Upper Canada College—the scholarships of the University—the previous examination before the Benchers—or the Theological Institution at Cobourg.

Terms and other particulars made known upon application.

Brockville, Jan. 24, 1848.

TUITION.

The Rev. Arthur Palmer, A.B., Rector of Guelph, has at present a vacancy for one pupil.

Guelph, Jan. 18, 1848.

TUITION.

The Rev. A. F. Atkinson, Rector of St. Catherine's, will, in the course of a few weeks, have a vacancy for one pupil, of the age of ten or eleven years.

St. Catherine's, Jan. 29, 1848.

EDUCATION.

The business of the Home District Grammar School will be resumed, after the Midsummer Recess, on Monday, the 6th of September next, at the usual hour.

A few vacancies for boarders. Terms for both day-pupils and boarders *very moderate*.

M. C. CROMBIE, Head Master.

Mrs. Crombie's *Young Ladies' Seminary* will also be re-opened on the same day.

SCHOOL.—MISS SCOBIE.

(LATE ASSISTANT TO MADAME DESLANDES,)

Respectfully intimates to her friends and the public, that she has opened a Preparatory School in Adelaide Street, second door west of York Street, where she hopes by continued strict attention to the morals and general improvement of the pupils committed to her charge, still to merit and retain the very kind patronage she has so liberally received; and for which she desires to offer her most grateful thanks. Studies will be resumed on the 8th of January.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS.

Including all the branches of a sound English education, Writing, Arithmetic, and all kinds of Needlework, and Washing, &c., £30 per annum.

Day pupils £1 per quarter; Music, French, and Drawing, on the most moderate terms.

Adelaide Street, West; Toronto, 27th December, 1848.

RESIDENT GOVERNESS.

A lady, accustomed to tuition and the management of children, wishes a situation as resident governess in a private family. For address, apply to Mr. Champion, Toronto (post paid).

EDUCATION.

ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, COBOURG.

Mrs. and the Misses Dunn will open a Boarding and Day-School on the 1st of May next.

TERMS.

Boarders, with tuition in the usual branches of an English education, the Use of the Globes, Fancy Work, &c.,			
Washing included, per annum	£30	0	0
Day pupils, in the same branches, per quarter	1	5	0
Music	1	10	0
Drawing	1	5	0
French	1	0	0

Boarders receiving instruction in Music, Drawing, and French, in addition to the English studies, per annum 40 0 0

References kindly permitted to the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Toronto; the Venerable the Archdeacon of York, Cobourg; Rev. W. H. Ripley, Toronto; and G. M. Boswell, Esq., Cobourg.

April 12th, 1848.

MISS MACNALLY

Begs to announce, that in connexion with her sisters, by whom she is assisted, she opened her seminary for young ladies on the 16th of August, 1847.

Miss M'N. has had many years' experience as a finishing teacher, and begs to state, in reference to her qualifications, that she has obtained introductory letters from the Rev. Dr. Singer, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; the Rev. Robert James M'Ghee, Rector of Holywell and Nudingworth, Huntingdonshire; Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., and several eminent persons of learning and distinction, whose daughters she has educated, bearing testimony to her capability as an instructress, and to her zealous attention to the advancement of her pupils.

The plan of education which Miss M'N. pursues, is based upon the most approved modern European system, and the young ladies entrusted to her care will enjoy the advantage of being at all times under her immediate superintendance, or that of her sisters, who, having been early accustomed to the tuition of young persons, will feel happy in devoting their time exclusively to their improvement.

Pupils studying Italian, German, and French, will have the advantage of *frequent conversation* in those languages; and to facilitate an attainment which is now felt to be indispensable, a class for the exclusive purpose of practice in *French speaking* will be held twice in the week. They will also have access to a well-assorted library, which comprises the most approved modern publications in English, and the continental languages, with which, as also the globes, Miss M'N. has taken care to provide herself.

Separate hours and apartments will be allotted to the various branches of study, by which method the rapid progress of the pupil in each department is secured.

TERMS.

	Per Quarter.		Per Quarter.
French Language	£1 15 0	Dancing	£1 15 0
German	2 0 0	English Language, Writing, Arithmetic, and Plain Work	1 5 0
Italian	2 0 0	Board, including the last-mentioned acquirements	7 10 0
Pianoforte and Thorough Bass	1 10 0	Use of Piano	0 10 0
Drawing	1 10 0	Washing	1 0 0
Geography, History, Astronomy, and Use of Globes	1 0 0		
Fancy works	0 15 0		

Each young lady to provide her own bedding and blankets, two counterpanes, two toilets, six towels, two pair of sheets, and a silver fork and spoon.

Number of boarders limited to twelve.

Payments to be made quarterly, and in advance.

A quarter's notice to be given previous to the removal of a pupil.

Miss M'N. purposes forming a private class for tuition in the French, Italian, and German languages, to which last branch of study she has devoted peculiar attention, and is authoress of an improved German Grammar, now extensively used.

Her sister will be happy to give private lessons in drawing, including pencil and water colours, landscape and figure.

REFERENCES.

The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto; The Rev. Dr. McCaul, Vice-president, K.C.; W. A. Baldwin, Esq.; The Rev. D. E. Blake, Rector of Thornhill; William Hume Blake, Esq.; Rev. B. Cronyn, Rector of London.

36, Wellington-street, West, next door to the residence of the late Judge Hagerman.

Toronto, August, 1847.

MRS. HERRMAN POETTER

Has removed her school from Kingston to this city, and has taken a house, No. 20, William street, where she will be ready to receive pupils on the 15th instant, and instruct them in the usual branches of a sound and finished education.

She will be happy to forward her terms to any person requiring them.

References kindly permitted to the Lord Bishop of Toronto, and the Rev. William Herchmer, Kingston: also to the following gentlemen, whose daughters' education Mrs. Poetter has had the honour of finishing:—

Thomas Kirkpatrick, Esq., Kingston; Hon. George S. Boulton and G. S. Daintry, Esq., Cobourg; Sheldon Hawley, Esq., Trent; John Turnbull, Esq., Belleville; J. D. Goslee, Esq., Colborne.

Mr. Herrman Poetter, who is a native of Hanover, wishes to devote a few hours during the day in giving lessons in the German language. He has been in the habit of teaching for some years, and will be happy to forward his terms.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY MONSIEUR AND MADAME DESLANDES, ROSEDALE HOUSE, YONGE STREET.

Madame Deslandes begs to inform her friends and the public, that she purposes removing her school in the beginning of January next, from York Street to Rosedale, a residence which she has selected as offering, from its healthy situation, and the beauty and extent of the grounds attached to it, one of the most desirable residences in the Province. Mad. Deslandes being desirous that her establishment should embrace all the advantages of an European school, has engaged, through the medium of Monsieur Deslandes' friends in Paris, a highly-educated French governess; whose assistance, with that of the best masters now employed, will, she hopes, added to her own and Monsieur Deslandes' unremitting exertions, advance in every way the improvement and solid instruction of her pupils. Monsieur Deslandes is a Protestant, and a Graduate of the French University. Madame Deslandes, an English lady. They have adopted this plan in order to blend the English principles of education with the French system, so long and so deservedly approved of.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS.

Including all the various branches in English and French, Music, Drawing, and the Use of the Globes—£60 per annum.

DAY PUPILS—£6 PER QUARTER.

German, Italian, Singing, and Dancing, on the usual terms.

No extras; and a deduction will be made for pupils not wishing to learn music or drawing, and also for those under twelve years of age.

Quarterly payments required.

Each young lady must be provided with six towels, a silver spoon, and knife and fork.

References are most kindly permitted to—

The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto; the Rev. Dr. McCaul, President of the University of King's College; the Rev. H. J. Grasett, Rector; the Hon. the Chief Justice; the Hon. Mr. Justice Macaulay; the Hon. Mr. Justice McLean; the Hon. Mr. Justice Draper; W. B. Jarvis, Esq.; Colonel Carthew; W. A. Baldwin, Esq.

Toronto, Nov. 23rd, 1848.

II.

THE University of King's College is a liberally endowed institution, the original Royal Charter of which was modelled upon those of the English Universities. It has the advantage of numerous competent Professors, under the superintendence of the President, who is held, by all persons qualified to judge, as an elegant and finished scholar. Step by step, however, its distinctive features as a Church Institution have been done away; and at this moment a bill is before the House of Assembly for abolishing the Divinity Chair, and banishing from it every semblance of religion.

KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

UNIVERSITY, UPPER CANADA COLLEGE AND DISTRICT SCHOLARSHIPS.

ESTABLISHED BY THE COLLEGE COUNCIL, OCTOBER, 1846.

At an Examination, held on October 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, the following candidates were elected scholars:—

NAMES.	SCHOLARSHIPS.	WHERE EDUCATED.
1. Evans, C. M.	University Mathematical	U. C. C.
2. Armour, J. D.	University Classical	U. C. C.
3. Palmer, Geo.	Wellington District	U. C. C.
4. Barber, G. A.	U. C. College	U. C. C.
5. Hutton, Joseph	Victoria District	U. C. C.

SUBJECTS OF EXAMINATION FOR 1848.

Homer, Iliad, B. I.	Arithmetic.
——— Odyssey, B. IX.	Euclid, B. I. II. III. IV.
Xenophon, Anabasis, B. I.	Def. V. and B. VI.
Lucian, Vita, Charon, and Timon.	Algebra, to Quadratic Equations, inclusive.
Virgil, Æneid, B. II.	
Sallust, Bell. Catilin.	
Horace, Odes, B. I.	
Ovid, Fasti, B. I.	
Translation into Latin Verse and Prose.	

The number of vacancies will be twenty-four—one for each district, two for Upper Canada College, and two for the University. The Upper Canada College and District scholars are entitled to exemption from all dues and fees during three years from the date of their election; the University scholars enjoy, in addition to the above, the privilege of rooms and commons without charge during the same period. The only qualifications for election are stated in the subjoined extract from the Regulations:—

1. The candidates for the District Scholarships to be required to produce certificates of the residence of their parents or guardians in their respective districts during the year previous to the examination—of their having themselves received instruction within the district, whose scholarship they desire to obtain, during the same period; and of good conduct, signed by the principal, head-master, or tutor, under whose charge they have been. The candidate for the Upper Canada College Scholarships, to be required to produce certificates of attendance at that institution during the year previous to the examination, and of good conduct, signed by the principal. The above certificates to be lodged with the Registrar at least one fortnight before the day of examination.

2. No candidate to be elected scholar, unless he shall have been placed in the first class in one department (either classics or mathematics), and not lower than the fourth class in the other (either mathematics or classics).

* * The Examination in 1848 will take place in October 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st.

H. Boys, M.D.

King's College.

KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Courses of Lectures will be delivered, during the next Hilary Term, on the following subjects:—

Agricultural Chemistry	By Prof. Croft.
Vegetable Physiology	By Prof. Nicol.
Theory and Practice of Agriculture	By Mr. Buckland.

The number of Lectures in each course will not be less than twelve; and the fees are fixed at £2 for the three courses, £1 10s. for two, and £1 for one.

It is intended that the Lectures shall be commenced about the first week in January, and finished before the end of March.

A syllabus of each course may be procured at the Registrar's Office, after November 1st.

H. Boys, M.D., Registrar.

Toronto, Oct. 4, 1847.

KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, 1847-8.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Rev. J. McCaul, LL.D.	Classical Literature. Logic. Rhetoric. Belles Lettres.
Rev. J. Beaven, D.D.,	Ethics. Metaphysics. Evidences. Biblical Literature.
H. H. Croft, Esq.,	Chemistry. Experimental Philosophy.
Rev. R. Murray,	Mathematics. Natural Philosophy.

The Fee for all the subjects appointed for each Term, is £4 per Term.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

H. H. Croft, Esq.,	Chemistry.
W. C. Gwynne, M.B.	Anatomy and Physiology.
J. King, M.D.	Theory and Practice of Medicine.
W. Beaumont, F.R.C.S., Eng.,	Principles and Practice of Surgery.
W. B. Nicol, Esq.,	Materia Medica and Pharmacy.
H. Sullivan, M.R.C.S., Eng.,	Practical Anatomy.

The Fee for each is £3 10s. per course of six months, or £5 10s. perpetual.

H. H. Croft, Esq.,	Practical Chemistry.
L. O'Brien, M.D.	Medical Jurisprudence.

The Fee for each is £2 10s. per course of three months, or £4 perpetual.

G. Herrick, M.D.	{ Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
------------------	---

The Fee is £2 10s. per course of six months, or £4 perpetual.

FACULTY OF LAW.

W. H. Blake, B.A.	Law and Jurisprudence.
Rev. J. McCaul, LL.D.	Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.

The Fee for each is £1 per Term.

FACULTY OF DIVINITY.

Rev. J. Beaven, D.D.	Divinity.
J. M. Hirschfelder, Esq.	Hebrew.

The Fee for each is £2 per Term.

The courses on the above subjects are to be commenced on Monday, October 25th; except that on Experimental Philosophy, which will be delivered during Easter Term, 1848.

EXAMINATIONS.—MICHAELMAS TERM, 1847.

October 8 and 9—Private for admission.

October 11 to 14—For University, U. C. College, and District Scholarships, and for admission.

October 15 and 16—For Jameson Medal.

October 18 to 23—For Degrees of B.C.L. and B.A., and for Wellington Scholarship.

The candidates for U. C. College and District Scholarships are required to lodge the necessary certificates in the Registrar's Office, on or before September 27.

Thursday, October 28, is appointed for Admission to Degrees, and for Matriculation of Students.

H. Boys, M.D., Registrar.

King's College, Toronto, August, 1847.

KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

HILARY TERM, 1848.

Mr. Hirschfelder, Hebrew Tutor in the University, will deliver a course of Twelve Lectures "On the Ritual of the Ancient and Modern Jews, as compared with that of Christians;" commencing on Monday, February 15th, at Three o'Clock, P.M.

H. Boys, M.D., Registrar, K.C.

Toronto, February, 1848.

III.

IN the year 1841, the Lord Bishop of the diocese commenced the organisation of a Theological College at Cobourg, 72 miles east of Toronto, the University of King's College not being at that time in operation, and many fears being entertained that eventually the Christian religion would be expelled therefrom. Since it was first established, this theological college has sent twenty-eight additional labourers into the vineyard of the Church, and at this time there are seven candidates ready for holy orders. There are some probabilities, now that the decidedly infidel character of King's College is about to be manifested, that this theological college will be removed to Toronto, and converted, as soon as circumstances will permit, into a Church University.

Easter Tuesday, 1849.

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

DIOCESAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

Course of Theological studies for the Term commencing Tuesday, October 5th, and ending on Wednesday, December 22nd, 1847.

TUESDAYS.—Greek Testament, Gospels.
Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*.

WEDNESDAYS.—Greek Testament, 1st Epistle to the Corinthians.
Thirty-nine Articles.—I. to V. inclusive.

THURSDAYS.—*Patres Apostolici*.—Epistles of Ignatius.
Church Government.—Scriptural Testimony.

FRIDAYS.—*Tertulliani Liber Apologeticus*.
Ecclesiastical History.—From the Accession of Constantine to the end of the Sixth Century.

SATURDAYS.—Pastoral Theology and the Composition of Sermons.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

First Division.

Plato, *Phædon*.
Euripides' *Orestes*.
Cicero de *Officiis*.
Horace, *Odes*, Lib. iii. & iv.

Second Division.

Xenophon, *Anabasis*, Lib. ii.
Homer, *Odyssey*, Lib. i. & ix.
Sallust, *Bellum Jugurthinum*.
Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. ii. & viii.

IV.

HOUSE RENT.—Houses capable of accommodating a respectable family, usually run from 25*l.* to 50*l.* currency, or from 20*l.* to 40*l.* sterling, in the villages, towns, and cities of Upper Canada. The rent of course varying according to the size, style, and situation of the house.

RENT OF FARMS.—A very general rent for cleared land is 2 dollars an acre, or a trifle more than 8*s.* sterling. Near the towns, however, *i. e.* within 8 to 12 miles, it often brings from 2½ to 3 dollars and upwards.

The appended lists of market prices will afford a tolerably correct idea of the prices of the various articles required by a family. The prices, of course, are all in currency; and perhaps as clear a mode of explaining the difference between it and sterling, is to say that *here* a sovereign is a legal tender for 24*s.* 4*d.*, and for a long time the banks have taken them at 24*s.* 6*d.*

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, April 19th, 1848.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Fall Wheat, per 60 lbs.	4	4	to	4	6
Spring do. do.	3	8	...	3	10
Oats, per 34 lbs.	1	4	...	1	6
Barley, per 48 lbs.	2	4	...	2	6
Peas	2	6	...	0	0
Flour, superfine (in barrels)	24	0	...	0	0
Do. fine do.	20	0	...	22	6
Beef, per lb.	0	2	...	0	4
Do. per 100 lbs.	15	0	...	25	0
Veal, per lb.	0	3	...	0	4
Mutton, do.	0	4¾	...	0	6
Pork, do.	0	3	...	0	3½
Do. per 100 lbs.	20	0	...	21	3
Hams, do.	32	6	...	37	6
Bacon, do.	27	6	...	32	6
Potatoes, per bushel	3	9	...	6	3

	s.	d.	to	s.	d.
Turnips, per bushel	1	3		1	6
Butter, fresh, per lb.	0	10	...	1	0
Do. salt, do.	0	6	...	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cheese, per cwt.	37	6	...	0	0
Lard, per lb.	0	4	...	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Eggs, per doz.	0	5	...	0	6
Fowls, per pair	1	6	...	2	0
Apples, per barrel	10	0	...	15	0
Straw, per ton	25	0	...	30	0
Hay, do.	45	0	...	62	6
Fire Wood, per cord	10	0	...	12	6
Bread, per loaf	0	4	...	0	6

Toronto, September, 13th, 1848.

	s.	d.	to	s.	d.
Fall Wheat, per 60 lbs.	5	4	...	5	8
Spring do. do.	4	10	...	0	0
Oats, per 34 lbs.	1	3	...	0	0
Barley, per 48 lbs.	2	0	...	2	1
Peas	2	0	...	2	3
Flour, superfine (in barrels)	27	6	...	0	0
Ditto fine (in bags)	26	3	...	0	0
Market Flour, (in barrels)	27	0	...	0	0
Do. (in bags)	25	0	...	0	0
Beef, per lb.	0	2	...	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. per 100 lbs.	15	0	...	18	9
Mutton, per lb.	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$...	0	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Hams, per 100 lbs.	35	0	...	0	0
Bacon do.	30	0	...	0	0
Potatoes, per bushel	2	0	...	0	0
Butter, fresh, per lb.	0	9	...	0	10
Do. salt, do.	0	6 $\frac{1}{2}$...	0	7
Cheese, per lb.	0	3 $\frac{3}{4}$...	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Apples, per barrel	5	0	...	7	6
Eggs, per doz.	0	5	...	0	6
Turkeys, each	2	6	...	3	9
Geese, do.	2	0	...	2	3
Ducks, per pair	1	6	...	1	8
Fowls, do.	1	3	...	1	6
Straw, per ton	25	0	...	28	9
Hay, do.	65	0	...	70	0
Fire Wood	10	0	...	12	6
Bread, per loaf	0	5	...	0	6

Toronto, March 28th, 1849.

	s.	d.	to	s.	d.
Fall Wheat, per 60 lbs.	4	0	...	4	6
Spring do. do.	3	6	...	3	9
Oats, per 34 lbs.	1	0	...	1	1

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Barley, per 48 lbs.	1	6	to	1	9
Peas	1	6	...	1	10
Rye	2	6	...	0	0
Flour superfine (in barrels)	23	0	...	0	0
Do. fine (in bags)	21	3	...	0	0
Market Flour, (in barrels)	18	9	...	20	0
Do. (in bags)	17	6	...	18	0
Oatmeal, per barrel	18	9	...	0	0
Beef, per lb.	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$...	0	4
Do. per 100 lbs.	17	6	...	20	0
Pork, per lb.	0	3	...	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. per 100 lbs.	18	9	...	20	0
Mutton per lb.	0	3	...	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bacon per 100 lbs.	25	0	...	0	0
Hams, do.	27	6	...	0	0
Lamb, per quarter	0	0	...	0	0
Potatoes, per bushel	2	0	...	2	6
Butter, fresh, per lb.	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$...	0	8
Do. salt, do.	0	6	...	0	7
Cheese, per lb.	0	3 $\frac{3}{4}$...	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lard, do.	0	4	...	0	0
Apples, per barrel	5	0	...	6	3
Eggs, per dozen	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$...	0	6
Turkeys, each	2	6	...	4	6
Geese, do.	2	0	...	2	6
Ducks, per pair	0	0	...	0	0
Fowls, do.	2	0	...	2	6
Straw, per ton	25	0	...	30	0
Hay, do.	45	0	...	60	0
Fire Wood	9	4 $\frac{1}{2}$...	11	3
Bread, per loaf	0	4	...	0	5

V.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE EXISTING BETWEEN THE CLIMATES OF
TORONTO, UPPER CANADA, AND GREENWICH, ENGLAND.

	MEAN TEMPERATURE.		MEAN HIGHEST TEMPERATURE.		MEAN LOWEST TEMPERATURE.	
	Toronto, U. Canada.	Greenwich, England.	Toronto, U. Canada.	Greenwich, England.	Toronto, U. Canada.	Greenwich, England.
January . . .	24·3°	36·4°	45·1°	52·6°	4·3°	17·5°
February . . .	24·0	36·8	45·2	52·5	5·2	19·8
March . . .	30·7	43·9	53·2	62·8	5·3	27·5
April . . .	42·3	47·7	72·7	74·0	17·4	30·1
May . . .	52·2	53·8	76·8	76·1	28·6	37·2
June . . .	60·4	59·1	82·5	82·7	35·5	42·8
July . . .	66·0	60·1	88·8	83·0	42·5	45·4
August . . .	65·2	61·4	83·9	82·1	44·8	45·7
September . .	57·7	57·7	80·5	78·3	32·6	36·6
October . . .	43·8	47·9	67·2	65·8	21·2	29·9
November . . .	35·7	43·3	57·2	57·4	11·8	27·1
December . . .	27·4	40·6	45·3	54·0	0·3	25·4

VI.

THE following Tract has been published by the Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto, for the purpose of explaining, in a plain and familiar manner, the nature and objects which it has in view. As it contains a considerable amount of information with reference to the Canadian Church, it is embodied in the Appendix as being likely to prove interesting to those desirous of learning her true position.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A COUNTRY PARSON
AND ONE OF HIS FLOCK,
UPON THE SUBJECT OF THE CHURCH SOCIETY.

FEELING a deep interest, in common with the great bulk of the clergy, in the prosperity of The Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto, and being sensible that the future welfare and extension of the Church was, under God, mainly dependent on the hearty support and general co-operation afforded to it by the churchmen of the diocese, I had been endeavouring to secure a general attendance of the parishioners at the annual public meeting of our Parochial Association, which was to be held shortly in our little country church. Having called upon many of my parishioners and obtained their promises of attendance, I had turned my horse's head homewards, and was riding slowly along, enjoying the calm beauty of an autumnal evening. I had one more visit to pay, which I had deferred till the last in order to increase the probability of finding the good man of the house at home. He was an intelligent farmer, and a very worthy man, who had recently come to our parish, and who was in a great degree ignorant of the nature of the Society. I felt convinced, however, that if I could succeed in enlisting his understanding and his sympathies on behalf of the object I had in view, I should not only be sure of his attendance but of his support. My hopes of finding him at home were not disappointed; and after the usual salutations had been exchanged in a friendly and cordial manner, a conversation, similar in substance to that which follows, ensued between us:—

Parson.—I called this evening, Mr. Heyric, to ask you to attend our Church Society meeting, which is to be held up at the church next week. I want you all to come, for we ought all to be interested in the object of that meeting. The Church Society will never thrive till all the members of

each congregation, young and old, rich and poor, enrol themselves as members of the Parochial Association.

Parishioner.—I am very glad you have called, sir, for I wanted very much to ask you about this Church Society; for, to say the truth, though I've heard something about it, I don't half understand it.

Par.—Did you not receive one of the Annual Reports of the Society's proceedings, which I circulated through the parish? In the commencement of it there is the constitution of the Society, together with the rules and laws by which it is conducted; have you not read that Report?

Parish.—Indeed I have, sir, and there's a deal of fine reading in it, and I see by it that there is both money and land given for good uses all over the country; but for all that there is a good deal about it I don't rightly understand, and if you are not in a great hurry, I wish you would explain it to us.

Par.—Why, the readiest way of explaining its objects is to refer you again to the constitution, contained in the beginning of the general Report; and as I have one in my pocket, we will go through it together. First, then, you see it is a Missionary Society, established for the support of clergymen of the Church within this diocese, who shall labour for the spiritual good, both of the settlers and of the native Indians—for assisting poor ministers by increasing their stipends—for providing some support for them when worn out by age, exertion, and infirmities, and unfit for work, as well as for their widows and orphans after they themselves are removed by death.—That is the first class of objects the Church Society has in view, and I am sure no one can deny their excellence.

Parish.—No, sir, that they can't, and I am sure a man must know little about the country not to know that missionaries are badly wanted in all parts of it. There are, as I hear, whole districts with only one or two clergymen in them; and we can all name ever so many townships about us where the people never see the face of a minister of the Church, unless you or some other of the clergy about go out to baptize their children now and then. I am glad, too, that something is going to be done for those missionaries who are old and worn out, and for their families after they are gone; for the clergy are too poor in this country to lay up for a rainy day, as the saying is, either for themselves or their families.

Par.—Next you see the Church Society, as the constitution shows, is a Society for promoting education, by assisting in the support of day schools and Sunday schools conducted according to the principles of the Church.

Parish.—That's good—that's good. I wish we had a day school like that here. Before we had the opportunity of sending our boys to the Sunday school, I sent word up to the schoolmaster we had in the part of the country where we were, that I wanted my boys taught the catechism, and he sent word back again that he would not do it, for it was against the Act, and that therefore I might teach them myself. I want my boys to be good scholars, but I want them to be good Christians too; and they should be taught their duty at school as well as at church.

Par.—The next object to which the Church Society desires to direct its efforts, is, to grant assistance to deserving young men, who, in consequence of want of means, are incapable of pursuing those studies which are needful to fit them for the ministry.

Parish.—Well, now, I call that an excellent thing, and I wish there had been something of that sort long ago, for it puts me in mind of Tom Martin's boy. Tom lived in the settlement I came from, sir; he had a small farm, and had been in a better way of life, and was much thought of by all the neighbours; he had a deal of learning for a man like him, and he was a sharp fellow too; but young Tom was a deal sharper than his father, and a wonderful scholar the boy was, considering all the schooling he ever got. Tom Martin himself was a stiff churchman, and young Tom was a chip of the old block in that way, and a better Christian than that lad, I believe, never walked the road. I often and often thought what a minister he would have made if he had had but the learning; but that, sir, you know he could not get, and so he had to work away on the farm with his father, and so he always did till I lost sight of them.

Par.—Indeed I doubt not there are numberless instances, where many respectable and excellent young men are lost to the ministry, for no other reason than their poverty. We must go on, however. You see by the fourth class of objects which is mentioned by the constitution, that our Church Society is a Bible, Prayer Book, and Tract Society. Now I am sure there is no Christian man but must allow the great importance of circulating the Holy Scriptures; and no member of the Church but must be sensible how great an object it is to send abroad through the diocese the Prayer Book and such other books and tracts as are calculated to spread the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, according to those views which are held and taught by our own branch of the catholic Church.

Parish.—No one can deny that, I am sure; and speaking of books and tracts, I see in the Report something about their being "circulated through the medium of the Depository;" now I don't understand what this "Depository" is.

Par.—It is a book-store in King-street, Toronto, which has been set up by the Church Society, for the purpose of furnishing, at the lowest possible prices, Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, and other books and tracts setting forth the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. You can get a good Bible there for 1s. 3d., a Testament for 7½d., a Prayer Book for 10½d., and other books remarkably cheap. In the same building as the Depository, though not connected with it, is the printing-office of "*The Church*" newspaper, an excellent journal for church people, especially in the country, for it not only affords them religious instruction, and all information connected with the Church, but it also gives them all the interesting news of the day. Besides this Depository for the sale of books, there are other branch Depositories, established for the same purpose, in several parts of the country; and the Society is now encouraging the establishment of a small Depository in each district of the Province.

Parish.—Why, what a pity it is that this is not more known amongst the people. It is not very long since I paid double the price you mentioned for some Prayer Books for my boys.

Par.—The last object which the Church Society has in view is, to assist in the building, keeping up, and endowing of churches and parsonages, and the setting apart of church-yards and burial-grounds.

Parish.—All very good, I'm sure. Indeed it is hard to say which is the

best or the most important amongst the objects which you have mentioned; but where does the Society get the money to do all this? it must take a large sum.

Par.—It would indeed take a large sum to carry out fully all the objects which the Society has in view; and we cannot hope to do it for years to come. The Society has only been in existence five years, and though the success which has already attended its efforts is considerable, yet it is still, comparatively speaking, with it the day of small things. The only source to which it can look for the funds necessary to carry out its holy objects is, *the free-will offerings of the members of the Church*; and to obtain and gather these together, and devote them to the objects I have named, is the purpose for which the Church Society was formed.

Parish.—But why should a Society of this kind, for the support of the clergy be formed at all? The government pays the greatest part of all your stipends, does it not, sir?

Par.—Most certainly *not*. That is an idea which seems to be ingrained into the minds of the people, and a most difficult thing it is to banish it. The government affords no more countenance to the Church in this Colony, than it does to any of the Dissenting religious denominations; it is true that George III., with a liberality becoming a Christian king, endowed the Church munificently from the waste lands of the Crown—of the Crown, observe, not of the people,—but far the greater part of these lands have since been taken away by the governments of more recent days. A portion of this land was sold, and from a part of the proceeds arising from these sales, *some* of our clergy are, to some extent, supported: these individuals, like some of the ministers of the Presbyterian body who derive a portion of their stipends from the same source, may be said to be *indirectly* supported by government. But I don't know a single clergyman in the diocese who draws his income *directly* from the public funds, (which is the sense in which the people generally understand our being supported by the government,) unless, perhaps, a few who receive an allowance for the duties they do as Military Chaplains. When a regiment is stationed near a clergyman, he is called upon to give them service, to visit the sick in the hospital, and so forth, and for this he is paid by an allowance from the military chest.

Parish.—Well! I am surprised at what you say. I know that you, sir, are not supported by your congregation further than by the small sum arising from the pew-rents; and I always fancied that you drew the rest of your stipend from government.

Par.—Not at all. I have nothing to do with the government, and am neither appointed nor paid by them. I, and the great bulk of the clergy in the diocese, are supported by the unfailing bounty of one of the great Missionary Societies of the Church of England—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which, (with the other great Society in England, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,) has cherished the Church in these colonies from the very beginning. There is scarcely a single parish in the whole diocese which has not experienced the liberality of these Societies, and many are in the same position as our own parish—that is, the clergyman is supported by one Society, and great assistance is given by the other, and sometimes by both in building the

churches, furnishing them with books for service, libraries, and Sunday-schools.

Parish.—It's a great pity all this is not better known among the country folks; for this I'm sure of, that scarce one in a hundred knows the rights of the case; why they say that you all draw great salaries from the public money, and I don't know what else. I am sure we church people ought to be greatly beholden to the Societies in England which you have mentioned, though I, for one, knew very little about them, or what they are doing for us, until now. But surely these Societies, if they knew how badly the people in the back settlements were off, would not refuse to help them.

Par.—They are well aware of the spiritual destitution which exists, for our bishop is in continual communication with them; but though they are very willing, (as their deeds show), to supply our wants as far as they are able, yet there are many reasons which prevent them from assisting us to a greater extent than they already do.

Parish.—What are those reasons?

Par.—The first is, that a large share of their funds comes from the free-will offerings of people who are really much poorer than ourselves. I have heard it stated that one of the Missionary Societies in England receives 15,000*l.* a-year from the penny-a-week subscriptions of the labouring poor. Now, there is no comparison between the wealth of an English labourer and that of the bulk of the people in this colony. We are far more able to help ourselves than they are to help us; and I suppose you will admit it to be unreasonable that the poor should help those who are comparatively rich.

Parish.—There is no disputing that, sir, it's true; but then if we *are* better able to help some of the people at home than they are to help us, still, there are thousands of rich people there who could do a deal for us without feeling it.

Par.—Very true: but if those rich people, of whom you speak, see that though we *could* do a great deal for ourselves, we put our hands behind us and wait for them to do everything, do you think *that* a likely way to secure their sympathy or assistance?

Parish.—Why, no.—We don't deserve that they should lend us a helping hand if we don't put our own shoulder to the wheel.

Par.—Exactly, Mr. Heyric; and it is in order to enable us to put our shoulder to the wheel with effect that the Church Society was formed.—However, besides those which I have mentioned, there is another still more sufficient reason for their not rendering us more assistance than they do already, and that is,—that, though willing to do so, they are not able. It is not very long since there were only six bishops in all the colonies of Great Britain, and *now*, as you would see by the interesting and very valuable list of dioceses of the reformed branches of the Catholic Church, at page 88 in the Appendix to the Annual Report of the Church Society, there are twenty-one; and in the course of another year or so, there will probably be upwards of twenty-five. Now, for the support of the Church and clergy in these dioceses, the Societies in England are to a greater or less extent looked to; and if their income was double what it is, they could not answer so many demands made upon them from every quarter of

the globe. They therefore expect (and expect justly), that we should be up and stirring on our own behalf; for we should be preparing ourselves for that day, which cannot be far distant, when they will withdraw, at all events from the older settlements, that assistance which they at present render. You see, therefore, that neither from the government nor from the Missionary Societies of the Church in England, can we look for much further aid in supplying the spiritual wants of this diocese.

Parish.—That 's as plain as a pike-staff, as the saying is. But then, there are the Clergy Reserves you mentioned a little while since; you said that a part of them were left us; can we get *nothing* from that quarter?

Par.—It is useless to build our hopes upon the Clergy Reserves. A large portion of the most valuable of them have been sold, as you know, and the share of the funds arising from the sale which has been given to the Church, is far too small to meet even her present wants. As for those which remain unsold we have twice petitioned the government, that instead of selling the land they would give us the small share (little more than one quarter of the whole) which may belong to us, *in land*, and let us manage it the best way we could. This, however, they have refused to do; and the mode in which much of it is being disposed of, is such as to leave little hope of its proving of much service towards the extension of the Church.

Parish.—It does seem a hard case, that after taking away almost three-fourths of the most valuable of the Church's property, that the government should refuse to let her have the management of the remaining quarter. It seems a strange way for the Church to be treated by the State.

Par.—It does, indeed: however, we have nothing to do but to submit. They know that with us it is a religious principle, continually inculcated upon us by the Church, to obey the powers that be, even to our own deep disadvantage. The proper way for Churchmen to do now, is to act, with reference to the support and extension of the Church, as if there was no such thing as a Clergy Reserve in existence. It must now be evident to you, that we must depend neither upon the government, the Missionary Societies of the Church in England, nor the Clergy Reserve Fund, to supply the spiritual destitution of this diocese.

Parish.—It's a plain case, sir. There are not two ways about the fact, that whatever is done for the Church now, *must* be done by the Church folks themselves: but it will be hard to convince a deal of the folks of the truth of this. They have been so used at home to have all the blessings of the Church provided for them without cost, that it won't be easy to persuade them that here, *if they want them*, they must *pay for them*.

Par.—Still we must endeavour to convince them of that truth; for never, till the people understand the true position in which the Church stands, will they give that general and hearty support to the Church Society which is necessary to its success. And this I am sure of, that if intelligent laymen would make themselves acquainted with these things and with the nature and objects of the Church Society, they could most materially assist the clergy in overcoming the ignorance and prejudices of the people on these subjects.

Parish.—Very true, sir; and that reminds me that though you have explained to me the objects which the Society wishes to carry out, and

have convinced me that it is high time for us to exert ourselves in its behalf, yet I must ask a few more questions about it, for I should like to understand the management or working of it. Who are to become members of the Society?

Par.—EVERY PERSON belonging to our communion. The Society is so formed as to be capable of embracing every baptized member of the Church, whether they are young or old, rich or poor, male or female, and we must never rest satisfied till the members of the Church and the members of the Society are alike in number.

Parish.—But how is this to be managed? How shall we gather together the offerings of a people so widely scattered as the members of our Church?

Par.—This may be managed without much difficulty in those parishes or townships where there is a clergyman residing or statedly visiting; for, by the constitution of the Society, every Parson, with his Churchwardens and such of the parishioners as may be appointed, form what is called “a Parochial Association or Committee of the Church Society.” The duty of this committee is to call upon every member of the Church within the parish, and invite them to join the Society—and any sum which they may give, however small, makes them members of the “Parochial Association.”

Parish.—That seems a very good plan. But after the money has been gathered together in this way, how is it disposed of?

Par.—The Parson of the parish, or the parochial Treasurer, if one be appointed, receives it, and if the township where it was collected is situated in the Home or Simcoe District, he sends it direct to the Treasurer of the Parent Society in Toronto, or if it is in any other district, he sends it to the Treasurer of the “District Branch of the Church Society,” that is, the person appointed in each district to receive all the funds received within its bounds for the purpose of the Church Society.

Parish.—And who is it, sir, that conducts the business of the Society, and determines the way in which these funds shall be expended?

Par.—The Bishop of Toronto is President of the Society. Everything is considered and discussed at the meetings of the Society, held on the first Wednesday in every month, at which meetings every incorporated member—and there can never be less than one hundred, and there may be three hundred or even more—is at liberty to attend, and express his opinions, or suggest what he thinks may be of advantage. At these meetings there must be at least six incorporated members present, and nothing can be done without the sanction and approval of the Bishop. When any very important measure is to be considered, a month’s notice, or sometimes two months’ notice is given of it in “*The Church*” newspaper; so that persons in all parts of the diocese may be aware of what is going forward, and may have an opportunity of attending and stating their views. Besides this, a report of the proceedings of EVERY Monthly meeting, of all the business transacted, of all moneys received and expended, is regularly published each month in “*The Church* ;” so that every member of the Society may, if he pleases, be perfectly aware of all its proceedings.

Parish.—I see, sir, that there is a standing committee. I always thought that these sort of Societies were managed by a committee.

Par.—The standing committee do not manage the business of the

Society; their duty is simply to prepare matters for its consideration; and the practice of the Society is to refer all applications for grants of money to this committee, for it to report upon. The standing committee also examines all the accounts before they are submitted to the Society for payment.

Parish.—I am sure we could not trust what we have to give to better hands. If there is so much consideration used in expending it, we may be sure it will be laid out to the best advantage.

Par.—We have every reason to expect so; and the Society is most jealously careful that all its doings, and particularly all its money matters, should be open to the world.

Parish.—But, sir, some of the townships may be so badly off themselves, for means to build or finish their own churches, that I am afraid they won't like to send much money out of their own neighbourhood. The Church Society won't get much in such places.

Par.—By subscribing to the Church Society such parishes not only do good to others, but they benefit themselves. The people would not, as a general rule, give the money which they subscribe to the Church Society to any other charitable object; they would not think it worth while to give a quarter, or half, or even a whole dollar towards building or finishing a church, but they would often give such a small sum to the Society. Well, these small sums, when collected from many persons, come to something; and when it is gathered together and sent to the Treasurer, they have the power of calling back three-fourths of the sum, to be expended in their own parish: they may spend it upon their church, or their Sunday-school, or any such purpose they please, so long as it is included in the objects of the Church Society.

Parish.—He was a wise man that framed that plan, that's a sure case. When the folks understand that it is to do good to themselves as well as to others, they won't be backward in subscribing: I see plainly that this Church Society is a fine thing.

Par.—No doubt of it, Mr. Heyric: it is from the funds of our Parochial Association that our Sunday-school has been supported, prizes bought, our church insured, and our library increased. The three-fourths of whatever we raise is always at our command, if we require it; so that, in fact, it is only one-fourth that goes away from the parish, and is applied to the general purposes of this Society.

Parish.—The only thing, sir, that I am afraid of is, that if it does so much good to ourselves, it will not be of much use to others; one-fourth of the funds received is a small portion to support travelling Missionaries, and the widows and orphans of the clergy, and those of the clergy themselves who are worn out in the service, besides the other objects you mentioned.

Par.—That is a very just remark; and if all looked upon it in the same light, it would render them more willing than they often are to fall in with the *other* means which the Society takes for increasing the funds for carrying out its general objects. It is one of the laws of the Society that in every church in the diocese there shall be four collections made every year, and over the proceeds of these collections the congregations which make them have no control; two of these collections go towards the support of travelling

Missionaries—one towards the fund for sustaining the widows and orphans of the clergy, and the fourth is applied to such other objects embodied within its constitution, as the Society may from time to time direct.

Parish.—All I can say is, that in my poor judgment there never was framed a wiser or more admirable institution of its kind; and you may count on me, sir, and all my family, doing everything in our power to forward it. You said, I think, just now, that the Society has been in existence for five years: what support has it met with, and what has it effected during that time?

Par.—The degree of success which has attended its efforts is of the most encouraging nature. Being an incorporated Society, it is consequently capable of holding real estate; and donations in land to the extent, I believe, of about 10,000 acres, have been made by private individuals. It now also supports ten Missionaries, and has sent abroad, through the length and breadth of the diocese, about 3,000 Bibles; 3,500 New Testaments; upwards of 8,000 Prayer-Books; and more than 101,000 books and tracts, all containing useful information and sound religious instruction. It numbers now nearly 3,000 subscribers, and its income, during the past year, amounted to £2,777, the mode of expending which is shown by the Report.

Parish.—Instead of calling it the day of small things, we might almost call it the day of great things, if we did not see, when we look upon the province at large, that all this when compared with our need, is but a drop in the bucket. Still even now the Society must be doing great good, and every one ought to feel it a privilege to help on the good work, by joining it immediately.

Par.—Yes, Mr. Heyric, that is what we require, we want EVERY one to join it; we have now not quite 3,000 subscribers, but the returns in the Report show that the average amount of our congregations in this diocese, amount altogether to upwards of 32,000; now if we have done what we have with 3,000 subscribers, what might we not hope to effect if we had what we *might* soon have, viz., 30,000? Earnestly ought every sincere Churchman to strive and pray for the extension and prosperity of the Church Society.

Parish.—Indeed we ought all to do so, sir; and, as I said before, you may count upon us giving to it, and doing for it all in our power.

Par.—I was sure I would gain your support for it, as soon as you thoroughly understood its nature and objects, they are such as must command themselves to our hearts. By the bye, I see your man Roger there coming in from the plough with his team, I must go and talk to him about this matter. Good evening, Roger, you attended our Church Society Meeting last year, and must remember the explanation which was then given of it. You did not become a member of the Society then, but I must have your name now.

Roger.—Why, sir, I'm but a labouring man, and you don't expect anything from me, surely.

Par.—St. Paul expected men in your situation to be charitable, for he says that if we have no other means of relieving the wants of others, we are to labour, working with our hands the thing that is good, in order that we may *have* to give to him that needeth.

Roger.—All I could give, sir, would not be worth having.

Par.—I don't know that; your wages are ten dollars a month, and if you had lived in the times of the Old Testament, you would, at the very least, have had to give to God's service twelve dollars a year.—We'll take three pounds a-year from you, Roger, for the Church Society.

Roger.—Why, sir, would you ruin me out-right! I wouldn't mind giving a trifle, but twelve dollars a-year!!!

Par.—Well, Roger, if you won't give what you ought, we'll even take a trifle for so good a cause. Our Bishop showed some time ago, that if every member of the Church in this diocese were to give a penny a-week, we should have an income for the Church Society of upwards of £20,000 a-year, and that would do a good deal towards supplying the present wants of all the settled parts of the country.

Roger.—Well, sir, I wouldn't mind giving that much; a penny a-week would not break me.

Par.—Would it not? Let me see. You get ten dollars a-month—that is one hundred and fifty pence a-week—and so you will really give one penny¹/₁₀₀ out of the hundred and fifty which you make! You will honour God, who gives you all your blessings, with the one hundred and fiftieth part of your substance! You're a liberal man, Roger, very.

Roger.—Well, sir, it don't seem a great deal, and that's the truth on't; but it will come to summat in a year.

Par.—Yes, to four shillings and two pence out of the six hundred shillings you will gain in the course of the year, if God should spare you and give you strength for work. It's a great acknowledgment, is it not, for so great a mercy,—four shillings and two pence?

Roger.—Well, we won't say any more about it, sir, but I'll be a dollar this year, and perhaps we may do more next.

Par.—Many persons in your circumstances, Roger, would not have acted as well as you have done, and I put the matter in the way I did, not from any unkindness, but merely to try and show you what miserable niggardliness passes now-a-days under the name of liberality. It will, I dare say, be considered a miracle of generosity in the parish, for a labouring man at ten dollars a-month to give a dollar a-year to the Church Society.

Parish.—There's a deal of truth in what you say, sir, but till men feel they are debtors to God for every blessing which makes them happy and comfortable, and for the strength which, as the Bible says, enables them to get wealth, they never will give with an open hand.

Par.—Very true; and when, in addition to that, they become sensible of the unspeakable value of the spiritual mercies which God has conferred upon them, when they feel their own unworthiness and weakness, and remember that it was to deliver beings so lost and helpless from the just desert of their sins, that God's well-beloved and Co-Eternal Son suffered and died, then will they be sensible that all they can possibly give to the furtherance of His cause would be an offering too poor to present in acknowledgment of mercy so unspeakable. When we duly value God's "inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ," the thought that He will accept a portion of that worldly wealth

which He himself bestowed upon us, as a token of our gratitude, will lead us to offer it, not only with willingness, but with a feeling of thankfulness that He should condescend to point out a way in which we may do something to mark our sense of all that we owe to Him.

Parish.—Yes, sir; and besides that, when we are blessed with “the means of grace,” and by a proper use of them may enjoy “the hope of glory,” surely we must have hard hearts *not* to do something to extend them to others, more especially when we remember that we are blessed with them through the bounty and benevolence of our fellow Churchmen in England.

Par.—It gratifies me much to find you taking such correct views of these subjects; but as it is now getting late, I must be wending my way homewards, and so, Mr. Heyric, I will wish you good evening.

Parish.—Good evening, sir, and many thanks for the information you have given me.

THE END.

LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEPRIARS.

L E T T E R S

FROM

A M E R I C A.

BY

JOHN ROBERT GODLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1844.

TO

CHARLES BOWYER ADDERLEY, ESQ. M.P.,

THE FOLLOWING WORK,

FOR THE PUBLICATION OF WHICH HE IS CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE,

IS

INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR,

AS

A SLIGHT MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND INTIMATE

FRIENDSHIP.

P R E F A C E.

IT must be confessed that the tone of most of our English travellers in America is at least unfortunate. While the subjects and the styles are varied according to the opinions and pursuits of the authors, while we have grave books and gay books, books political, statistical, agricultural, and abolitionist, — books by Whigs and by Tories, by men and by women, — books differing, in short, in almost every conceivable way, we find but one characteristic common to all, and that is *satire*. We complain in England of the bad feeling that exists in America towards us: if such be the case, can we be surprised at it? The great mass of Americans know us only through the medium of our popular authors; and the observations of these upon America are not, we must allow, of a nature to conciliate a sensitive and irritable people. Take the books of Americans upon England, the works

of Washington Irving, for instance, or those of Willis, Miss Sedgwick, or even Cooper, and compare the spirit and feeling which they evince with that which animates the writings of Hall, Hamilton, Trollope, or Dickens, and I venture to say that the balance of good-nature and friendly feeling (with which alone I have now to do) will be found to be infinitely on the side of the former. I do not mean (far from it) that a traveller should dwell only on the bright side of things in the country which he is describing — that he should delight in drawing contrasts unfavourable to his own country, or that he should not rather look upon all that is hers with a partial eye, and —

“ Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind; ”—

I mean nothing of this: but I mean that he should gravely and soberly, in a high spirit of goodwill and friendly feeling, argue the points of difference between his hosts and himself; he should try to convince them where he thought them wrong, and adopt their suggestions where he approved of them; and that, under no circumstances, should he run the risk of wounding their feelings and mortifying their pride, by declamatory

vituperation or satirical bitterness. Upon many (I may say, upon most) points my opinions are diametrically opposed to those of the great majority of Americans, as regards their religious, political, and social system; and on those points I shall have no scruple in freely expressing myself, any more than in pointing out where they seem to me to afford us an example for imitation. In both their good and their bad qualities they are generally only exaggerations of ourselves; and it is principally because we see the tendencies of our own age and country carried out and developed in America more boldly than at home that I consider her so interesting a subject of observation to us. Thus, in energy, enterprise, perseverance, sagacity, activity, and varied resources,—in all the faculties, in short, which contribute to produce what is now technically called material civilisation, and which have always, in a peculiar manner, distinguished the British from the continental Europeans, there is no disputing the superiority of the Americans to ourselves. Wherever they have a fair field for the exercise of them, they beat us. Their ships sail better, and are worked by fewer men; their settlers pay more

for their land than our colonists, and yet undersell them in their own markets; wherever administrative talent is called into play, whether in the management of a hotel, or a ship, or a prison, or a factory, there is no competing with them: and, after a little intercourse with them, I was not surprised that it should be so; for the more I travelled through the country, the more was I struck with the remarkable average intelligence which prevails: I never met a stupid American; I never met one man from whose conversation much information might not be gained, or who did not appear familiar with life and business, and qualified to make his way in them. There is one singular proof of the general energy and capacity for business which early habits of self-dependence have produced; — almost every American understands politics, takes a lively interest in them (though many abstain under discouragement or disgust from taking a practical part), and is familiar, not only with the affairs of his own township or county, but with those of the State and of the Union; almost every man reads about a dozen newspapers every day, and will talk to you for hours (*tant bien que mal*), if you will listen

to him, about the tariff, and the bank, and the Ashburton treaty. Now, any where else the result of all this would be the neglect of private business, — not so here; an American seems to have time, not only for his own affairs, but for those of the commonwealth, and to find it easy to reconcile the apparently inconsistent pursuits of a bustling politician and a steady man of business. Such a union is rarely to be met with in England; never on the Continent.

As in many of our good, so in our evil, peculiarities, our American children imitate and surpass ourselves. Are not we too utilitarian and materialistic? Have we not, with some justice, been called a nation of shopkeepers; and do we not serve mammon with too blind an idolatry? Have we not neglected too much the higher branches of art and science, and the cultivation of the æsthetic faculty? Is it not characteristic of modern England to reject authorities, both in church and state, to look with contempt on the humbler and more peculiarly Christian virtues of contentment and submission, and to cultivate the intellectual at the expense of the moral part of our nature? If these and other dangerous tenden-

cies of a similar nature are at work among ourselves (as they undoubtedly are), it is useful and interesting to observe them in fuller operation and more unchecked luxuriance in America; many of them aggravated by her peculiar physical circumstances, and others by the absence of those checks which the traditionary laws and customs of ages, whose habits and faults were of an opposite character, have left to us in England. But in treating of these things we have no need or right to point with the finger of scorn: if there were no other reason, the beam in our own eye is too large.

The very sensitiveness of the Americans to our criticism proves the respect in which they hold us; and (if we did not irritate them by ridicule and violence) the most salutary effects might be produced by it. It is not to be denied that the masses in America look with a far more friendly feeling upon France than upon England; and while I admit that this fact is accounted for, to a great extent, by traditional recollections of the revolutionary war, and a natural feeling of rivalry towards a country engaged in the same pursuits of industry and commerce as themselves, with

which there are infinitely more points of contact, and therefore of probable dissension,—yet, at the same time, I am inclined to think it is also in some measure attributable to the more amicable and sympathetic sentiments which (fully as much as their more dignified and philosophical tone) distinguish French travellers, as compared with English, when writing on the subject of America. If we turn to M. de Tocqueville, or M. Chevalier, we must admit (whether we agree with them or not) that at least they appreciate America better than we do; their imaginations are filled with the destinies of the mighty continent which they are surveying, and their attention occupied with the great experiment of republican institutions which they find there, the results of which they anticipate *as certainly reactive to an important extent* upon Europe; and they have neither time nor inclination to laugh at and “show up” the manner in which the Americans eat their meals, or the posture in which they sit at the theatre, or any such minor peculiarities as in their larger view are lost in comparison with more important features. Now there is no doubt that we have a great many funny and amusing books about egg-

eating, and tobacco-chewing, and all the *crambe decies recocta*, which Mrs. Trollope began, and on which every succeeding traveller has been ringing the changes ever since; but I think I may fairly ask, have we not enough of them? These things are very well in their way, because they are symptomatic and illustrative, to a certain extent, of national character; but they should not be allowed to take so prominent a position. We want some Englishman to give us a counterpart of the sketch which M. de Tocqueville has drawn, in a spirit equally candid and dispassionate, but with that difference in the aspect and the colouring which would naturally be produced by the different points of view from which an Englishman and a Frenchman would regard America. If from this exordium any reader should be led to suppose that I am about to attempt supplying the deficiency which I complain of, he will be sorely disappointed. I have neither energy nor capacity for such a task; and even if I had, the visit which I paid to America was too short, and the materials at my command are too scanty, for me to attempt any thing like a regular and systematic work. In publishing the following letters, I aim at no more than humbly

to point out to others the path which I am unable to tread myself; and I shall be amply repaid if, by enumerating and touching upon a few of the topics which appear to me worthy of attention, I may be the means of increasing the interest of my readers in this great subject, and of suggesting a matured and elaborate consideration of it to some mind capable of treating it worthily and well. My original letters were written without an idea of publication to my relations in Ireland (most of them to my father), during a tour through Canada and the States; and though I have somewhat altered and remodelled them, I have retained the epistolary form, both to save myself trouble, and as well calculated, from its irregular and desultory nature, for carrying out the idea which I have attempted to explain above; it enables me to turn from one subject to another, as the place from which, or the circumstances under which, I wrote, may have happened to dictate or suggest, and to touch upon without "*approfondissant*" a question, in a manner which would appear otherwise frivolous and impertinent. They contain, I know, little that is new, and nothing that is strange or amusing: I did not visit the more remote and

less frequented parts of America; I met with no accident or adventure of any kind; and I had no further means of becoming acquainted with the country and the people than are within the reach of any ordinary traveller with good introductions. Under these circumstances I have, perhaps, no right to publish at all; and, I believe, my best excuse for doing so is the hope that my speculations, however uninteresting to the public, may not be so to the circle of my own acquaintances and friends. A large proportion of these letters, however, may possess some additional interest at this moment, as relating to Canada, in the condition and progress of which I was naturally, as a British subject, even more interested than in that of the United States. Among the thousand "infallible remedies" which are put forward as certain to cure, if adopted, all the disorders of our social state, that of "systematic colonisation" appears to have found the ablest advocates, and excited the greatest attention; so that, perhaps, at this moment, the suggestions and the information which even so superficial a traveller as myself can afford, may not be unacceptable. But I have already said too much about myself and my motives; I cannot,

however, conclude these prefatory remarks without bearing testimony to the remarkable kindness and cordiality which, like all Englishmen properly recommended, I met with, both in Canada and in the States. In such cases all prejudice against our country, all soreness upon the subject of former travellers, is forgotten, and they throw themselves, their houses, and their institutions at once open to the stranger's observation, with such an honest and unsuspecting desire to give him all the information which he requires, that one would think it impossible for the most stern and unscrupulous book-maker to take advantage of their kindness, and then proceed to laugh at and abuse them. I trust that the most sensitive of my American friends will not accuse me of having done so, even where the differences between us are widest and most irreconcilable.

CONTENTS
OF
THE FIRST VOLUME.

LETTER I.

BOSTON.

Halifax. — Atlantic Steam-Navigation. — Landing at Boston. — First Impressions. — Suburbs of Boston. — Lowell. — American Factory System. — Comparison with that of England. — Prospects for the Future. — Quantity of "Wild Land" in New England. — Moral Effects of continual Transmigration upon the Agricultural Class. Page 1

LETTER II.

NEW YORK.

Journey from Boston to New York. — Local Advantages which New York possesses. — Prospects of Boston. — Of the Atlantic Cities of the South. — French and English Colonial System. — Annexation of Texas. — Ecclesiastical Architecture. — America represents exclusively modern Habits and Feelings. — Mixed Nature of English Institutions. — Rockaway. — American Travellers. 15

LETTER III.

SARATOGA.

Hotels. — The Hudson. — Washington Irving. — Emigration. — Albany. — Van Rennselaer Estate. — Saratoga. — Americans and English at Watering Places. — Modern Female Costumes. — Church at Saratoga. — Duelling.

Page 32

LETTER IV.

MONTREAL.

Journey from Saratoga. — Interesting Country. — American Stages. — Railroads. — Scenery. — Lake George. — Ticonderoga. — Lake Champlain. — Last War between the United States and Great Britain. — Probable Mode of carrying on next. — Effects of Political Institutions upon chances of War. — St. John's. — American Custom-houses. — Canadian Population. — Army in Canada. — Montreal. - - - - - 49

LETTER V.

QUEBEC.

Steam-boat on the St. Lawrence. — Banks of the River. — Quebec and its Environs. — Condition of the "Habitans." — Causes of the late Rebellion. — Political Views of the French Party. — Seigneurial Tenures. — Manners of the People. — Field-sports of Lower Canada. - 72

LETTER VI.

MANOR-HOUSE, A—L.

Irish Emigrants. — Their Loyalty. — Trade of Montreal. — Loss of the Shamrock. — High-pressure Steam-boats. —

Scenery of the Ottawa. — Advantages possessed by English Climate. — Its Effects on Health and Beauty. — The Manor-house. — Prospects of Emigrant Farmers in Lower Canada. — Village Church. — Wheat Crop. — The “Fly.” - - - - - Page 92

LETTER VII.

KINGSTON.

Bytown. — Chaudière Falls. — “Lumber” Trade. — Policy of the late Alteration in the Tariff. — Rideau Canal. — Voyage to Kemptville. — Forest Clearings. — Scenery of the Woods. — The “Thousand Islands.” — Kingston.

110

LETTER VIII.

KINGSTON.

Sporting Expedition. — Lobra Lake. — Farm-house in the Interior. — A. U. E. Loyalist. — First Day’s Hunting. — Mosquitoes. — Hard Bed. — Second Day’s Hunting. — Chase of a Deer in the Water. — Return to Kingston.

122

LETTER IX.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Voyage on Lake Ontario. — The Falls. — Indian Manufactures. — Scenery on the Niagara River. — Going behind the Falls. — Buffalo. — An “Able Financier.” — German Emigrants. — Land-sales in the United States. — Lake Steamers. — The Legitimate Drama at Buffalo. — Navy Island. — Hostilities with the Sympathisers. — Indian and Negro Races compared. — Navigation on the Welland Canal. — Irish at the Public Works. - 132

LETTER X.

WOODSTOCK.

A Labourer's Account of his first Four Years in Canada. — Prospects afforded to a Gentleman-farmer. — Hamilton. — Traveller from the Far-west. — Country between Hamilton and Woodstock. — Brantford. — Indian Village. — Divine Service in the Mohawk Language. — Progress of Civilisation among the Red Men. — Oak-plains. — Visit to a Gentleman-farmer settled in Western Canada. — Manner of Life. — Advice to Emigrants. — Religious Condition of the Population. — Woodstock Cricket-club.
Page 157

LETTER XI.

TORONTO.

Uncomfortable Journey. — Toronto. — System of Land-Sales in Canada. — Mr. Wakefield's Plan. — Clergy Reserves. — The Bar in Canada. — The Talbot Settlement. — Visits from Irish Emigrants. — Their Success. — Upper Canada College. — The Medical Profession in Canada. - - - - - 179

LETTER XII.

COBOURG.

Leave Toronto. — Cobourg. — Heterogeneous Character of Population in Upper Canada. — Ride to Peterborough. — Townships of Cavan and Monaghan. — Irish Protestant Farmers. — Peterborough. — Life of a Settler in the Back-woods. — Occupations and Amusements. — Want of Servants. — Cheapness of Living. - 2 - 199

LETTER XIII.

KINGSTON.

Journey to the Trent. — A Canadian Farmer's Account of the Western States. — Voyage to Kingston. — Canadian Politics. — The "Crisis." — Arguments in favour of Sir Charles Bagot's Policy. — Cases of Ireland and Canada compared. — Ultimate Advantage which the Principle of "Responsible Government" holds out to the British Party. — Kingston Penitentiary. — Canadian Legislature. - - - - - Page 212

LETTER XIV.

ISLE AUX NOIX.

Descent of the St. Lawrence Rapids. — Bill Johnson, the Pirate. — Isle aux Noix. — Out-quarters in Canada. — Desertion among the Soldiery. — Field-sports in Forest Countries. — Chances of Employment for Labourers. — Protestant and Roman Catholic Emigrants. — Love of Money characteristic of the Population in a new Country. — Necessity of counteracting it. — Law of Succession. — Loyalty. — Reasons why the Canadians should desire a Continuance of British Connection. — Flourishing Condition of Canada. — Its Progress compared with that of the United States. — Free Trade with England. — Temporary Depression of Commerce. - - - 237

Rev. H. A. Hope

LETTERS
FROM
A M E R I C A.

LETTER I.

BOSTON.

HALIFAX. — ATLANTIC STEAM-NAVIGATION. — LANDING AT BOSTON. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS. — SUBURBS OF BOSTON. — LOWELL. — AMERICAN FACTORY SYSTEM. — COMPARISON WITH THAT OF ENGLAND. — PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE. — QUANTITY OF "WILD LAND" IN NEW ENGLAND. — MORAL EFFECTS OF CONTINUAL TRANSMIGRATION UPON THE AGRICULTURAL CLASS.

Boston, July 1842.

WE arrived on the morning of the 20th, thank God, all well, after a passage of fifteen days, during which nothing remarkable occurred. We saw one or two icebergs, though it is late in the year for doing so. During the early part of the summer, the channel between the two great "Banks" of Newfoundland is completely studded with them, floating from the polar regions to the

gulf stream, in which they melt; and as fogs are almost perennial in the same locality, there is considerable danger of running foul of them: two or three vessels have been lost in this way this year.

We remained about twelve hours at Halifax, and I had time to walk about the town, and admire the view from the citadel of its beautiful bay and harbour; the latter, especially, is magnificent. The town itself is, I believe, not flourishing; it was made by the war; and has, since the peace, decreased in population. St. John's, New Brunswick, is (to use the nautical phrase) "taking the wind out of its sails;" and Picton, on the northern coast, will probably also prove a formidable rival to the capital, as being the depôt and port of the great and valuable Nova Scotia coalfield. The coal is extremely good, and if it were not subjected to a heavy duty by the American government, would monopolise the market of the north-eastern states. The appearance of the coast about Halifax is bleak and inhospitable enough, but I am told that the scenery in the interior is beautiful, and in many places the soil fertile. The great drawback to the trade and progress of Halifax is the perpetual fog which prevails outside the harbour during the summer months. The Quebec steamer, which came for

Lady Bagot, spent two days at its mouth, unwilling to venture while the fog was so thick upon entering, for the coast is iron-bound, and dangerous in the extreme.

I observed a great number of negroes in Halifax: it seems there is a settlement of them in the neighbourhood, which was established during the war as a depôt for the slaves who ran away from the States, or were carried off in any of the descents which were made on the American territory; and they breed and flourish in a manner hardly to be expected, considering the uncongenial nature of the climate to a race sprung from the tropics. It certainly proves them to be more capable of supporting extremes than white men are. There are also a great number of Indians still left in Nova Scotia, and they constitute the most degraded and corrupted part of the population.

From Halifax to Boston the voyage takes about forty hours; we arrived at the latter place at about twelve o'clock on a beautiful moonlight night, but did not land until the next morning. It is curious and rather discouraging, after our anticipations of the rapid progress of Atlantic steam-navigation, to observe, that as a commercial speculation it has proved a failure, and apparently must do so, unless some method of condensing

fuel be discovered. As it is, the steamers are, as far as freight is concerned, nothing but coal-barges. The *Acadia*, whose measurement is 1200 tons, carries 600 tons of coal at starting, so that when passengers and stores are stowed away, there is hardly room for any thing but a few parcels; the consequence is, that, depending entirely upon passage-money, and finding that this is not sufficient to pay them, the company has this year applied for, and obtained (upon good cause shewn) a large addition to the grant from the post-office; they receive now, I think, 80,000*l.* per annum. Without this, it would be impossible to maintain the line. The *Great Western*, though the most fortunate of vessels, has (as I believe it is generally understood) afforded a very small return to her owners, and all the other steamers which have been put upon the American station, have gradually dropped off. Even as to passengers, the "liners," at least the "crack" ships, are said to fill better on an average than the steamers. The prejudice in favour of their superior safety still remains to a great extent, notwithstanding the fact, which ought to be decisive upon this point, that the insurance companies insure in the steamers for half the premium which is required in the case of the best packet-ships (21*s.* 6*d.* per 100*l.* instead of 1*l.* 5*s.*). The former are as good sea-

boats, far more manageable, and cannot be driven on a lee-shore. Almost all the accidents which have happened to them, have been caused by bad pilotage, (except in the case of the President, of which we know nothing,) and yet we still find people talking of the great danger of steam-navigation, particularly in winter. I should prefer trusting to the opinion of the insurance-office agents, the business of whose lives is to calculate risks.

I never enjoyed a day more than the first which I spent at Boston: the mere fact, indeed, of being settled upon terra firma again after such a voyage, would make

The common air, the earth, the skies,
To me an opening Paradise.

But, independently of this, there was much to interest and to please. The appearance of the city and its inhabitants is quite as new and strange to an Englishman as that of most continental towns; and the circumstance of hearing his own language among such foreign looking scenes, from the apparent anomaly, rather adds to than diminishes the contrast. The houses are republican-looking, comfortable, but not handsome; nor are there any public buildings at all remarkable or fine. The churches are peculiarly

grotesque, bidding utter defiance to every rule of architecture, and generally painted all the colours of the rainbow; so that, except for their being surmounted by steeples, it would be impossible to guess at their destination. The country about Boston very pretty, studded with green and white villas, and a good deal of garden and dressed ground. The public cemetery at Mount Auburn is (with the exception of the tombs) perfect: it presents every variety of surface and foliage, deep dark glens and sunny glades, large fine trees and beautiful shrubbery and underwood. Many of the trees and shrubs were new to me except as rarities and exotics, and very beautiful, particularly the dark rich sumach, the butter-nut with its parasol-shaped branches, the black walnut, and the tulip-tree. The less said about the tombs the better; they are generally very "classical" and very bad, few bearing, either in symbols or inscriptions, any reference to Christianity.

Near the cemetery is Fresh Pond, famous as the reservoir of the purest and most beautiful ice in the world. One great and universal luxury here is the profusion of ice, which you see in every shop and stall in the market, Every thing iceable is iced; and within the last few years, Fresh Pond ice has become a large and valuable article of export, both to the East and West Indies. Fancy it taking a

voyage round the Cape, and beating the Himalaya ice in the Calcutta markets!

I have been making, since my arrival, several excursions in the neighbourhood; amongst others one (by railroad) to Lowell, a manufacturing town on the Merrimac, twenty miles from Boston. It has sprung up entirely within the last nineteen years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, and produces about one sixth part of the cotton manufacture of the whole Union: there is also a considerable woollen manufacture carried on there. The land on which it stands was taken by a company with a view to this manufacturing speculation in 1823, in consequence of their having observed its peculiar advantages; namely, a water fall of thirty-one feet, and of sufficient power to work all the mills now in operation, and a canal, the oldest in the Union, by which, till the railroad was made, all the trade of Lowell was carried on. The plan succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of the projectors, who have consequently realised large fortunes.

I went round one of the mills belonging to Messrs. Lawrence, and was much pleased with the comfort and cleanliness of the whole establishment, as well as with the appearance of the work-people. They were 700 in number (almost all adults and unmarried); the wages of the men

averaging about eighty cents (3*s.* 6*d.*), those of the women half a dollar per day. They work from five A. M. to seven P. M., with the intermission of half an hour for breakfast and three quarters of an hour for dinner. They live in boarding houses connected with the mill, belonging to the master manufacturer, and kept by persons whom he employs, and who are responsible to him for the order and regularity of their establishment: a strict police is enforced, and drunkenness and immorality punished by immediate dismissal. The same system is pursued by the other mill owners, and the result is such as they may justly be proud of. At the same time, when the example of Lowell is quoted to show that the evils which have in Europe universally attended the manufacturing system are not inevitable in it, I cannot admit it to be at all conclusive. The experiment has been tried under eminently favourable circumstances, and in a country where the working-class has advantages unknown elsewhere: nor can I conceive that when it shall be fully peopled, when the wages of labour shall have fallen, and when the manufacturing shall come to bear an important numerical proportion to the agricultural population, the favourable contrast which the New England factories now present to those of England, France, and Germany, can possibly continue.

At present the factories are supplied by a perpetual immigration from the agricultural districts; farmers' children come in from the surrounding states, spend three or four years here, accumulate a small capital, and go off to marry, settle, or embark in other pursuits, leaving their places to be supplied by a fresh influx of healthy rural blood. Thus no permanent urban population has as yet been formed, while the comparatively small size of the town enables the capitalists to whom it almost exclusively belongs, to manage and regulate its police at will, and neither of these advantages are likely to be other than local and temporary.

Again: there can be no physical destitution while land is so cheap, and labour so dear as in the case of America; and we all know how intimately connected are extreme poverty and that kind of immorality, the absence of which is so remarkable at Lowell. The circumstances of the country enable the operatives to ask, and protective tariffs alone enable the manufacturers to give, such wages as I have mentioned. If these were to fall below a certain point, the former would betake themselves to their homes and their fields, where they would be sure of employment and subsistence till it were worth their while to return to the mills. It is obvious that under a high-pressure

system of competition such as ours, where the labourers are struggling to outbid each other, and the manufacturers to undersell the rest of the world, such a free-and-easy mode of proceeding could not possibly exist. A stationary population, devoted from their very childhood to the one pursuit which they are to follow through life, with faculties sharpened by attention to it, thoroughly impressed by its influences, and in possession of a hereditary or at least traditional aptitude for it, will necessarily outbid one such as I have described to exist in New England, and will therefore ultimately (with the extension of the manufacturing system and the depression of wages) prevail over it. It cannot be supposed that all manufacturers will be so conscientious and far-sighted as those who have had the care of Lowell, or that they will not generally look merely to the greatest possible production upon the cheapest and easiest terms. New England, from the traditional and habitual observance of external morality and decency which prevails, is the most favourable spot which could be selected for the experiment of a well-disciplined factory system; yet even here I have been informed by good authority that the evils characteristic of manufacturing districts in Europe have begun to appear, and that the example of Lowell has not been adhered to elsewhere. If the factory

system were to be engrafted upon the undisciplined habits and lax morality of the South, I feel convinced that even now the worst results would follow. The experience of all ages and countries ought surely to outweigh that which rests upon the solitary instance of this town.

Another day I went to Nahant, a small watering-place a few miles from Boston, which is now full of "felicity-hunters" from the latter place. I must return to Boston after my tour in Canada, to present my letters, and become acquainted with its society. At this time of year not a soul is left in the town; indeed, several houses at which I have called are completely shut up; not even a servant is left to take care of them, while the family is gone off to the country or the sea-coast for the hot months.

I was much struck by the quantity of uncleared forest which extends up to the immediate neighbourhood of Boston. Though this country was settled 230 years ago, and has been sending out continually the most industrious and enterprising population in the world to reclaim and conquer the western wilds, the road between Boston and Lowell (the most frequented in New England) is bordered for the most part by a wilderness which does not bear, apparently, a trace of man's proximity. Great part of the forest, however, has been

cut, and what one now sees is the second growth. In many places too the land has once been cleared and cultivated. When the virgin soil was exhausted, the farmer girded up his loins, mustered his caravan, and started westward, to invest his capital and labour in a more tempting field. Such has ever been the case here, and such it will be, as long as unoccupied land remains, accessible at less trouble and cost than must be employed in cultivating the barren lands nearer home. When this happens; when the shores of the great lakes shall be fully peopled, and land have become dear in the valley of the Mississippi, the tide of emigration will be stopped, and we shall see a fixed agricultural population growing up in the Atlantic States. I see in fact a sign already of this taking place to some extent, in the fact that within the last few years many settlers have gone from New England to Virginia, and taken possession of land which had undergone the process of which I have spoken, having been cleared, exhausted (as it is called) and deserted for years. These Yankees have now found it worth their while to reoccupy it; and such must in the ordinary course of things be the case along the whole "seaboard." New England will probably be the last region fully settled, as presenting fewer inducements to the agriculturist than the middle and southern states; indeed, it is

a fresh example of the paradoxical rule which has so frequently obtained, that the prosperity and greatness of a country will be in an inverse ratio to its capabilities of soil and climate: but its turn will also come, and a new and very important element will be thereby infused into the American population.

Of the two antagonist powers, or opposite interests of a state, that of *permanence* has always been connected with and represented by the landed proprietary, as that of *progression* by (what Coleridge calls) the Personal Interest, that is, the mercantile, manufacturing, and professional classes; and, generally speaking, in proportion as the one or the other of these influences is more or less predominant, will the national character be conservative and orderly, or restless and innovating. Now hitherto the conservative force resulting from a fixed agricultural population has been comparatively weak in the United States; nobody can doubt that the commercial element is decidedly preponderant in the American character; nay, it is remarkable that the "go-ahead," restless, money-making spirit is fully as conspicuous in the farmer as in the merchant: and the reason is obvious; land is to him an investment, not a home; he takes it one year to abandon it perhaps the next; it does not constitute a hereditary property, which

connects him in feeling and interests with his ancestors, and which he hopes to transmit to a posterity engaged in the same pursuits, and occupying the same position as himself; in short, he is on the land, as much as the merchant on the sea, a capitalist, a rover, a citizen of the world. But when the period to which I have alluded shall be reached, when the American farmer shall have cast anchor, as it were, into the soil, it is reasonable to suppose that the same influences will operate in modifying his character, which have determined the position of the agricultural population in other parts of the world; and we shall find, perhaps at no very remote distance of time, that in New England, as in Old England, the soundest and most valuable class of the population will consist in a sober and contented, a moral and religious yeomanry.

When we look forward through the vista of years, and reflect upon the evils with which they are necessarily pregnant, the growth of large cities, (those hotbeds of vice), the development of the manufacturing interest with all its attendant dangers, and the inevitable increase of pauperism, it is consoling to reflect that the same lapse of time will produce so powerful and beneficial a counterpoise to those evils and dangers, as exists in a stationary rural population.

LETTER II.

NEW YORK.

JOURNEY FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK. — LOCAL ADVANTAGES WHICH NEW YORK POSSESSES. — PROSPECTS OF BOSTON. — OF THE ATLANTIC CITIES OF THE SOUTH. — FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLONIAL SYSTEM. — ANNEXATION OF TEXAS. — ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. — AMERICA REPRESENTS EXCLUSIVELY MODERN HABITS AND FEELINGS. — MIXED NATURE OF ENGLISH INSTITUTIONS. — ROCKAWAY. — AMERICAN TRAVELLERS.

New York, July.

BETWEEN Boston and Norwich, a distance of 100 miles, which I travelled by railroad on my way hither, the country is pretty and varied in surface. In the quantity of forest, the nature of the ground, and the wooden houses and fences, it reminded me much of Sweden, and the tamer and more populous parts of Norway, with the great advantage, however, of possessing every variety of forest timber; whereas, in Scandinavia, one gets perfectly sickened with the monotony of the dull, dark pines.

From Norwich to New York I took the steamer, a very remarkable object to a foreigner, being totally unlike in construction to any that one sees in Europe — all above water, cabins, and machinery; drawing very little water in proportion

to its tonnage, long, gaily painted, crowded, uncomfortable, cheap, and fast. Some of the boats on the Hudson are quite wonderful in their dimensions (there is one, I think, 350 feet long), and do not draw above four feet. Their pace is about the same as that of our Gravesend and Herne Bay boats, but they are infinitely larger and more splendid in their equipments. On all the northern rivers the steamers are upon the low-pressure system, whereas in the South a low-pressure boat is never seen. I never could obtain a satisfactory explanation of so completely varying a custom; the common one, that people are more careless of their lives in the South, seems hardly sufficient.

The approach to New York from the East River is not striking or picturesque; but when one gets into the harbour, the extraordinary advantages of its situation begin to appear. The city is situated on a long, narrow peninsula, formed by the Hudson and the arm of the sea called East River. The water is deep enough all round to float a frigate by the very wharf, and in fact you walk along the street under the bowsprits of the largest merchantmen.

From the north flows down the Hudson, broad, straight, and slow, without a rapid or a "snag," and cutting through the very heart of the mountains, as though on purpose to open a way

for the produce of the western country to flow into the Atlantic. This it is which gives New York her superiority over the other maritime cities, and which will enable her to retain it.

The people of Boston are not without hopes that the completion of the railway from Buffalo to Boston may divert into their channel a considerable part of the commerce of the lakes, and thus provide their foreign trade with a foundation of indigenous productive industry; but I hardly think that such can ever be the case. Such a river as the Hudson must always beat a railroad, even in the transport of passengers, affording means of communication equally speedy and far more economical; but for the transport of goods there can be no comparison in the advantages, which are all on the side of the water. A railroad is now in progress running parallel with the Hudson, which will prevent the communication between New York and Albany from being stopped during the winter, when the river is frozen over; and New York will, I am convinced, continue to be the great emporium of agricultural produce. Boston has no "back country," as it is called: she exports manufactures, to be sure, but not to any very great extent; nor is there any immediate prospect of that export increasing largely, for America is not yet, apparently, ripe for a great manufac-

turing development. Her dependence then is principally on the carrying trade. New England stands to the rest of the Union in the position which Holland formerly occupied with respect to Europe; she has capital, enterprise, and a maritime population, and possesses, I believe, about four-fifths of the shipping of the Union; but can this last? Will not the Atlantic States of the South, in proportion as they find it impossible to compete with the newer land in the West in the production of the raw material, turn their labour and their capital into the natural channel of carrying for their inland neighbours? The great seaports of the South, which are now filled with the shipping of Maine and Massachusetts, will perhaps, at no great distance of time, find it cheaper and more profitable to build and carry for themselves, more especially as the Carolinas and Georgia supply even now a large proportion of the timber which is employed in shipbuilding; and if this be the case, the main-spring of the prosperity of Boston will be broken. I cannot but look forward to the time (highly as I think of the character and qualities of her population), when she must yield the superiority which she now holds to the natural advantages of her southern rivals. There are, however, two circumstances which give an advantage to New England, and which may for a long

time keep her ahead; these are the absence of slavery, and the possession of high commercial character and credit: as long as these are distinctive instead of common, no local superiority will outweigh them in the balance.

I had a good deal of conversation the other day upon the subject of Texas, and the progress, generally, of the Anglo-American race over the western continent. I find the doctrine of what may be called political fatalism very generally held, though not perhaps openly avowed or defended; the doctrine, namely, that Providence has so obviously destined America for the Anglo-Saxons, and the Anglo-Saxons for America, that the means whereby its designs are promoted should not be too rigidly scrutinised. Though the principle that the end does not justify the means is plain and incontrovertible, yet its application to this or that individual case is often doubtful, and admits of plausible arguments on both sides. What constitutes occupancy and the right of possession to a country? The fact of visiting it as a hunting-ground once perhaps in fifty years? In what degree may the more civilised justly take advantage of the more barbarous negotiator, in driving a bargain of guns and knives against mountains and forests? How far is it allowable, when real and just grounds of quarrel arise, as will always

be the case where savage and civilised man come in contact, to retaliate and punish aggressions by confiscation of territory? The solution of these and many similar questions presents difficulty enough to make the moralist pause before he pronounces a sweeping censure upon the encroachments which civilisation has always made and will always make upon barbarism, whenever they come into collision. Such has been the result in India, where really it is difficult to point out more than one or two cases in which the hostilities, which have from time to time extended our empire, have not been commenced by the native princes, who afterwards suffered from their effects: nay, it is singular, that the very governors and commanders who went out with the most pacific intentions, and the firmest conviction of the inexpediency of an aggressive policy, as Lord Cornwallis and Lord Amherst*, were those under whose auspices some of the greatest accessions to our territory were made. And such has been the result in America, where with more or less reason and justice in individual cases of conquest, both British and Americans have everywhere *displaced* (to use a neutral term) the aboriginal inhabitants: as they appear, the red man melts away, like snow before the south wind.

* And now Lord Ellenborough.

M. Chevalier's work upon America contains some very interesting remarks, made in a most candid and liberal spirit, upon the difference between the French and English principles of colonisation, and upon the effects which the complete victory of the latter has had upon the destinies of America. The military advantages and extended dominion, which were the primary objects of the one nation present as complete a contrast to the industrious, commercial, money-making schemes of the other, as the centralised and monarchical government of the French does to the popular and independent constitution of the English colonies; and it would be difficult to supply a stronger illustration of the superior energy and power which habits of independence and self-government produce, than the ultimate success of the latter. In unity and simplicity of political purpose, in the military skill of the leaders, and the martial character of the population; above all, in the perfect harmony which always existed between the colonists and the mother country, the superiority of the French would have led us to anticipate for them an assured victory. But while they were extending their military posts, we had been improving our internal resources. In commerce, agriculture, wealth, and population, the British colonies soon went far ahead. The habit of dependence

upon the mother-country had weakened among the French the springs of native vigour; and when Quebec fell, there was not strength or courage left to strike another blow, and the fabric of French dominion in America fell at once to rise no more.

The occupation of Texas by English and American adventurers, and its dismemberment from Mexico, involve a very important accession of territory and influence to the dominant race; nor can there, I think, be any doubt, that at no very distant time it will be annexed to the United States. Unfortunately for its future prosperity and peace, the institution of slavery has been allowed to establish itself in this immense territory; and this constitutes at present the principal obstacle to the annexation, for which the Texans are so anxious. The Northern States, who have always looked with great jealousy upon the preponderance which the South has exercised in the councils of the Union, are strongly adverse to the admission of a country, equal, when fully peopled, to five ordinary states, and bound to the southern interest by the all-powerful tie of common slaveholding institutions.* I cannot, however, believe

* I have read a speech delivered in September by Mr. John Quincy Adams, in which he declares that the North would sooner dissolve the Union, than consent to the annexation of Texas

that this objection will ultimately prevail against the measure, which would be too beneficial to the material interests of the Union to be defeated, in the present state of American feeling, by abstract ideas about slavery. Texas must be either absorbed into the Union, or prove a powerful political and commercial rival. Her soil and climate are superior to those of the cotton and sugar-growing states; so that, when once her relations with Mexico are settled, her population must rapidly increase, and drain, to a great extent, the resources of the Union by the emigration of settlers and capital. The Americans know the danger which their institutions would incur from the growth of formidable neighbours, entailing as it would the necessity of military and naval establishments; and they look forward, I am convinced, to the time when the whole continent north of the isthmus of Panama is destined to be theirs. Under these circumstances, I cannot think that they will long hesitate about taking so obvious and important a step towards the consummation as the annexation of Texas; at present, however, I must say, that the majority of American statesmen seem to be not anxious for the measure, or careless about it.

I have not yet seen one church in this country built in good ecclesiastical taste; but I am glad to

perceive that one on a larger scale, and with altogether superior pretensions to any thing now existing in the United States, is in course of erection in Broadway. This church possesses the only rich ecclesiastical endowment which exists in the United States; it is derived from a grant of land made to the Anglo-American Church before the Revolution; which, in consequence of the increase of the city, has become very valuable. The funds derived from it have been most usefully employed (after providing for the wants of the New York district) in promoting the cause of the church generally throughout the Union. A large sum (I should think not less than 30,000*l.*) has now been devoted to building the fabric which I have alluded to. The work has already made considerable progress, and promises to be "facile princeps" in American ecclesiastical architecture. Its style is the decorative Gothic, but it will not, as far as I can judge, be scrupulously and correctly adhered to throughout the building.

We are sometimes inclined to laugh at American architecture: it would be well for us to ask ourselves what we have to shew at home that is superior, and built within the last century. Before the re-action which has taken place within the last ten years, the art (and especially the Christian branch of it) had long remained at the lowest

point of depression. All our beautiful ecclesiastical buildings are of a date anterior to the time when America was first heard of; and it is not fair to attribute to the peculiarities of society here what is characteristic, not of the country, but of the age. England is the only country which unites the associations and monuments of the olden time, memorials of the ages of faith and feudalism, with the highest material civilisation of the nineteenth century. In points of social economy, such as the division of labour, rapidity of communication, and perfection of physical science, Germany is about where we were at the time of the revolution of 1688, so that her abbeys, and churches, and old town-houses, and palaces of kings and nobles are all consistent and in keeping. In America, on the other hand, born since these things went out of fashion, the aspect of the country, as well as the framework of society, is modelled accordingly, and "productive industry" reigns without a rival. But in England the contrast between the old and the new is strikingly represented, and full of matter for reflection, cheerful or melancholy according to the tone of the observer's mind; the factory chimney rears its head, as it were, in emulation of the cathedral spire, and the railroad cuts through the old ancestral park.

So it is with our political institutions; they have always been founded on a balance, a struggle, an apparent inconsistency: the ancient monarch, the feudal aristocracy, and the Catholic church, are engaged in a continual struggle with the torrent of democracy, which certainly (whether for evil or for good) is more in accordance with the "spirit of the age," and which turns the old popular institutions of the rural Saxons to the purposes of anti-corn-law leagues and trades unions. One or other of these influences has always been predominant, and yet has always been checked and modified by the operation of the others.

And the mixed nature of our institutions has produced a corresponding effect upon national character. Even now the ancient loyalty and respect for the church, and, still more, the aristocratic or class feeling, mingle with and soften the levelling and democratic spirit, whose turn of ascendancy seems to have arrived. It is impossible, perhaps, either for institutions or for national character, of a mixed kind like ours, to remain stationary, and difficult to say at what point the just medium is attained; but that difficulty does not render it less the duty of the statesman to observe whither the spirit of the age is tending, and to administer, if need be, correctives to the

danger and evil of its too rapid progress. I cannot too often repeat that American institutions, society, and character, are but what ours would be if it were not for the check of old associations—a more powerful barrier than positive enactments—and what it is not wholly impossible that ours may at some future time become. It is therefore most important to study them, with a view of preserving those feelings and habits in our population, which must form the only true preservative against an undue preponderance of their peculiar spirit. Without going as far as Lord Bacon, who says, “In the infancy of a state, arms flourish; in its prime, arts; in *its decline*, manufactures,” one may be allowed to look with some apprehension upon a state of society where the comfortable seems likely to take the place of the beautiful, and where material civilisation (to use the French expression) threatens to overpower altogether the higher and more refined branches of moral and intellectual cultivation.

The financial state of this country is most extraordinary: there is absolutely no credit, and very little money: in the state of New York, where, in 1837, 4,000,000*l.* were in circulation, there are now only 1,200,000*l.* In this town the value of real property has fallen within five years to less than one half; tradesmen are paying their

workmen in produce for want of a currency ; and on the public works in the state, the contractor is distributing bonds redeemable three years hence, which he gives in fractions, so that the men may pay them at the stores for goods. If a merchant wants raw produce from a farmer, or a retail shop-keeper from a merchant, they must bring their money in their hands. Paper is rapidly becoming scarce, for the banks are afraid to discount ; and the only way in which confidence is likely to be restored is by the influx of specie, which is now proceeding to a great extent ; and thus, in the nineteenth century, the Americans are returning to the old, expensive, unwieldy, commercial medium, which, in all civilised countries, credit has so extensively superseded. In the mean time there is no adequate revenue, and great difficulty is anticipated by the federal government, in getting the loan taken up, which is to meet the deficiency of the current year.

On the 26th I went with Mr. P. (an English friend whom I met at New York) to Rockaway, a favourite sea-bathing "location" for the New Yorkers. It is on the east coast, about twenty miles from the city, and consists simply of a very large hotel upon the beach. We found about one hundred people there, living completely "en famille," that is, all in the same rooms, keeping the

same hours, and even bathing together. The sea is literally the only object of interest externally; but there are all sorts of gaiety, dancing, singing, &c. going on within. For my part, I was too lazy and oppressed by the heat to profit by Mr. P.'s kind introductions. It is very difficult, and requires a peculiar talent, to make acquaintances rapidly, and enter freely into society with people whom one has never seen before, and will probably never see again. An Englishman has great advantages in doing so here from knowing the language, and having a certain affinity in pursuits and habits of thought with the Americans; but how few profit by them! The only plan is to travel alone, and then one is forced into society in self-defence. An agreeable party travelling together, or even two individuals fond of each other's society, feel naturally disinclined to the trouble of making temporary acquaintances in a strange place; and so they often travel for months through a country, without presenting a letter of introduction, or making any farther acquaintance with the inhabitants than results from a casual proximity in travelling conveyances, or "table d'hôte." In America such a course is peculiarly unfavourable to a fair estimate of the best aspect of the national character. Here every body travels; and every body, except the labouring class, dresses

alike. A foreigner makes acquaintance (we will suppose in a steam-boat or railroad-car) with a person who has, in all respects, the same external pretensions as those of his own class in life; he enters into conversation with him; finds him, perhaps, impertinent, prejudiced, conceited, and ignorant of the common refinements and courtesies of civilised life; and after having argued and disputed almost to the verge of a quarrel, goes off and describes his fellow-traveller in his journal (probably with a good deal of exaggeration) as a fair specimen of the best American society; whereas the man was most likely a shopkeeper's apprentice, in no respect different in point of refinement from a youth of the same class out of St. Paul's Church Yard. I speak from experience, having often been tempted to do so myself. The best people in America are not accessible without good letters of introduction: when you meet them, as you do, in places of public entertainment, they are silent and reserved. I have often been disappointed by the coldness with which my advances towards acquaintance have been made, where such advances appeared natural and allowable; but, upon consideration, I have remembered that a different mode of proceeding would, from the very promiscuous nature of the company one meets with, lead to innumer-

able annoyances. On the other hand, I recollect but one instance, in my own experience, (which probably might have been satisfactorily accounted for,) where an introduction met with the slightest inattention or neglect; on the contrary, in no country have I ever met with such a real, cordial desire to make a stranger feel at home, by avoiding any thing like irritating or unpleasant subjects of conversation, and by admitting him at once into the family circle. In *travelling*, however, I must confess that a foreigner must expect to meet with much that is unpleasant and grating to his feelings, and I am the more sorry when he is thereby deterred from extending his acquaintance with the better portion of American society.

LETTER III.

SARATOGA.

HOTELS. — THE HUDSON. — WASHINGTON IRVING — EMI-
GRATION. — ALBANY. — VAN RENNELAER ESTATE. —
SARATOGA. — AMERICANS AND ENGLISH AT WATERING-
PLACES. — MODERN FEMALE COSTUMES. — CHURCH AT
SARATOGA. — DUELLING.

Saratoga, August.

I LEFT New York on the twenty-ninth, and came up the Hudson in a beautiful steamer, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, against tide and stream. Travelling is very cheap upon the frequented routes in the northern states, in consequence of the opposition, which starts invariably at the first symptom of an opening. I only paid about 9*s.* 6*d.* as my fare from Boston to New York (the distance is about 200 miles), and 6*s.* from New York to Albany (160 miles). The hotels, too, are extremely cheap, considering the fare and accommodation which they afford, unless, indeed, the traveller requires the use of private apartments. The highest price which I have heard of in the northern states is two dollars (8*s.* 6*d.*), and at many excellent hotels it is only 1½ dollar per day. This

includes board, lodging, and the payment of servants; and I have never found an objection made to the supply of meals at separate hours, nor an additional charge in consequence, though of course very few people require them, or it would be objected to. The attendance of servants is sufficient, and the "cuisine" in the larger towns as good as is to be met with in any country; indeed, the hotels are almost the only places, I am told, where there is tolerable cookery in America. I can well imagine the disgust of an American, who, after enjoying the usual variety! of an English bill of fare — the greasy mutton chop and sodden tart — finds a bill of 3s. 6d. brought in, besides "the waiter, if you please, sir." Regretfully does he dwell in spirit upon the four meals a day of the Astor House, or the Tremont, comprising every imaginable European and American dish, in unlimited profusion, and the short and itemless bill which follows them. For the comfort which an Englishman finds in the privacy and solitude of his box in the coffee-room, his muffin and his newspaper, the American cares not. His idea of a luxurious breakfast is the greatest possible variety of eatables, discussed in the shortest possible space of time; and this national taste he certainly has the means here of gratifying to any extent. Wines are dear (I know not why,

for the duty is low), and very few people, comparatively speaking, drink them. Those that do, drink madeira and champagne. Peninsular and German wines are hardly ever called for. I have been much surprised at the small quantity that is drunk at dinner. Very often at a table, at which fifty people are sitting, you see only one or two bottles of wine, and no beer. The Americans have not inherited our taste for malt, and water is the universal beverage. Those who drink, do so after dinner at the bar, where there is a perpetual concoction of every kind of euphonious compound, such as mint julep, sherry-cobler, egg-nog, &c. : on the whole, however, in those hotels which I have seen, the temperance in using spirituous liquors is very remarkable; I am told that it is of recent date, and owing partly to the spread of temperance societies, partly to the pecuniary embarrassment which prevails, and which necessitates economy.

I was much and agreeably surprised by the beauty of the Hudson; I am so much accustomed to the exorbitant terms in which most people (especially Americans) praise their own country, that I made more allowance for exaggeration in their encomiums than I need have done. There is nothing grand or striking in its scenery, but it is peculiarly soft and pleasing, and as a whole superior, I think,

to the Rhine, though not perhaps equal to its best points. During the entire distance of 160 miles, there is not one point of view which can be called ugly or uninteresting. Its chief faults are want of variety and boldness of outline in the heights, and a greater monotony in the scenery, though it is a monotony of beauty, than one would expect in so long a voyage: everywhere you have the same broad, straight, calm river, and the same gently swelling banks, covered with wood, or dotted with white villas and farm-houses. While passing through the Highlands the scenery is bolder, though it never reaches the sublime; and from West Point the view is really beautiful: it commands a magnificent reach of the river, covered with craft of all sorts and sizes; the hills, too, are more precipitous, and the forest which covers them peculiarly dark and deep.

About twenty-five miles from New York was pointed out to me Washington Irving's house at Sleepy Hollow, that classic spot which he has immortalised. I looked at it with much interest, for I am a great admirer of Irving. He seems to me to have by far the most poetical mind which America has yet produced, though I am not aware that he has ever written in verse. But if a vivid fancy, a keen sense of beauty, great power in describing nature, and a melody of diction almost

unsurpassed ; if a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and sympathising with all that is old, and heroic, and super-sensual, be indicative of a poetical character, certainly Irving is a poet. With the prosaic, materialistic character of the age, he has nothing in common ; he lives in a world of his own — a world of romance and superstition, which is quite refreshing to those who are accustomed to the dull, working-day realities of common life. I do not think he is as much appreciated in America as he ought to be, though the president lately did himself great credit by sending him to his favourite Spain as minister. I should think, however, that literature and antiquities would rather throw his diplomatic duties into the shade.

On board the steamer was an Englishman who irritated me greatly by crying down and depreciating England, saying, the sun of her prosperity was set for ever, and that every man who could wind up his affairs there, and scrape together a little capital, was leaving her, like himself, for a more favoured land. Of course he found plenty of his fellow-passengers who applauded him to the echo ; and as for himself, he seemed absolutely to glory in the skill and capital which, he said, were daily departing. Of such Englishmen, England is well rid ; but, contemptible as they are, they do harm,

and give occasion to her enemies to triumph. It seems to me that the man cannot be justified, who, without absolute necessity, changes his country and his allegiance. Not only does he employ his industry and capital, whatever they may be, in promoting the advancement of a foreign, perhaps hostile, nation; but he is actually liable, in case of a war, to contribute to the attacks aimed at the very existence of his father-land, and even to fight in the opposite ranks to his countrymen, friends, and relations. And yet how lightly people think of all this, when considering the subject of emigration. Surely the emigrant should refuse to take upon himself the rights and duties of citizenship in a foreign country; he should consider himself merely as a stranger and a sojourner there, and be ready to renounce his position, whenever it becomes incompatible with his prior obligations: his children, who will grow up free from the ties, duties, and associations which affect their parents, may lawfully become citizens of his adopted country; but I cannot think that he is justified, under any circumstances, in doing so himself.

The true moral theory (if I may use the expression) of emigration is perhaps this — when a man, after mature consideration, and *due diligence*, can find for himself in his own country no work to perform, no place to fill, he is justified in seeking

them, if possible, in another; nay, he is bound to do so, for no man has a right to be a drone in the hive—no man has a right, merely because he may happen to have a ready-made competence of worldly goods, to live a useless, aimless life. We have all parts to play, and each in his calling is bound to consider himself (in the words of Jeremy Taylor) “a minister of Divine Providence, a steward of creation, a servant of the great family of God;” and if a man be conscientiously convinced that “at nature’s board there is no place for him” at home, he should consider whether he has a better chance in a less crowded society, and should act accordingly. Under such circumstances *we* fortunately need have no scruples or difficulties to contend with. If we are at a loss for a field for our labour, we have only to remove from one part of the empire to another: in every quarter of the world we shall find British subjects and British institutions, and may still consider ourselves at home. Still, how much there is of natural and amiable feeling, of old associations, of early habits, of attachment to the place of our birth, and the scenes among which our happiest years have been passed, which sensitive minds must overcome before they can reconcile themselves to so complete a change as is involved in the removal even from the mother country to a

colony. The motives must be very cogent which should induce a man to do violence to such feelings; and I always felt my heart warm towards those of my own countrymen (and they were many), who expressed themselves as looking back, in the midst of the comparative plenty and prosperity which they enjoyed in America, with regret and affection upon Ireland, and as expecting never to be so happy again as before they left it.

Nothing has contributed more powerfully to lower the standard of colonial character, and diminish the estimation in which colonial society is held in comparison with that of old countries, than the sordid motives which alone have influenced the great majority of settlers. How small a number has a philosophical desire of extended usefulness, or even a manly consciousness of unemployed energy and impatience of inaction, driven to swell the tide of emigration! Generally speaking, the only object of colonists has been gain; and the necessary consequence was to impart a low, materialistic tone to the community which they formed. I am far from wishing to inculcate the desire and effort to provide adequately for physical wants, but unless they be kept in subordination to higher aims, they are most pernicious in their effects upon character; and in considering the vices and failings which strike us as most pro-

minent in comparatively new countries, we should recollect the hereditary influence transmitted by the class of men who have formed the majority of the first settlers, and which their descendants find it for generations difficult to resist, particularly as the nature of their situation generally tends to perpetuate the money-getting habits which they inherit, and which cannot but blunt in most instances the finer feelings of the mind and heart.

Albany is a large straggling town, built upon a very steep hill, overlooking the Hudson; it is the capital of the state of New York, and consequently the seat of the law courts and representative assembly. I heard a good deal of German talked in the streets, and saw German inscriptions over the shop-doors. There has been a large German emigration this year, and they make very good settlers, most of them having money, and being besides moral, sober, and industrious, though without the energy, activity, and resource which distinguish the Anglo-American race. The neighbourhood of Albany has lately been the scene of transactions of a singular nature, arising out of circumstances connected with the tenure of land on General Van Rensselaer's estate. When New Amsterdam (now New York) was surrendered to the English, one of the conditions of capitulation was, that such of the Dutch colonists as chose to

remain should preserve their estates, and that the same law of inheritance to which they were at the time subjected should continue to regulate them. On several of these estates perpetual entails had been created, and these continued consequently in the same families till the Revolution, when a law was passed providing that such entails should subsist for three generations longer, after which the same law of inheritance which was established in the other revolted colonies should take effect upon them. There are, I think, three subsisting, of which General Van Rensselaer's is the largest: it embraces a great extent of valuable land, and has been for some time parcelled out into farms, for which rent was paid in produce, and certain services, I believe, were also due. For a long time these rents and services had been irregularly rendered; and about two years ago, upon a demand being made for the payment of arrears, a general resistance was opposed to it, upon the ground, simply, that the tenants had paid long enough, and that it was quite time that their occupancy should be converted into possession. This movement produced great excitement; the militia of the state was called out, and a series of operations commenced against the recusants, which goes now by the name of the Helderberg war. The result was, that after a nominal submission on the part

of the latter, they virtually succeeded in gaining their point, and were universally permitted to compound the matter, and purchase indemnity against all present and future claims at a very moderate price.

From Albany I proceeded by railroad to Saratoga, passing through an uninteresting country. The principal timber is pine, of small and stunted growth; the crops Indian corn and oats. It is long before an English eye becomes reconciled to the lightness of the crops and the careless farming (as we should call it) which is apparent. One forgets that where land is so plentiful and labour so dear, as it is here, a totally different principle must be pursued to that which prevails in populous countries, and that the consequence will of course be a want of tidiness, as it were, and finish about every thing which requires labour. Here, too, a large proportion of the land is dotted with stumps, which require an immense time to rot out (some kinds of wood thirty or forty years), and which impart a wild uncivilised look to the fields. Saratoga, as every one knows, is the Cheltenham or Baden of America: it is now the height of the season; and though they say it is not so full as usual, in consequence of the commercial distress and scarcity of money, it is very unpleasantly crowded nevertheless. I am in

a little room, of about the size and temperature of an ordinary oven, in a lodging-house appendant to the Congress Hall Hotel. I cannot say that I enjoy Saratoga. Watering-places at all times and every where are *ennuyant* enough; but this, I think, beats in stupidity most that I have seen. The fact is, that neither the Americans nor the English are fitted for a watering-place life. They are too fond of politics, of business, of excitement, and soon weary of the simple routine which a watering-place affords of *vie en plein air* — early hours and gossiping familiarity — and which the easy, sociable habits and manners of the continental nations, particularly the Germans, qualify them to enjoy so thoroughly. I never saw an Englishman at a foreign watering-place whose chief resource did not consist in looking out for the English mail, and reading the English papers; and then we are so jealous, so distant, so afraid of foreigners and of each other, that I never can help feeling that an Englishman makes the worst and most ungraceful loungeur in the world, except an American. Here we are all making believe to be exceedingly gay, and looking as if we thought it the greatest bore in the world. There is none of the *laissez-aller* and *déshabille*, which is the redeeming point about a German bath. One is obliged to dress, with the thermometer at 90°, as though one

were in London or Paris (not that I do, but I ought), or indeed more so, for I do not think I ever saw so large a proportion of highly-dressed men and women. The Parisian fashions of the day are carried out to their extreme, detestably ugly as they are. Really the modern European (and American) costume gives a woman the appearance of something between a trussed fowl and an hour-glass; her elbows are pinioned to her sides by what are facetiously called *shoulder*-straps, while she is compressed in the waist, and puffed out above and below it, to such an extent that one expects her to break off in the middle at the slightest touch. It is perfectly wonderful that people take so much pains to deform and disfigure their natural proportions: they set up a false, *because* unnatural, standard of beauty, and then attempt to force their figures into a conformity with it. How absurd it is, if we would but think so, to suppose that a *disproportionately* slender waist, or small hand or foot, is a beauty; nay, that it is not a deformity, just as one disproportionately large would be; yet if an average sized woman can reduce by dint of pressure any one of these within the limits which would suit the size of a child six years old, she fancies she has attained the ideal of grace and beauty; as if there could be beauty without fitness and harmony of parts. If she would only

imagine how such a figure as she daily makes of herself would look in marble or bronze, she would perceive the manifest distortion of taste which it evinces. I do not know why I have been drawn into this "tirade" here, except that when travelling in a foreign country one's attention is more awake, and one is led to observe things which perhaps daily pass before one's eyes unnoticed at home.

One day I attempted to vary the scene by going out to look for woodcocks, but as I could not get dogs—and beaters were of course out of the question—I was, as you may suppose, unsuccessful. Birds, too, are very scarce, for the woodcock-shooting begins in June (as soon as ever the young birds can fly, in fact), and there is so good a market for them here that the neighbourhood is soon pretty well cleared. The hunters (as all "chasseurs" are called in this country) are exclusively professional; I have not yet met an American amateur sportsman.

On Sunday I attended divine service in a small church in the village; it was tolerably full, but not of the higher classes, and I recognised none of the faces which I had seen in the drawing-rooms, though many of those, whose acquaintance I had made there, professed to be "episcopalians." The bishop of New York preached an excellent sermon—simple, well composed, practical, and Catho-

lic in tone, and afterwards confirmed about twenty persons, among whom were some with grey heads, and one coloured girl, who had sat apart during the service. The American liturgy differs but slightly from ours. The most remarkable deviations are the omission of the Athanasian Creed, and the permission (which seems quite indefensible) to leave out or not at discretion the words, "He descended into hell" in the Apostles' Creed. I should be much disappointed at the non-attendance of "fashionables" at church, if the company here could be considered as at all adequately representing the average state of feeling and practice upon these subjects. This, however, for obvious reasons, is not likely to be the case; yet, after making every allowance, I cannot but think it is a bad symptom.

Some noted duellists have been pointed out to me here. There is one gentleman who wears a green shade over his eye, in consequence of a contusion which he received the other day from the rebound of a bullet, in practising for an affair of this kind. I had a good deal of conversation with some American gentlemen upon the subject, and heard some stories which astonished me not a little. The American system of duelling is quite different from ours, and far more consistent and rational: they never think of apologies on the ground, or

firing in the air, or separating after a harmless interchange of shots, which, in England, throw an air of bombastic absurdity over most proceedings of the kind. In America they "mean business," not child's play, when they fight duels, and never separate till one is killed or wounded. The usual plan is to fire at ten paces, and to advance one pace each shot till the desired effect is produced (the newspapers lately gave an account of a duel, where the parties fired six times each). The challenged has the choice of weapons; and pistols, muskets, or rifles are usually selected. Not long since a well-known individual, who, I see, figured as second in an affair that took place about a month ago, challenged another man, who had objected to his vote at an election for personation (which of course involved a charge of perjury), to walk arm-in-arm from the top of the Capitol with him. As this was declined, his next proposal was to sit upon a keg of powder together, and apply a match. However, even in this country, these were considered rather strong measures; and through the mediation of pacific friends, it was at length amicably arranged that they should fight with muskets at five paces. Each piece was loaded with three balls, and of course both parties were nearly blown to pieces: the challenger, however, unfortunately recovered, and is now ready for fresh

atrocities. Of course such a case as this is rare ; but I think I am right in stating that a bloodless duel is almost unknown. Now there is some sense in this, whatever one may say of its Christianity : a man is injured by another, he wishes to be revenged upon him, and takes the only method of effecting this which society will allow. In England we superadd absurdity. Our duellist, generally speaking, goes out upon the speculation that there is hardly, without avoiding guilt, any chance of a serious result : he commits what is confessedly and notoriously a breach of every law, divine and human ; not at the instigation of overpowering passion, which though of course it cannot *excuse* the crime any more than it could that of assassination, at least reasonably *accounts for* its commission ; but at the command of a perverted public opinion which he has not manliness or courage to defy, or for the gratification of a miserable vanity, which aims at obtaining (at a very cheap rate) the reputation of a hero at Limmer's or the Saloon. I think some late transactions have contributed to cast upon the practice some of the ridicule which it deserves : there is, too, a stricter feeling of morality and religion growing up, so that I do not despair of seeing this paltry caricature of a barbarous custom totally given up.

LETTER IV.

MONTREAL.

JOURNEY FROM SARATOGA.—INTERESTING COUNTRY.—
AMERICAN STAGES.—RAILROADS.—SCENERY.—LAKE
GEORGE.—TICONDEROGA.—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—LAST
WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.
—PROBABLE MODE OF CARRYING ON NEXT.—EFFECTS
OF POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS UPON CHANCES OF WAR.—
ST. JOHN'S.—AMERICAN CUSTOM-HOUSES.—CANADIAN
POPULATION.—ARMY IN CANADA.—MONTREAL.

Montreal.

THE road which I took from Saratoga runs northward, through a country famous in Transatlantic history and romance; for, as it formed the great pass between French and English America, almost every spot has been the scene of military operations. Glenn's Falls, Fort William Henry, Lake George, the "bloody pond,"—each has its name duly recorded in the accounts of the Seven Years' War; to me, as to most people, it is more familiar as the ground where the best scenes in Cooper's best novel, the "Last of the Mohicans," are laid,—just as at Liège every tourist runs to look for the scenes of Quentin Durward's adventures, and at Elsinour for the pond where Ophelia drowned

herself,— and it is even now so little cleared and settled, as to enable one, without any great effort of imagination, to recall the days of Hawk-eye, and Uncas, and the Sagamore — of the tomahawk, the rifle, and the birchen canoe.

The road is execrable, — in fact, nothing but a track in the sand, cut up by the rain (when I travelled on it) into gullies or rather ravines, which it seemed perfectly impossible to fathom with impunity: nothing but the most wonderful dexterity on the part of the driver, and the steadiness and strength of a team that would have done no dishonour to the Tantivy in the days when England was a coaching country, could have successfully brought us through. The Americans certainly understand their own material interests exceedingly well; and therefore when a foreigner even hints at what he fancies a fault in their management, he must do it with great diffidence; still I may be allowed to say, that I am surprised at the immense amount of capital which they have invested in railroads, while even in the most settled and civilised parts of the Union, the horse-roads are so bad after wet weather as to be almost impassable.* How can a railroad be productive that is not fed, if I may use the expression, by

* In this respect Mr. Dickens's sketches are hardly exaggerated.

cross-country roads? As it is at present in America, they merely serve as means of conveyance from one large town to another, for there are no omnibuses and private carriages waiting at the intermediate stations, as with us, to carry passengers in every direction into the interior (it is actually said, that in England, since the construction of railroads, the demand for coach and post-horses has not diminished). Now, considering that it is still doubtful to what extent railroads are applicable to the transport of raw produce or heavy goods (generally speaking), and also the extreme difficulty, at present, of getting to the railroads from the adjacent country, I cannot but think, that in many cases common roads would conduce more to commercial movement and exchange; the canals too, which are now almost forgotten in the complacency with which the effects of the railroad mania are regarded, will perhaps ultimately be found better adapted to the present stage of agricultural and commercial development. There is something very imposing in the idea of 1300 miles of continuous railroad, such as extends (with the exception of a few steamboat "trajets") from Portland in Maine to Savannah in Georgia; and I give the Americans full credit for the energy and enterprise to which the fact bears witness; but the question recurs,

are they ripe for it? Have they not gone a-head *too fast*? I fear the books of many of the railroad companies would bear me out in an affirmative answer. American railroads have been, in most instances, constructed (notwithstanding the dearness of labour,) at a much lower price than ours; they have never more than a single line of rails: the wood for "sleepers" is generally on the spot, and above all there is no compensation to be paid to proprietors whose farms and parks are invaded by the locomotive (their course was straight and unopposed through the forest); but still when we consider the immense distances and the scanty population, and above all the want of cross-country communications, I think we can account for the facts, that out of 200,000,000 of dollars which European capitalists have poured into America in the last ten years, only one half is now paying interest, and that, at this moment, the public works of many of the states are put up for sale to the highest bidder.

The country between Saratoga and Lake George is undulating and covered with forest; very pretty at first, but after a little time monotonous in the extreme. Tameness is the great fault of American scenery. It is the last thing one expects. A traveller comes from the old world filled with ideas of the sublimity and majesty which the

boundless forests, and vast lakes, and mighty rivers of the American continent must possess and display. Nothing can be more unfounded. In imagination, indeed, he may revel in the thought of the immense solitudes that stretch on all sides around him, and may moralize upon the littleness of man in the presence of his Creator's works, and the trifling part he plays upon the mighty scene; but as far as regards the direct effect of landscape upon the eye, all this, of course, does not apply. Vision has but a limited range, and if all within that range be tame and monotonous, it is but a poor consolation to reflect upon the geographical extent of country similarly characterized. Now in the northern part of America there are few striking features; you hardly ever see a bold rugged outline of mountain, or a naked precipitous rock. The hills are generally round and low, and covered with vegetation to the top; the colouring, too, is monotonous, except for a brief season in autumn: you have not the variety produced either by sterility or by cultivation; for the purple heather and the cold grey stone of European mountain scenery are wanting (heath, I believe, being absolutely unknown), and so, of course, is the smiling richness of a fully-peopled country.

The most remarkable exceptions to this general

character are to be found in the White Mountains of New Hampshire; but on the whole I have no doubt (speaking as well from the information of others, as from what I have seen myself) that the traveller who expects striking or sublime scenery in this part of America will be much disappointed. On the other hand, he will continually meet with scenes of calm and peaceful beauty, where the deep woods and glassy water suggest ideas of silence and solitude, and of living the life of a hunter or a hermit—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Such is the character of Lake George (why would they cockneyfy its euphonious Indian name of Horican?) and of the woods and hills which surround it; it is difficult to believe, till one recollects the vastness of the country, that one is in the heart of the wealthy, bustling, early-settled state of New York, so unbroken is the solitude of the forest. Deer are still sometimes, though rarely, seen; and an occasional bear comes down to feed upon the crops.

Ticonderoga, which stands at the head of Lake George, is classic ground; it is situated on a peninsula, commanding the communication with Lake Champlain, and the navigation of the latter. I thought, as I approached it, of the desperate fighting which took place here in 1757, and of which

I remember reading a graphic account in Stewart's military history of the Highland regiments. The only point at which the fort could be attacked was defended by a high breastwork, with the open space before it covered by felled oak-trees; as the leading battalions found these insurmountable, the Highlanders were brought up from the rear, and under a tremendous fire cut their way through the *chevaux de frise* with their broadswords. It was all to no purpose, however; when they arrived, after a terrible loss, at the breastwork, it was found impossible to storm it, and the troops were ordered to retreat, an order which the Highlanders did not obey till two-thirds of their number were killed or wounded.

The remains of the fort and lines are still plainly distinguishable, and their area, partially cleared, though not cultivated, forms a good foreground to one of the most beautiful views which I have seen in America. There is much more variety of surface and of colouring than usual, for the hills are broken and irregular in outline, and there is a good deal of cleared cultivated ground, which was then yellow with crops, and contrasted richly with the everlasting green of the forest. For my part, I soon tire of the Salvator Rosa landscape, of wastes and wilds, of "antres vast and deserts idle," and long for images of human

life and happiness. It is delightful to *visit* cataracts, and mountains, and forests, and enjoy the strong sensations they give birth to; but to *live in*, give me one of the agricultural districts of England, with its parks and manor-houses, cottages and gardens, cattle and cornfields, smiling faces and peaceful homes.

The steamers on Lake Champlain are pre-eminent among American lake and river boats for regularity, speed, and accommodations, and having thereby succeeded in deterring the opposition which everywhere else keeps down profits to the minimum point, pay better than those of any other company. The one I travelled by on my way to Canada, the Burlington, had a crew of forty-two men, and all her operations, such as lowering boats, &c., were conducted with the rapidity and precision of a man-of-war.

We passed Plattsburgh, the scene of our discomfiture under Sir George Prevost in 1813. We certainly managed very badly during the whole of that war; for with infinitely greater resources than those possessed by the enemy, we were always inferior at the point of action, and before its close the Americans had the entire command of Lakes Erie and Champlain. The fact was, that the imaginations of our people at home were filled with the grandeur and importance of the trans-

actions which were going on in Europe, and did not pay sufficient attention to what they only considered a colonial war; and yet what a difference it would have made to us, if the Americans had got possession of Canada, as they had fully made up their minds to do, and would have done, but for the courage and loyalty of the Canadians themselves! That war showed the extreme folly of hostilities between England and the United States, and the hopelessness of making any permanent impression, as far as the Northern States are concerned, on each other's territory. The Americans are precluded by their peculiar institutions from organizing or keeping in the field a force of any considerable amount or efficiency (two of the New-England States refused with impunity to supply their contingent of militia, simply because they did not approve of the war); and England is at such a distance from the scene of action, and has such a vast field of operations before her, that her troops can do nothing but make predatory expeditions, which are neither creditable nor advantageous, without a hope of *conquering* any district of country.

The *effective* plan for injuring the United States would of course be, to land an army of free negroes in the south, and proclaim liberty to the slaves; but the results of such a "Jacquerie" as

must ensue would be so terrible, in the plunder and violence which the infuriated blacks would commit, that a British statesman would find it difficult to persuade his countrymen of the lawfulness of such a measure, however clear its policy might be. The probability, however, that in the event of hostilities such a measure would be adopted, has, I see, been taken into consideration by the American authorities, during the course of the late misunderstanding between the countries. The secretary-at-war says, in his report of December 1st, 1841, "The works intended for the more remote southern portion of our territory particularly require attention. Indications are already made of designs of the worst character against that region, in the event of hostilities from a certain quarter, to which we cannot be insensible." And the secretary of the navy, in his report of the same year, observes that, "A war between the United States and any considerable maritime power would not be conducted at this day as it would have been twenty years ago. The first blow would be struck at us through our institutions. No nation, it is presumed, would expect to be successful over us for any length of time in a fair contest of arms on our own soil, and no wise nation would attempt it. A more promising expedient would be sought in arraying what are supposed to be the hostile elements of

our social system against each other. An enemy so disposed, and free to land upon any part of our soil, which might promise success to the enterprise, would be armed with a *fourfold* power of annoyance. Of the ultimate result of such incursions we need not be afraid, but *even in the best event* war upon our own soil would be the more expensive, the more embarrassing, and the more horrible in its effects, by compelling us at the same time to oppose an enemy in the field, and to guard against attempts to subvert our social system." The above passage is quoted in a little pamphlet which I have before me, written by Judge Jay of New York (and in an extremely amiable and impartial spirit) with a view of showing the folly and inexpediency of war in the abstract, the utter inadequacy of its most successful results to the expense and bloodshed which it entails, and (which is the pith of the question) the possibility of its utter "abolition." His comparison of the sacrifices with the results of almost all recent wars is striking and curious; but when he proceeds to propose as practicable the theory of a tribunal of arbitration for the differences between nations, I think he forgets the difficulty of enforcing its decrees. Nations, like individuals, will always be liable to the operation of dishonest motives, and the rogue will never submit to the decree of an arbitrator

who decides against him, unless the arbitrator is backed by sufficient force to compel him.

Nor does the apparent tendency towards democratic institutions make it more likely that prudence will prevail over passion in international concerns. Popular governments have always been prompt to war, for mobs are governed by impulse, they suffer less directly by the burdens which war imposes, and the irresponsibility of individuals removes the strongest barrier against caution. On the other hand, the progress of commerce, and the increasing power of the trading interest, have a highly pacific tendency, and where predominant will probably prevent any war from being of long duration. Of all countries in the world, England and America are the least likely to continue for a long time at war with each other. The cotton-planters of the south, and the manufacturers of Manchester, the cutlers of Sheffield, and the western farmers have too much need of each other to allow it; and though I must say I think the sovereign people in America very bellicose, and can well imagine the possibility of their plunging into a war, upon some wholly inadequate cause, yet I have no doubt that a year of hostilities would bring them to their senses, by the immense depression which all interests would suffer. On England the popular voice would be

slower in making itself felt, but equally effectual in the end; the people feeling the burdens and evils of the war, and not capable of appreciating the (perhaps) greater evils attendant upon a dishonourable peace, exercise sufficient influence to turn out any ministry who should persevere, as Pitt did, in refusing to yield to their wishes. A strong government, whether for good or for evil, there is not (though it is by no means impossible that such a one may be ultimately generated out of the anarchical elements which are floating in the political atmosphere), either in England or America; the executive is not now a power external and objective, curbing and directing the people, but more or less directly their representative, instrument, and echo. If this state of things affords us a security against war, it also has the disadvantage of diminishing our moral influence, of impairing the efficiency of our diplomatic, as well as our military operations, and of emboldening other countries to make aggressions, from which they would be deterred by the fear of a strong executive. If England is more pacifically inclined than other countries, it is because her policy is principally controlled by the monied and middle classes, and by those of the upper ranks who are sufficiently enlightened to see the dangers and the evils of war: America ought to avoid it as cau-

tiously, but *would not*, because the governing body has not such comprehensive views. I have no doubt that the Americans would have made such a proceeding as M'Leod's trial a *casus belli*, without a moment's hesitation. Among the continental governments, on the contrary, where the military class is all-powerful, and where the policy is directed by an irresponsible head, who feels none of the material suffering consequent upon war, there must always be a chance, limited chiefly by the poverty which most of them labour under, of frequent and long-continued wars, because they have comparatively little to lose by them. Democracy and despotism are both warlike, but the former is only calculated for sudden efforts, unless the internal state of the country be such that the *material* interests of the masses would not be promoted by peace: this was the case, perhaps, in France, during the first decade of the French revolution, but can very seldom occur. The influence of property constitutes the *pacific* element of a state; it is only in so far as popular institutions tend to the creation and diffusion of wealth that they obviate war; where they are of such a nature as to drown its voice in that of the lowest class, the "prolétaires," they have a decidedly opposite tendency.

Associations, as every body knows, are the rage

in America; we have seen abolition societies and temperance societies, and now there are "peace" societies exceedingly rife in New England, which correspond, I believe, with a convention in England. I fear till they have succeeded in bringing all countries under the dominion of the Prince of Peace, not only in name, but in truth, we shall have fighting among nations as well as among individuals; and in the meanwhile these gentlemen are wholly unjustifiable in abusing, as they sometimes do, our soldiers and sailors, whom they must admit to be as yet necessary, and who are certainly only doing their duty, and may perform it (as they often do) in a perfectly Christian and peaceful spirit.

With respect to the hostile feeling which is said to exist in America towards England, I think I must confirm the impression, as far as regards the masses of the population, if one may judge from the newspaper press, and the character of the speeches at public meetings; both of which must, to a great extent, be an index of popular feeling, as well as exercise a powerful influence in directing and fostering it in their turn. The statesmen of America, and the educated and wealthy classes generally, far from participating in this feeling, appear to me to entertain and express more friendly sentiments towards us than our countrymen in

general reciprocate ; but the popular mind, feeding as it does upon the absurd and exaggerated accounts of the miserable and enslaved state of the lower classes in England, and the pride and privileges of her aristocracy, and taught to consider her as the unnatural parent, and as the only powerful rival of America, politically and commercially, is certainly disposed to detract from her glory, and to exult in her misfortunes.

Towards the French, on the other hand, there is a much less respectful, but much more friendly disposition ; this is to be accounted for, partly by the grateful recollection retained by America of the services rendered to her by France in effecting her independence, and which contrasts strongly with the hereditary antipathy towards England nourished by the perusal of American history, partly also by the more sympathetic and hopeful views expressed by French travellers on the subject of America, but chiefly, I have no doubt, by the absence of causes of collision. The policy of France, and that of America, like two parallel lines, never meet ; they occupy different provinces of action, and never excite any feelings of rivalry or hostility. Again, the tone of society, and the general habits of thought and expression are far more aristocratic, *i. e.* far more repugnant to those of an American, in England, than in France. I

hardly ever heard of an American residing permanently in England, except for purposes of commerce; while, as every body knows, they occupy a very prominent position in Paris. Paris, not London, is the school of manners, as well as dress, for the travelling Americans of both sexes: its sentiments are imported with its fashions by the young *élégans* of New York and New Orleans*; and though these do not fill an important position in American society, still they are not wholly without influence in leavening the national character.

It is very important to consider these elements of popular feeling in America, as respects the great European nations, because upon that feeling depends American policy; we must recollect that whenever the masses raise their voices, so as not to be mistaken, the federal government must obey at once: whatever may be the opinion of statesmen, capitalists or judges, it is the popular feeling which must be conciliated, if the American government is to be our friend; and believing, as I do, in the importance to both countries of mutual good feeling, I am sorry and angry when I see people

* I hardly ever saw an American whom I could have mistaken for an Englishman; whereas I saw hundreds every day, whom, till they spoke, I should have passed by in Paris without observation as Frenchmen.

adding needlessly to the irritation for which there already exist so many natural and inevitable causes, for the sake of giving point to a story, and procuring sale for a book.

We arrived at St. John's on the Richelieu, soon after daylight, and had our baggage examined, or rather looked at by some sleepy-looking custom-house officers. We might have smuggled any amount of goods, as far as the capacity of our trunks would allow, without a chance of detection. This was also the case at the American custom-house at Boston, and in both instances I cannot but think that the courtesy which travellers may reasonably expect is carried to an improper pitch. Nobody can detest more than I do the inquisitorial and vexatious proceedings which a traveller has to undergo at the French and German frontiers; but surely there is a medium between such offensive strictness, and the carelessness of the American and Canadian "douanes."

There is a railroad from St. John's to La Prairie, fifteen miles long, the only one in the province: if in the States they have been in too great a hurry, constructing railroads without ascertaining whether there was business for them to do, in our provinces the contrary principle has been carried to perhaps an equal extreme;

not so much, probably, from calculation, as from the circumstance of possessing a smaller command of capital, and of being less actuated by that spirit of reckless and sanguine enterprise, which induces an American to go boldly forward, at any risk, and trust that the general progress which has accomplished such miracles already will bear him out.

I found myself in the midst of a mongrel-looking and mongrel-speaking population, who seemed to talk French and English equally well, or rather equally ill, and to exhibit tolerably equal proportions of French and English, with a dash of Indian blood. The admixture of aborigines is at once observable when the border is crossed; one might travel for months through the Atlantic states of the Union without meeting an Indian, except by chance (I think the only one I have seen was a wandering quack-doctor at Saratoga); but in Canada, which is less thickly peopled, they are still comparatively numerous. The French Canadians, too, fraternise with them far more than the English race; indeed the extent of the intercourse which exists is proved by the numbers of the half-breeds, almost all of whom speak French and Indian promiscuously. These form an important part of the population of Lower Canada, and comprise of course infinite gradations of colour and

feature, from the dark copper hue, high cheek-bones, and underlimbed figure of the full-blooded Huron, to the pure white and muscular proportions of the European race. An Indian is *all bust*, and tapers gradually downwards, the loins and lower limbs being thin and apparently weak; still his speed and powers of endurance in walking and running are unequalled. The keenest English sportsmen and best pedestrians in the province have acknowledged to me that they could not compete with the Indians or half-breeds.

At La Prairie, where I staid for a day with the 74th, after some very bad races, we had an exhibition of Indian ball-play; a good deal of address and great activity were shown, but of course there was none of that keenness and spirit which are described as characterising these contests in the western prairies: the players came from Caughnawauga, an Indian village about nine miles off, and showed comparatively but little red blood.

I now found myself again among friends and countrymen; there is a very large force in Canada (including embodied militia about 18,000 men), and mess-hospitality is unbounded; so that as long as a man continues to travel on the main roads and stop at the large towns he need never dine at his hotel. This is rather fortunate, for the inns in Canada are, it must be confessed, very inferior

to those of the towns in the States; they are exceedingly cheap, generally only charging one dollar per day for lodging and servants and unlimited meals (I forget how many); but they do not shine either in cleanliness or cookery. At La Prairie there are now two regiments, the 74th and the 7th Hussars. I was much struck by the excellence of the cavalry horses; indeed it is universally allowed that the two cavalry regiments now in Canada were never so well mounted before. Most of the horses come from Vermont, the Yorkshire of New England, and the price which is given by the British (125 dollars) is large enough to secure the pick and choice of the whole country; indeed, the Americans complain that they find it almost impossible to get a good horse now in Vermont, our soldiers having swept the market. The horses are generally large strong bays, showing a good deal of blood, and with high showy action, such as would bring in London for a gig or cab from forty to eighty guineas. The Canadian horse (or "punch," as he is called) is of a totally different stamp — short, plain, and cobbish, but extremely hardy and active; they generally bring from fifty to seventy-five dollars.

From La Prairie I crossed the St. Lawrence, here about six miles wide, to Montreal. The view of the town from the water is very fine; behind it

rises the mountain from which it takes its name, partly cultivated, partly covered with wood, and dotted at intervals with cottages and gardens and villas, belonging to the Montreal merchants. Under the mountain is a picturesque old château, with court-yard and turrets, reminding one of Normandy. It belongs to the Jesuits, who are, or were, seigneurs of the whole island of Montreal. Both here and in Quebec the roofs of the houses are covered with tin plates, which produce a most dazzling effect on a sunshiny day; it is only in so dry a climate as this, where you might leave a razor out all night without its showing a spot of rust, that such a plan could be practised. The Roman Catholic cathedral at Montreal is handsome, as far as regards the exterior; the interior arrangements are very paltry, from want of funds, probably, rather than of taste, for the architectural design of the whole is extremely good. It is not saying much for this church to call it the finest ecclesiastical building in North America*; but that so poor a people, comparatively speaking, as the French Canadians, should have erected it, is very curious and characteristic. With them churches

* I do not know, by the bye, whether there may not be handsome churches in the south and west, at New Orleans or St. Louis, where the population was originally Roman Catholic.

come first, railroads afterwards, which appears to us a very paradoxical arrangement. So it is in every part of the New World where the colonists were Roman Catholic, as at Havana and Lima. The first step taken by the colonists was to build a fort for the necessary purpose of defence, the second to build a church; and far from trusting to the economical principle that the demand should precede and would produce the supply, they built it on a scale quite incommensurate with the apparent and actual wants of the inhabitants. We point with exultation to the gratifying results of our own plan, to the moral and religious, as well as *political* superiority of the "Anglo-Saxon" race; there may be a question about that (it depends upon our definition of morality and religion): but admitting that it is so, that superiority is attributable to other things besides the fact that they made the church the *first* object, and we the *last*; whatever be our differences, we should take a lesson from them *in this respect*.

LETTER V.

QUEBEC.

STEAM-BOAT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—BANKS OF THE RIVER—QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS.—CONDITION OF THE “HABITANS.”—CAUSES OF THE LATE REBELLION.—POLITICAL VIEWS OF THE FRENCH PARTY.—SEIGNORIAL TENURES.—MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.—FIELD-SPORTS OF LOWER CANADA.

Quebec.

FROM Montreal I took the steamer for Quebec, and I must confess that to a novice the voyage, as at present conducted, is somewhat a nervous one. Two steamers start at the same moment, and race, literally neck and neck, the whole way. The pace is, as you may suppose, tremendous; one day this year the Montreal, a new boat, has run the 180 miles to Quebec in nine hours and seven minutes, including stoppages; and up stream they do it constantly in twelve hours.* The fires are

* This steamer, I may observe, burns *English* coal, which may be had very cheap at Quebec; it is brought as ballast by ships returning from England, as they often do, with a short cargo, or none. As yet, I believe, no coal-field has been discovered in the province, but it is to be hoped, that, when its geological formation shall be examined and explored more minutely than has hitherto been the case, this deficiency may be supplied. Coal is almost the only element of wealth which Canada does not already possess.

kept up so fiercely that a continual rush of sparks and burning cinders issues from the chimneys, producing a singular and picturesque effect during the night, and falling so thick upon the after-part of the boats that it is wonderful they do not catch fire oftener than is the case. The rival wharfs where the boats stop to "wood," and which lie close together, present a most busy and animated scene during the ten minutes which it requires to fill the holds and pile the decks, and then another struggle takes place for the lead at starting. I was in the oldest and worst boat on the line, and found the accommodations miserably small and dirty: but the new steamers are apparently quite equal to those on the Hudson and Lake Champlain, in every respect except cleanliness; the multitude of emigrants of the lowest class who travel by them, fresh (?) from a long sea voyage, puts *that* out of the question. The fare for a cabin passage is only two dollars, and this includes one, sometimes, in the case of a long passage, two meals; so that, as you get a night's lodging, it is hardly more expensive to travel these 180 miles than to remain at your hotel. The deck passage is only *one shilling!* All this cheapness and rapidity of communication is Lord Sydenham's doing: when he came out, one company had the monopoly of the St. Lawrence steam navigation, charged any

price they pleased, and spent sometimes from twenty-four to thirty-six hours *en route*. Lord Sydenham proposed to them a reduction of time and charge, and upon their refusal offered the mail and the government patronage to another company, to induce an opposition: the consequence is the unexampled benefit to the public which I have stated. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of Lord Sydenham's policy, all parties agree in acknowledging his great administrative talents, and the energy with which he applied them; the improvement of the provinces received an impulse during his government which could hardly have been conceived to be possible.*

* It seems to me that a tolerably close parallel, in many respects, might be drawn between the administration of Lord Strafford, in Ireland, and that of Lord Sydenham, in Canada. Both the characters of the men, and the circumstances in which they were placed, present much similarity. Each had to mediate between, and to mould to his purposes a minority, bold, self-relying, and democratically inclined, with a majority infinitely more manageable, though by circumstances estranged; each succeeded, by a strong hand and a determined will, in carrying with apparent unanimity measures which were at first distasteful to both parties; each was inflexible in purpose, and unscrupulous in the means which he employed for its accomplishment; each united, in different proportions, enlarged and comprehensive views of general politics, with minute attention to, and knowledge of, commercial details. If Lord Strafford had been in Canada, he would have organised a system of internal communications; if Lord Sydenham had been in Ireland, he would have created the

Nothing can exceed the beauty of Quebec and its environs ; till within ten miles of the town the banks of the St. Lawrence are tame and low, but the eye, accustomed to a wild, forest country, is refreshed by the appearance of old civilisation which meets it. I know of no parallel to the very peculiar aspect of this country : along the banks of the river, throughout the whole distance (180 miles), the houses form almost a continuous street, from which the farms run backwards in long narrow strips, divided by zig-zag fences of unhewn logs, about 300 yards in width, and from one to four miles in length, marking the form of the first concessions made to the censitaires, or occupiers, by the seigneurs. Cultivation does not extend above ten or twelve miles to the northward, where it is bounded by the original forest, and you may walk straight to the North Pole without meeting with a human habitation, except an occasional shanty, occupied by Indians hunting for the Hud-

linen trade ; the former would have intimidated the Canadian constituencies, the latter would have punished the Copnaught juries. One great and important difference there is ; the devotion to the interests of religion and the church, which imparts on the whole such an elevating and sanctifying tone to the character of Strafford (however inconsistently he may on some occasions have acted), seems to have had no influence upon Lord Sydenham's public career ; and this alone would be sufficient to establish the commanding superiority of the older statesman.

son's Bay Company. As you approach Quebec, the banks become bolder, more precipitous, and varied with wood and rock; and immediately round the town the scenery is certainly magnificent, I hardly know its equal: rocks, woods, cultivated fields, smiling villages, the broad blue river covered with shipping, the steep picturesque town, with its castled rock towering and frowning above all, and towards the north an amphitheatre of wood-covered hills forming the extreme boundary of civilisation, complete a picture to which I have seen nothing on this side of the Atlantic which can for a moment be compared. The town is not unlike the old part of Edinburgh, and though architecturally detestable, is interesting on account of the associations connected with it and its foreign character, for it is as completely French as Rouen.

The neighbourhood presents a thousand objects of picturesque and historical interest, each drive is prettier than the last, and I felt quite sorry at being obliged to allow myself so little time there. The Heights of Abraham and Wolfe's Cove, the Lake St. Charles, a very beautiful piece of water at the foot of the hills to the north, the Indian village of Lorette, the falls of Montmorency, and La Chaudière—in short, all the lions chronicled in the guide-books, have I duly perambulated, without any drawback to my enjoyment except the

badness of the roads and the roughness of my means of conveyance: a Quebec *char-à-banc* and a Quebec road suit each other and nothing else. In no part of the world have I seen a more beautiful country, or a more happily-circumstanced peasantry; they have no taxes whatever to pay, they enjoy the free and undisturbed exercise of their faith, and bear the support of their own clergy only; each man is the independent proprietor of his own farm; poverty and distress, in our sense of the words, are unknown; for if on any farm there are too many hands for its cultivation, they have only to occupy fresh land, which can be procured at a nominal price, or to go into the States, or the Upper Province, during the harvest, where an industrious man can earn a dollar a day at that season; (and the means of transport, as you have seen, are unrivalled in rapidity and cheapness;) in short, in the utter absence of all real and one would have thought imaginary grievances, it is at first sight quite inexplicable that they could have been induced to revolt, or indeed to wish for any change whatever. It is a most remarkable exception to the rule that generally holds good; namely, that the masses cannot be stirred into insurrection unless they labour under the pressure of some great practical grievance, fancied or real, which they hope to remove by revolt. I have

put the question, What did the "habitans" want? to a hundred people, French and English, and never could obtain a satisfactory answer. They all said "No one knows; it was neither more nor less than madness."

The fact is, that a few intriguing lawyers and political agitators, irritated by the growing ascendancy of the English race, and by not possessing what they considered a due share of political influence and executive patronage, went about preaching sedition among these simple "habitans," and disseminating the wildest theories about their becoming "une grande nation Canadienne," in which case gold would flow in upon them, and every thing go well: one village revolted, because they wanted to get rid of a toll-gate; another because the seigneur's mill was too far from them, and so on. By working upon these *grievances* the leaders encouraged disaffection to the government, and thus kept up their own political power: they did not, I believe, generally intend that an open insurrection should take place, for they must have known its hopelessness, but they had raised a spirit which they could not lay; and when the hour of danger came, most of them deserted the followers whom they had misled. The movement was abetted by a few republicans of English race, but the general feeling was anything but radical or American, and originated entirely in

jealousy of the English, absurd ignorance on the part of the people, and ambition on that of their leaders. They are bitterly sorry for their folly now; but of course the burnings and executions which took place during the rebellion, have not tended to allay the bad feeling which existed between French and English, and between the people and the government, so that at this moment, probably, the animosity of race is almost as bitter as it is described to be by Lord Durham. He satisfactorily proves his case, as far as regards the utter separation of the races since the troubles began; his mistake is in supposing that it has always existed, and must be irreconcilable.

The main root of all the difficulties that have occurred in Canada of late years, lies in the mistake made by Mr. Pitt, when he gave the Canadians a representative *constitution* in 1791. Of all people in the world they were the most unfitted for, and the least desirous of it; they were unenterprising, contented, ignorant; they were accustomed to the unquestioned authority of a governor sent from home, and possessed none of those local and municipal institutions, which to an Englishman and an American serve as training schools for political business; they were, in short, the best subjects that could be desired for a monarchy, and the worst possible citizens for a

democratic commonwealth. Lord Durham himself does them the justice to confess, that they are "mild, kindly, frugal, industrious, and honest, very sociable, cheerful, and hospitable, and distinguished for a courtesy and real politeness, which pervades every class of society." He goes on, indeed, to speak of the "freedom and civilisation" to which they would have been "elevated" by popular institutions; — by "freedom," meaning "political power;" and by "civilisation," the progress of material prosperity; — but surely it may well be questioned, whether these are not too dearly purchased, if at the price of the milder and more Christian virtues, of the character which he has described. It was decided, however, that they should not be happy in their own way; that they should enjoy the dignity of self-government, at least in theory and in name. Now the peculiar infirmity of the character of the French Canadians is one intimately connected with its best and most amiable points, namely, a contented ignorance and consequent inclination to rely too implicitly upon those in whom nature or circumstances have induced them to place confidence: this, no doubt, was expected to disappear under the "elevating" influence of a representative constitution; but unfortunately no such result has taken place: the Canadians have ceased, indeed, to be the peace-

able and loyal subjects of a mild and strong centralised government, but it has been in order to become the blind though effective tools of political agitators. They did not become so at once or speedily; it was long before they were taught to use the weapons with which they had been armed: they long returned English representatives to the Assembly, and continued careless of political matters, and undisturbed in their loyalty and affections to the British crown. In 1813, they saved the province by their military exertions, nor till within the last twenty years has any thing like a systematic opposition to government appeared among them.

From whence then did this opposition arise? It appears to me that it was the natural consequence of the course of policy pursued by Great Britain after the concession of the "constitution." The Canadian constitution was to have the form and similitude of the British; but the most important element of the original was to be left out. Great political power was given to them: but they were forbidden to use it in the manner which had come to be considered every where as natural and just; namely, as the means of acquiring for themselves control over the executive administration of public affairs. It is out of the question, in the nineteenth century in

the midst of a growing democratic feeling, and with the working of the British and American constitutions before men's eyes, to maintain a representative legislative assembly, without what is called "responsible government." It is of no avail to draw a distinction between a colony and an independent state: the imperial authority is represented in the province by the governor; and his veto upon measures which would compromise imperial interests, backed as it is by the military power of the mother country, is sufficient to secure the dependence and subordination of the colony: the "responsibility" of which I speak is that which the heads of departments employed exclusively in colonial matters should be under to the colonial parliament. Till a colony is fitted for exercising this power, it is not fit for a representative constitution; the former is now the necessary corollary of the latter. Without harmonious co-operation between the makers and administrators of the law, no government can work well. I fully admit the advantage of checks and precautions, lest the popular cry of the moment may prevail to effect ill-considered and unnecessary changes; I speak of the *permanent and habitual* relations which ought to exist. Reason would make one expect this; experience has proved it, and in no case more completely than in the history of Lower Canada.

The leaders of the French party, commanding a permanent majority in the Assembly, and debarred at the same time from participation in the official patronage, and from a control over the administrative policy of the state, threw themselves into a system of determined hostility towards a government with which they were not allowed to have sympathies and interests in common, and used the power which had unwisely and inconsistently been put into their hands, so as to bring the affairs of the province to a "dead lock."

It is really difficult to see how we should have extricated ourselves from the embarrassments of such a situation, had it not been for the suicidal insurrection which took place, and which gave to the British government a good excuse for altering the constitution altogether, and providing, by the union of the provinces, for a gradual establishment of British predominance in the whole. At the same time responsible government has been conceded; and though for some time its operation may be inconvenient, from the animosity and disaffection which the rebellion has left behind it, and the power which is still possessed by those whom such feelings actuate, still I have no doubt that both these sources of trouble will pass away under the operation of natural causes, and that the

majority of the Assembly will, at no distant time, be "British," both in race and sentiment.*

Though I am disposed to deny the existence of any "deep-rooted, irreconcilable animosity" to England among the French population generally, there can be no doubt that causes, other than political, have long had a tendency to produce a jealousy and uneasiness with respect to British influence, and consequently to predispose them, in some degree, to listen to the evil counsels of demagogues. In the first place, their priests, who have (as is natural among a simple, religious people) great influence over them, have a direct and positive interest in opposing the increase and advance of the British population. In defiance of every principle which we have been maintaining at home (as well as of the essential idea of a religious endowment), the payment of tithes with which we found the land burdened, and of which we guaranteed the assured possession, as of right, has been made dependent upon the religion of the

* I made the acquaintance at Quebec of some of the most eminent among the leaders of the French Canadian party (an advantage seldom enjoyed by English travellers), and as I afterwards associated largely both with members of what is called the British party in Lower Canada, and with the Tories of the Upper Province, I cannot at any rate accuse myself of coming to a conclusion upon *exparte* evidence. I conversed freely and unreservedly with all, and endeavoured to elicit the truth from a comparison of the opposing arguments.

occupier; *i. e.* a Roman Catholic may be compelled by law to pay: but if he becomes a Protestant, or a Mahometan, or an Atheist, he escapes payment, though he bought his land subject to the burden, and paid so much less in consequence. The same result of course takes place if a Roman Catholic sells to a Protestant, &c., so that there is a direct premium upon such a conversion or sale, and the priests are proportionably losers by it. I will not enlarge upon the unjust and disorganizing tendency of the principle involved in this system, and the enormous inconsistency which it presents with our European practice; I am now only concerned in pointing out the effect which it must have in producing an anti-British spirit among the clergy. They have always, it is true, been considered loyal to British *connection*, indeed it is still very much their interest to be so, for if Canada were to become incorporated with the United States, they well know what the result would be with respect to tithes; but it is impossible for them not to look with an evil eye upon the growing preponderance of the British race in the province. Their religious feelings, as well as their temporal interests, forbid it, and induce them to exert all their influence in preserving the exclusively French character of the country. It is difficult to reconcile the statements of the great

influence and unsullied loyalty of the clergy, with the universal disaffection of their flocks; and I can only account for it on the supposition that that influence was neutralized to a great extent by the inconsistent nature of the interests which it was exerted to support: the *anti-English spirit* which they had cultivated, was too strong for the *loyalty to Great Britain* which they would have wished to accompany it; and the people were found to listen more willingly to those who directed their attacks against the British government as well as the English race, than to their spiritual advisers.

Another source of disaffection was the fear of interference on the part of the government with their laws and customs respecting tenure; these are, as you know, peculiar, and of a feudal nature. Grants were originally made by the crown of large tracts of land on the banks of the rivers, called seigneuries, on condition that the seigneurs should regrant them in subdivisions to any body who would engage to clear and cultivate them. The rent which the seigneur is allowed to demand for these "concessions" is very moderate, sometimes almost nominal, and the principal part of his income consists in a duty called lods et ventes, of one thirteenth of the purchase-money upon every transfer by sale (not by devise or de-

scent) of property within his seigneurie: this, of course, operates to a certain extent as a discouragement to the investment of capital in improving land, as the toll which the seigneur is entitled to claim rises in proportion to the rise in its value; being a tax upon sales, too, it necessarily tends to keep land out of the market, and is peculiarly distasteful to the English, as being the aggressive, or purchasing interest. In other respects the occupier is, to all intents and purposes, the proprietor of his farm, as the rent can never be raised; and he may keep it, or dispose of it, as he pleases. The seigneurs were empowered to reserve a certain "domaine" in each seigneurie, in their own hands, generally about half a league square; the water-powers also belong to them, which occasionally turn out very profitable. On the other hand, the seigneur is bound to make roads, and build mills at prescribed distances, at which his tenants are bound to grind their corn. Upon the sale of a seigneurie, one fifth of the purchase-money goes to the crown as seigneur suzerain; and to preserve this source of revenue, it is forbidden by law to dismember them, by compounding with the tenants for rents and incumbrances. The old seignorial families have almost all gone to decay; and but for the tax upon sales, I suppose nearly all the seigneuries

would, ere now, have passed into the hands of merchants and capitalists. A commission is sitting in order to report upon the expediency of removing that tax, and a commutation of all seigniorial rents and dues is also under discussion; it has already taken place in the island of Montreal, by special enactment, and the English population are very anxious to have it made compulsory every where. The Canadians, on the contrary, wish things to remain as they are; and I confess I cannot see the justice or expediency of irritating them by cramming reform down their throats. The whole system, though certainly inconsistent with the strict principles of political economy, and consequently *pro tanto* unfavourable to material progress, is not, by any means, really burdensome: the occupiers are far more independent of their landlords than is the case in any European country; and it is only the neighbourhood of the United States and Upper Canada, where the tenant is almost always owner in fee simple, which makes the English colonists discontented with the tenure which they found, bought the land subject to, and voluntarily submitted to hold by. It is quite right to afford facilities for commuting, when both parties wish it; but I greatly dislike the fashion which prevails of disregarding habits, and feelings, and vested rights, in the pursuit of

what is called "the good of the whole," that is, generally speaking, the increased wealth of a noisy minority.

I confess I have a strong sympathy for the French Canadians; they are "si bons enfans." I remember canvassing at Boston with an American gentleman the expression used with regard to French Canada, by a late English traveller, that it was "a province of Old France, without its brilliancy or its vices." My friend's remark was, "What remains after so large a subtraction?" But I thought, and still think, the expression graphic and just. There remains a "fonds" of contentment, *gaieté de cœur*, politeness springing from benevolence of heart, respect to their superiors, confidence in their friends, attachment to their religion—a character, in short, resembling what Madame de Larochejaquelein describes as existing among that part of the French population which had not been poisoned by the age of Louis the Fifteenth and the Revolution. If the Americans get hold of them, however, they will soon, to use an expressive phrase of their own, "improve them off the face of the earth," for they look upon them simply as obstacles to the necessary march of the times. Improvement, no doubt, in agriculture, road-making, commercial enterprise, and "economical" progress of all kinds,

they are much in want of; but there are tendencies in modern society to many things so much worse than bad roads and bad farming, that it would not, by any means, grieve me to see them remain as they are. The shortest and surest way to spoil them, was to give them political power, throw them into the hands of demagogues, and then force those demagogues into opposition and disaffection. *Hic fons et origo malorum est.*

Quebec is full of guardsmen, most of whom are very anxious to get out of the country, of which they are heartily tired. At first, I can fancy a *séjour* here presenting a very agreeable variety, but men accustomed to London can seldom bear to live so long away from it as four years. The field-sports are tolerable; there is pretty good snipe and duck shooting, and on the Saguenay, about seventy miles down the river from Quebec, excellent salmon fishing. I have heard of performances there which quite surpass anything to be met with in Norway, as far as regards the number of fish caught, but the average size was not so good. In winter the only sport is moose hunting; and last year these animals were so numerous, and the state of the snow so favourable for running them down, that the officers of one battalion killed, I think, fifty during the season. They describe it as rather tame work; no skill is required, and

sometimes very little trouble, for if the snow is soft and deep the moose gets knocked up immediately, and you have only to despatch him at your leisure: however, when the snow is hard, he gives a long and exciting run (upon snow shoes too, which are any thing but a pleasant *chaussure*), and the hunters have to bivouac very often in the woods. I wonder why the skidor or snow-skates, which are used in Norway and Sweden, have never been introduced here.* I suppose, however, the ground is seldom open enough here for any considerable distance to use them with effect. There are also a few of the cariboo (the American name for reindeer) to be met with as far south as Quebec, but they are very difficult to get at. I only heard of one being killed last winter.

The society at Quebec is not on a pleasant footing for military men quartered there, being divided so strictly into French and English, and the former, who predominate, not mixing nearly so willingly with the latter here as at Montreal. For the sake of the field-sports, however, I think the officers generally prefer it.

* An experienced performer will run with them *on favourable ground* at from six to eight miles an hour. There used to be a corps in the Norwegian army practised in the use of the skidor, and taught to go through their evolutions on them.

LETTER VI.

MANOR-HOUSE, A——L.

IRISH EMIGRANTS. — THEIR LOYALTY. — TRADE OF MONTREAL. — LOSS OF THE SHAMROCK. — HIGH-PRESSURE STEAMBOATS. — SCENERY OF THE OTTAWA. — ADVANTAGES POSSESSED BY ENGLISH CLIMATE. — ITS EFFECTS ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY. — THE MANOR-HOUSE. — PROSPECTS OF EMIGRANT FARMERS IN LOWER CANADA. — VILLAGE CHURCH. — WHEAT CROP. — THE “FLY.”

FROM Quebec I returned by the steam-boat to Montreal. We had a number of emigrants on board, and all the evening there was wonderful fiddling and dancing of jigs among the Canadian boatmen and the Irish emigrant girls. The former are quite French in their love of festivity: there used, I am told, to be a good deal of drunkenness among them, but almost every individual is now a member of a temperance society, and consequently very little drinking goes on. My countrywomen, too, seemed nothing daunted by the effects of their sea-voyage, or the thoughts of the change of scene and fortunes which they were undergoing, and the merriment and noise were unbounded. There has been an immense emigra-

tion this year already, and it is not near over yet: 37,000* have been entered at the port of Quebec, besides a large number (which I have heard variously stated at from 5000 to 20,000) who have come over from the United States, not finding employment there in consequence of the discontinuance of public works, and the general stagnation which prevails. When an emigrant ship arrives, those who are in want of servants or labourers go down to the wharf, so that a man is often hired within five minutes of his landing. Generally, however, they refuse to stop in the lower province, very foolishly as it often turns out: but Upper Canada is their Eldorado; besides, the climate here is so severe that they are afraid of it. There are a good many Irish about Montreal and Quebec, but very few go out into the country; indeed there is not the same demand for them here as in the Upper Province and the States, for the French Canadian population form (what is *there* altogether wanting) a *permanent* labouring class. The British never look upon

* The total return at the end of the year was 45,000, which was the greatest increase to the population of the province that ever took place in one year. In 1832 (I think) the number entered at Quebec was 52,000, but at that time the current of transmigration ran into, not out of, the United States, and carried away perhaps a fourth of that number.

service or labour in any other light than as a means of saving sufficient money to buy and stock land with; so that as they go off, there is a continually recurring demand to be supplied. It is singular that in the late rebellion there were no instances, I believe, of the Irish Roman Catholics joining the insurgent Canadians; this circumstance shows that the war possessed nothing of a religious character, but was the result entirely of national or generic influences.

At Montreal I met D——, who has got leave of absence for a month, and is going up to the Falls with me. Our present abode is the manor-house of a seigneurie on the banks of the Ottawa, where we have been most kindly and hospitably received by a gentleman to whom we had letters of introduction, and who is agent to the proprietor. We came by stage to La Chine, to avoid the rapids; there is also a canal, which serves the same purpose for the small steamers which ply on the Rideau, and carry on the principal part of the provision trade between the Upper Province and Montreal; a trade, of the extent of which I had no idea before. The town itself is rich and flourishing, though at the present moment suffering under a temporary depression, similar to, and partly consequent upon, that which prevails at home. Commercial distress, however, here as in

the States, exhibits a very different aspect from that which is presented by a similar state of things in Europe. Capitalists fail, and incomes are reduced perhaps one half; but what we call destitution, that is, starvation, is unknown. There is still a sufficient disproportion between the demand for and the supply of labour, to leave a wide margin round the minimum rate of wages,—that namely, which enables the labourer to purchase the necessary articles of subsistence for himself and his family. A traveller would observe no difference in the apparent occupation of the people; their wages fall, indeed, though not in proportion to the fall of profits, but they are still high as compared to our rates, and no individual is ever thrown on the community for support. There are neither beggars nor poor-laws in Canada, and though both must eventually come, I trust that time is yet distant.

From La Chine we came up the Ottawa or Grand River by steam. Close to the mouth of it we passed the wreck of the Shamrock, a small high-pressure steamer or “puffer” as they are called here, which blew up some time ago on her passage from Montreal to Kingston. Sixty-three lives were known to be lost; in fact, the boat flew all to pieces, and shattered, besides, two barges which she was towing. Almost all the

sufferers were English agricultural emigrants, many of them small capitalists (the class of all others which makes the best colonists), who had all their money with them. Thirty or forty were saved, and the scenes which took place after their landing are described as heart-rending: in one case a family of young children were left orphans and penniless, the father and mother having been killed; wives had lost their husbands, and parents their children; in fact, I think there was but one *family* which escaped without the loss of a member — they happened to have taken their position all together close to the stern, the only part of the boat which held together, and they only escaped (to use the scriptural phrase), “with the skin of their teeth;” all their property was lost. This terrible accident has naturally created a great sensation, and produced strong representations to the government as to the expediency of prohibiting the use of high-pressure boats, and of checking the reckless emulation which opposition is producing on the St. Lawrence. For my part, if people with their eyes open like to run the chance of being blown up for the sake of cheapness and speed, I do not see that it is at all the province of government to interfere; if there were a demand for slower pace and greater care, it would no doubt be supplied; and it is far better to let

the public take care of its own interest in these matters. With the emigrants, however, perhaps this principle does not apply; for, from their ignorance and inexperience, they can hardly be said to be free agents, and always take the cheapest route, without farther inquiry: at least every means should be taken to warn them of the risk they incur. It is only within the last year or two that high-pressure steamers have been introduced into the Canadian waters at all, and they swarm now upon the Rideau, for the canal navigation of which they are peculiarly well adapted, on account of the smaller space which their engines require. Wood, too, is still cheap in these parts, so that the additional quantity which they consume is not of so much importance; and they are spared the expense attending the condensing apparatus both in first cost and subsequent repairs.

The scenery on the Ottawa is pretty, though tame, and varied by rapids, more or less steep and intricate. It is the scene, you know, of Moore's song, beginning, —

“Ottawa's tide, the trembling moon,” &c.

And St. Ann's, where the boatmen hoped to “sing their evening hymn,” is about half-way between this place and La Chine: formerly it was the outpost of civilisation in this direction;

and at the church there, those who started on, or returned from, a voyage through the wilderness, performed their devotions.

This is a complète specimen of a "settlement" of the better order: the house is prettily situated in a small clearing on the banks of the river, and is surrounded by beautiful forest scenery, from which it derives, by the way, an unlimited supply of mosquitoes.

In comparing the advantages of our climate with those of others, we do not, I think, lay sufficient stress upon the absence of this most detestable of plagues. Where there is much wood and water, they wholly prevent walking in the summer with any degree of comfort, for the moment you get under the shade of the trees they attack you; and a new-comer, unaccustomed to their attacks, soon becomes absolutely "méconnoissable" from the effects of them. The moment the candles are lighted of an evening, they swarm into the house: in vain you strive to exclude them by shutting windows and doors; the only result of your precautions is to keep out the fresh air; the mosquitoes laugh at them; and then at night! —but the misery of a mosquito-haunted night surpasses so far my powers of description that I will not attempt it. It is curious that with old settlers mosquito bites do not swell or inflame, as

in the case of novices ; but even the most experienced hunters suffer enough to make them “taboo” the woods in the hot season, unless driven into them by necessity.

Not only in this, but in other respects, the more I travel the more reconciled I become to our own much-abused climate, both because it permits (as Charles the Second said) out-of-door exercise for more hours in the day, and more days in the year, on an average, than any other, but also because I feel sure that its temperate, moist character is more favourable to the production of a vigorous robust habit of body. If the superiority in breadth and depth of chest, strength of limb, and general development of muscle which distinguishes the upper class in England from that of other countries were peculiar to that class, one might attribute it to the practice of field sports, and other habits of life, which perhaps depend as much upon the structure of society as upon climate ; but it certainly appears to me that the same difference in favour of England is observable among the commercial and labouring classes, the former of which must be equally sedentary, the latter pretty equally the reverse, in all countries ; or at least, if there be a difference, that difference is attributable to climate, and may fairly be set down among its advantages. A very able and intelligent traveller,

Mr. Laing, who is well acquainted with continental Europe, remarks that such men as form our household troops and the grenadier companies of our regiments of the line, hardy, muscular, broad-shouldered, well-limbed men, are hardly to be met with abroad ; and my own observation, both there and in America, induces me to agree fully in his view. In America, particularly, no man who can help it ever walks any distance, and very few ride on horseback. You see young men driving about in carriages and waggons every where, both in town and country, and nothing surprises them more than the proposal of a long walk, either for purposes of sport or exercise. In summer, the weather is too hot and relaxing ; in winter, the cold is too great, and the snow is on the ground, which makes walking, except on beaten roads, disagreeable ; and in spring, the country is all cut up with rain and melting snow, so that the latter part of the autumn is the only season of the year which really suits for active exercise on foot.

Between American and English women the difference in apparent health, vigour, and *embonpoint* is as remarkable as among the men ; this indeed is universally admitted ; and most American patriots consider the difference as in favour of the American style of beauty : but surely those

who do so, lose sight of the true principles of taste. The pleasure which the sight of beauty produces, like that which is derived from the sound of music, depends (whether we know it or not at the time) upon the associations which its character suggests to the mind; and in proportion as it indicates the existence of more or fewer of those endowments, spiritual and physical, which contribute to make the individual a perfect specimen of the kind, it approaches more or less nearly to perfection itself. Now if this theory be sound—and I think it can hardly be disputed—how can those peculiarities of form or feature—such as extreme delicacy or paleness of complexion, unnatural transparency of skin, or disproportionate slenderness of waist or limb—which indicate more or less plainly weakness or disorder, that is, defect and imperfection of some part of the animal organisation, be otherwise than repugnant to the true “idea” of beauty, by marring the completeness and harmony which is of its essence? I fully admit that the effect of a highly spiritualised, though sickly—or as it is, *euphoniæ gratiâ*, called—delicate countenance, may and ought to be most pleasing, and of a far higher character than that produced by one which exhibits the most robust health *without* intellectuality. I only contend against the idea, which I hear constantly put for-

ward, that beauty may be absolutely *enhanced* by appearances which suggest the absence of health and vigour in all their fulness and perfection. But this is a digression. That the acknowledged deficiencies in this respect, which affect female beauty and its early decay, are attributable, in a great measure, to the dryness of the climate, and its extremes of heat and cold, I am confirmed in believing, by the opinion of a very intelligent American physician, who told me that in many instances he had known American ladies recover flesh, complexion, and youthful appearance, by a residence in England, after having lost them here, apparently for life. The converse, that is, the deterioration of those characteristics among emigrants, is obvious, and nearly universal.

Our hosts complain a good deal of the want of society, and still more of the want of servants: the last is a serious grievance to people accustomed to be waited upon. They never can get any but raw labourers, such as

“ Dall’ alte selve irsuti manda
La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda ”—

just landed, and wholly unaccustomed to indoor work; and by the time the employers have succeeded in training them a little, they have probably saved some money, and go off to try their fortune in taking land, which is the great object

of every body's ambition here. I was a good deal amused by discovering in Mr. ——'s present menial a fellow-*county* man, from the mountains of Leitrim, very lately caught.

There is a good demand for labour here, at two shillings for a day's wages; and the supply from emigration is, as in all the agricultural districts of Lower Canada, by no means so large as one would expect. Provisions are cheap—1s. per bushel for oats; 1s. 8d. per bushel for barley; from 2d. to 3d. per lb. for beef and mutton, and not above three farthings per lb. for pork, are the common prices. Wheat will be this year probably not more than 3s. per bushel; building, too, is very cheap, from the abundance of material, but all articles of luxury are dear, particularly manufactures. I am inclined to think that in the mania for Upper Canada people injudiciously neglect the Lower Province. The climate is certainly far more severe here, and consequently as an agricultural country it can never rival Upper Canada; but on the other hand, cleared land here does not cost more than wild land farther west, in consequence of the unpopularity of the seignorial tenures, and the desire that the British emigrants have to be among their countrymen. In the mean time, the French Canadians, who have no idea of manuring or succession of crops, are ready

to sell their farms for a very small sum when they have "exhausted" them, as they call it. It takes three or four years to get the land into heart again; but it is then very good, and generally more convenient to markets than is the case in the Upper Province. A respectable English farmer told me the other day that he had bought ninety acres of land, which would be worth 30s. a year, per acre, in England, all cleared, and free from rent and every encumbrance, for 560*l*. There have been hitherto obstacles to such purchases, produced not only by the tax upon sales, which I mentioned before, but by the difficulty of discovering the mortgages and other charges affecting the land, and consequently of getting a secure title; but now the latter will be removed: for under Lord Sydenham's administration registry offices have been established every where, at which all encumbrances must be registered before the 1st of January next, and after that time it is expected that a great deal of property will change hands. For this very reason, in addition to motives of more general applicability, the measure, so obviously desirable in an economical point of view, has always been more or less avowedly opposed by the French Canadians, from an instinctive reluctance to facilitate the acquisition of property by

individuals of British race; nor would there, I am told, have been a chance of carrying it through the House of Assembly, as formerly constituted.

One of the chief disadvantages attending the position of English emigrants in Lower Canada is the want of educational establishments conducted on the principles of the Church of England. I am glad to hear that this deficiency is about to be supplied by the establishment of a grammar-school and college at Lenoxville, in the eastern townships. The government has made a considerable grant towards it, and all the shares which were left in the market (of 25*l.* each) have been taken up. The Bishop of Montreal is to be the principal, and the model of our universities is to be followed as far as circumstances will admit. All the pupils will board and lodge within the walls, so as to be subject to the rules and discipline of the institution, and it is to have the power of conferring degrees of Law, Divinity, and Medicine. I hear the buildings are in progress, and will soon be ready for the reception of students.

Most part of this seigniory is peopled by English and Scotch settlers; there are also some Americans, who are as usual the most active and prosperous farmers on the estate, and invariably prosper, and a colony of Irish, who are very much

the reverse. Mr. — tells me they are all deeply in debt, even at the very low rent which they are liable to pay (1*l.* 4*s.* per lot of ninety acres), and cannot be prevailed upon to exert themselves, or improve their condition.

On Sunday we went to church at a neighbouring village, where we saw a congregation of very well-dressed and respectable-looking people: they almost all came on horseback or in the waggons of the country, which during service were tied to the railings of the churchyard. As in all the American villages, there are here places of worship for more varieties of Protestantism than Bossuet ever dreamed of. After service, we visited some of the farmers' and peasants' houses. The latter were French Canadians, and delighted me much by the courteous, respectful — I was going to say gentlemanlike — manner with which they received, and talked to us. Their language is of course not Parisian, but perfectly intelligible to any one who is a tolerably good French scholar, much more so indeed than is the case in many of the provinces of old France. The houses are generally good-sized, tolerably furnished, and clean; the beds particularly comfortable-looking, and there is invariably a large stove. The costume of both men and women is picturesque, from the variety of colours which they make use of.

The former wear a light grey jacket and trousers, invariably a red sash round the waist, and a blue woollen cap; the latter a dark bodice, blue or red petticoat, and high head-dress, like that which is worn in the south of France—ribands and handkerchiefs to a dazzling amount: both sexes wear moccasins instead of shoes. These Canadian labourers live in a kind of rustic plenty, eating meat every day except “jours maigres,” and having always barley and oaten meal *ad libitum*. Till within the last three or four years they always had wheaten bread, each man growing enough for his own consumption; but latterly they have almost ceased to sow any on account of the “fly,” of which we have been hearing so much, and are reduced to live on the inferior grain, which is considered a great hardship. This fly has come up, like all barbarous invaders, from the eastward, and having ravaged Maine, New Brunswick, and the Quebec district, is now threatening the frontiers of Upper Canada. No preservative has been discovered against its attacks; but in those districts where it first appeared they got rid of it, I am told, by ceasing to sow any wheat for two or three years, so that it died out, for want of nourishment, and this plan will probably be adopted by common consent throughout this

province. The Upper Canadians look upon the approach of the fly with great dread, as it almost entirely destroys the wheat crop. The wheat grows up and shoots into ear, the ear fills, and apparently ripens, and an inexperienced eye might fancy that the crop was quite healthy and promising; but a closer examination will show the heart of each grain completely eaten away, so that nothing is left but the husk and the fly within it. I examined several fields in this neighbourhood, and found them all more or less infected. The wheat sown in the autumn has, it seems, the best chance of escaping, as much of it ripens before the fly makes its appearance; but the winter of Lower Canada is considered too severe to admit of this plan being generally adopted; all the old settlers, at least, sow their wheat in spring.

Yesterday we drove to another village on the seigniory about nine miles off, where the seignior has a mill, according to one of his privileges, or duties. The drive through the woods and clearings was pretty, and the weather lovely in the extreme. For the last week it has been hot, but not oppressive, and with a peculiar haze in the atmosphere, such as I have never seen at home, which tempers the glare of the sun, and produces a beautiful softening effect upon the scenery.

D—— went out with his gun in a canoe with a Canadian, and brought home two wild ducks. We have been bathing occasionally from a raft in the river, but find the enjoyment hardly worth the trouble of undressing and dressing under a burning sun.

LETTER VII.

KINGSTON.

BYTOWN. — CHAUDIÈRE FALLS. — “LUMBER” TRADE. —
 POLICY OF THE LATE ALTERATION IN THE TARIFF. —
 RIDEAU CANAL. — VOYAGE TO KEMPTVILLE. — FOREST
 CLEARINGS. — SCENERY OF THE WOODS. — THE “THOU-
 SAND ISLANDS.” — KINGSTON.

Walmsley, August.

AFTER leaving our friend Mr. ——’s hospitable roof, we proceeded by stage round the rapids to Grenville, and from thence by steam to Bytown, altogether some eighty miles, a night’s work, arriving there at four o’clock in the morning. Bytown is a very singular-looking place, situated on the top of a high rocky hill, the sides of which are covered with brushwood, principally cedar, and very precipitous: it might be made, I should think, a second Gibraltar, in point of strength; for which reason, as well as from its central position, it has been suggested, that the seat of government, for the United Canadas, should be established there. From the highest point, where the barracks are placed, there is a beautiful view of the Ottawa, studded with islands and broken by rapids, and especially of a fine fall, called (like

many others in Lower Canada) the Chaudière, about half a mile above the town, which places a bar to the further navigation of the river. Above the falls the river is again navigable, and there is steam all the way up to the head of the Lake des Chats, which is now the principal seat or channel of the "lumber" trade. Formerly the fur traders took this route in starting upon their annual trips into the wilderness; but since that time the adjacent regions have been so thoroughly hunted out, that they find it better to penetrate at once into the far north-west by way of Lake Superior and the Red River. In those days Montreal was the chief depôt of the fur trade; now, for the reasons which I have stated, they all go northward, and are embarked from Hudson's Bay for England; so that the very furs, which are sold in Quebec and Montreal, have made a voyage across the Atlantic, and been dressed in England. This sounds strange to us, who naturally suppose that buffalo and racoon skins, &c. must be far cheaper in their native country than in Europe, whereas the reverse is the case.

On one side of the Chaudière falls an inclined plane has been constructed for the descent of timber-rafts, and while we were there we saw one go down it with great rapidity: it seemed pleasant and safe, but occasionally, we were told, lives

are lost by the breaking up of a raft in the descent. Bytown owes its origin to the Rideau canal, which here strikes the Ottawa, completing the line of communication between Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence: it was made by the direction, and at the expense, of the Imperial government, subsequently to the late war, for the purpose of affording a secure military communication between the provinces, in case the navigation of the St. Lawrence should be in the power of the Americans. In the mean time it serves a very important commercial purpose, pending the completion of the St. Lawrence canal. The level of the Rideau is here eighty feet above that of the Ottawa, with which it is connected by eight magnificent locks, each ten feet high. I am not engineer enough to appreciate the full merit of these works, which have immortalised Col. By, their constructor; but even to my unscientific eye they appear wonderful, covering the face of the hill like a gigantic flight of steps. Fifteen years ago there was not a tree cut in the forest where Bytown stands, and it now, I am told, numbers upwards of 3000 inhabitants. The effect of this rapid growth is very curious (as regards the appearance of the place)—it is, in fact, half a town and half a wood: the stumps are scattered through the gardens of the houses, and pine-trees

through the streets, so that points of view might actually be selected in the middle of the town where you would almost lose sight of buildings altogether, and might fancy yourself in the primeval forest. When we arrived, there were no less than five steamers at the wharf, and many more arrived and departed in the course of the day, though trade is unusually stagnant, and every body is complaining.

There is hardly a person in or about Bytown who is not connected with the lumber (*i. e.* timber) trade, which, by the recent alterations in the tariff, reducing the protection of colonial against foreign timber from 45*s.* to 24*s.* per load, has been, for the present at least, almost annihilated; for, owing to the enormous supply which has been poured into the market for the last two years, and the sudden check given to the demand by the expectation of getting cheap timber, when the new duties come into operation, and of a large supply from the Baltic, there is now at Quebec alone a quantity said to be sufficient for the whole expected consumption of the next year, even if not another tree be cut. It is impossible but that when so important an alteration is made there must be much individual suffering, before capital and labour can be diverted into new channels; and, perhaps, a sufficient time was not allowed, nor sufficient warning

given to those whose interests were at stake: but there is no subject on which I find well-informed and disinterested people so unanimous as they are in considering the enormous protection and encouragement given to the colonial lumber trade as not only wasteful on the part of England, but absolutely prejudicial to the colony.

The plan pursued in the trade is this: the "lumberer," generally a settler up the country, who has little or no capital of his own, contracts with a merchant in Quebec or Montreal for the supply of a certain quantity of timber; the latter then advances to him large quantities of pork, flour, &c., for winter supplies, and he proceeds to hire axemen, to the number which he requires, from ten to fifty; with these he plunges into the woods about October; and when he has arrived at the place which he has selected, and where he has obtained leave from the crown to cut timber, he begins operations by constructing "shanties," or log huts, where the men live during the time that they are at work. They "chop" all the winter, drawing the logs, as they cut them, to the rivers, and laying them, after being marked, upon the ice, so that when the thaw comes they are floated down to certain points where booms are placed, and where the respective owners collect their own logs, form them into large rafts, and float them

down to Quebec, where the current price at the time is paid by the contractor, the value of his advances being deducted. Now though in good years this current price may not only repay all charges, but leave a large profit to the lumberer, yet at other times the price, dependent on the demand in England, may be so low as to leave him unable to repay the advances which have been made to him, and discharge the wages of the woodmen; in which case he "breaks," and there is an end of him. A peculiarly gambling and irregular character is thus given to the trade, and constitutes one of the great objections to it; but another and still more important one is, the moral effect which it produces upon the axemen employed, (whose numbers are so great as to leaven, to a very important extent, the character of the whole population,) and the impediment thrown in the way of agricultural operations by the immense wages which they earn. These men, generally Canadians, half-breeds, and Irish of the lowest description, have actually been in the habit of receiving eighteen and twenty dollars per month, besides their "keep" while in "shanty." This is paid to them all at once, at the end of their six or eight months' work, when the timber is disposed of, and the consequence is, that becoming suddenly possessed of, perhaps, 30*l.*, and thrown among the temptations of a large town, after a long sojourn in the woods, they

plunge into every kind of debauchery and extravagance, and frequently at the end of a fortnight are as penniless as when they arrived. In the mean time, the premium offered by the lumberers is so high, that it is impossible, in any of the neighbouring districts, for the farmer to get an able-bodied labourer under twelve or fourteen dollars per month (besides "keep"); the consequence is, that he cannot, in general, afford to attempt the cultivation or clearing of more land than the labour of himself and his family is sufficient to deal with. England, therefore, was paying an immense sum annually for inferior timber into the pockets partly of a very bad species of gambling speculators, and partly of these demoralised lumber-men; to the latter of whom, at least, it was of hardly any advantage, from the way in which they usually spent it, and who would have been employed with far more profit, ultimately, both to themselves and to the country, in bringing wild land under the plough. Each year, too, as the forest recedes, and the expense, consequently, of bringing timber to market increases, the greater is the risk of loss, and the amount of protection required, and the smaller the proportion which the gain of the producer bears to the loss of the consumer. We are apt to forget that the only advantage, in a commercial point of view, which colonies

afford to us, is the possibility of *securing* free trade with them. If there were free trade all over the world, we should derive from them no profit whatever; so that if we voluntarily give up that advantage and tax ourselves to an immense amount for the benefit of those colonies, by means of differential duties, the sooner they cease to possess a claim for such favour the better for the English manufacturer and consumer. I have been rather long on this topic, but I think it will interest you to hear of the mode of proceeding in this business; and also, because a great outcry is raised both here and at home against the discouragement which has been given to it; and it is necessary to understand how it works, before one can judge of the policy of the change. They say nearly 20,000 men have been employed in this trade for some years upon the Ottawa and its tributaries. It is curious to see them floating down upon the huge rafts: they build huts of birchen bark upon them, hoist sails if the wind is favourable, and use their oars when it is not, singing all the time at the top of their voices. We had as many as seven of them, with their streamers flying, within sight at one time, as we came up the river.

After spending a day at Bytown, we started in a miserable little steamer to go up the Rideau canal as far as Kemptville, where we met a stage-

waggon, which took us across to Prescott on the St. Lawrence. We took this line, as it is very tedious to go up the whole way to Kingston by the Rideau: there are such a number of locks to be passed, and the steamers are so much retarded by towing barges, that their rate of speed is not more than three miles an hour on an average. Though the heat was great I enjoyed this journey very much. The banks of the canal and river are not pretty, but the country is interesting, as it exhibits the progress of "clearing" in every stage, from the actual chopping with which operations are commenced to the fully-cultivated farm. The wild land on the banks sells at from two to five dollars an acre, and is bought freely. I saw one settlement where an Irishman, who began to chop in March, and employed only one pair of hands besides his own, had been able to sow between three and four acres of wheat in May, besides nearly as much more of potatoes and other things, and all his crops looked most promising as we passed. The settlers neither dig nor plough the land the first year; but as soon as they have cleared it of wood and burnt the useless logs, they sow the grain *on the surface*, and "drag" or harrow it in: the decayed vegetable matter which has accumulated on the ground, and become a loose soft mould, produces a good crop

without further preparation. On the banks of the rivers they get a good market for the wood as fuel for the steamers; in other places they make potash of it.

We saw a good number of wild ducks and plover as we came up, and were told that even deer sometimes came within shot on the banks, so I loaded my gun, and presently was fortunate enough to get a long shot and kill a duck with one of Eley's cartridges from the deck. The crew were delighted with this feat; and the mate, a Yankee, paid me the somewhat equivocal compliment of saying, "Well, you're a smarter chap with a piece *than I took you for.*" We got into our waggon at Kemptville, and started on an execrable road, leading through some fine woodland scenery, for the great river. The timber in the interior is much finer than on the banks of the streams, where the best trees have been cut; but hardly any where does one see such *gross* trees as in an English park: they are very high, and most of them branchless nearly to the top. The finest generally in this part of the country are elm, bass-wood, maple, and hemlock (the good pines and oaks having fallen long ago before the axe throughout the settled townships); and the principal underwood is cedar, which is very pretty and graceful, and produces a delightful perfume.

A drive through these forests, especially in the evening, is very enjoyable in this weather, the temperature being delightful, and the air absolutely vocal with the hum and buzz of innumerable insects of every variety: for the last few days, too, we have not suffered from mosquitoes or any other mordacious species, as I should have expected. These forests, however, like those of Scandinavia, are totally destitute of singing-birds.

At Prescott we met the steamer carrying the mails from Montreal, a well-appointed and powerful boat, and took our passage in her to Kingston. The voyage up the St. Lawrence by the mail route is very disagreeable now, there are so many "portages" to avoid the rapids, and consequent changes of conveyance; the roads, too, are very bad, I hear, and the stages uncomfortable; so we congratulated ourselves on striking the river at a point above all these annoyances. The scenery between Brockville and Kingston, a distance of about fifty miles, is very curious and beautiful. This part of the St. Lawrence is called the "Lake of the thousand Islands;" among these islands the channel winds, being sometimes so narrow that you might throw a biscuit on shore at each side, and the branches of the trees almost overhang the deck, at other times widening almost into a lake: some of the islets are partially

cleared and settled, others covered with wood; some, again, mere rocks, fringed however with shrubbery and underwood, like those on the lower Lake of Killarney. There are a good many deer among them, and the people on board told me they took one the other day with a boat, as it was swimming from one island to another, as the steamer came up. When you arrive at Lake Ontario itself, the features of the landscape become tame and uninteresting enough, and I have rarely seen a place which appears more entirely devoid of objects of interest than Kingston and its neighbourhood. It is, however, advancing just now faster than any town in Canada, not only in consequence of having been fixed upon as the seat of government, but also as being the head of the navigation of the St. Lawrence and Rideau, and the *dépôt* of the "forwarding" business of the lakes. Between 200 and 300 houses have been built within two years, and it is still increasing every day.

LETTER VIII.

KINGSTON.

SPORTING EXPEDITION.—LOBRA LAKE.—FARM-HOUSE IN THE INTERIOR.—A U. E. LOYALIST.—FIRST DAY'S HUNTING.—MOSQUITOES.—HARD BED.—SECOND DAY'S HUNTING.—CHASE OF A DEER IN THE WATER.—RETURN TO KINGSTON.

August.

I MUST now give you an account of a rather unsuccessful expedition which D—— and I have been making into the woods in pursuit of deer. It is, in fact, much too early in the season for any thing of the kind; but as D——'s period of leave is limited, there is for him no choice, it being not easy to meet with deer within a reasonable distance of the settled districts along the lake, particularly in localities where they can be driven so as to get shots. As yet, however, the country north of Kingston has been but little settled or cleared, and there are a good many deer to be met with along the chain of small lakes which runs in that direction, and communicates, I believe, with the Upper Ottawa. We had heard, too, of a hospitable farmer, of the name of Knapp, who lives on Lobra lake, has hounds, is well

acquainted with the country and the sport, and to whom we had been recommended by our military friends at Kingston. We started, then, to look for his settlement, having packed our guns, bags, &c., in a hired waggon, with a small provision of tea, sugar, candles, and soap. The *best* part of the road was "corduroy" (that is, composed of unhewn trunks of trees laid side by side across the track); the rest of it was generally a mere cut through the forest, in the midst of which the stumps were still left standing, the surface being further diversified by holes, in which our equipage might almost have been buried bodily. We had only eighteen miles of it, however, and arrived after several narrow escapes of overturning, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at Mr. Knapp's. Having made known our names and purposes to him, we were most hospitably received, and promised all the help which he could afford us in procuring sport. *Figurez-vous* a comfortable-looking wooden house, on the very shore of a beautiful lake, twenty miles long, but narrow, and studded with hundreds of small, rocky, pine-covered islets; said house occupied by a sturdy old woodsman of about sixty, his wife, three stout, good-natured sons, two daughters, and four hounds (of the English dwarf foxhound breed, I should think).

The old gentleman is son of a U. E. loyalist (as those Americans were called who adhered to the British cause during the revolutionary war, and emigrated from the United States after it was over), and preserves intact an hereditary antipathy to the Yankees; his house has often been visited by officers upon shooting parties, and he remembers all their names and doings wonderfully, so that between sporting topics and mutual acquaintances, we are at no loss for conversation. They soon got us some fish just caught for dinner, which, with brown bread and spring water, constituted a fare simple enough for a hermit's taste. We had a pull on the lake, and got a few shots at wild ducks, a bathe, a cup of tea, and so to bed. And now comes the dark side of the picture:—that night was indeed a night of horrors—I had not got into bed, but wrapped myself in my plaid and lay down on it; not, however, to sleep. I verily believe there is no species of creeping, crawling, or flying insect which had not its representative, on my person, nor was there one quarter of an hour's intermission of (saving your presence) itching and scratching. Most eagerly did I long for daylight, and as soon as it appeared, and before the sun rose, I rushed out of the house into the lake, where, damp and cold as was the atmosphere, I absolutely luxuriated in the idea of ridding myself

of my tormentors. D——, who had been *in* bed, was, if possible, worse off than myself; however, we soon forgot our misfortunes, and at half-past six o'clock on a most lovely morning we were off, vowing that that day a stag should die.

I will not bore you with the details of our "chasse;" suffice it to say that it was not very unsuccessful: one buck was killed, but neither of us had any hand in his death. We were placed in "runways," as they call them, in the woods, while the men hunted the cover with the hounds, and drove the deer towards us. D—— saw one, but was not quick enough to fire; one of Knapp's sons got a capital chance, but his gun missed fire at a doe within ten yards of him: another took the water, and was shot by a man who had remained in the boat for the purpose. The beauty of the scenery, however, the cry of the hounds, and the excitement of expectation, would have sufficed to make the day enjoyable to me, if it had not been for the usual drawback in this country to any excursion into the woods in summer, namely, the plague of mosquitoes. We saw plenty of wild-ducks, and water-fowl of many species which were new to me, but were afraid to fire for fear of frightening the deer; also several marks (some pretty recent) of bears which had been climbing the trees, and indenting the bark with

their claws; and the Knapps told us that they had often seen, and occasionally killed them. There are snipes too, black squirrels, and pigeons (the two latter important objects of an American chasse), and immense quantities of fish in the lake, principally black bass, which somewhat resemble large roach, and are caught of three or four pounds' weight; altogether it must be, *when there are no mosquitoes*, a most desirable sporting "location."

On the second night of our stay at Knapp's, I lay down on the table, and D—— on a bench in the kitchen, but in vain did we endeavour to escape from our relentless persecutors, and this manœuvre had only the effect of adding hard lying to our other discomforts. I thought daybreak would never arrive, and at the first sign of it jumped up, roused old Knapp, called for breakfast, and proceeded to bathe. D—— was too "abattu" by the night's misery to accompany me, and consequently missed the delicious feeling of refreshment which almost compensated for it all.

At about seven o'clock we got under weigh again, and began hunting. We had beaten an immense extent of forest without success, our old friend Knapp showing extraordinary vigour and "pluck," and only found two deer, at which we could not get a shot, though one of them must have passed close to us in the thick cover; when

late in the evening the hounds started a young doe, and opened upon her at full cry. She passed within thirty yards of me in a fine open part of the wood, and I was fortunate enough to bring her down. This proved a most welcome prize, though not a very large or valuable one, and cheered us greatly; indeed we required cheering, for we were almost exhausted by the extreme heat of the weather, and the intense torture inflicted by the mosquitoes, who have not left to either of us a sound spot on any part of our persons exposed to their attacks; they even bite *through* one's clothes. By the time we had performed the necessary offices of woodcraft upon our game, it was nearly dark, so we wended our way homewards. We found that the old lady, in compliment to our country, had prepared an Irish stew of the buck which we had killed the day before; and though it was pretty dry and stringy, we were well provided with the best of sauces by twelve hours' fasting, and did ample justice to it. We were so sleepy after two nights' wakefulness and two days' walking, that the third night, though equally bitten, we were enabled to get a little more rest; besides, like the eels, we were becoming used to it, and, I have no doubt, in a very short time would have thought as little of the creeping things as our worthy hosts seemed to do.

The next morning, off again as usual, and this day we had hardly any fatigue or mosquitoes, having been posted in boats, at some distance apart, to watch the deer, in case they should take the water when roused by the dogs,—a most tame and “cocktail” mode of sporting, which nothing but curiosity would have induced me to adopt. After waiting ineffectually for about three hours without hearing dogs or seeing deer, I determined to vary the scene by a swim, so I undressed and jumped out of the boat. I had not been a minute in the water when the boatman called out, “Quick, quick, the deer’s in the lake!” Imagine my dismay and excitement! My clothes were on an island at a little distance, for which I made, and catching up my trousers in one hand and my gun in the other, I jumped into the boat, seized a paddle, and pushed off in pursuit. The deer saw us and turned before we had got far, and we had a capital race; she swam very fast, and had a long start; however, we gained on her so much that I thought at one time we could have got within shot; but, alas! just as I was thinking of dropping my paddle and taking to my gun, she reached the shore. I fired two despairing shots at her as she scaled the rocks, but the range was too great, and we saw her no more. My chance of sport was now over, and I

was brought to my senses by finding myself, naked as I was, a prey to every sort of venomous insect, and with the prospect of a long pull back to the island where I had left my clothes, under a broiling sun, before I could get any covering. There was no help for it, however, and fortunately a little breeze sprung up, which served in some degree to disperse my enemies. After another hour's watch-keeping, my boatman decided that we had no further chance, as the deer and dogs seemed, after being repulsed upon the lake, to have made straight away into the hills; so we pulled to where D—— had been stationed (who had not even seen a deer), took him into the boat, and returned without trophy of any kind to the house.

We had bespoken a vehicle, a common timber-waggon, to meet us, and by eight or nine o'clock got back to Kingston, after a drive, which those who know what a Canadian waggon and a Canadian road are, will not be disposed to envy us. Thus ended our expedition, which though not productive of much result in the way of game, I thought well worth the trouble it cost us, as giving me a specimen of the life of a farmer in a half-settled district, and an idea, at least, of what deer-hunting ought to be. In October, when the deer are on the move, the chance of sport is

greater, as the hounds are more likely to strike upon their track, and the wild-fowl are far more numerous, being on their way to the south at that time; the weather is generally as fine, without the intolerable heat of this season; above all, there are no mosquitoes, whose attacks, I assure you, it requires no ordinary keenness to brave. The country in Knapp's neighbourhood is now in process of being settled very fast, in consequence of the improvement of Kingston, so that I suppose the deer will soon retreat as usual before the advance of civilisation, and leave the woods to man. As it is, there is much better shooting of all kinds to be had by following the chain of lakes farther to the northward; but it is necessary to be prepared for bivouacking, as house accommodation is not to be found.

Our host lives very well, *i. e.* plentifully, but in the most primitive manner. He is not much of a farmer, and produces no more than is necessary for the consumption of his family; his live stock consists of six cows, two horses, and a good number of pigs and poultry; the visits of sportsmen like ourselves, and occasional speculations in lumber, give him what money he requires for clothes, &c., and he has venison and fish for the taking. What more does he want, as far as worldly goods are concerned? The whole family

were most kind and attentive in their treatment of us, and nothing could be more moderate than the remuneration which we had been told it was usual to offer, and with which they appeared perfectly satisfied.

LETTER IX.

NIAGARA FALLS.

VOYAGE ON LAKE ONTARIO. — THE FALLS. — INDIAN MANUFACTURES. — SCENERY ON THE NIAGARA RIVER. — GOING BEHIND THE FALLS. — BUFFALO. — AN “ABLE FINANCIER.” — GERMAN EMIGRANTS. — LAND-SALES IN THE UNITED STATES. — LAKE STEAMERS. — THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA AT BUFFALO. — NAVY ISLAND. — HOS- TILITIES WITH THE SYMPATHISERS. — INDIAN AND NEGRO RACES COMPARED. — NAVIGATION ON THE WEL- LAND CANAL. — IRISH AT THE PUBLIC WORKS.

Niagara, September.

WHERE did I leave off? I am so much bewildered just now by the sight and sound of the cataract, that I almost forget what I have been doing for the last two days. Not that, to speak the truth, the sound is near so great as I expected; I do not think we heard it till we were within half a mile; and at this moment, though every pane of glass in the house is rattling, and every article of furniture is shaking, still the noise of the falls, which are only distant about three hundred yards, is by no means aggressive or overpowering; on the contrary, it is a kind of deep, massive boom, like distant thunder, so you may

consider the beginning of this letter as chiefly exaggeration.

We came up Lake Ontario by steam from Kingston, and landed on the American side of the Niagara river at Lewiston. Thence an hour of railroad work brought us to the village called Manchester, close to the Falls, but not commanding a view of them. After dinner (what do you think of our dining *first*?) we crossed the bridge leading into Goat Island, and in five minutes stood on the rock overlooking the British or Horse-shoe Fall. Now I am not going to do any thing so foolish as to attempt a description of the Falls, nor would you be much wiser if I did. I will only say that if I was disappointed at *the first glance*, it was my own fault, for instead of getting the first view from the Table Rock on the British side,—where you stand opposite to, and at a sufficient distance from the Great Fall,—we were misled into taking up a position quite close to one corner of it, and absolutely overlooking the abyss, so that the cloud of spray and foam which is continually rising, hid the true shape and extent of the cataract from us. When I did afterwards come to *see* it thoroughly, I could not imagine anybody being disappointed, at least I cannot conceive what such a person could have expected to see: but after all, what is the impression which

Niagara makes on us, who have all our lives been reading accounts, and seeing pictures and models of it, compared to that which it must have made on the first civilised, or at least white man, probably some hunter or trader, who suddenly, and unprepared perhaps, came upon it in the solitude of the forest, and feasted his eyes upon its wonders? I should think astonishment and awe must almost have deprived him of his senses. Imagine his attempts to describe it afterwards to those who had never heard of any thing of the sort,—for the peculiarity of Niagara is, that there is “*nihil simile aut secundum*,” nothing near it, or like it in the world! My mind has been continually reverting to this idea.

There is certainly no object in nature which so forcibly impresses me as a cataract; there is something apparently so resistless, so inexhaustible in the power of a great body of water, when it has acquired momentum from descent; and the impression of power is certainly the true source of the sublime. Accordingly, it is the *body* of water in a fall, not the height, which is important in producing effect. At Niagara the river only falls one hundred and forty feet, but then it is a quarter of a mile broad, and deep enough to float a frigate, above and below. The colour, as it rolls over, and before it changes into snow-white

foam, is a beautiful pale sea-green, and above that again there is a constantly varying play of literally every colour in the rainbow, as the breeze blows the spray in different directions, so as to intercept the rays of the sun. One great defect in all the pictures of the Falls consists in giving to the lesser or American Fall a disproportionate importance; indeed it must be very difficult to avoid doing so, for it is as high and almost as broad, so that at first sight it quite "takes you in;" but as probably not one fourth of the river takes that course, and as I said before the true effect of a fall consists in the volume of water, by degrees, after being accustomed to the contemplation of its rival, one comes to regard it with equally unjust contempt, and to consider it as little better than an overgrown mill-dam, though any where else it would of course be thought most beautiful, and justly so.

The morning after our arrival we crossed the ferry, which is not more than 200 yards below the Falls, and are now established on the British side in a large hotel, which commands a fine view of them. In the village of Manchester I saw by far the most beautiful Indian work, in beads, porcupine quills, and bark, that I have met with in America. It is done by the squaws of the Seneca tribe, who have a large settlement near

Buffalo, and who from finding, I suppose, so good a market among the visitors here, take more than usual pains about their work. It seems this is the only approach to a regular trade which they can be induced to adopt; the men are entirely given up to hunting and fishing, just as before the country was settled by Europeans; and though I am told they are very profligate and demoralised, they come nearer in appearance and habits to the idea which I had formed of the red man, than I expected to find in a country so full of whites. They paddle up the rivers in their bark canoes, under which they sleep at night, and hunt where they please, no one hindering them; the laws which regulate the season at which game may be killed, are (in tacit recognition of their prior rights) not enforced against them. Drunkenness is their besetting sin, but, of late, many of those who live among the whites have become members of Temperance societies.

There is a pretty little village called Drummondville, with civilised park-like scenery about it, on the British side of the river, which has here on the whole the advantage of the American in appearance. We went to church this morning, and found a very small congregation. I suppose the heat kept them away, for the weather is intensely hot (the thermometer is now at 72° in the open air,

and the sun has long set). As one of the soldiers said to me the other day, "What a dreadful place Canada must have been before the invention of linen shooting-jackets."

There is a fine regiment of Canadian Rifles (as they are called) quartered here; it is composed of volunteers from the Line, who must have served more than thirteen years, and who consequently, as looking forward to their pensions, and having also extra pay and allowances, are not likely to desert. They are always stationed on the frontier, where the line regiments lose half their numbers. A short time ago four men (of the 93d, I think), in attempting to swim to the American side, were carried over the Falls, and their bodies, being caught in the whirlpool below, remained for a long time in sight on the surface—in fact, till decomposition took place. The scenery both above and below the Falls would be considered beautiful, and well worth visiting of itself, if it were not for the absorbing interest which they command. There are mills on the American side; but Goat Island, which is just above the Falls, and divides them into two unequal parts, has, I hope owing to the good taste of the proprietor, been left in its natural state. I should have expected villas and water privileges, and all kinds of horrors. The shores

all about the Falls are historic ground, having been the scenes of actions innumerable in all our wars with the Americans, down to the late campaigns against the sympathisers, and the affairs of Navy Island and the *Caroline*.

We have been foolish enough to go behind the Falls, which is a most disagreeable operation, involving a complete change of dress, a thorough wetting, and a probable cold; and which does not "pay" in the least. You blunder along a narrow pathway, with your head down, in the midst of a tremendous shower of spray, till you get to "Termination Rock;" short of which your inexorable guide will not let you turn. It is all very well to talk of the magnificent sensation produced by reflecting on the huge curtain of waters which is hung between you and the world. I can only say that they must have a very lively imagination indeed who can enjoy "strong sensations" while under a blinding shower of cold water; and as there is, unfortunately, not the slightest danger (except of rheumatism), we had not even the consolation of flattering ourselves that we were heroes. As a climax of absurdity, the guide offered us, on our return, *tickets!* forsooth, which we might keep to back our assertion, that we had reached Termination Rock. In spite of warnings, however, people will continue to "do" this "lion,"

that they may be able to say they have done it, —the main motive which sets most people upon travelling and sight-seeing.

In the afternoon we crossed the river again, and went by railroad to Buffalo, on Lake Erie, about twenty miles from the Falls. The town is well worth seeing; and its history is curious and characteristic. It is not above twenty years old, yet it contains (I believe) 18,000 inhabitants, and covers a vast extent of ground. It was created by the Erie canal, which connects the ocean with Lake Erie (through the Hudson); and consequently this port is the depôt for all the commerce of the north-west. Great part of the town, including the best public buildings, was erected by a Mr. Rathbun, whom you may call an able financier, or an enormous rogue, according to your notions of talent and morality. He started *without any capital at all*, bought lands, built streets, and had sometimes a thousand workmen in his employment. The funds were supplied by a most daring and gigantic system of forgery: he forged acceptances in the names of all the merchants of the best credit in the country, taking care to have fresh bills ready to take up those which became due, and speculating upon the transactions remaining unknown to the parties concerned till his operations should be finished, and his rents enable

him to clear himself. By mere chance, after this had gone on for some years, one of the merchants, whose name he had forged, heard from his banker that a bill of his (the merchant's) had just been discounted: inquiry was immediately set on foot, Rathbun was arrested, and the bubble burst. He is now in the state prison; but may say to the stranger in Buffalo, "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice."

One third of the population of the town is composed of Germans. I went out, as is my custom of a morning, into the market-place, to see and talk to the people coming in with produce from the country, and I met several who have emigrated this year. The greater number, especially those of the poorer class, are from Bavaria: these occupy at Buffalo the position which the Irish do at New York. Those who come from Hanover and Hesse have generally capital, and go on to the west for the purpose of buying land. I met one who had just come from Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan, where there is a large settlement of his countrymen. Government land can be had there of the best quality for one and a quarter dollar per acre, but he told me that the best "locations" had been bought up by speculating individuals on the spot; so that a foreigner has to pay an

advanced price for them.* The practical working of the United States system of land-sales, however, though of course liable to abuse, has been on the whole judicious and profitable; but it is singular, that its efficiency has been the result less of positive law than of the custom and feeling which prevails among the settlers. The usual plan is, after selecting a "location," to "squat" in the first instance, that is, settle, clear, and improve, and at the next land-sale to attend and bid the upset price (one and a quarter dollar inva-

* I feel convinced that no farmer, fresh from the old country (and still less a gentleman), should buy "*wild land*" if he can avoid it. Such men are generally bad pioneers, know little of the use of an axe, and nothing of the shifts and privations which a new settler is exposed to in the woods: they should try to buy farms ready cleared in comparatively civilised districts, which are generally just in the condition to be made profitable by the application of the science and capital of a Lothian or Northumberland farmer; while the old settler, or perhaps his sons, shoulder their axes and go deeper into the woods, to buy larger tracts of wild land, and pursue the occupation (which habit has made familiar to *them*) of backwoods-men and pioneers. A man may buy land close to the great markets and water-communications, which is what the old settlers in their ignorance call *exhausted* (*i. e.* in want of manure and tillage), for very little more than wild land in similar situations (from two to five dollars per acre); and there he may really find himself in command of most of the conveniences of life at once: whereas I am sure no man who has not been in the woods can have an idea of the miseries attendant upon a first settlement.

riably). Now, I believe, there is nothing (in point of law) to prevent anybody else from bidding against the squatter, and becoming owner of his property; but, *in fact*, a prescriptive right of pre-emption has been established in his favour, in consequence of the difficulty which would arise in valuing his improvements, and, above all, the invidiousness (not to say impossibility in most cases) of getting him out.

Thus the two great objects which every system of land-sales should aim at have been in a great measure attained: namely, that of encouraging settlers, and that of discouraging extensive speculation on the part of land-jobbers, who do not mean to occupy the land they buy: the former is effected by the lowness of the price; the latter by the virtual right of pre-emption possessed by actual occupants. A large direct revenue, too, has flowed from this source, averaging nearly two millions and a half of dollars per annum. The more remote north-western states, Iowa and Wisconsin, are now filling fast, and offer, in one respect at least, great inducement to European emigrants; namely, that fever and ague are comparatively unknown there. Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio, on the contrary, unsurpassed in advantages of soil and situation, are found so unhealthy, that (as I have heard from many who have lived there) it

is almost impossible to meet with a family which is not more or less affected. This dreadful evil, however, becomes mitigated as settlement and cultivation advance; at present, I should think its existence a decisive reason for avoiding those states: they are, however, colonized to a great extent by English farmers, particularly the neighbourhood of Chicago in Illinois, — tempted by the productiveness of the land, and the facility of cultivating it. It is commonly said that those who are born in these alluvial countries believe, judging from their own particular induction, that all mankind “shake” periodically. In all of these the plenty of produce is such, that, in the present state of the internal communications, it is not worth bringing to market, and may be had for the asking. I have been informed by good authority that, in many parts of Ohio, pork, fed at large in the woods, costs now but a cent ($\frac{1}{2}d.$) per lb., and wheat twenty-five cents (1s.) per bushel.

There are steamers almost every day running between Buffalo, Detroit, and Chicago: I went on board one, and found her a magnificent vessel, of 780 tons, and 300-horse power, *i. e.* about the size of the Dublin and Liverpool mail-boats, with three tiers of cabins above water, so that one is sure at least of plenty of air; but I should think she must be top-heavy, and not calculated to stand

much sea: there is sometimes very heavy weather on these great lakes too.*

We went to the play on the evening of the day we spent at Buffalo (the "legitimate drama" at Buffalo!—what think you of that?), and found a good house, but a scanty and disreputable-looking audience. The performance was a curious medley; viz., one act of "King Lear," two of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," with a farce and a melo-drame, and two comic songs between the acts of the tragedy and tragi-comedy. The same actor, like a second Garrick, played the principal part in all. We had not patience to sit it out, though he was really not so bad as we had expected,—a ranter of the first water, of course, but with a good melo-dramatic figure and voice: I suspect he was a travelling "star." At the inn our old friends the Rainer family, or at least a party calling themselves by that name, had a concert the same evening, which perhaps may account for the absence of the "beauty and fashion" from the theatre. But only imagine such proceedings at such a place! The hotel is the best I have seen since I left Boston.

From Buffalo we returned by steam-boat down

* Before I left America there were terrific gales on Lake Erie, and a great number of vessels lost between Cleveland (Ohio) and Buffalo.

the Niagara river to Chippewa, getting a fine view of Lake Erie as we came out of the harbour, with several steamers and schooners in sight. We passed the classic ground of Schlosser, where the Caroline was cut out, and Captain Usher's house, where he was shot at his own door by Lett the sympathiser. This man was afterwards arrested in the States for trying to blow up a British steamer, and escaped by jumping out of a railroad car while at full speed. He was at large for two years, but was retaken last summer, and is now in Auburn penitentiary. I had no idea till I came to this country of the extent to which the operations of the sympathisers were carried at the time of the troubles in Canada; from all parts of the Union adventurers flocked to the border (literally in thousands), fully persuaded that the scenes of Texas were to be acted over again, and that the British dominion in America was at an end. Nothing could exceed their surprise and disappointment at finding the mass of the Upper Canadian population attached, as they undoubtedly are, to British, and, above all things, indisposed to American connexion. After this must have been perfectly ascertained, and all hopes consequently given up of obtaining permanent footing in Canada, these vagabonds persevered for a long time in predatory expeditions,

taking advantage of the scarcity of troops in the Upper Province, and of the facilities of escape afforded by the river. The account I hear of the transactions which took place in 1838 and 1839 along the frontier, reminds me of the raids and forays of Elliotts and Armstrongs on the debatable land of the Scottish border; with this important difference, however, that neither Scotch nor English had the least scruple in retaliating and exacting, when they had the power, ample interest for the losses which they had suffered: whereas, here, the British for a long time confined themselves entirely to the defensive; nor did I hear of more than one or two instances where they followed their enemies over the border, still less did they ever take the initiative, and commit *unprovoked* aggression.

On the whole, I look upon these border troubles as having been useful, in preventing, far more effectually than any political reasoning or even abstract feelings of patriotism could do, all undue "sympathy" between the Canadians and the Americans*, a sympathy which might otherwise

* It is, as has been often remarked, very inconvenient that no term but "Americans" exists, by which one can characterise the citizens of the United States, as distinguished from Canadians, Mexicans, &c. I read the other day a proposal for altering the name of the *continent* to Columbia, and leaving them in undisturbed possession of

have become dangerous to British connexion. Reflecting men, too, might read a lesson useful to themselves in so close an observation as was then forced upon them of the weakness under which the American executive government labours, and of the loose and disorganised frame of society, of which the "sympathetic" movement was a symptom. The attack upon the *Caroline* was, without doubt, strictly speaking, a violation of the letter of national law, but one which, equally without doubt, the necessity of the case justified; so that Lord Ashburton was perhaps right in apologising for the invasion of the American territory upon that ground. The crews of the boats that took the *Caroline* were principally composed of volunteers from the higher class of settlers; and the service was one of no small danger. The stream is very rapid, and the proximity of the Falls is such that an accident would certainly be fatal; even the loss of one or two of the oars, or a mistake of the steersman, might probably involve losing command of the boat,

"America." This would certainly be easier and more convenient than it would be to give a new name to the republic, and besides would be an act of tardy justice to the great discoverer. As it is, one finds it difficult to avoid using the word *Yankees*, (which, by-the-bye, is the Indian corruption of English, *Yengeese*,) though it is both offensive and incorrect as applied to any but New Englanders.

and consequent destruction; yet they had to pull round Navy Island, and under command of its guns, and then to return after cutting out and setting fire to the steamer, when of course the attention of both parties was called to their proceedings.

It is humiliating to think that a band of ruffians, never exceeding a thousand in number, should have been allowed to hold an island within musket-shot of the mainland for a whole month; firing away continually, interrupting the communications, and keeping the whole frontier in hot water: a nearer acquaintance, however, with circumstances and localities diminishes one's surprise, and serves to excuse, at least partially, the inactivity of the British. The island is, as I said before, peculiarly difficult of access, if tolerably defended, from its situation: the number of its defenders, and their resources, were unknown, and of course greatly exaggerated; there were also no regular troops in the province; and Sir Francis Head was naturally reluctant to peril the lives of his gallant volunteers, whose loss would have been so severely felt throughout the province, in an enterprise of which the solid advantages would hardly have compensated for the risk. They at last dispersed, upon being threatened by the American commandant with the stoppage of their

supplies. The island is about a mile long, and covered with wood; there was a little cultivation on it, and one settlement, but the farmer was obliged to "clear out" in 1839, and never returned.

From Chippewa we returned by railroad (on cars drawn by horses) to our old quarters at the Clifton Hotel, close to the Falls. D—— has just left me on his way back to Montreal, by the St. Lawrence; my route lies westward into the London district.

I have been induced to remain longer than I originally intended at the Falls, having been fortunate enough to meet with some most agreeable and valuable acquaintances there; one in particular, from whose knowledge of the country, and kindness in imparting that knowledge, I have derived more information upon the topics which chiefly interest me than I could have obtained during months of ordinary touring. This is a favourite place of summer resort for the inhabitants of Toronto and the Upper Province generally: people come and stay for a month or six weeks at this hotel; others have villas on the banks of the river, between the Falls and the town of Niagara: there is consequently a good deal of Canadian society, besides the variety of perpetual tourists; so that, independently of the

interest attached to the Falls, a week or two may be spent here by a traveller pleasantly as well as profitably.

One of our party has just returned from the Sault St. Marie, at the entrance to Lake Superior, whither he had accompanied the superintendent of Indians on his annual expedition to the Manitoulin islands, with presents from the government to the natives. I was very sorry to have been too late to join it, which I could easily have done. Lord Morpeth and the Bishop of Toronto were of the party this year; they went up Lake Huron in canoes, paddled by Indians, and encamped at night on the shores or islands. The British government has been trying to prevail upon the north-western tribes to settle down and become steady artisans and husbandmen, and has really behaved very liberally to them, establishing seminaries for their instruction, building houses and supplying tools: but all is in vain; there is a curse upon the race, and by all accounts the attempt to reclaim or civilise them is utterly hopeless; so that they must recede and gradually disappear, like the wild beasts they hunt, as the white man advances. Even those who remain among our settlements (until by continual crossing of the breed they almost lose their distinctive nationality) lead the same life of hunters

and fishermen as before the white man came into their country.

The Indian and the Negro races, both fated as it seems to yield the supremacy to the *whites*, present in every other particular a curious contrast to each other. The red man appears to have received from Nature every quality which contributes to greatness except—I have no other word for it—*tameability*; he has shown in many remarkable instances intellectual capacity, talents for government, eloquence, energy, and self-command. Tecumseh, who fell at the battle of the Thames, was a second Arminius; and among the annals of Indian warfare are to be found the names of chiefs, who, under more favourable circumstances, might have attained the summit of military and political fame: but they had to do with subjects and followers who were all but strangers to the elementary principles of society, to mutual co-operation, subordination, industry, and division of labour; so that the extraordinary insulated efforts of individuals sank before the organised and persevering hostility of their enemies. Still there is something noble and striking, something that commands respect and admiration, in the Indian character, irreconcilable though it be with advanced civilisation and the operation of Christian influences.

The Negro, on the contrary, has precisely what the Indian wants; he is a *domestic animal*; and it requires a sacrifice of what appears natural feeling to religion and philosophy to persuade one's self that, as he is an immortal being, equal in the sight of God to those whose yoke he seems fated to bear on earth, so he should be considered equal in the sight of man. The Indian avoids his conqueror; the Negro bows at his feet. The Indian loves the independence and privations of his solitude better than all the flesh-pots of Egypt; the Negro, if left to himself, is helpless and miserable; he must have society and sensual pleasures; if he be allowed to eat and drink well, to dance, to sing, and to make love, he seems to have no further or higher aspirations, and to care nothing for the degradation of his race. With the single exception of Toussaint, I know no instance of a negro distinguishing himself in politics, or arms, or letters; and though I make every allowance for the difficulties and obstacles to his doing so which his situation imposes upon him, I cannot allow that these account for the fact that, notwithstanding the excellent education which many negroes receive, and the stimulus afforded by constant intercourse with whites, not one of them has yet, either here or in the West Indies, with the above-named exception, taken the lead

among his countrymen, or made a name for himself. And this natural superiority of the Indian is, perhaps unconsciously, recognised, and illustrated in a singular manner, by the white man, in the different feelings which he exhibits upon the subject of amalgamation with the two races. Some of the best families in the United States are *proud* to trace their origin to Indian chiefs (*e. g.* the Randolphs of Virginia boast that they come of the lineage of Powhattan); and I have myself met with half-breeds, who were considered (and most justly) in every respect equal in estimation with full-blooded whites. It is needless to observe, that with respect to the negroes the precise converse is the case. *Cæteris paribus*, we seem naturally to receive the red man as our equal. Can it be altogether the effect of educational prejudice that we find it impossible to do so with the black? I feel a difficulty in coming to such a conclusion.

One day I drove with a party of friends to the town of Niagara, fourteen miles from the Falls, through a very pretty country, stretching along the bank of the river: this is the oldest and most civilised part of Upper Canada, having been first settled by old soldiers after the American war. The whole road is lined with farms and villas worthy of some of the remoter parts of England; and the district would be a most desirable "loca-

tion" were it not for the dangerous proximity of the American border, and the consequent risk of suffering annoyance and injury in times of either war or "sympathy."

At Niagara there are considerable ship-building docks, and a steam-engine manufactory, and the town appears prosperous and advancing. Near it is the mouth of the Welland canal, which forms the communication between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario: schooners of 160 tons register, and drawing $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet water, can now navigate it; and the government is employed in enlarging the locks, so as to admit those of 200 tons. The great object of the Canadians and British is to divert as much as possible the great and increasing commerce of the Upper Lakes into the channel of the St. Lawrence; that of the Americans to keep it in the Erie canal and the Hudson. When the ship-canal now in progress round the St. Lawrence rapids is completed, and the Welland enlarged, it is hoped that sea-going vessels may be enabled to navigate this line of communication the whole way from Lake Michigan to the Atlantic, and thus, by saving all expense of trans-shipment, monopolise the trade. There are now generally two trans-shipments, one at Kingston and the other at Montreal or Quebec; and the former at least will ultimately be saved. As

it is, the tolls of the Welland canal have considerably increased during this and last year, while those of the Erie canal have diminished; and the Americans are in some alarm at the prospect of losing so important a trade: but the difficult navigation of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the length of time during which it is closed, are in their favour. Hitherto all the navigation on the Welland canal has been performed by horse-power; but they are now trying to introduce the system of fitting up the lake schooners with small high-pressure steam-engines, which only take up 10 feet of the vessel's length, do not interfere with her sailing capabilities, and ensure four miles an hour in average weather, at the expense of three or four dollars per day in firewood. There are three of these running now, and I believe they answer very well; they are not worked with paddles, but with the screw or propeller, which projects from behind, like a tail, and acts upon the water in some measure as the wheel of a windmill (which it resembles in conformation) does upon the air. This takes up, of course, less room than paddles do, and also does not, like them, wash away or injure the banks of the canals. The chimney is very small, and at a little distance you would not observe any peculiarity about the schooner. Great opposition is made to these,

professedly on the ground of the danger from their high-pressure engines: I cannot but think, however, that they will succeed.

A good deal of fighting has been going on among the Irish labourers, of whom 600 or 700 are employed on the Welland canal; two lives were lost, and many are now in prison, charged with having been engaged in the disturbance, the cause of which was merely anxiety to monopolise the work on the part of the first comers. It is to these government works that all the Irish emigrants of the labouring class crowd upon landing, so that there always appears to be a superabundant supply of labour near them, while, perhaps, fifty miles farther up the country far better wages may be obtained, and there may be an ample demand for hands. The Irish Roman Catholics behaved very well in the late troubles in Upper as well as Lower Canada: this is attributable in a great measure to the influence of their bishop, who is a very worthy man, and a steady friend to British connexion.

LETTER X.

WOODSTOCK.

A LABOURER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST FOUR YEARS IN CANADA. — PROSPECTS AFFORDED TO A GENTLEMAN-FARMER. — HAMILTON. — TRAVELLER FROM THE FAR-WEST. — COUNTRY BETWEEN HAMILTON AND WOODSTOCK. — BRANTFORD. — INDIAN VILLAGE. — DIVINE SERVICE IN THE MOHAWK LANGUAGE. — PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION AMONG THE RED MEN. — OAK-PLAINS. — VISIT TO A GENTLEMAN-FARMER SETTLED IN WESTERN CANADA. — MANNER OF LIFE. — ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS. — RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE POPULATION. — WOODSTOCK CRICKET-CLUB.

Woodstock, near London, September.

FROM Queenstown, on the Niagara river, I went by steam-boat to Hamilton, the westernmost port of Lake Ontario; the distance is fifty miles, and the time occupied five hours. On board I met with an Irishman from Derry, employed as a common sailor; the result of whose experience I will give you, as a fair specimen of his class of emigrants. He came out five years ago, a single man, with nothing but his passage-money, his health, and his hands. He got immediate employment at Montreal, and afterwards came on to the Upper Province, where wages were higher: he has received on an average, (working generally in sum-

mer on a farm or on board a lake-steamer, where no skill is required, and lumbering in winter,) twelve dollars per month besides his keep, which he values at six or eight dollars more (the ordinary price at one of their boarding-houses), and has never been idle for a single day. This year he has invested his savings, which amount to 400 dollars, in 100 acres of wild land, lying close to the lake and about ten miles from Hamilton; and intends after this fall to build a shanty on his farm and commence chopping. He says he can clear (alone) about an acre per week; so that by spring he will have about twelve or fifteen acres ready for cropping: after the first year all will be plain sailing, and he *must* get on if he continues healthy and industrious.

I found Hamilton in great confusion, being filled with people from all parts of the country, who are come to welcome, with a kind of procession, Sir Allan McNab on his return from England. He lives near the town, and seems to be amazingly popular here. At Hamilton I had the pleasure of meeting with a travelling companion, whose acquaintance I had made at the Falls, and who, like myself, was on his way to Woodstock. He has just come out from England, and his object is to look about him in different parts of the country previous to buying a farm and settling;

and as he has obtained a good deal of information on the subject, and consulted the best authorities in different parts of the country, I think it may not be uninteresting to give you the result of his calculations as to the prospects of a gentleman-emigrant. Let us suppose him to possess a capital of 1,500*l.* Of this he may invest 300*l.* in land, for which he will get a farm pretty well cleared, and in the best situation, of 150 acres, with a log cabin, where he can live for a year or two, ready built, and 200*l.* more in stocking it; there remains 1000*l.*, which, at 8 per cent., will be worth 80*l.* a year. Out of the produce of his farm he ought, according to the calculation, to pay three servants or labourers (two men and a woman), who will cost in wages about 75*l.* per annum, keep himself and them in provisions, and pay ordinary farm expenses, such as seed, &c.; leaving his whole remaining income to spend upon clothes, sundries, and improvements: if he finds himself getting on well, he may by degrees invest more of his principal in land; but 100 or 150 acres are undoubtedly quite enough to begin with. To reduce the calculation to its lowest term, he may expect for the present to get board and lodging for the interest of the 500*l.* which he has expended, and his own labour; but then every year his land is rising in value, not only in consequence of his own exer-

tions but from the operation of external causes, as the country advances, and railroads, canals, &c. are opened. Such are my friend's conclusions: I am not qualified to judge of their reasonableness; but I cannot help thinking that a gentleman, that is, a man inexperienced in practical farming, and unable or unwilling to work with his own hands, can hardly hope to pay and keep his labourers and himself out of the produce of his farm, at least at the present rate of prices.

We met at Hamilton with a traveller from the coast of the Pacific; he was the son of a trader on the Columbia river, had been born and bred beyond the Rocky Mountains, and had crossed the prairies with a caravan in the spring, with the view of seeing something of the Oriental scenery and manners, and advanced civilisation of Canada. I should have been glad of an opportunity of extracting some information from him about the Oregon territory (as the country about the Columbia is called), and that part of the continent generally: the Americans and English are quarrelling about it already, and with some reason, for it is likely to be very valuable at some future time, both in a commercial and an agricultural point of view. The fur-trade is now altogether in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, who have this year extended their operations by purchasing

from the Russian Fur Company the exclusive trade of their territory in America for, I believe, twenty years. The Americans are very jealous of this monopoly, as they have till lately enjoyed a considerable share of the trade; and as they are pouring settlers over the mountains much faster than we are, there will probably be some fighting in those parts ere long, under the pretence of respectively asserting rights to the disputed territory. The country is fertile, intersected by rivers, and enjoys a temperate and moist climate, produced, as in our own case in England and Ireland, by the prevalence of westerly winds, which have swept over a vast extent of ocean; just as, on the other hand, the climates of Peking and Quebee (which are situated in about the same latitude, at the *eastern* extremities of their respective continents) resemble each other in their extremes of heat and cold. At Hamilton we hired a spring waggon, and drove twenty-five miles to Brantford, a thriving village, which it is contemplated to make a port of, by opening the navigation of the Grand River, on which it stands, to Lake Erie. The works are now in progress, and will soon be completed; and thus a fine grain country will be thrown open to the British market. Within two miles of Brantford (which is called after Brandt the Indian chief) is a village which may be termed the head-quarters of

the Mohawk tribe of Indians. They lost their possessions in the States by adhering to Great Britain in the revolutionary war, and received in compensation a settlement here of 160,000 acres: since that time they have decreased considerably, and now consist of not more than 2200 souls. I went over to the Indian village on Sunday morning, and attended Divine service in their church; it was performed according to the forms of the English church, but in the Mohawk language, with the exception of the sermon, which the clergyman delivered in English, and which was translated with wonderful fluency, sentence after sentence, by an Indian interpreter who stood beside him. It was good, practical, and well adapted to the audience, who listened with the most unflinching attention, though the plan of proceeding made it necessarily very long: the Indian language, too, is far more prolix than ours, at least the sentences, as translated, were at least three times as long as in the original delivery: the singing was particularly good in point of time and harmony, but the airs were somewhat monotonous. Two children were baptised during the service, one of them ensconced in a bark cradle, which fitted it accurately, and was attached in a curious manner to a board so as to be carried easily upon the mother's back. There were about 120 Indians

present; the men, with one or two exceptions, dressed like Europeans, but the women wearing their native costume, which is rather becoming: it consists of a calico or linen tunic, reaching to the knee, below which appears a petticoat of blue cloth, generally embroidered with red and white bead-work; the legs are covered with a kind of buskin of blue cloth, and the feet with moccasins; over all is a large robe or mantle, of blue cloth also, thrown loosely round the shoulders; completing a dress which, at this time of year, must be dreadfully hot and heavy: the head is without any other covering except very thick black shining hair. Those of the men who have not adopted the European costume wear instead of trowsers a tunic, and leggings which reach half-way up the thigh.

I had some conversation with the clergyman after service: he is employed by the "New England Society," has been for a long time among the Indians, and knows them well: he has a better opinion of them, and of their capacity for acquiring domestic and industrious habits, than most white men to whom I have spoken upon the subject have expressed. The society support a school in the village, where about forty children are boarded, educated, and instructed in trades; and they learn, Mr. N. says, as fast as Europeans:

as yet, however, they are not fit to be trusted in making bargains with the whites, nor can they at all compete in matters of business with them: much of their original grant has been trafficked away to settlers, at prices wholly inadequate; and though such transactions are altogether illegal, they have been overlooked so long that it is now impossible to annul them. A superintendent lives close to the village, who is paid by Government for the express purpose of protecting the Indian interests and managing their affairs; yet encroachments upon their rights are still perpetually made, which, however advantageous they may appear to a political economist, are neither reconcileable with equity, nor with the real wishes and intentions of Government. Mr. N. is by no means without hopes that in a generation or two these Indians may become quite civilised: they are giving up their wandering habits, and settling rapidly upon farms throughout their territory; and in consequence, probably, of this change in their mode of life the decrease in their numbers, which threatened a complete extinction of the tribe, has ceased of late years: if it turn out as he expects, this will form the sole exception to the general law which affects their people. They are very much attached (as well they may be) to the British government; and, in 1837, turned out under their

chiefs, to the number of 500, and offered their services to it: they wished to attack Navy Island in their canoes, but those who were in command thought the enterprise too hazardous. The chiefs (whose office is, as among the ancient Gothic nations, partly hereditary and partly elective, *i. e.* ordinarily transmitted from father to son, but liable to be transferred in cases of incapacity) have still a good deal of authority among them, but, as it is of course not recognised by law, they are gradually losing it; in fact the race is assimilating itself here far more than anywhere else to the habits and manners of the surrounding Europeans, while at the same time there is perhaps hardly any settlement where the red blood is preserved with less mixture, owing, of course, to their superior morality. Mr. N. tells me there are about eighty communicants, and that as many of them appear to be sincerely under the influence of religion as could be expected out of a similar number of whites. He is strict in his discipline, excluding from the Lord's table all who have been guilty of intemperance, or any other open sin, till they have confessed their guilt, and showed satisfactory signs of amendment.

In the evening we returned to Brantford, where we found a good deal of alarm prevailing, and the magistrates swearing in special constables, in con-

sequence of a riot which has taken place among the Irish labourers upon the Grand River canal, about three miles from hence. Wherever these countrymen of mine are, they must and will fight.

At Brantford we hired another waggon, and drove thirty miles over a bad road to Woodstock, from whence I am writing. The country through which we passed is well cleared and civilised, with some comfortable houses and good farms; the road passes through one flourishing village called Paris. The most remarkable feature in this district is what are called the oak-plains; these extend for about ten miles along the road, and are the most desirable lands in the country: the oaks are small, and grow so far apart that it only costs about half as much to clear them off as in the case of ordinary forest; so that wild land of this nature fetches a very high price, viz. from fifteen to twenty dollars. Sometimes the trees are only "girdled," which consists in cutting the bark all round the trunk while the sap is running (about June); the tree dies in a couple of months after the operation, and the crop can be put in at once as soon as the "under-brush" is removed, without the trouble of cutting and carrying away or destroying the timber: this plan cannot be adopted when the trees grow close together. The soil in this part of the province, particularly when

first cleared, is extraordinarily fertile; I have been told that it often yields wheat-crops for fifteen or twenty years *in succession*, producing from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre, before the "virtue" is extracted from the vegetable mould which covers it; after that time, of course, the productiveness is immensely reduced; and this is an element worthy to be considered in a calculation of the permanent supply of grain which Canada is likely to furnish: the virgin soil, with its attendant cheapness and abundance, is rapidly becoming exhausted, so that against improved communications is to be set increased difficulty of production. The oak-plains are very pretty, being full of glades and dells and vistas, which remind one of English forest-scenery, only that the trees which grow upon them are not fine. There has been a most disagreeable change in the weather: on Saturday we had very heavy rain, the first (of any consequence) which I have seen for six weeks, and last night there was a frost; so I suppose the summer, properly speaking, is gone: the sun, however, is hot again to-day.

I am domiciled in the house of a gentleman to whom I brought letters of introduction, and who, with the usual hospitality of the country, has made me feel completely at home; so that I have an opportunity of seeing a most favourable speci-

men—too favourable, in fact, to be a fair one—of a Canadian settler's establishment. His farm consists now (having been added to from time to time) of about 400 acres, of which 130 are cleared. For this a man and a boy are required (besides what the owner does himself—no slight addition in this case) all the year round, and additional hands at harvest-time. Mr. D. tells me he has no trouble at all about servants (as is the usual complaint throughout North America): one has lived six years and another three years with him; and he says, he would be able without difficulty to supply their places if they went away. This is, I fancy, the most aristocratic settlement in the province, and contains within ten miles scions of some of the best English and Irish families; in fact, I should say, the society is quite as good as that of an average country neighbourhood at home. For that very reason, however, I should think it is not a good district for a man who looks merely to the investment of capital to buy in; for land bears what may be called a fancy price, and the chances of advance in value are not so great as in many other places. About Brantford, for instance, the average price of land is not much higher than what is generally paid here, *cæteris paribus* (viz. about 4*l.* sterling per acre for cleared, and from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* for wild land), though there they

will soon have steam navigation up to their doors, and a macadamized road to Hamilton; whereas here there is nothing of the kind, and no apparent prospect of early improvement in communications. A friend of mine, who has just bought a farm close to this place, gives 480*l.* for sixty cleared, and 100 uncleared acres; but then it is very prettily and advantageously situated, and has a log-house, barn, and fences upon it. Gentlemen farmers here do not ever aim at more than making their land keep themselves, their servants, and cattle, and pay the occasional labourers whom they employ; and it requires considerable management to effect this: those only can make money of a farm (in this district) who have no labour to pay.

I have procured from men of practical information and experience in these matters calculations as to the various expenses and prospects of a settler in this part of the country, and they have proved to me, conclusively, that it is under ordinary circumstances impossible for a gentleman to make money by farming. Even in the instances where land has been bought cheap, and become unexpectedly profitable, in consequence of the opening of new communications, it has been found the best plan to sell it at an advanced price to the small farmer, who labours for himself, lives econo-

mically, and, if sober and industrious, is sure to get on. Wheat is the only crop for which, at some price or other, there is a sure market in this district: it is now very cheap, only bringing 3s. per bushel, but the average price is a dollar. The wheat crop has not been "first-rate" in the western part of Canada this year; indeed the farmers say, not an average; but the immense produce of Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, which is now admitted duty-free, keeps down the price. A single man, who has been accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of a gentleman's life at home, and expects to live conformably to the same standard here, ought to have 100*l.* a year, besides what he sinks in his farm. With smaller means he ought certainly not to buy land at first; but should stay for a year or two at a farmer's, in order to see his way. In this neighbourhood he could get board and lodging, with two rooms for his sole use, and his meals at his own hours, for two dollars per week (about 2*l.* per annum), and a farmer would keep a horse for him at a dollar per week; and you may imagine from this how cheap provisions and forage must be. In order to get experience in Canadian farming (a very different sort of thing from British), he might rent land from year to year at two dollars per acre in this neighbourhood (this is now be-

coming not uncommon* ; but the rent is as yet generally low in proportion to the produce, from the prejudice that exists against the tenure); and thus, without tying himself down, he might see whether he could make farming pay, and, perhaps, save some money to add to his capital, before he became a purchaser. It would not be a bad plan even for a man who bought land to place himself thus, “en pension” at first, while a bachelor, for he would certainly save money by doing so, besides avoiding the trouble of housekeeping; all, however, are anxious to have houses of their own when they come out, and from their inexperience they suffer accordingly.

The bane of this province is “brandy and wa-

* I was surprised to find this practice (of renting land) by no means uncommon in the United States, though, of course, checked both by the habits of the people and the facility of acquiring the fee-simple of new land; nor is it likely to become very extended or influential from the effect of the American law of inheritance. The contracting parties usually “go shares” in the crop, instead of agreeing upon a fixed money rent; the former seems certainly, at first sight, the more natural and equitable plan, as making the owner of the land bear the uncertainty to which its productiveness is liable, but presents great difficulties in practice, as it is nearly impossible to obtain a *bonâ fide* valuation of the produce, and a correct average of the market price each year, both of which are necessary to its operation. It is pretty nearly the metayer system of France, except that the tenant provides capital as well as labour.

ter;" at least half of the young settlers fall into the habit of drinking, more or less, and many have been pointed out to me who came from England with the most gentlemanlike habits, and apparently good principles, but from bad company and *ennui* have been led to excess, and have finally gone to utter ruin from habitual intemperance. For this reason, if there were no other, I should earnestly dissuade any man who has been accustomed to society from going upon wild land in the back woods, remote from the haunts of men. Many have conceived, perhaps, a highly poetical idea of such a life, which utterly vanishes when they attempt to realise it, and the consequences are often disgust and despair: if they can, they probably return to England, and tell every body "what a detestable place Canada is;" if they remain, they become boors and sots, unless gifted with stronger principles and happier dispositions than fall to the lot of ordinary men. On the contrary, I can imagine no happier or more wholesome life, both for mind and body, than that which a young man who, like my host, has civilised and intellectual tastes, as well as physical energy, may live in the thickly-settled and cultivated districts of the province, that is, if he have a sufficient income to be above depending altogether upon his land for subsistence: if he have emigrated as one of a family,

or have been accompanied by friends or relations from home, of course he is still better off. He has constant, yet not harassing, occupation; the consciousness that while providing for himself and his family (present or future), he is also performing a most important part in the economy of God's providence, by "replenishing the earth and subduing it;" the opportunity of becoming exceedingly useful locally and generally, in a moral point of view, by exerting himself in the cause of religion and education; and (if inclined to politics) a sphere within his reach, the extent and importance of which is daily increasing, and which even now affords full scope for energy and talent. He must not be an epicure, certainly, that is, require a French *cuisine*, but, nevertheless, he may live, as we live here, exceedingly well. I have never seen better meat, butter, bread, or milk, and groceries also are very cheap. The average price of meat is about $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb., of bread $3d.$ for the 2lb. loaf, but all the farmers live upon the produce of their own land. We have had also very good wild venison, which, however, is inferior to that fed in parks; for, like all other animals, deer, in their wild state, are almost destitute of fat. There are a good many deer in this neighbourhood still. The other day, on my way from Brentford, I saw two in the road, who let us approach within 100 yards in the waggon: un-

fortunately I had left my gun behind me (for the first time since I landed in America), or I could, without doubt, by stalking, have got within thirty or forty yards, and made sure of one. There ought also to be good quail-shooting: I went out to look for some the other day, but having no dog, and being lame besides, the result of my chasse was very small; I only found one bevy, and shot one bird. If I were living here, I should try to make an annual excursion to the prairie country:—one goes to Scotland for grouse-shooting at home. It could be done without much expense of time or money, by means of steamers from Detroit to Chicago.

There is much to lament in the religious condition of most of the rural districts, as must always be the case where the population is much scattered, and allowed to outgrow the supply of ecclesiastical ministrations. From never having the subject forced upon them, they begin to forget it, gradually neglect the observance of the Lord's Day, or else employ it as a day simply of bodily relaxation and amusement, omit to have their children baptized, and end by living as though they had no religion at all. No one conversant with the state of newly-settled countries can fail to recognise the truth of Dr. Chalmers's well-known proposition, "that in the matter of religious in-

struction, the demand is in an inverse ratio to the necessity of supply;" so that even granting the monstrous assumption implied in the arguments of those who maintain that the matter may be left to the ordinary operation of economic laws (the assumption, namely, that the *amount* of religion is the only thing to be considered, and that the quality signifies nothing); granting even this, I boldly maintain, that if the state so leaves it, the thinly-peopled districts will remain totally and contentedly destitute, and subside into unconscious perhaps, but practical, *atheism*. Even in Canada, where the government, and above all, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, have done much, there is great danger of this result taking place in many districts; but in the States it is infinitely worse; and I cannot help referring the unpunished outrages, the Lynch-legislation, the lawlessness, in short, of which these are symptoms, which have given an infamous distinction to so many of the border states, and from which our colonies have happily been free hitherto, more to the want of religious ministrations than to the weakness of the executive, the prevalence of slavery, or any of the other causes to which the admitted evil has been attributed. Even in a political point of view, that government is wrong which does not endeavour to connect the colonies with the parent

state by the strong tie of a common faith. This was clearly shown in the late rebellion in Canada, as well as in the revolutionary war; for it is an undoubted fact, that in both cases all the members of the Church, almost without exception, remained loyal. But the great, the all-important question is, whether a government, to which the care of its people has been entrusted, and which is responsible for their welfare in its largest sense, is justified before God if it leave a population, breeding and spreading on all sides, to the chance that their own fancies and cravings will supply a sufficient amount of orthodox religious instruction and ordinances, — in short, if it suffers them to become, at hap-hazard, Churchmen, Dissenters, or infidels.

We have been exceedingly gay all this week. On Tuesday we dined with Mr. A., the judge of the district, whose office is analogous to that of an Irish assistant-barrister. On Wednesday we had a cricket match at the Woodstock club ground. I am delighted to see the old English games introduced into the colonies: they carry with them associations of the old time and the old country, which are worth a thousand political enactments, in keeping up among emigrants the feeling that, though half the globe may divide them from their native land, they are Britons still. In a new country, time is generally too valuable, in a

pecuniary point of view, for play; but where it can be spared from necessary business, I cannot think it unprofitably employed in preserving the national sports, which have had so much influence in forming the national character. In America they have never appeared, and in England they are every where going out—a pregnant symptom of the radical change which our character, habits, and institutions are in process of undergoing. We are becoming American *à vue d'œil*. To return to Woodstock: on Thursday we went to see Admiral Vansittart, whose place is near the town. He has done wonders here; built an immense house; cleared a great extent of ground for a park, and surrounded it with a regular English park-paling; in short, he has spent a large fortune upon his Canadian property, which it has been his great object to transmute as rapidly as possible into an English country-seat. Though it has not turned out a profitable speculation to himself, he has produced, by his operations, a most civilising effect upon the appearance of the country, and has certainly given a great stimulus to the prosperity of Woodstock. In his son I was delighted to meet an old school-fellow, who recognised me immediately, notwithstanding the lapse of years: this sort of unexpected meeting with friends is very refreshing to a solitary traveller. Very few tourists, I am

told, visit this part of Canada; indeed I only heard the name of one (Lord Prudhoe), who had been lately at Woodstock. The usual plan is to go down by steam from Niagara, touching at Toronto, Kingston, and Montreal, to Quebec; and then, having seen precisely so much of the country as forms the left bank of the St. Lawrence, to draw elaborate comparisons between Canada and the United States.

LETTER XI.

TORONTO.

UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEY. — TORONTO. — SYSTEM OF LAND SALES IN CANADA. — MR. WAKEFIELD'S PLAN. — CLERGY RESERVES. — THE BAR IN CANADA. — THE TALBOT SETTLEMENT. — VISITS FROM IRISH EMIGRANTS. — THEIR SUCCESS. — UPPER-CANADA COLLEGE. — THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN CANADA.

September.

ON Friday I bade farewell to my kind friends at Woodstock, and started per stage for Hamilton, by the same road which I had travelled before; but, alas! how different was its condition. The roads in America are dependent upon the weather, and the weather has now completely broken up. It rained unceasingly from Thursday morning to Friday evening, and the mud-holes in consequence had increased alarmingly — and a mud-hole is, as Mrs. Clavering says, a serious thing in the west; a thing to be contemplated and consulted about, measured and sounded, before the final and often fatal plunge is taken; and the sand track, which they call a road, had become so deep, that for miles together we proceeded at a crawling walk. I thought the day would never end. There were

two drunken Americans of the lowest class opposite to me, one of whom quarrelled with me outright because I would not "trade" with him for a coat, which was "too little for him, but would fit me fust-rate;" a squalling child beside me; the pouring rain above and around, and such a carriage, and such a road beneath! On our arrival at Hamilton at about nine o'clock at night, having occupied thirteen or fourteen hours in travelling fifty-five miles, we found the inns full to overflowing. There must be a wonderful traffic through this place, for it was just the same thing when I was here before; and at the principal inn they told me they had been full continually for the last month. After running about the town in the rain and mud for some time, breaking my head against scaffolding, and tumbling into overflowed drains, (for of course Hamilton does not boast of lamps, and is "going ahead" so fast, that it is one mass of rubbish and liquid dirt,) I was fortunate enough to get a dirty bed-room without any window, where I managed to sleep pretty well in spite of the fleas, and dressed and shaved in the passage. Next morning rain again; and as we had a mile to go to the wharf at which the Toronto steamer was lying, and there were not carriages enough for the crowd of passengers, a great many were late, and we started at eight

o'clock without them. Travelling in Canada makes one look out pretty sharply for number one (he who trusts to "boots" or chambermaid is lost), and as I had learned that lesson, I got my seat.

We arrived at Toronto, which is about forty-five miles from Hamilton, at about one o'clock, having touched at Oakville, the Credit, and another village or two along the shore. The view coming out of Hamilton Bay was beautiful: it is surrounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills: and Sir Allan M'Nab's castle, the most "ambitious" building that I have seen in Canada, looks well enough at a distance, overhanging the water on a high cliff. The approach to Toronto is tame, the shores being low, but about the town are a good number of tolerable villas and gardens: the streets appear wide, and the shops handsome. Since I arrived here I have been so unwell, that I have hardly been able to leave the house; for the first two days I was at a bad inn, where I had a wretched little room without a bell, a serious inconvenience to an invalid, and noise and dirt without limit; since then, however, my circumstances have materially improved, for Mr. S., to whom I brought a letter of introduction, called upon me, and has insisted upon my removing to his house. I am now established in capital bachelor's quar-

ters, with a little study opening upon a nice garden, and full of English books and papers. I enjoy complete quiet too, which, after so much inn-work, is inestimable; so I lie on the sofa all day, and console myself amazingly well for my want of locomotive power. The only thing that annoys me is, that I have lost a good deal of time, which ought to have been spent in seeing the country north of Toronto, about Lake Simcoe, and particularly the townships of Caledon and Chingacousa — I probably spell it wrong — where a number of Irish Protestants, who have come out from our own neighbourhood in Ireland, are settled. I wanted very much to see them, and inquire into their state and prospects, but this part of my plan is now knocked on the head. I am told that the country on each side of Yonge Street, as the road from Toronto to Lake Simcoe is called, is fine, and well cultivated; there is a steamer, too, on the lake, and the principal part of the consumption and trade of Toronto is supplied from that district, so that I was sorry not to be able to see it.

One day I drove in a cab, notwithstanding my doctor's prohibition, to dine with my Niagara friends, and had, as usual, a great deal of agreeable and useful conversation. The subject of land sales is one which naturally excites much interest here, and I may as well take this oppor-

tunity of giving you the result of my inquiries upon this subject. Some of the most able and experienced of the Canadian politicians object to the government system of making the sale of land a source of revenue: they say it can be so at best but to a very limited extent, and that it would be better to *grant* land to settlers bringing out proper testimonials of character, *on condition* of their clearing a given quantity in a given time (subject to revocation of the grant if they did not fulfil the condition, or if they disposed of the land to others). Now against this plan the first obvious answer is, that, under good management, a large fund may be derived from land sales, which if applied to the importation of labourers will have a doubly good effect, that of relieving the labour market of the mother-country, and supplying that of the colony: this is proved by the example of South Australia, where the system of Mr. Wakefield has been long in operation, and where great advantages have resulted from it. The fault there has been the *high price* of land. The fever of speculation rose to such a height, that men bid against each other to a point at which a profitable return from their investment was impossible; and the consequence was much individual ruin and distress: but this mistake in the administration does not affect the principle of the

system, namely, the sale of land, and application of its produce to assisting immigration. In the United States, where that part of Mr. Wakefield's system, which relates to immigration, does not apply, the other (that relating to sales) has operated admirably. Where land is given gratuitously (great as are the benefits of increasing cultivation on any terms) there will always be, in the first place, vast jobbing and favouritism; in the second, impossibility of ascertaining whether the grantees are of a proper description, from the absence of any sufficient test, and above all, a sacrifice of the funds from which a supply of labour might be obtained. A low fixed price will not be injuriously felt as a check to the occupation of land *by desirable emigrants*: it will operate as a partial, I do not say effectual, check to the land-jobbing which is so common and so pernicious in new colonies; and if properly applied, it will supply the farmer with what he wants, viz. labour. There must, however, be in any good plan for land sales some measure analogous to the custom (which I have spoken of as prevailing in the United States) of prescriptive right of pre-emption by actual occupants. Upon this point all are agreed: *bonâ fide occupation* ought to be the condition of sale; if this be not insisted upon, the whole country, or rather all the desirable "locations" in it, must become the property of

large capitalists, who will either keep it lying waste, in the hope of an advanced price, or sell it by auction at an exorbitant rate, thereby entailing all the evils attendant upon the government auction system, without the benefit of an application of the proceeds to public purposes. Stringent regulations as to occupation and clearance must go along with the gratuitous or low-fixed-price system; and, though I know the difficulties attending upon the enforcement of conditions, and the arrangement of the right of pre-emption, I cannot but think they may and ought to be overcome. The auction-system throws so many obstacles in the way of extensive settlement, by the disadvantages under which it places small capitalists, and the subtraction of so much capital from agricultural purposes, that, notwithstanding its superior productiveness, I think it is on the whole justly objected to. If occupants, not speculators, save the money which is lost to the Government, the colony is not a loser, but a gainer to the amount of the difference, but that is the turning-point of the whole question. The gratuitous system, as formerly practised, when Government gave immense tracts to single individuals, who probably never went near them, nor thought of any thing but how to get the best price at their sale, was the most ruinous of all. Thus the

Canada company would, if their speculations had prospered, have intercepted, for the profit of the English shareholders, money which would otherwise have either remained in the pockets of actual settlers, or been paid into the treasury, and which, in either case, would, or ought to have been applied productively for colonial purposes ; as it is, they have not succeeded, and probably would be content to receive back the price which they originally paid, for the immense tracts which they purchased, and the money they have since spent upon the province, without reckoning interest upon their capital at all. Thus their operations, though based upon a defective principle, and though producing in many localities an injurious effect, may probably, on the whole, be beneficial to the colony, and certainly have done far less harm than individual speculations would do. They have assisted largely in the opening of communications, and the improvement of the country in various ways, and are at this moment offering for sale allotments in a fine district, on the banks of Lake Huron, upon very advantageous terms, allowing the purchase money to be paid gradually by moderate instalments, and assisting the emigrants to arrive at their destination. In every respect I should say that, at present, purchases can be made from the Company more advantageously

than from the Government (and, *à fortiori*, more so than from individuals), but there is no reason why this superiority should be allowed to remain with them.

Lord Durham, and all the mere political economists, object strongly to the principle upon which one seventh of every township was reserved for ecclesiastical purposes; and no doubt, if one looks solely to the material prosperity of the country, these reserves are objectionable, not only as keeping so large a proportion of the territory in an uncultivated state, but as impeding the formation of internal communications between settled districts. If by any other plan the religious wants of the province could have been adequately provided for, it ought to have been adopted; and I confess that I fear the apparent advantage to be derived from the present one—namely, that of securing an increased value of church property in proportion to the increasing demand for its application—will hardly be realised. The lands must be sold within a limited time to provide for present necessities: till they are sold they produce nothing, and do more harm than good; for it is of course wholly out of the question that the clergy should occupy and clear them, and leasing wild land is unknown, so that it is merely a question of time, as to how long the church can do without the proceeds of

their sale, and allow them to increase in value, as the adjoining country improves. The "Clergy-Reserves Act" directs that these lands shall be sold at the discretion of the Governor in Council, with the proviso, that not *more than* 100,000 acres shall be sold in each year: the object of the friends of the Church is to prevent them from being sold at the price which they could now command.

I have just received an immense packet of letters from England and Ireland. Thank God! all well at home, and good news of the harvest in both countries; which news are more acceptable to me than to my Canadian friends, whose market depends upon the price of agricultural produce with you. Provisions must be very cheap here, when it can pay a man to charge (as is done at the best hotel in Toronto) only one dollar per day for board and lodging. For this, which would not do more than pay for dinner and waiter at an English provincial town, they give you four tolerable meals, as good as "*coach meals*" at home, with meat at every one, a bed-room, and attendance of servants, for "vails" are unknown here, as well as in the United States. If it were not for Mr. S.'s library I should be very badly off, for my travelling stock of books is pretty nearly read through, and I am tired of the heaps of trash which one finds in the cheap American novels:

these are sold in vast quantities throughout the province; and as they cost only about 6*d.* or 1*s.* for a three-volume novel, can be bought, read, and thrown away without scruple.

I have been asking my friends here about the chance of success which an English or Irish barrister would have at the colonial bar, and find them all agree in saying that there is not an instance of such a venture turning out well. Many have tried and all failed. This is accounted for by the operation of two causes; first, connection is all-powerful here, and it would require great superiority of learning and talent to divert business out of the established colonial channel; secondly, it is very difficult for men brought up with high and mighty notions of professional dignity, "*honoraria*," &c., to reconcile themselves to the mode of practice which prevails. Lawyers are here both barristers and attornies, there being in theory no division of labour; but business is managed much more after the fashion of the latter branch of the profession than after that of the former. In the first place, they send in their bills regularly for work and labour done, and a cause pleaded in court, or an opinion upon title, is charged in the same way as the drawing of a brief or a conveyance; then, they generally work in firms or partnerships, in which, though the parties are nominally

presumed to be ready and qualified to undertake any department of the profession, and actually do so on emergencies, yet the ordinary practice is, that one should devote himself particularly to conveyancing and chamber practice, and the other (the Mercurius) to court-work and circuit. It is consequently a young man's great object to get into a good partnership, and if he does so his fortune is made; for as his seniors die, or get promoted, he succeeds to their business as a matter of course, if qualified. Sometimes a man with connection and interest will join with another who has talents and information, but wants an opening; and their respective shares of the profits are made matters of preliminary bargain.

I am, in some respects, unlucky in the time of my visit to Toronto, the judges being on circuit, and the bishop engaged in a visitation to the western part of the province. I have, however, been fortunate enough to meet Colonel Talbot, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who is here on his way from Kingston, where he has been paying his respects to the new governor-general. He has very kindly invited me to Port Talbot, but as my route is henceforth southward and eastward, I shall not be able to visit him. Colonel Talbot has been in Canada now about forty years, and during the whole of that time has hardly left

the log-house which he originally built, and which he still lives in. He obtained a grant of about 50,000 acres of wild land for himself from Government, upon condition of settling a certain extent of country with old-world emigrants: this he has done, but of his own property he has never sold an acre, though it is now very valuable, being situated on the northern bank of Lake Erie, in the heart of the most rapidly advancing district of the province, and uniting all sorts of natural advantages. I am told it would sell for upwards of 100,000*l.* in the market. About 700 acres only are cleared, and these Colonel Talbot keeps in his own hands, employing (which is rare here) a considerable number of labourers; the rest of his estate, of course, yields him no return whatever in its present condition. I must say that, strong as is my propensity for Canada, and great as are the charms for my imagination of a country where there is "plenty of room," I cannot conceive reconciling myself to such complete isolation as this — 100 miles is rather too great a distance from one's nearest neighbour.

This morning I have received several visits of "friends from the old country," who having heard of my arrival in these parts came to pay their respects, and inquire after their relations in Ireland. Among the first was my old servant S., who came

out about two months ago, and got a place, he tells me, three days after he landed, as coachman in the family of one of the judges. He likes the country very much: his wages are twelve dollars a month (without livery), out of which he hopes, in a very few years, to save money enough to get a farm, the grand desideratum here. He says this is a "fine Protestant country," and that there was "a great walk on the twelfth." My next visit was from a young lady, who officiated some years ago in the distinguished capacity of under-housemaid at — : the transformation of the grub into the butterfly is not more complete than that which has taken place in her appearance and manners. She walked in with her brother, whom I also remembered: both were exceedingly well dressed, so much so as to make me almost blush for the *dés-habille* in which I received them; shook hands with me, sat down, and proceeded to converse on the current topics of the day. Seriously speaking, they seem to have prospered amazingly, and though their "abord" was rather too American for our prejudices, I must say that neither in them nor in any other of my old acquaintances have I met with the slightest disposition to presume upon the change in our relative positions; on the contrary, they all seem to be not only delighted to see me, but to preserve all their former

class-feeling (as the Americans call it) of respect and deference. The brother told me he got twenty dollars a month as clerk at a wholesale store. The sister is unmarried, lives with him, and gets constant and lucrative employment by taking in needlework: a dollar, for instance, is the price of making a shirt, and other things in proportion. They have been telling me about all the people from our neighbourhood who are out here: generally speaking, they have succeeded very well, and occupy farms, of which the purchase-money is either partly or altogether paid. One man (J. B.) they mentioned to me as having gone this year into the Caledon township, where all our friends are settled, with a view of becoming a school-master—an occupation which pays very well, I am told, in the better-settled districts. A woman, who told me she was a cousin of one of my father's tenants, amused me very much (while giving me an account of her situation and circumstances) by the apologetic manner in which she told me, half-ashamed, with respect to her husband — “Indeed, sir, he's just a Yankee; but he's a good churchman for all that.” All these people seem to feel the strongest interest about their friends in Ireland, and many speak regretfully of having left it; “es ist doch schön im fremden Lande.” And yet I cannot imagine their being satisfied to live at home in the

same line of life as before, after being in America ; they have so much better eating and drinking here (if it were nothing else), which must be a great desideratum with the mass.

I have just had a long visit from Dr. M^cCaul, Principal of Upper Canada College, and may as well take this opportunity to give you some account of the nature of that institution, and the system pursued there. It is now a school only, but before long a university will be established, at which the boys may finish their education : they will be parts of the same foundation, and under the same management. There are now one hundred and sixty boys in course of education, of whom about sixty are boarders : the latter pay only 24*l.* per annum for board, lodging, and education ; the day boys, 7*l.* 10*s.* There is an excellent staff of masters, as must indeed be the case where the emoluments are so good : they get 300*l.* per annum, and a house each. The four principal masters are M. A.'s of Cambridge, and the head master a member of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was, I believe, distinguished. The course of study is framed upon the model of Eton, except that the study of French is absolutely required, (this is very useful here, from its facilitating intercourse with the French Canadians), and also an attendance upon lectures in

mechanics. There is, however, an exception made in compliance with the utilitarian tendency of a new country, which I think objectionable in theory, though Dr. M'Caul tells me that in practice it does but little harm, as hardly any avail themselves of it: this consists in the existence of what they call a "partial class," where those boys whose parents wish it are instructed, not in the regular routine of the school education, but in those practical branches only which the parents may think likely to be useful (in the material sense of the word) to the boys in after-life, such as mathematics, surveying, mechanics, &c. I hear this institution universally well spoken of; and all the best colonial families have sons in it. It has been considered advisable to modify the original charter by which subscription to the articles was made necessary on the part of the masters and professors: they are now only required to declare their belief in the canonical Scriptures, and the Trinity. The governor of the province, who is *ex officio* chancellor, has the nomination to all the offices: and as it seems to be thought right to select men from the English and Irish universities to fill them, the probability is that, generally at least, the more important will continue to be filled by churchmen; but there is no provision for that purpose. Divine worship

is performed, and the Scriptures read, morning and evening, at which the attendance is compulsory, notwithstanding repeated demands for an alteration of the rules in this particular. On Sunday the church children are instructed in the Catechism and other books of doctrine, and required to attend divine service; the others have no religious instruction given them, and are allowed to attend their own places of worship respectively, as they or their parents choose. There is a large endowment annexed to the institution, consisting of, I think, 70,000 acres of land: the management of its affairs is conducted by a council, of which the bishop is president, the chief functionaries of the province and the principal, *ex officio* members, and five others nominated by the crown. On the whole, considering the difficulties under which government labours here in matters of this nature, from the prevailing hostility to anything like exclusiveness or establishment, and the absence of all reverence for old institutions as models, I must say I am surprised and pleased to find a system with so much orthodoxy about it, employed in forming the minds of the rising generation; and I trust when the crying want of a university is supplied, this part of the colony will be as well off as can reasonably be expected in its provision for a

literary education. This school, however, must be enlarged considerably, for even now there is not room enough; and of course the number of applicants will increase yearly. It appears to me also that the cost of the education given, which is now exceedingly low, might be increased without hardship or inconvenience, so as to admit of applying part of the original endowment to the establishment of schools, to be conducted upon the same system in other places. I drove, yesterday, to see the site of the intended university; it is beautifully placed outside the town, at the top of an avenue a mile long, planted with all sorts of trees and shrubs, and very well kept: the building will, I am told, be very extensive, and in the Grecian style: till it is finished, the business of the university will go on in the *ci-devant* Parliament House.

Upon dismissing my doctor (which I am happy to say I did to-day) I asked him his charge; and he informed me it was a dollar for each visit. The system here is very different from that which prevails at home with respect to medical attendance; and the tendency of it, as in the case of the lawyers, is to lower very much the dignity of the learned professions. When a doctor is in the habit of attending upon a resident family, he sends in his account at the end of the year, like

the tailor or shoemaker ; and then, as my medical friend complained very bitterly, ensues generally a scene of bargaining and beating down, and disputing the number of visits, which must be annoying enough ; for he does not supply medicines, as the English country doctors do, but deals in the variable and intangible commodities of operations and visits only : and as there is no fixed tariff of charges, his own estimate of the value of his skill and labour generally differs very considerably from that formed by his patients. In the case of casual attendance the same system is pursued, only that of course the bill is sent in immediately. There is no doubt, in short, that a man of refined and fastidious habits will meet with rubs and crosses at every turn in this country, and had far better remain at home.

LETTER XII.

COBOURG.

LEAVE TORONTO. — COBOURG. — HETEROGENEOUS CHARACTER OF POPULATION IN UPPER CANADA. — RIDE TO PETERBOROUGH. — TOWNSHIPS OF CAVAN AND MONAGHAN. — IRISH PROTESTANT FARMERS. — PETERBOROUGH. — LIFE OF A SETTLER IN THE BACK-WOODS. — OCCUPATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS. — WANT OF SERVANTS. — CHEAPNESS OF LIVING.

Cobourg, September.

I LEFT Toronto on the 17th, having remained a week there, almost entirely in my friend S.'s study, where I was certainly as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances; still a week of inactivity is too much to lose out of my limited time. And now once more for noise and bustle, and perpetual motion—for changing my bed every night, and packing every morning. In this country all the world is in a whirl and fizz, and one must be in the fashion; every thing and every body seem to go by steam: if you meet an acquaintance in the street, he is sure to have “just arrived” from some place three or four hundred miles off, and to be “just starting” upon a similar expedition in some other direction. After

a short experience of this mode of life one quite forgets that there is such a thing as repose or absence of noise, and begins to think that the blowing of steam is a necessary accompaniment and consequence of the ordinary operation of the elements — a Yankee music of the spheres.

At twelve o'clock I sailed in the Kingston boat, which touches at several places on the northern shore of the Lake; amongst others at Cobourg, where I now am. I called on the evening of my arrival upon a gentleman to whom I had an introduction, and settled to ride with him to Peterborough, a village about forty miles "back" (as they say here) beyond the "Rice Lake," close to which is the settlement of those Irish whom the government brought out some fifteen years ago as an experiment in state colonisation. There is a curious feature about Upper Canada which I do not remember having mentioned to you, and which strikes a stranger very much, and that is, the exceedingly heterogeneous and exotic character of its population: it is much more remarkable here than in the States, because the country has not been settled long enough for a generation born in it to have sprung up to any extent; so that there appears to be no groundwork of native population at all: every body is a foreigner here; and "home," in their mouths, invariably means another

country. Then you have the provincial peculiarities of every part of the British Islands contrasted with those of European and American foreigners : one man addresses you in a rich Cork brogue, the next in broad Scotch, and a third in undeniable Yorkshire ; the Yankee may be known by his broad-brimmed hat, lank figure, and nasal drawl : then you have the French Canadian, chattering patois, in his red cap, blue shirt, sash, and moccasins ; the German, with his blue blouse and black belt ; and the Italian, following the usual trades of his country, image-making and confectionery, and as easily distinguishable as at home. Most foreigners go to the States, but there they amalgamate to a certain extent with the native-born population, or at least are swallowed up in it : here, though of course the vast majority are British, *all* are foreigners ; nor does any fixed, definite character appear to have yet arisen in the province, which might absorb and remodel that of the new-comers. The Canadians are neither British nor American : the local circumstances and situation of the country (which are among the most powerful of the influences which form national character) tend towards the latter ; and the tendency is increased by the vicinity of, and intercourse with, the States : on the other hand, early habits and associations, com-

munication with their friends in the old country, political and ecclesiastical institutions, and the antipathy produced by rivalry and collision with their American neighbours, unite them to Great Britain. I think they are more American than they believe themselves to be, or would like to be considered; and in the ordinary course of things, as the emigrants cease to bear so large a proportion as they do now to those born in the province, they must become more so: still it is very important to recollect that here is a national character in process of formation, and that now is the time to infuse into it, as far as possible, those elements which we are accustomed to consider valuable in our own; above all, to consider deeply the momentous question, upon the determination of which I do not hesitate to say the future welfare of Canada, as well as its connection with Great Britain, depends—namely, that of the maintenance and encouragement of a national church.

The sympathisers came over to Cobourg at the time of the disturbances, but were fortunately anticipated in their designs. The chance of these inroads is certainly a very serious objection to settling near the frontier or shores of the boundary waters. If wars were likely to be as common as in the middle ages, we should find the “peels” and watch-towers of the debateable land rising

along the Canadian border: as it is, the victory of the commercial over the military spirit is signalled by the fact that, with very few exceptions, fortified places seem to be considered unnecessary on both sides of the lines; nor is there any thing to prevent us from walking into Buffalo, or the Americans from occupying Toronto, any fine morning in the year: both took place during the last war.

On the 19th I rode from Cobourg to Peterborough, thirty-five miles, over a pretty, or at least a *good* country: but beauty here consists not in forest, but in clearing. In the eye of a Canadian absence of trees is the first element of the picturesque. My companion had been member of the legislature for the county through which we passed, and gave me a great deal of information about its condition and circumstances. We passed between the townships of Cavan and Monaghan, settled, as you may suppose from the names, principally by Protestants from the North of Ireland; and I was very much gratified by seeing the progress which they have made. I visited the houses of several; and the result of my inquiries was every where the same: all were doing well. One man from Drum, near Cavan, who came out without a dollar, has now a capital house and 1200 acres of land; another from Wattle-bridge is also very

flourishing, and has been member of the legislature. Two brothers from Clones, who came out almost paupers, have excellent houses (better than Mr. P.'s), and every appearance of wealth and abundance. Those whom I have mentioned were all visited by chance, as they happened to live within reach of the road; and their stories are almost all the same. They began by day-labour, or taking land "on shares" (that is, the occupier giving the owner half the produce), and very soon made money enough to go upon wild land and begin to clear. When a man buys land he is seldom expected to pay all the money down at once; and many have not a farthing when they go into the bush—trusting to each year's crop to pay the year's instalment. This, however, is of course not so good a plan as to earn a little money to begin upon. I was by no means prepared by any thing that I had heard in the old country to see so many instances of signal success so near to each other as I have seen among these Irish Protestants: at the same time it must be recollected that those whom one sees on the land must naturally be in a great proportion the *successful* among the settlers. When a man fails, or even when he does not get on well, he generally goes away to try his luck in the States, or subsides again into a labourer. As far as I can gather from the clergymen and others

whom I have inquired of, they have not suffered, generally speaking, in this district, that moral and religious deterioration which is the great danger to settlers in a thinly-peopled country. They are tolerably well supplied with spiritual ministrations; and have greatly improved, like the rest of the province, in attention to religious ordinances of late years. I hope by degrees the country will be well supplied with clergy, and then the grand evil connected with the state of society here will be in a great measure removed: at present I look upon it as a very serious one indeed; and the worst of it is, that in the mean time habits of carelessness or schism are formed among the growing population, which the church, however efficiently she may hereafter be represented, will find it very difficult to eradicate.

In the course of our ride we passed close to a curious tower, built on the banks of the Rice Lake by an eccentric individual, a Mr. B. Having met with very severe domestic misfortunes, and become disgusted with the world, he selected this as the place of his retreat, and lived for several years in complete retirement, without even a track through the woods leading to his house, and occupying himself entirely in literary pursuits. One day he suddenly departed as mysteriously as he had come, with the view, it is said, of spending the rest of

his life in the East; and his tower remains untenanted and unclaimed, as a memorial of his strange eventful history. He seems to have been quite a realisation of the character of Basil Mer-toun in Scott's "Pirate."

Peterborough is the result of a government settlement made seventeen years ago, when a large body of emigrants were brought out from the South of Ireland, and provided with food for a year, stock and house: in fact, as a gentleman told me, who came out at the same time, they had a great deal too much done for them; and whether in consequence of that, or from being naturally a less energetic and industrious race, they have not prospered near so rapidly or universally as the Protestants of Cavan and Monaghan. However, though there are some exceptions, most of these also have got on, more or less. At the same time a number of half-pay officers, who had received grants of land, came out; and these have almost invariably done badly. They came to the country with habits totally unfitted for the life they were to lead, spent all their money, and ended generally by leaving the country with broken spirits and fortunes. A few naval men are exceptions to this account, certainly. But I cannot too often repeat that this is the country for a labourer, not for a gentleman, *that is, as far as the back-woods and*

farming, as a speculation, are concerned. If a man has an independent income, and chooses to live in a town, or in an old settled part of the country, it is quite a different thing.

The town of Peterborough is very prettily situated in a valley surrounded by hills, through which a river called the Otanobec flows. It is large and straggling, containing nearly 2000 inhabitants; yet the intervals between the houses are filled with pine-stumps still, and the boundary-line between town and forest (raw material and manufacture) is hardly distinguishable as you pass it. On the morning after my arrival at Peterborough I walked two miles to a seven-o'clock breakfast with Mr. S., the first settler who came to this township twenty years ago. He gave me an amusing account of his troubles and difficulties at starting; but says they are all over now, and that his only feeling at present is (such as Cooper describes Leather-stocking as expressing) that population is surrounding him too thickly and rapidly, and breaking in upon his solitude. When he first came out it required more time to come from Montreal to where he lives than it does now from London: there was not a stick cut in the forest; and Mr. S. was empowered almost literally to pitch his tent (or rather his log-hut) where he liked. It is curious that under these circumstances

he should have selected a situation so judiciously, that after twenty years' experience he is now building a new frame-house within ten yards of the original log-hut. His solitude was first invaded by the government settlement of Irish which I mentioned before: he was at first a good deal alarmed, as the new settlers bore no very good character; but he told me his fears proved groundless, and that he has never suffered any annoyance from them. I saw one or two of them, who appeared very well satisfied with their condition. One, a mason, told me he got as much work during the summer as he could do, at six shillings a day and his board: he and his sons had a grant of 300 acres, and have bought 300 more. A blacksmith gets six shillings and sixpence for shoeing a horse; and the profits of other trades are proportionably high. Mr. S. told me there was a good deal of society to be had in this district. Winter is the gay season, and then sleighing-parties, dances, and reunions of all kinds are the order of the day. His family appeared perfectly satisfied with the mode of life which they are accustomed to: and he said that many of their neighbours who had returned from hence to England regretted very much that they had done so, and were longing for the "life in the woods" again. There is a great drawback, however, felt by those who, like most of the upper

classes at home, have been accustomed to so much attendance of servants as to be quite helpless when thrown upon their own resources in domestic matters: it is impossible to keep servants here. Mrs. S. brought out several from her own neighbourhood in Ireland, but they have hardly ever remained above six months or a year: a man is considered what the Germans call "kind des hauses" (a child of the house) after eighteen months' service; they are sure to leave you too at the most awkward moment. A cook will perhaps inform you, two hours before you expect a large party to dinner, that she intends to leave you; and you have no sort of hold upon them, for they do not care a farthing about getting a character, being sure of a place, if qualified, without any thing of the sort. The young ladies of an emigrant's family must be prepared to cook the dinner and sweep the house upon emergencies; and I am quite convinced that they may do so consistently with the utmost refinement of mind and manners. This inconvenience, of course, decreases, and will continue to decrease, as the population of the country goes on, and the field for labour diminishes.

Every fortnight Mr. S. gets a parcel from home, with books, newspapers, and letters, which keeps his family quite "*au courant du jour*:" indeed they are not a bit farther, in point of time, from London

than many parts of Scotland and Ireland were one hundred years ago. There is a difficulty in many localities about primary education; for though there is a government school in each township, yet the distances must be often too great for insulated settlers to avail themselves of it; and besides, the superintendence of the schools and the appointment of masters being now in the hands of the municipal councils established by Lord Sydenham, and which are not, generally speaking, composed of the best-qualified persons for such purposes, there are in many places loud, and, I believe, well-founded complaints of the administration of this department, particularly with regard to the qualification of masters. After a certain age, the college at Toronto appears to offer a very good education, and at a much cheaper rate than that at which any thing approaching to it could be procured at home. That institution must, however, be enlarged considerably, as I said before, or others must be established.

Land may be had tolerably cheap about Peterborough now. There was a rush made in this direction eight or nine years ago of half-pay officers and others, who spent their money foolishly, ruined or disgusted themselves, and have found it impossible to sell their "improvements" at any thing like a remunerating price. In fact, as my

landlady at Peterborough, a very nice Yorkshire woman, observed to me, "This is a country where the rich get poor, and the poor rich." At the same time this is only true where the rich have gone foolishly to work: they generally want to build good houses, and make fine places, all at once in the heart of the forest,—an undertaking, at the present price of labour, absolutely ruinous, of course: but if a man goes prudently to work, I think he can live at about half the expense which is required in England. Meat, vegetables, wheat, oats, tea and sugar, are all at about half the English price, and wine at little more; house-rent (as far as one can calculate where circumstances vary so much) pretty much the same in or near the towns*; clothes are dearer (but then you may wear what you like); and the wages of servants, particularly men, much higher than would be given to individuals possessing equal qualifications at home: good servants are rarely to be found, yet they are not proportionably appreciated.

In the afternoon of the same day I returned to Cobourg by the same road which I had travelled before.

* There are houses in King Street, Toronto, occupied by tradesmen, for which 200*l.* per annum is paid,—a higher rent, I should say, than similar houses would bring in Sackville Street, Dublin.

LETTER XIII.*

KINGSTON.

JOURNEY TO THE TRENT. — A CANADIAN FARMER'S ACCOUNT OF THE WESTERN STATES. — VOYAGE TO KINGSTON, — CANADIAN POLITICS. — THE "CRISIS." — ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR OF SIR CHARLES BAGOT'S POLICY. — CASES OF IRELAND AND CANADA COMPARED. — ULTIMATE ADVANTAGE WHICH THE PRINCIPLE OF "RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT" HOLDS OUT TO THE BRITISH PARTY. — KINGSTON PENITENTIARY. — CANADIAN LEGISLATURE.

Kingston, September.

FROM Cobourg I proceeded by stage to the mouth of the Trent, which is the outlet of the lakes north of Ontario, and stopped at a small tavern there with an agreeable companion, whom I had picked up *en route*. We were greatly amused in the course of the evening by the account which a Canadian farmer, who was at the inn, gave us of a visit which he had paid to some relations of his in Illinois and Michigan (U. S.). He described, in the most quaint and graphic manner, the commercial distress and universal distrust, the "bagus," and "shin-plasters," and "wild-cat money," and

* A considerable part of the following Letter (that which treats of Canadian politics) appeared in the Dublin Evening Mail (in a somewhat abridged form), under the form of a letter, signed "A Traveller."

all the other equally-expressive denominations of false coin and bad notes, which are so well known in the West: he told us how the people would flock round him when he produced a sovereign, and bid against each other for it in the trumpery paper of their respective banks; and how produce is so plentiful, and cash so scarce, that in the interior farmers will sell a bushel of wheat for sixpence. "Well, he would not live in such a country, he *expected*, if they gave him half the state: they managed to *hook* eighteen dollars out of him; and he was glad enough to *clear* with what he had left." I had just been reading Mrs. Clavering's excellent sketches of the same country; so that I was doubly amused by our friend's very original view of it. Making allowances for his anti-American prejudices (which struck me the more from his own exceedingly American manners), he confirmed her account completely.

The next morning we started between four and five o'clock on a bitterly-cold morning, in a lumber-waggon, for Belleville, where we met the steamer bound for Kingston. Our route lay down the Bay of Quinté, the shores of which are considered quite the garden of the province: one of the oldest settlements of the U. E. loyalists was made there. It is a very pretty inlet, reaching about sixty miles into the country, and averaging

about two or three miles in breadth; the shores are low, but wooded to the water's edge, and well diversified with clearings and farm-houses. Land is, however, comparatively cheap, and the influx of emigrants smaller than I should have expected: it is out of the main westward route; and the great object with them always is to go straight on in that direction as far and as fast as steam will carry them, or their money hold out: whereas the true plan evidently is to push off from the lakes and rivers into the country, where settlements are growing up, where labour is at a premium on account of the deficient supply, and land cheap on account of the deficient demand. Fortunately, a friend at Kingston had secured a room for me, so that I am comfortably settled, though there is a great crowd in the place; for the legislature is sitting, and the town offers very insufficient accommodation at such times.

On Saturday I dined at the Governor-General's: he lives a couple of miles from the town, in a pretty villa on the banks of the lake. There are only two or three acres of "*pleasance*," however; and the roads are so bad in the neighbourhood, that to drive on them, except in the country-waggon, is impossible, and even riding is difficult and disagreeable; so that, for ladies, I can hardly imagine a less agreeable residence than

Kingston. For men there are a good many out-of-door "resources," such as boating and shooting; besides which, the easy access by steam to all parts of the frontier is very convenient.

The present is rather an important crisis in Canadian policy, Sir Charles Bagot having just changed his executive council, thrown himself unreservedly into the hands of the French and Reforming party (as it is called), and committed to M. Lafontaine, the leader of that party, the task of forming a new cabinet. As I have occupied myself, while here, principally in discussing the subject with people of different political views, I may as well give you a short outline of the state of affairs, as it appears to a disinterested observer, and of the grounds upon which I think Sir Charles Bagot's policy may be successfully defended.

The circumstances which preceded his administration were as follows:—After the suppression of the late rebellion the Queen's government introduced a bill for uniting the two Canadian provinces, giving to each an equal share in a common legislature: this bill, framed expressly for the purpose of neutralising the preponderance of French influence in the Lower Province, was, by the whole French party, vigorously opposed; they considered it as indicative that their wishes and

interests were to be invariably sacrificed to those of the British province; they complained that they were saddled with a share of the Upper Canadian debt, at a time when they had none themselves; and that they were only allowed to return an equal number of members, while the proportion of their population to that of Upper Canada was that of eight to four and a half. Their complaints, however, were disregarded, and the measure passed into a law: the elections took place under it for the first united provincial parliament; and it then soon appeared that the calculations of both the advocates and opponents of the union had been erroneous. Notwithstanding the unscrupulous use which was made of Government influence, the French Canadians succeeded in returning such a body of representatives favourable to their views as to give them, with the assistance and co-operation of the (so-called) Reformers of Upper Canada, a virtual preponderance in the Lower House. As long as Lord Sydenham lived, he succeeded, by the influence of his talents, and the terror (for such it literally was) of his name, in carrying on the government as he pleased, and browbeating the parliament into acquiescence. His ministers were men of considerable administrative talent, but were combined without reference to unanimity of political senti-

ment, commanding the cordial support of no party, and dependant upon him alone for their political existence. This state of things could not last: defections were daily taking place, isolated elections invariably ended in the defeat of Government candidates; and, even before Lord Sydenham's death, it was admitted by all parties that a change was inevitable.

Such was the state of affairs which awaited Sir Charles Bagot on his arrival, and which it was necessary that his policy should be shaped to meet. Three courses were open to him:—1st. To form his cabinet of the British or Tory party exclusively; 2dly. To select the moderates of both parties; and 3dly. To throw himself altogether into the hands of the French Canadians and their allies. Now I am convinced that the last of these was the one which presented fewest difficulties, and was most likely to conduce to the general good; at the same time, I fully admit that this course, too, has difficulties—that it is open to plausible, nay, real and grave objections; but I maintain that greater difficulties and stronger objections present themselves to the advocates of any other.

Let us then consider, first, the policy of forming an exclusively British cabinet. By the adoption of this course the Governor must have

given up all hopes of commanding a majority in the House of Assembly: I consider the division which took place upon the address presented to him immediately after the change of ministry as decisive upon this point: it was to the effect that the house approved of such a policy as would admit the French Canadians to a fair share of the executive, and was carried by a majority of fifty-one. Now this division, considering the juncture at which it took place, must fairly, I think, be construed to indicate a qualified approval on the part of the House of the measures which had just been adopted, and is at the very least a proof that nothing like an exclusively British cabinet would have been tolerated; indeed, there can be no doubt that the large majority which the present ministry commands would have been in opposition to one composed of Tories. Nor would the case have been mended by a dissolution, as far as I can ascertain; the present parliament was elected under the pressure of an influence strongly unfavourable to the French, and the best-informed persons are of opinion, that the latter would be still more powerful in a new one. Now it would be an extreme, a dangerous, nay, without strong military support, an impracticable undertaking, to carry on the government of Canada in opposition to a permanent majority of the House of Assembly.

Even though it should be contended that the principle of "responsible government," admitted by Lord John Russell and Lord Durham, is not to be considered as inviolable, (and a retrograde policy—the retracing of a step taken in the popular direction is very invidious and difficult in these democratic times,) still no reasonable man would, I think, wish to see it violated, except from obvious and extreme necessity. Without unanimity between the legislative and executive bodies (where a representative constitution exists), the whole machinery of government is obstructed, the most useful and necessary measures are rejected, constant irritation is kept up, and a plausible ground is afforded for persuading the people that their wishes expressed through their representatives are systematically disregarded, and that they are to look upon the Governor and his ministers as the organs of a foreign and hostile power. Such a plan was long and systematically tried in Lower Canada, and we all know the result: I cannot think that it would have been wise for Sir Charles Bagot to decide upon the adoption of a similar one for the United Provinces.

But, secondly, an objector may say, "If I concede that it is impossible to govern Canada by means of a cabinet, from which the French party

is excluded, I have still a right to ask, why shall men so notorious for their hostility to British connection as MM. Lafontaine, Girouard, and Baldwin be selected? Why did not Sir Charles Bagot take men of French extraction but unquestioned loyalty, and by forming a ministry composed of these, united with moderate Tories, secure the confidence of the House, without giving encouragement to disaffection?" The answer is simple — because it was impossible; the men were not to be found — the object could not have been attained. It most unfortunately happens that all the leaders of the French Canadians, all those who possessed the confidence, or could command the support of their party, were (perhaps in many instances from that very circumstance) suspected, with more or less justice, of being concerned in the proceedings which led directly to open rebellion. The fact is, that immediately upon the outbreak, in the exercise of what was perhaps a wise and necessary precaution, the Governor in council suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, and arrested, or offered a reward for the arrest of, all those whom, either from the prominent part which they had taken in opposition, or from private information, he had reason to suspect of being engaged in instigating it. This was the extent of the "proscription" so much insisted upon in the cases of M,

Lafontaine and M. Girouard; neither of them was ever tried, much less convicted; and though I admit that a suspicion so grave, and so publicly evinced, constituted a reason, and a good reason, for not employing them so soon afterwards in the public service, I deny that it ought to be deemed one so decisive as to outweigh all considerations of public benefit under any conceivable circumstances, and to doom those who were the objects of it to irredeemable ignominy. At any rate, if it had been so deemed by the Governor-general, he would thereby have determined to forfeit the support of the French Canadians, and with it all chance of a majority in the House of Assembly. To have promoted unpopular or insignificant individuals, with the view of conciliating the party to which they had been attached, would have been as hopeless as if the Queen, professing a personal objection to Sir Robert Peel or Lord Stanley, had selected some obscure Tory members to supply vacancies in Lord Melbourne's cabinet, for the purpose of commanding for that cabinet the support of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. Sir Charles Bagot cannot be supposed to have any abstract preference for men of suspected loyalty: if he could have found unobjectionable men to answer his purpose, there can be no doubt that he would have chosen them, and it is

therefore fair to argue that he felt the impossibility of so doing. The fact is that in all countries which possess popular constitutions there must and will be parties, or schools of opinion, to some one of which every man who thinks to any purpose must attach himself, more or less strictly; by means of one or other of these parties the government of such countries must be carried on, and the leaders of that party must be the representatives and organs of the executive. I conceive that, whether in England or in Canada, the theory of those who advocate the promotion of "no party" men, who inveigh against "class-legislation" (I mean, of course, in the vulgar acceptation of the term), and profess to make "measures not men" their watch-word, is perfectly chimerical and Utopian; and I am sure that Sir Charles Bagot was right in not attempting to act upon any such theory here.

Having thus shown, as I think, the great, the almost insurmountable difficulties, which attended the adoption of the two first mentioned plans, I will proceed to consider those which applied to the third: namely, the formation of an exclusively French and Reforming ministry. These may be reduced to two; first, the evil effects produced in the province by the discouragement of loyalty, and the stimulus to revolutionary principles thereby

given; and secondly, the example which it holds out to Radicals at home, and particularly in Ireland. Now as to the "discouragement of loyalists," as it is called, which consists in telling the persons who supported the government during the rebellion that they are not to have a permanent monopoly of office, whatever may be the public detriment resulting therefrom, I confess I do not look forward with much apprehension to its effects. Such an argument cannot of course apply to those of the British party who are loyalists in the true sense of the term (and I rejoice in testifying that even my limited experience has made me acquainted with many such), men whose loyalty is not dependent upon the possession or expectation of place, but is shown in promoting the general good of the country, and facilitating the administration of government, even though they may consider themselves individually as ill-treated. And as to those men who talk of leaving the government to shift for itself in the event of another emergency, because, forsooth, they have not gained by their support of it all the personal advantages which they expected, while I abhor their principles, I have no fear of their seriously acting upon them; the same feeling of self-interest which, upon their own showing, prompted their attachment to the British crown, will still ensure their adhesion

to the government in difficulties, so long as it is generally recognised among them that the connection with England is beneficial to Canada. While England provides markets and enacts differential duties for the wheat and timber of her colony, while she maintains a military force for its protection, and lends the assistance of her credit for the negotiation of its loans, so long may she count upon the loyalty of the class of politicians which I refer to; it is by no means necessary to secure it by the additional bribe of office. I believe this class, though noisy, not to be numerous; I am sure it is not formidable.

At any rate it is not too much to set against the chance of their defection the hope of conciliating the French Canadians; it may be too late to do so, but the experiment is well worth trying. I see nothing in their position and circumstances which leads me to conclude that their hostility to England is irreconcilable; I do not perceive the existence of a body of leaders analogous to the Romish priests in Ireland, whose natural and obvious interest it is to get rid of British connection, as the sole obstacle to their undisputed supremacy, nor do I see, as at home, a deep-rooted and permanent hostility between those who *have*, and those who *want*, which, connected as it is with the past history of Ireland, and the transfers of pro-

perty which have so repeatedly taken place, forms such an important element in the desire of revolution which prevails there. If it were so, if there were such materials, and such leaders of agitation, I should despair of conciliating French Canada by the concession of political privileges: but the contrary is the case; if ever there was a people fitted by nature to be good and loyal subjects of a monarchical government, it is the French population of Lower Canada; nor can any thing be conceived more repugnant to all their feelings and principles than opposition and disaffection to the powers that be. A dread of the restless, innovating, progressive spirit of the British population (who are daily gaining upon them and pushing them out), strengthened by a systematic neglect on the part of government of their natural claims, habits, and prejudices, have led them to look upon British connection and authority as an evil, and united them in a temporary alliance with the Upper Canada reformers, who are the very antipodes of themselves, and with whom common opposition to the government forms their only bond of union. Let their leaders, who, like all clever and ambitious men, wish for power, have their fair chance of attaining to it in the ordinary constitutional way, and they will have no inducement whatever to transfer their allegiance from Great Britain to the

United States. Let the people be convinced that the mother-country means to act fairly by them, and that their laws, usages, and language are not to be proscribed, and we may hope that they will again show the loyalty and devotion which preserved the province in 1776—1780; and again in 1812—1814.

But again—it is said that the example which Sir Charles Bagot's policy exhibits to those who are disaffected at home, is of so pernicious a tendency as to justify him in disregarding its apparent advantages. Now, what does this "example" amount to? I think it will be found upon consideration that the principle which Sir Charles acted upon here is one which is clearly and unquestionably incorporated into the practice of the British Constitution; namely, the principle of "responsible government;" or, in other words, the principle that upon the deliberative and permanent sense of the nation, expressed in the constitutional manner through their representatives, the political existence of a ministry shall depend. Such is the only inference which the alleged resemblance between the circumstances of the two countries can possibly suggest; and as I think no reasonable man can doubt that if Mr. O'Connell himself could unfortunately command a decisive majority in the British House of Commons, a

majority which would follow and support no other leader, Her Majesty would commit to his hands the administration of affairs, it does seem to me most unfair to accuse Sir Charles Bagot and Sir Robert Peel of having introduced by their Canadian policy a novel and dangerous principle into our constitutional practice. It is obvious that the essential, all-important distinction between the cases of Ireland and Canada is, that the former is not a colony, but part and parcel of the mother-country, possessing her proportionate voice in the Imperial Legislature, and consequently her share in the desired controul over the Imperial executive. The whole justification of Sir Charles Bagot's policy resting upon its preserving the analogy to one existing system, it is totally impossible to wrest it into a precedent for departing from that system.

If it be said that this state of things supplies the Irish with an argument for the Repeal of the Union, for the purpose of acquiring that control over the nomination of their ministers which the Canadians enjoy, I answer, of course it does. Those who think that the other benefits resulting from the Union, including a share in the power and privileges of the British Legislature, do not counterbalance the fact that Irish appointments are not necessarily made in accordance with the

wishes of the majority of Irish representatives, must consistently wish for its repeal; but it needed no Canadian "example" to tell them that; they knew it perfectly well before. If Ireland had an independent Parliament, it would as a matter of course claim and exercise what are now the usual and prescriptive privileges of a representative body; as she has not, she can no more fairly ask to act as though she had, than the members for the boroughs and county of Lancaster can claim a control over the appointment to the Chancellorship of the Duchy. For a considerable period before the late change of ministry took place, the Whigs preserved their majority in the House of Commons entirely by means of the Irish and Scotch members; the majority of English members was opposed to them; and yet I never heard of English members founding upon this indisputable fact an argument for the repeal of the two unions. The privileges possessed by the different component parts are—in theory at least, for I do not enter into the question of representation—strictly equal and reciprocal, and surely, even in point of dignity, it is preferable to exercise the influence which we possess in the Imperial Parliament, than to have the exclusive management of affairs in a province or a colony.

Again, it may be said that the principle of

responsible government, though necessary at home, is not so in the colonies. Now my object has been to show that it was, if not absolutely necessary, at least—what comes to the same thing in practice—pre-eminently expedient to act upon that principle in Canada, and if I have succeeded in doing so, the argument founded upon the evil effects of the example falls to the ground; that example can have no effect except in so far as it is novel and unprecedented; if the analogy of our ordinary practice be preserved, it is in fact nugatory. But the truth is, that the very nature of colonial government admits of the appointment to office of those with whose principles the supreme government does not concur, with peculiarly trifling risk of pernicious results; because the Governor can always, backed by the power of authorities at home, exercise a control over the policy of his subordinates, and place a veto, if necessary, upon measures which may appear to him of a revolutionary or injurious tendency. In fact, a determination to do so, boldly and firmly, whenever there may arise a *dignus vindice nodus*, is quite consistent with the system of ordinary non-interference, and must necessarily go along with it, if the colony is to be permanently preserved. For instance, an attack upon the church, or an attempted alteration of the fundamental laws of property, would justify

the mother-country in asserting and exercising her right of general superintendence, and refusing to permit such measures to be entertained, and if the result of doing so were the resignation of the provincial ministers, and the refusal of the Parliament to support those appointed in their room, she would probably be driven to adopt the invidious and coercive course of governing without them, and in spite of them. But, in the first place, I do not think they would throw down the gauntlet in such a case, after having tasted the sweets of office; and in the next place I believe that the democratic policy of the party now in power was rather the effect than the cause of their opposition to government, and that it will be—as far as regards the French, at least—neutralised by their accession to power. At any rate the experiment was worth trying, and if things came to the worst, there would remain the appeal to coercion whenever it might be thought necessary to make it.

Another important consideration which has not, I think, had due weight with the party who impugn the present policy of government is, that the evil effects of it which they deplore, will, upon their own showing, be probably but temporary. Whatever may have been, on the whole, the policy of the Union, one beneficial result of

it at least they will acknowledge; namely, that in the course of a few years the British population will so far outnumber the French, as to ensure to the former party an immense preponderance in the legislature; it is only by their union, not by their numbers, that the latter hold their ground at present, and every year must diminish the amount of their influence. Let the British only bide their time, and the game is in their own hands; the very principle which is now conceded will guarantee their accession to, and continuance in power. So much for Canadian politics, of which all the world is talking here, and which will of course form a fertile theme of discussion and recrimination at home.*

* The events which have lately taken place in Canada, and led to a change of the provincial ministry, do not, in the slightest degree, alter my opinion, as to the policy of the measures adopted by Sir Charles Bagot, though M. Lafontaine and his friends have certainly not exhibited that moderation which I hoped for.

There is, of course, a limit to concession; there is, as I always said, a point at which the Imperial Government must take its stand in opposing unreasonable pretensions; and it will do so with incalculably better grace, with incalculably greater moral force, and support of public opinion both at home and abroad, if it have shown itself ready to satisfy, what may fairly be called the legitimate expectations of a free people.

I am not without hope that these considerations may, even among the French population of Canada, have sufficient weight to prevent them from supporting the late

I went on Monday to see the Penitentiary, which is framed on the model of the United States prison at Auburn. The convicts are kept continually employed at different trades or at labour in the building, which is not yet finished. It is calculated that with two hundred inmates they can defray the expenses of the establishment; it is possible that it may be so—though even here I doubt it—in a country where the dearness of labour ensures a high price for its produce; but wherever the rate of wages approaches nearly to the minimum of subsistence, the superior energy and industry produced by competition will effectually prevent the prison manufactures from being sold at a profit. It is slave labour against free, and the former is proverbially the dearer, under ordinary circumstances. Another strong objection to the system, as applied to a country where the supply of labour is greater than the field for its employment, is, that it interferes with the means of subsistence

ministry in their overweening and unconstitutional conduct.

Strong symptoms may already be observed of a difference of opinion on this subject, in the party which has hitherto acted in concert, many of the liberals perceiving that now is their last chance of proving that the principle of “responsible government” is reconcileable with the connection between a mother-country and a colony.

of the working classes, so that against the amount saved to the community by the labour of the prisoners, is to be set the distress of the artisans who are met in the market by its produce. I mention these things because there is an inclination in England and Ireland to adopt the American system, and I am quite convinced that it is not adapted to our circumstances; it will seldom pay for the machinery of instruction, and for the loss in materials, and it will contribute to depress the condition of the artisans, whose market is kept down, for whether at a loss or not the prisoner's produce must be sold.

I went round and saw them at work in the different rooms and yards; the cooking, washing, every thing in fact, is done by them, so that, except guards and clerks, there are no servants or officials at all; the work is carried on in perfect silence, so far as it can be enforced, and any word or sign passing between the convicts is punished either by bread and water, or by the whip. Corporal punishment is resorted to continually, at the discretion of the keepers, but subject to an appeal to the warden; and they told me that in cases of resistance the rest of the convicts, actuated probably by a wish to gain favour, are always prompt and willing to assist the keeper; the consequence is, that resistance is

hardly ever attempted. From six in the evening to six in the morning they are alone in their cells, and also during the whole of Sunday; and they invariably say upon being questioned—as was the custom at the end of their stay—that this was the real hardship of their situation, particularly the Sunday's idleness. In other respects the punishment seems to me far too lenient for the class of offences for which it is intended; the convicts are exceedingly well fed and clothed, have plenty of occupation, and those who can read are allowed to have their bibles and prayer-books, and such religious tracts as the chaplain chooses to give them. The shortest period for which they are imprisoned is seven years, which certainly make a great hole in a man's life, to be spent as they are in silence and monotony, and without hearing from friends or the world without. Still it *looks* so tolerable, indeed, I may say, comfortable, as not to be a good "*in terrorem*" punishment. The convicts are very healthy; indeed it is a curious statistical fact, that out of one hundred and sixty-five prisoners, many of them old and diseased at their admission, there has not been a single death during the past year.

I attended one day in the House of Assembly, and was, I confess, disappointed—even with the British House of Commons in my mind's eye—

with the appearance of the members, generally speaking, and the character of the speeches which I heard. There was nothing of the slightest importance going on, nor any scope for talent or eloquence, so that the general tone and manner are all that I had an opportunity of judging of. At the same time, I am told that this is not a fair specimen of a Canadian parliament; a large proportion of the gentry in Upper Canada having been averse to the union, and to Lord Sydenham's measures generally, he determined to keep them out of the House, and being extremely able, and not very scrupulous in his use of means, he generally succeeded; the result has been the introduction of an undue proportion of members from the lower ranks of society. They are paid two dollars a day for their expenses during the session, and one of the discussions which I heard was upon a motion made by a member for sitting on Saturday, on the ground that the members have no right to give themselves an additional holiday in the week when they are paid by the day, including days on which business is not transacted. I thought there was a good deal of truth in what he said; but, as you may suppose, his motion was unanimously scouted.

I have been holding a regular levee ever since I arrived at Kingston, of emigrants from the

parishes of C—— and K——. Several of them are not only sentimental about the old country, but inclined to grumble about want of employment here. I tell them all to go “back,” and not remain in the crowded ports; if they have not energy enough for that, they should go to Toronto or Hamilton, which are much better places than Kingston. If the seat of government be removed to Montreal, and the St. Lawrence canal completed, both of which are likely to take place soon, the forced and rapid progress which Kingston has lately been making, will be stopped at once; sea-going vessels will then run direct to the lakes, without the necessity of transshipment, and having no important “back country,” to depend upon, it will be left almost entirely on one side by the great commercial stream.

LETTER XIV.

ISLE AUX NOIX.

DESCENT OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS.—BILL JOHNSON, THE PIRATE.—ISLE AUX NOIX.—OUT-QUARTERS IN CANADA.—DESERTION AMONG THE SOLDIERY.—FIELD-SPORTS IN FOREST COUNTRIES.—CHANCES OF EMPLOYMENT FOR LABOURERS.—PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC EMIGRANTS.—LOVE OF MONEY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE POPULATION IN A NEW COUNTRY.—NECESSITY OF COUNTERACTING IT.—LAW OF SUCCESSION.—LOYALTY.—REASONS WHY THE CANADIANS SHOULD DESIRE A CONTINUANCE OF BRITISH CONNECTION.—FLOURISHING CONDITION OF CANADA.—ITS PROGRESS COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE UNITED STATES.—FREE TRADE WITH ENGLAND.—TEMPORARY DEPRESSION OF COMMERCE.

Isle aux Noix, October.

ON Monday at 2 o'clock I embarked on board the Charlotte steamer, a wretched little flour-boat, with an engine of fifteen horse power and twenty five years old, to go down the St. Lawrence rapids. This route, though now the ordinary one, was never taken by steamers till this year; there is now a line of small boats which make the entire round, starting from Montreal, going up the Ottawa to Bytown, thence by the Rideau to Kingston, and then down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The mail still goes by the large steamers,

which correspond with a line of stages at every portage, but passengers generally prefer going down the rapids, as being quicker, less troublesome, and cheaper, besides the excitement attending upon a "feat." By going down the last rapid at La Chine, the steamers forfeit their insurance; consequently only one or two do so, and these do not insure; the others go by the La Chine canal to Montreal.

There were but two cabin passengers besides myself, both of whom I was slightly acquainted with; the weather was beautiful, and altogether it would have been impossible to have had a pleasanter voyage. The rapids are four in number, the Long Sault, the Cedars, the Cascades, and La Chine: all of them are to a novice very formidable-looking; at the last, in particular, there is a pitch which fairly lifts the stern of the boat, and plunges her bow into the spray, so as to cover the deck with water; but it having been once ascertained that she will live through it, there is no farther danger than that of missing the channel, which is narrow, and running on the rocks at either side of it. We took in an Indian pilot at each rapid: these fellows have been in the habit of taking down timber rafts and bateaux, and are now employed by the steamers. A barge was lost last week from the foolhardiness of the cap-

tain, who refused to take in a pilot; and indeed there is no water to spare even in the channel at this time of year: our boat, which only drew three feet ten inches, is the largest that attempts it, and though provided with the best possible pilotage, we struck once slightly; I confess to a momentary palpitation, when I felt the bump, for we were going at [the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, but it was merely a scrape, showing, however, that it is "touch and go." But we were made to arrange ourselves in regular positions on deck, so as to keep the vessel on an even keel, and the steam was slackened to half speed, as we went down the rapids. The accommodations on board these little steamers are of course wretched; I spent almost the whole night, which was moonlight and beautiful, on deck.

At French Creek, where we landed for a few minutes, we saw the notorious Bill Johnson, the pirate of the lakes, who infested the Thousand Islands for two summers, and burned, as you may remember, the "Sir Robert Peel" steamer at one of her "wooding-stations." His object seems to have been, not so much plunder, as hostility to the British government, under which he was born, but against which he conceived himself to have grounds of complaint. It is strange that in these days of civilisation and new police such a notorious

depredator should be living at large close to the very scene of his outrages, and obviously not only well received by persons in his own class of society, but considered rather a lion and a hero. I cannot imagine a locality better selected for a pirate's occupation than the creeks and channels of the Thousand Islands; and the deficient arrangements for mutual restitution of offenders gave him always a secure retreat on the American shore.

At Montreal I most fortunately met in the street my friend H. W., who was on his way from England to join his regiment, and spent the day with him to my great satisfaction. He describes the scenery "south," on the Hudson and Lake Champlain, as perfectly beautiful, from the gorgeous colouring of the woods; I can well imagine it from what I see here. The frosts we have had lately (at Kingston there was ice every morning on the pools) have given the trees their autumn tints already to a great extent, and every day adds to their beauty. The cold weather has come unusually early and severely; the days are *now* generally fine and pretty warm, but the nights are very cold, and we have had a great deal of rain and wind. Montreal, like all the Canadian towns, is full of troops; uniforms predominating so much as quite to remind one of continental Europe: they have had, I think, 18,000 men of

all arms in the province since the rebellion, but this year the number is to be greatly reduced. It is lamentable to see the amount of drunkenness among the private soldiers in these colonial quarters: I have watched them going home to the barracks at night, and I am sure hardly one in five, on an average, is *quite* sober: there is certainly great temptation, from idleness, command of money, and want of inducement and facility for saving it.

On Wednesday I dined with the 85th, and slept at St. John's, where they are quartered; yesterday came up the Richelieu, to Isle aux Noix*, by the American steamer, and am now established in the barracks on the island, which are very good.

The fort, which was built to command the navigation of the Richelieu, is from its position very defensible, though the works are not regular, and it is the last of our posts in the direction of the frontier. At Rouse's Point, about ten miles off, the American territory begins. The island is about a mile round and entirely marsh. There are no buildings on it but those belonging to the fort, including a small church, where service is per-

* The French gave this name of Isle aux Noix not only to this place, but to the peninsula formed by the rivers Mississippi and Wabash. It is now corrupted into "Illinois."

formed by a clergyman from L'Acadie, a village nine miles off. The river Richelieu is very broad and deep, constituting the outlet from Lake Champlain into the St. Lawrence: the navigation is interrupted by the Rapids at St. John's; but there is a small steamer running from Chambly, about twelve miles below it, to Sorel. The shores are low and marshy, and there is hardly any current, which makes it very well adapted for boating; but the country all about it, and between St. John's and Montreal, is the most wretched in Canada; indeed, far from being surprised that it is neglected by settlers, I only wonder what can induce any one to stay there. The natural scenery, the farming, the houses, the people (who are almost all French), are far below any thing else that is to be seen in this part of North America; and one is quite mortified by the idea that this is the first specimen of her Majesty's dominions which an American meets with. To the eastward, on the contrary, there is a very fine country, I am told, of which I must try to get a glimpse before I go south (one always talks by the compass here, which sounds extensive and fine).

I should think this was a very pleasant summer quarter, being cheap and independent. There is plenty of boating, and some shooting, though by no means as good as I had heard. In winter it must be

dull enough, as of course there is no attempt at society, and except in a sleigh, and wrapped up in furs, it is impossible to stir out, owing to the extreme severity of the cold; in fact, except when the ice is sufficiently clear of snow to admit of skating, exercise must be almost given up, for there is not much temptation to toil about in snow-shoes without an object, when the thermometer is below zero.

There goes the gun from St. John's, announcing a desertion, and warning the frontier posts to be on the look-out. Frequent as desertions are on the frontier, I believe almost all the delinquents would come back if they were sure of pardon. A soldier generally gets on very badly, at least for some time, in any other line of life: he is so accustomed to be provided for, that he is quite helpless and improvident, and a large proportion of our deserters enlist in the American service in despair, though it is notoriously a harder one than ours. One belonging to the regiment which was here last year came back after some time, and surrendered himself, knowing that he would be punished, which had, as you may suppose, the effect of preventing any more desertions for some time in that corps; there is also a great risk of being apprehended, as a reward of five pounds is given for each fugitive brought in, which makes the coun-

try people, as well as the guards on the frontier, very active in pursuit of them; still desertion goes on to a considerable extent, and is greatly encouraged by the Americans on the borders, who tell the soldiers all sorts of stories about the prospects open to them. Those to whom the greatest temptations are offered are the members of the bands: they generally succeed in obtaining high wages as musicians in orchestras and bands at watering-places; yet this year the commanding officer of one of our regiments took his full band to a considerable distance through the state of New York with a pleasure-party. They went down Lake George to Saratoga, and returned without losing a man; such was the feeling of honour which their commander's confidence in them excited. I was told that the astonishment of the Americans was unbounded.

I have been out shooting two or three times, but with very indifferent success. There are a good number of ducks hereabouts, but they are very difficult to get at, and the woodcock-shooting, of which I had heard a great deal, proved almost a complete failure. I went up the South River one day in a log canoe*, paddled by a hunter,

* These canoes, which are hollowed pine logs, simply, are capital instruments for duck-shooting, they draw so little water, and are so noiselessly worked; besides, as the

(all game pursuers are "hunters" here, this man, consequently, was a duck-hunter,) and though I tried a great deal of likely-looking ground, I got but very few shots, either at ducks or snipes. The fact is, that in this, as in all thinly-peopled forest countries, there are such vast tracts of waste land, and the game is consequently scattered over such a surface, that except where it is very plentiful indeed, from the nature of the ground and the total absence of hunters, one hardly ever gets such good sport as in old countries, where all the game is concentrated in a few spots, and your only difficulty is to know these and preserve them. Hence good sport is rare, both in Scandinavia and in America, generally speaking. I remember being told by Mr. Lloyd (author of "Northern Field Sports"), whom I met in Sweden, that he never shot more than four woodcocks in one day in that country; and in every kind of wild shooting Canada, *in general*, is far inferior to Ireland or Scotland. The best shooting decidedly is at wild-fowl, and the best quarters for it are about Sandwich on Lake St. Clair, and Long

paddler sits facing the bow, he can look before him, drop his paddle, and take to his gun in a moment, when he gets within shot. It is, however, desperately fatiguing to one who is not accustomed to it, for he works entirely by muscle, and not, as with oars, in a great measure by weight.

Point on Lake Erie. At both these places very good sport is to be had, but it is necessary to undergo a good deal of hardship for it. At Long Point, last October, four men, two of whom I know, bagged in twelve days 750 ducks, and lost, they said, nearly as many more. They took their servants and provisions to an island in the lake, and went out every day and all day. At Amherstburgh, too, near Sandwich, I have heard of forty couple being killed by a single gun in a day, but I know no other part of Canada where very great sport is to be had. There is an immense variety of wild fowl; out of a bag of twenty, perhaps no two will be of the same species: the most common are the black duck, which is larger, and the wood duck, which is smaller than our wild duck. The latter is found along the wooded banks of rivers, and sometimes alights *upon* trees, where it also builds its nest, though its feet are webbed nearly like those of other water-fowl.* Quails are tolerably plentiful to the west of Toronto; there are none in Lower Canada. Woodcocks are also found in considerable numbers, but give very uncertain sport — they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The best shooting I have heard

* There is a slight difference, no web being attached to the *hinder* claw.

of this year was twenty-nine brace and a half killed by three guns: this was near Hamilton, and entirely in Indian corn, hunted with setters. The American woodcock affords, in my opinion, at best very indifferent sport: his flight is like that of a jack-snipe, and you can almost always mark him down, as he seldom flies more than 100 or 150 yards. He is a good deal smaller than the European variety, but precisely similar in flavour. The best snipe-shooting I have heard of is at Sorel, on the St. Lawrence, but it is also very uncertain, and decidedly inferior to our own in Ireland. The only birds which remain all the winter are partridges and snow-birds, and in the west a few wild turkeys: the partridge is very like a hen-pheasant in size and plumage: when sprung, he flies invariably to a tree, from whence it is impossible to dislodge him, so if you can see him, which is difficult, you shoot him sitting. Wild turkeys are tracked in the snow, and stalked like deer with rifles: they show excellent sport, but are very scarce in our provinces. All the other varieties of game disappear during the winter, and go off to the southward, so that the shooting months here are August, September, and October. What they call hares are more like our rabbits in shape and colour; but they do not burrow, and their flesh is brown. In the southern states they are called

rabbits. There are very few moose south of the St. Lawrence, and none so far to the south-westward as the Richelieu. On the whole, Amherstburgh is the best sporting quarter in Canada: you have ducks, snipes, woodcocks, quails, wild turkeys, and deer there; and within 100 miles to the westward prairie-fowl are found, which resemble in habits our grouse, and show very good sport.

I have just received a large packet of letters from home, among others, one from you. I have incidentally answered almost all your questions, and must repeat, as I have said before, and notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary which are continually made, that there is not only not a superfluity, but not a sufficiency of labour in the colony yet. The continual changing of situations shows the independence of servants, and their general certainty of employment, while the rate of wages and the scale of comfort which is considered necessary, proves that there is not sufficient competition to reduce either. While these remain as they are, I care not how many instances may be produced of individuals at particular localities complaining of want of employment, or even of large numbers returning to the old country in disgust and despair. These *must* result either from misconduct, such as habitual drunkenness, or, which is more commonly the case, from want of

the knowledge and energy requisite for bringing their labour to the right places. Where workmen, already getting two shillings a day, are striking for an advance to two and sixpence *, and where every labourer eats meat two or three times a day, it is absurd to say that there can be a superfluity of labour: if it were so, what should hinder employers from getting men at eighteen-pence a day, who would be content to eat meat once? I admit that the rate of wages will not always accommodate itself immediately to the proportion of the supply to the demand, but as a permanent and habitual state of things it must do so. People come out here almost expecting to find gold in the streets; and if at the first port they come to they do not get immediate employment at the wages which those already employed are receiving, they will neither go off into the country nor offer their services at a lower price, but either proceed into the States or return home again.

To make sure of *immediate* employment (and this with the poorer emigrants is most important), a man should sail so as to arrive at harvest-time, when he will almost every where be caught up, and when wages are highest. He will find no

* This was the case the other day at the Beauharnois canal, and was the proximate cause of the riots that took place there.

difficulty during August and September in getting a dollar a day and his board, and before winter comes he ought to have a good deal of money laid by. In winter "chopping" is the principal business; and as many emigrants have not skill or hardihood for the bush at first, and farm-work is scarce, a man who came out late might find difficulty in getting employment; besides the severity of the climate requires him, particularly if he have a family, to lay in a stock of warm clothing, fuel, and other comforts, so that he ought to have money by him before the cold weather sets in; after the first winter all is plain sailing, if his health lasts. I have known but few with whom the climate seriously disagrees.*

The Protestant and Roman Catholic emigrants do not amalgamate at all, nor do I see any appearance of a more friendly feeling between them here than at home; they do not, however, come so much into collision, for they generally adopt different lines of life. The Protestants become farm-labourers, or domestic servants in good families,

* There is an excellent little tract, called "Information for Emigrants to British North America, published by Authority," and which every body wishing to come out ought to consult; the emigration agents, too, give every sort of advice and assistance to those who land at the different ports, supplying with provisions, and forwarding to their destination those who are in a state of destitution. This department seemed to me very well managed.

for a time, but always aim at settling, as soon as possible, on land of their own, while the Roman Catholics, who are invariably of the poorest class, constitute, for the most part, as in the States, the Pariah caste, or "prolétaires:" they are the porters, carters, waiters at inns, &c., and above all, they monopolise almost entirely the public works, which absorb a great portion of the labouring population in this country; numbers also go to the States, so that comparatively few proceed up the country and settle upon farms: those who do, keep very much together, and the Protestant and Roman Catholic townships are quite distinctly marked, and exclusively occupied by the respective parties. In Kingston, Toronto, and all the larger towns of Upper Canada, the Protestants — in Montreal and Quebec, on the contrary, the Roman Catholics are much the more numerous body; the latter are not, however, looked upon so favourably by the British Canadians, nor do they find it so easy to get employment in gentlemen's families as the Protestants.

Both parties of Irish behaved very well during the rebellion, and are considered very loyal and well affected; while the Scotch, on the contrary, are the most radical population, and the least relied upon by the friends of government, in Canada. In the case of the Roman Catholics, this

is attributed to the influence of the priests (and particularly the Bishop of Montreal), who have a great, and, as far as their own interests are concerned, a just horror of Americanism. They have the sense to perceive, that neither their influence nor their property could be preserved for six months after the Canadas were annexed to the States: they know that republicanism and church authority (in whatever form represented and exercised) are antagonist powers; and with respect to Romanism in particular, the burning of the nunnery at Boston a few years ago proved a salutary lesson. In this respect they are far wiser than their Irish brethren, who ally themselves with the radical and revolutionary spirit, for the purpose of keeping up their influence for the present, and in the hope of continuing to exercise it, after what they consider the obstacles to its predominance are removed. They deceive themselves completely: if they succeed in effecting the revolution which they aim at, and which must eventuate in arming the poor against the rich, *i. e.* inverting and disorganising society altogether, they will find that they have raised a demon, which they will not have the power to lay, and that the spirit of rebellion and anarchy, once excited, will throw off all restraint and all authority, ecclesiastical as well as political. It has been so in France, in South

America, and in Spain. The case of the last-mentioned country is particularly curious and instructive, for Spain was considered the most superstitious and priest-ridden country in the world. Within the last twenty years the revolutionary spirit has grown up there, and become finally successful and predominant, and precisely in the same proportion has the influence of the church decreased. In 1836 (I think) Mendizabal's famous decree went forth, and the whole church property, consecrated by the prescription of ages, was confiscated at once. Since that time, it is said that the priests have hardly received any part of the salary that was promised to them: they have generally disappeared, or sunk to the lowest pitch of destitution, and almost the whole of the Spanish male population is now avowedly infidel. This is an extreme case, for it is the re-action from a contrary extreme; still it affords a pregnant illustration of tendencies. Of course I do not by any means intend to insinuate, that a result similar in degree to this would occur, if republican principles became victorious in Canada; but I do say, as I say of the United States generally (places where a constant stream of Roman Catholic emigration is kept up being of course exceptions), that it would not be a pleasant country for priests.

The worst feature of the population here is one necessarily characteristic of a new country, namely, their love of money. There is such a field for making money, so few that have enough, that to make it appears to a degree, of which we have no notion at home, the absorbing object of every body. Now, if a generous, gentleman-like, spending class, be as important an element in society as a getting class, it is very desirable that correctives should be created (or at least not removed), which may tend to prevent the latter from monopolising Canada. The ultra-commercial spirit, and the vices which accompany it, are the besetting sins of the age, and are peculiarly observable in the British race, not only in America, but at home. In England they are still modified and controlled; but in Canada, as in the United States, they appear likely to flourish with unchecked luxuriance, and threaten to debase permanently the standard of national character. It should then be the leading object, with all who influence in any way the public mind, not merely government, but authors, teachers, parents, to encourage every disposition, and adopt every measure, of the opposite kind. Such, for example, are the laws relating to property: the effect which they produce, not only upon political institutions, but upon character and habits of life, is immense,

and should be deeply considered by those politicians who advocate the abolition of the law of primogeniture in Canada. That law cannot, humanly speaking (for a great length of time at least), lead to any undue accumulation of property. The feudal habits which tend to induce such a result with us have hardly any existence among the class from which this country is peopled; and the neighbourhood of the States, with the influence and example which it affords, will prevent them from growing up to any injurious extent. The danger is all the other way: a race of hereditary landed proprietors is wanted, not merely as a permanent spending class, who may have a fixed social position, and, consequently, leisure and money to employ in the promotion of arts, literature, and religion, the cultivation of which it is difficult to reconcile with habitual money-making, but also as a conservative stationary element, as a drag upon the wheel of commercial radicalism.

I am inclined to admit that the opposite system, that of subdivision, increases the aggregate productiveness, and is more favourable to commerce generally, nor do I think that it *necessarily induces* the evils which I apprehend for this country (for example, it does not seem to have produced them in Norway); but I am sure, that where, as in America, the tendency to them exists, it power-

fully assists and aggravates that tendency, and if so, its financial advantages should be disregarded. If the law be altered, the custom will, it is probable, invariably attend and give effect to it; if it be preserved, on the contrary, the custom is likely to modify and correct its operation. Every thing tends to democracy in Canada: take away British institutions, and you leave that tendency unchecked.

In estimating the prevailing habits and feelings of Canada, we must not forget that as yet they are, to a great extent, formed and leavened by the continual importation of emigrants, who come imbued with those of a different state of society; otherwise we can hardly judge of the extent to which American influences prevail, and of the necessity for keeping them in check. I have mentioned one of the means which appear to me desirable for that purpose; another obviously consists in the mode of education which should be adopted. M. de Tocqueville recommends the study of classical authors, as peculiarly fitted to counteract the faults in taste which distinguish a democratic age, from the careful, finished style of their composition: he might have added, that the standard which they hold up, though in many respects defective, has also many excellences which the spirit of our age is disposed to overlook.

The tendency of the Greek and Roman philosophy is decidedly anti-material; its τὸ ἀγαθόν, its ideal of happiness, is not wealth or power, but the utmost extent of spiritualisation of which man is capable — contemplation, austerity, self-command. So, also, the motives to action which the ancients put forward were at least supersensual: they were, love of fame, patriotism, sense of honour, not self-interest in the material sense of the word, as in the systems of Bentham, Franklin, and the modern moralists. There is a severe simplicity about the antique model which is opposed most strongly to the tastes and habits of a commercial age and country, and which for that very reason should be studied by those who endeavour to attain the “mean.”*

But the most important corrective to the evil tendencies of a commercial age, as to every other evil to which our nature is liable, consists in the teaching of the Church, and more peculiarly (in the present circumstances) in that aspect of her teaching which may be called, distinctively, Catholic. I speak not merely, as M. de Tocqueville most forcibly and truly does, of keeping the dogma of immortality and moral government before the minds of those who are constantly tempted to forget the invisible and the eternal

* I see this point well treated in an able review of M. de Tocqueville.—Ed. Rev. vol. lxxii.

in the untiring pursuit of wealth; I speak of inculcating those doctrines and practices which are commonly called superstitious and formal, and unsuited to the temper of the age. It is precisely because they are so "unsuited" that they are so necessary to it. Is every member of such a society bent upon getting more, upon rising in the world, upon adding house to house, and field to field? The Church denounces woe upon all such; she preaches that riches are a positive evil; that a man is worse off for having them; and leaves us to reconcile it as we may with the duty of providing for our family, and of putting them forward in the world, with all the good which we say we can do if we can but become rich, and so on. She tells us, that, having food and raiment, we should be therewith content; and to "take no thought, saying, What shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Does the "*passion du bien-être matériel*" (to use M. de Tocqueville's words) absorb every mind? She recommends austerities, self-denials, alms-givings, voluntary abandonment of domestic comfort, in order to "serve the Lord without distraction." In every thing the tastes and habits of a Catholic churchman are opposed to those of a money-making age, and in a money-making age should therefore be most insisted on; and it is, perhaps, a providential appointment

that, at a time when seemingly most wanted, a re-action in their favour appears to have sprung up in Protestant Christendom.

I have sometimes heard the question argued, as to whether the "loyalty" so much talked of by Canadians is a chivalrous, disinterested feeling of attachment to the sovereign, as the representative and impersonation of the authority set over them by God, or a cold, calculating spirit, unconnected with honour or religion, and dependent for its continuance upon their idea of the benefits resulting from British connection, or at best an abstract preference of a monarchical over a republican form of government? Now, probably, with regard to this matter, the case is much the same here as in England; what goes by the name of loyalty consists with a few individuals in the former, with the great majority in the latter feeling. I have but little faith in the existence now to any great extent of the kind of loyalty, which raised the Highlands for the Stuarts, and the Vendée for the Bourbons; it was essentially a religious principle, and intimately connected with the doctrine of hereditary right. At the Revolution of 1688 that doctrine was set aside; the people did not content themselves with resisting the unlawful commands of their king, but they changed the line of succession, and affixed conditions to the

future possession of the throne. From that moment their feeling towards their sovereign changed its nature: the new line derived its title not from Divine right founded on prescription, but from the people's choice; and it is not in the nature of man to regard the creation of his will with the sentiment of religious veneration, which is yielded to an authority claiming to be derived from an independent and paramount source.* For a long time the nation retained the impress of its old spirit — “*servabit odorem testa diu,*” — and besides, the principle, as Burke elaborately contends, was preserved in theory, though virtually neutralised by the precedent of so important an exception; but it appears to me that the victory of Whig principles which was then consummated has now nearly worked itself out, and produced its legitimate effect, and that, in fact, the new symbol of the anti-democratic party, viz. Conservatism, accurately expresses the principle which

* I would not be supposed to argue against the lawfulness of resisting James's unlawful proceedings; on the contrary, as I know that a British sovereign has “articled with the people,” and is, consequently, as much bound by the conditions of the contract as they are, so I believe it to follow, that he may be prevented (by force, if necessary) from violating that contract. Nor am I at present canvassing the rightfulness or expediency of the course adopted in placing a foreign prince upon the throne — I speak only of its effects upon national loyalty.

has taken the place of loyalty. There is, no doubt, at this moment a wide-spread and deep-rooted attachment to the person of the Queen; for human nature, when not utterly hardened, yearns for objects of veneration, and gladly seizes an opportunity of yielding it: but I am convinced that that attachment depends upon the personal qualifications and circumstances of the individual, not upon her commission as God's anointed, and is plainly to be distinguished from the feeling which induced Prynne on the scaffold to pray for the king by whose orders he was suffering, and thousands to "follow to the last gasp with love and loyalty" men of whom they knew nothing, or knew only that they were unworthy and wicked. But this is a digression into which I have been led by a conversation which I have just had with a distinguished Canadian, who maintained that the old original loyalty still exists here. I impugned his position, and, upon reflection, think that I might have extended my view of the question to the rest of the British dominions.

But putting this out of the question, there remain to Canada as bonds of union with Great Britain, 1st, the principle of submission for conscience' sake to the powers that be; 2dly, that of regard and attachment felt by the colonists to the mother-country, and pride in being identified with

her history ; and, 3dly, a sense of the benefits resulting from the connexion. Now, as to the first, without going the length of Mr. Stephen, who seems to treat with utter contempt the idea that in this enlightened age, and particularly in the New World, any body could be influenced by so old-fashioned a notion, I fear that, whether in the Old World or the New, it is impossible to rely upon it as very deeply or generally entertained. We live in an age, not of faith, but of "enlightened self-interest" (noble principle!); and I doubt the operation to any great extent of religious motives for any thing. The second principle which I have mentioned is still powerfully influential in Upper Canada. Whatever may have been the merits or faults of Sir Francis Head, he at least revealed and elicited an enthusiasm in favour of England, which was never dreamt of in the philosophy of the economists. The American sympathisers were fully convinced that they had nothing to do but erect the banner of independence and fraternisation in Canada, and that the province would at once eagerly throw off the yoke—but that delusion at least is at an end. There is a wide difference between discontent with the policy of England and ripeness for separation and republicanism. This attachment to England, however, though still strongly felt, and capable of

being indefinitely increased and preserved, has a natural tendency to become weaker in the course of years, as the proportion of native Canadians to emigrants increases, and the relative importance of the province to the mother-country becomes greater, and offers in consequence more strongly the temptation of establishing a distinctive nationality. But, independently of any feeling of loyalty or attachment, the Canadians feel strongly the interest which they have in the connexion: England furnishes troops to protect them, lends money to their public works, and admits their pork, flour, and timber, at low duties. Now, I foresee that this bond also will be considerably weakened within no remote period. England is obviously tending towards free trade with all nations, as far as they will allow her; and it is out of the question to suppose that she will permanently keep up differential duties for the benefit of her colonies; nor can any one say how long the colonists may *think* (whether justly or not) that they benefit by their connexion with England: there will always be plausible arguments for the discontented. For my part I cannot look forward to a permanent and satisfactory arrangement of the relation between Canada and England, except under the form of complete amalgamation, so that the former should be considered in every respect as an integral part of the empire,

represented in her parliament, contributing to her revenue and to her naval and military establishment; nor do I see that to such a scheme, now that steam has brought the two continents so near to each other, any greater objections can be brought than would have applied to Caithness 140, or to Kerry and Mayo 40 years ago. As the representative system is at present applied, it is certainly defective, and presents no security for working well: the imperial and provincial legislatures must occasionally come into collision, as did the English and Irish parliaments during the short period of their independence (from 1782 to 1800), and then a suspension of the constitution, or some equally strong measure, is rendered necessary, which is as great an infraction of the "principles of constitutional government," as the permanent authority of an irresponsible governor.

Mr. Hume and his school say, that it would be better to have no colonies; for that if there were free trade all over the world we should not want any control over their commerce, and their commerce is the only benefit we derive from them. Now, while we keep in mind the fact that there is not free trade, nor any prospect of free trade all over the world, and that we can have no security that our colonies, if independent, would not become not only rival but hostile powers, we may, at least,

allow so much force to these arguments as to admit that we by no means derive the full advantage from our colonies which we might do if we could treat them in every respect as fellow-citizens and fellow-subjects: the idea of doing so is then highly important, and should, I think, be more seriously considered than it hitherto has been.

In order to show the advantages which a country derives from republican institutions it has been for many years the fashion to point to the immense superiority asserted to be apparent on the American side of the border; and, amongst others, Lord Durham, in the most offensive manner, appears to exult in perpetually repeating the assertion. I arrived in Canada myself fully possessed by this idea, and prepared to see the most painful contrast between the condition of my countrymen and the Americans. As you may easily gather from my letters, I was most agreeably disappointed; nor can I conceive any other cause for the prevalence which the notion has obtained than that the wish was father to the thought in its first maintainers, and that others repeated what they had been told, without taking the trouble to test it by observation. It is curious, by-the-by, that M. de Tocqueville is almost the only writer who has done justice to Upper Canada (of which alone I am speaking); and he does so fully

though incidentally. I think, and have always said, that popular institutions, and the national character which they assist in forming, are eminently favourable to material prosperity; and I admit that the Americans are the best settlers and traders in the world, and “go a-head” faster than any other people: but that there is any thing like the immense and palpable difference which Lord Durham insists upon, I utterly deny — nay, I think it even doubtful whether the slower system may not be the surer, and whether in the end the tortoise may not beat the hare. There is no doubt a more rapid growth of wealth and population on the southern than on the northern shore of the lakes, but not by any means more so than may be accounted for without any reference to political causes. If Canada, for example, were attached to the west of Ireland, so that there were no Atlantic to be crossed, no difference of institutions, circumstances, soil, climate, involving change of habits and mode of life altogether, to be met with by those who wished to settle there, it is impossible to over-estimate the rapidity with which it would be peopled, and its resources developed. And such being precisely the position of the Western States, with respect to the rest of the Union, it is evidently unfair to compare them with a country whose supplies of capital and labour are derived

from such a distance, and to found an argument as to the comparative advantages of their forms of government upon such a comparison.

But even without reference to this consideration of the geographical disadvantages under which she labours, I maintain that Upper Canada need not, at this moment, shrink from a comparison, *as to the use which she has made of the means at her disposal*, with the *contemporary* States of the Union. We must not forget that the prosperity of America, her railroads, canals, steam navigation, and banks, are the fruit of English capital, and that that capital has not been repaid. England has sunk nearly 40,000,000*l.* in the States; and it is impossible to avoid reflecting how profitably and *securely* a great part of this enormous sum might have been spent in assisting our own countrymen. America was all the rage; her resources were unbounded, the energies of her people invincible; and nothing but the judicious application of capital was required to develope and assist them. Such was the story told by the agents whom the States sent over to negotiate loans in England; and their success was such as to astonish themselves: money was absolutely pressed upon them, and generally on terms greatly more advantageous than those which they were authorised to accept. Under these circumstances how can we blame

them for taking all they could get, and vaguely hoping that they should be able to repay it? Well, as long as the borrowed money lasted, all looked well and flourishing; and any interest, ten, fifteen per cent., was punctually paid: by degrees, however, as the works came into operation, it was found that there was not trade in the country to support them; the money was sunk, the interest due, the profits deficient; and then came the trial of the people's honesty. Alas! in too many cases the result speaks for itself: they refused to tax themselves, either boldly denying that they were bound by the acts of their constituted authorities or, while admitting the debt, refusing to make provision for its payment.

On the other hand, hardly a shilling of English capital has found its way into this province: six per cent. on the best security might readily have been obtained. But no — Canada was too slow a coach; the capitalists preferred the giant republic's gigantic promises, and they have had their reward. The reaction is now taking place; the bubble has burst; and the steady equable flow of public prosperity on the Canadian side of the water is as remarkable as the stagnation, distrust, depression, and gloom upon the American. I do not for a moment believe that the present state of things will last. The distress of the States is as unnatural

as was their prosperity: the total absence of commercial credit is but the temporary result of that exaggerated banking system which forced and supported trade. I believe also in the unconquerable energy, in the unlimited resources of the Americans, as fully as any of themselves do; I only deprecate as unfair a comparison between Canada and the States during their unnatural advance, just as I should now, during their unnatural prostration. The stream of emigration which has heretofore flowed from Canada into the States while their great public works were in progress has now begun to flow back again, as those works have been either completed or discontinued*; and the English public are becoming more alive to the advantages and capabilities of Canada, so that we may hope that the capital and labour requisite for their development will be more freely supplied. Two measures are especially requisite with a view to this end — free trade with England, and the establishment of a good system of land sales. The first, it is now hoped, will be immediately obtained, on condition of the provincial parliament imposing

* It appears from the reports of the emigration agents that 9500 persons returned during the year 1842 to Europe from the port of New York alone; while (as far as can be ascertained) only fifty or sixty did so from Canada.

a proportionate duty on American wheat; and if so, an immense stimulus will be given to the agricultural interest and to the carrying trade of the St. Lawrence. The American papers are already full of anticipations as to the effects which such a measure would have upon the Erie^{or} canal.

The second presents great difficulties, from the manner in which the old systems have operated in promoting the accumulation of wild land in the hands of land-jobbers and absentees, and the difficulty, without encroaching on the right of property, of making them dispose of it or turn it to account. The plan adopted by the municipal councils in some districts of taxing wild land, though involving a dangerous principle, will probably be effectual, and by degrees force those who cannot clear to sell their land. In disposing of church and crown lands something analogous to the American system must be adopted.

Though, however, the general state of affairs in Canada is highly satisfactory, there is this year a considerable amount of distress consequent upon the alteration of the timber duties. I am convinced, as is every one here, that the colony will ultimately be benefited by it; but there must be great temporary losses: and it certainly appears to me that sufficient warning was not given. A vast stock of timber has been cut, and brought down to

Quebec, upon the natural supposition that the old prices would continue: the change is made, and the price falls nearly one half. Can it be wondered at that many merchants are unable to meet their engagements? There have been already five or six failures in Montreal; and many more are expected during the winter. It is the custom of the day to carry out the maxim of *salus populi suprema lex*, or, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," sound as it is, too indiscriminately, and to pass over as of no importance the vested rights of individuals. All the lumber-merchants wanted was time to dispose of the stock on hand; and that has been denied to them. There is already enough of timber for two years' consumption at Quebec, and yet they are going into the bush to a great extent this winter again. They tell me that they have shanties built, provisions laid in, and timber chopped, but not rafted, last year, all of which will be lost if they do not return into the woods. The unexpected excellence of the harvest, too, in England and Ireland, has been the cause of considerable losses here; merchants have exported flour to a great extent this "fall," and have not been able to get a price in England sufficient to cover what they paid here, and the duty, leaving the expenses of transportation a dead loss. Notwithstanding these causes

of temporary distress, however, I feel sure that every impartial and observant traveller will be surprised and delighted, as I was, at the appearances of prosperity which present themselves in Canada. By far the worst part of the province is this immediate neighbourhood.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

L E T T E R S

FROM

A M E R I C A.

BY

JOHN ROBERT GODLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1844.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

LETTER XV.

ISLE AUX NOIX.

Excursion into the Eastern Townships. — Independent Troops. — Highgate Springs. — Duck-hunting. — A Yankee Landlord. — The Pinnacle Mountain. — Aspect of the Country. — State and Prospects of the Church in the Province. — The “Church Society.” — Education. — Farewell to Canada - - - - Page 1

LETTER XVI.

NEW YORK.

Journey to the Southward. — French Character of the New-Yorkers. — Evening Visits. — The Tariff. — The Missouri Steamer. — Common Schools. — Successful Attack made by the Roman Catholics upon the System of non-religious Education. — Connexion between the social Institutions and the Education of a People. — The Astor House. — Laxity of Church Feeling among Emigrants. — Its Cause. — Theological Seminary. — Croton Reservoir. — New York Shops. — Workhouse - - - - 21

LETTER XVII.

BOSTON.

Society in Boston.—Lectures.—Sedentary Habits of the Upper Classes.—American Politics.—Effects of Agreement upon fundamental Principles of Government.—Northern and Southern Politicians compared.—Traditional Influence of Puritans upon New England Character.—Mr. C.'s Villa.—Few Country Gentlemen in America.—Trotting Horses - - - Page 47

LETTER XVIII.

BOSTON.

Harvard University.—Exhibition.—Theatre.—Copyright Question.—Dinners at Boston.—Abolitionism.—Effect of Slavery on political Parties in America.—Public Institutions of Boston.—House of Correction for Juvenile Offenders.—Penitentiary.—A mixed Party.—Mr. Webster.—Effect of Steam Navigation upon Naval Warfare.—Advantages which it confers on England.—Funeral Ceremony for Dr. Channing.—An American Royalist.—Ambition of Americans.—Effect of Commercial Spirit - - - - - 62

LETTER XIX.

BOSTON.

Journey to Maine.—Country House.—Taxation in America.—School at G——.—Town-farm.—Brunswick.—Influence of Germany upon the national Mind of America.—Journey through Maine.—Return to Boston 88

LETTER XX.

BOSTON.

Catholic Movement among New England Dissenters.—
 View of their Position.—Sectarianism.—Voluntary
 System.—Blind Asylum.—Laura Bridgman.—Foreign
 Quarterly.—American Periodicals.—Literary Taste.—
 American Whiggism.—Presidential Authority.—Its
 Increase.—The old Federalists.—Ability of American
 Statesmen.—Latin Schools.—Mr. Mann's Speech.—
 Scene in a Tavern.—State of Religion in New England.
 —Pilgrim Fathers.—Their Ideas of Toleration.—Society
 in Boston - - - - - Page 99

LETTER XXI.

PHILADELPHIA.

Railroad to Hudson.—Westpoint.—American Army.—
 American Tariff.—Its effects upon English Trade.—
 Camp-Meeting at Newark.—Millerites.—Effects of
 Enthusiasm.—Philadelphia.—High School.—Modern
 Theory of Education.—Its Pantheistic Tendencies.—
 Penitentiary.—Solitary System.—Girard College.—
 Judicial Salaries.—Effects of their Lowness.—Penn-
 sylvanian Debt.—Repeal Associations.—Picture Gal-
 lery - - - - - 139

LETTER XXII.

BALTIMORE.

Mr. Dickens's "Notes." — Baltimore. — Roman Catholic
 Church.—Incompatibility of Catholicism and Democracy.
 — Baltimore Alms-house.—Farm-school.—Negro Co-
 lonization in Africa.—Maryland in Liberia.—Probable
 Results of the Experiment - - - - - 170

LETTER XXIII.

VIRGINIA.

American Diplomates. — Washington City. — The Potomac. — Railroad to Richmond. — Richmond. — Virginians. — Contradictions in their Character. — University of Virginia. — Jefferson. — Field-sports. — Price of Land. Page 188

LETTER XXIV.

VIRGINIA.

Slavery. — Condition of Slaves. — Effects of Abolitionism. — Condition of Labourers in Europe. — Mr. Clay's Speech in Ohio. — Prospects of the Negro Race. — Practical Evils. — Their Remedies. — Southern Feeling on the Subject. — Elections. — Jealousy of England - 204

LETTER XXV.

NEW YORK.

Journey to New York. — American Greenacre. — Fires. — Anglo-American Church. — Its Progress. — Prospects of Increase. — Influences which assist and oppose it. — Its Administrative System. — Example afforded by Ecclesiastical Conventions in America. — Conclusion - 220

LETTERS
FROM
A M E R I C A.

LETTER XV.

ISLE AUX NOIX.

EXCURSION INTO THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.—INDEPENDENT TROOPS. — HIGHGATE SPRINGS. — DUCK-HUNTING.— A YANKEE LANDLORD.—THE PINNACLE MOUNTAIN.— ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.—STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH IN THE PROVINCE.— THE “ CHURCH SOCIETY.”—EDUCATION.— FAREWELL TO CANADA.

Isle aux Noix, October.

YESTERDAY morning D—— and I started in a waggon and pair for the Eastern townships, the southern part of which border upon the inlet of Lake Champlain, called Missisquoi Bay. They have been settled since the conquest, and are the only part of Upper Canada held by the tenure of free and common soccage. The population is almost entirely British and American. The country we drove through at first was very ugly and wretched ;

flat, marshy, and thickly peopled; but as we approached the shores of the bay there was a very evident improvement, and Philipsburg, where we dismissed our "team," is a beautifully situated village, backed by a fine hilly country, occasionally swelling into very respectable mountains, covered to the top with the richest autumnal foliage. The bay is a fine land-locked lake, and we could not from the shore discern the communication with Champlain. At Philipsburg we called upon Captain —, who commands one of the independent troops of light cavalry that were raised in 1839, and are quartered along the frontier. He was a civilian, and having distinguished himself by zeal and activity during the rebellion, received the command of this troop as a reward. The soldiers are very well off, having four shillings and three-pence a day, their arms, and a certain allowance for clothes. Every thing besides they provide for themselves, so that it requires a capital of 30*l* or 40*l*. to start with, for horse, saddlery, and kit; a condition which ensures a respectable class of men. They are all young fine-looking men, and unmarried (generally farmers from the old country), with the exception of a very few old soldiers, and they enlist for general service, but for two years only. There are three of these troops, and they are found so effective and manage-

able, requiring neither barracks nor commissariat, and of course beyond all temptation to desert, that it is supposed they will be kept up. A young Irishman from the neighbourhood of K——, who belongs to one of them, told me that an economical man could save 30*l.* a year after the first outlay. To give you an idea of the cheapness of forage here, I may mention that Captain —— has contracted for the supply of his troop with twelve pounds of oats, ten pounds of hay, and eight pounds of straw (the regular cavalry ration) per man at sixpence per day. In Ireland the average is one shilling and sixpence. This frontier was a burrow of sympathisers, and it was close to Philipsburgh that Grogan was taken, whose apprehension on the wrong side of the lines made such an outcry, as you must remember.

We had heard so much of the duck-shooting on the bay, that we determined to stop a day here and try our luck, so we crossed the lines, and spent last night at Highgate springs, in Vermont state, in a large green and white hotel, fitted up for the accommodation of those who come to drink certain mineral waters of some repute in the neighbourhood. The season is over, and we occupied alone the “banquet-hall deserted.” It reminds me of a visit I once paid to Nonnenwerth, on the Rhine, after the summer was passed, only that

there the hotel was larger and damper, and, above all, had no fireplace in it, so that I went to bed after dinner to keep myself warm; here, though the rooms looked a little cold and empty at first, the good people soon made us very comfortable with tea and a good fire. The landlord, a thorough Yankee, received us in his bar *à la Trollope*, with his feet on a high stove, his chair thrown back on its hind-legs, a cigar in his mouth, one eye shut, and his hat on. He was rather cool and contemptuous at first, but softened by degrees, and ended by treating us very well; so much so indeed that the next morning, when we got up to go out shooting at four o'clock, though it was bitterly cold, he insisted upon getting up too, and giving us our breakfast before we started. (This sort of friendliness and good nature, be it remarked — for there was no idea of an additional charge — is highly characteristic of Americans.) The morning proved so stormy, that the “hunters” with whom we had made an appointment could not bring over their boat, and though we paddled about for some time in two wretched little punts, about as seaworthy as a washing-tub, we got very few shots, as we were afraid to venture into the deep water: I do not believe that under any circumstances we could have done much. The plan adopted by the hunters here is to paddle in one

of these little punts, which do very well for one person, through the grass and reeds; and after waiting for perhaps half a day they get a shot at a flock sitting, and kill a dozen or more. They never shoot flying, and hardly ever at a single bird, so that nothing can be more different than their idea of sport and ours. With us the love of field-sports is a mixed feeling, consisting partly in a remnant of the original savage, wild-beast destroying instinct, and partly in the pride of skill; neither is sufficient alone, for it gives us no pleasure either to throw up a stone and fire at it, or to kill a bird sitting. These pot-hunters have, however, taken a different view altogether, and express great surprise that a man who can afford to buy game should take the trouble to hunt it. "I should like to enter into partnership with you," said an American to me once: "you should kill, and I should eat."

From Highgate we proceeded eastward, through the townships, having crossed the frontier again at Philipsburgh, and found the country beautiful, thriving, and productive. It is from hence that Montreal market is almost entirely supplied with meat and hay; and I should think it would be well worth while for a speculating farmer to look about him here before he goes higher up the country. Land is cheap, compared with its price farther

west: a good improved farm may be bought for eight or ten dollars per acre; and there is always a good market at Montreal, for the French, in its immediate neighbourhood, can maintain no competition with the British race. Our landlord drove us in a waggon, with a pair of fast trotting ponies, and appeared quite the Jehu. I thought he had probably been, at some former time, "connected with the coaching department," from the knowing way in which he worked his team; but, on inquiry, I found that, on the contrary, the principal part of his life had been spent in piloting steamers upon Lake Champlain: this summer, for variety, he has tried his hand at keeping the Spa Hotel, but not having found it a good speculation, he is now ready to turn stage-driver, or Methodist preacher, or any thing else that may suggest itself. We could not get a waggon at Philipsburg to take us to Frelitzburg, where we were to spend the night, so he consented at once to go on with us, though he had not made any arrangements for doing so before he left his hotel, and would have remained with us indefinitely, as long, in fact, as we chose to give him three dollars a day. This fertility of resource would rather astonish an English hotel-keeper: old Newman, of Barnet, for instance.

Frelitzburg, (or "Slab city," as our landlord

preferred calling it, *euphoniæ gratiâ*, I suppose,) is very prettily situated, in a richly-wooded valley, with a great deal of park scenery and orchards about it. The woods are now glowing with the most luxuriant richness and variety of colour; no description or painting ever gave me an idea of the autumnal foliage here; indeed, the faintest imitation would appear exaggerated to any one who has not seen it. Scarlet, purple, violet, orange, in every possible diversity of shade; the hill-sides are positively dazzling in the sunshine. I used to quarrel with American scenery for its monotony of colouring: I am now disposed to find fault with its extravagance. We found a tolerable country inn, and a very civil landlord, though not very refined in his ideas. He showed me, as usual, into a double-bedded room, (for they never can suppose but that two brothers would prefer sleeping in the same room,) but upon my saying that we should prefer occupying a second, if convenient, assented at once. However, when I retired, at an early hour, I found both beds prepared and turned down, so I again proceeded to remonstrate, and then found, to my great amusement, that our landlord's original idea had been to give one of the beds to D. and myself, the other to our driver; to humour our fastidiousness, he had consented to put "the other gentleman"

somewhere else; but it had never entered his head, for a moment, to suppose that we required three rooms for three people. We contrived, after all, to get, what the sailors call, "a blow-out of sleep," which our early rising had earned for us; and after a sociable breakfast, *en trio* with our Jehu, started to go up a mountain, called the Pinnacle, about five miles off to the eastward.

I am no advocate for mountain-climbing in general: in a picturesque point of view, the map-like prospect one gets never repays the trouble; but this day it suited me very well, as I obtained thereby a better idea of the character and formation of the surrounding country than I could otherwise have had without travelling through it. It appears to have more of the elements of rural beauty, than any part of Canada that I have seen; there is hill and dale, with small lakes in the hollows, and a great deal of grass land, indeed hardly any thing else, except a little Indian corn: these townships are supplied with grain from the States, while they supply the markets of Montreal, Quebec, and the Lower Province generally with live stock. The hills are covered consequently with cattle, sheep, and horses, grazing through the woods, and over the clearings, and the view generally reminded me of the scenery in the prettiest parts of Germany, or what is better, the more

wooded counties of England. It was a hard pull up the hill, and the view was proportionably extensive; we could see as far as Montreal on one side, and the whole breadth of Lake Champlain, for forty miles, to the southward. It was bitterly cold when we got into our waggon to return; in fact, I fully expected snow, of which there was a fall here about a fortnight ago, covering the Pinnacle for a day or two: however, it brightened up into a beautiful evening, and by sunset we got to the island, after a drive of thirty-five miles.

It is just nine weeks to-day since I steamed up Lake Champlain, on my way to Canada, little thinking I should remain there so long; but I have found so much to interest me, that, though I have now seen something, at least, of most of its districts, and diligently sought for information, by mixing every where with its society, I should be by no means sorry to remain another month in it, and have no doubt that I could profitably employ my time. The only subject, I think, which I have left myself much to say upon that would interest you, is the state of the church in the province; and I may as well take this opportunity of describing the impressions which my observation of it has produced. At first I was inclined to take an unfavourable view of this subject: I thought I

could perceive a lack of qualifications among the clergy, as well as a lack of interest in religion among the people, which seemed to promise badly for the future; but I have since had reason to change my opinion for the better. True, there is still a great deficiency both of churches and clergymen, and by no means the anxiety to supply it which one would wish to see among those who suffer by the spiritual destitution, which is its result; but that deficiency is not near so great, in proportion to the population, as it was some years ago; and though the clergy are, I should think, still on an average inferior to those at home, yet, in this respect, too, there is already improvement, and there is likely to be more. I dreaded lest, as the population spread itself, unaccompanied by religious ministrations, sectarian, irreligious, or even practically atheistic habits might be forming themselves, which all subsequent efforts might fail to correct; but I have since seen and heard of so many instances where a zealous and active clergyman has been appointed to a neglected district, and has not only succeeded in reclaiming all that had wandered from the fold, but added greatly to the original flock, that I have now strong hopes that it is not yet too late for the church to recover her lost ground, and occupy her proper position.

The only direct state provision for the clergy consists in the clergy-reserves, being, as you know, one-seventh of the land in each township. It has been finally decided, that of this seventh, five-twelfths are to go to the church, the rest partly to the church of Scotland, and partly to the other religious denominations in the province, to be distributed at the discretion of the governor and council. Now this land, though likely to be very valuable at some future period, is wholly inadequate, at present, to its purpose, and the friends of the church are particularly anxious that their part, or rather what remains of it, should not be disposed of *now*, but that it should be kept till it has become more valuable. There are great economical objections to this, as I said before, but it is difficult to see how the future wants of the church can otherwise be prospectively provided for; such, at least, is the opinion of those who are the best informed among her friends. In the meanwhile, the 160 clergymen who constitute the "Canada Mission," are provided for by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who give 100*l.* a year each to the country clergymen, and to some few, more. The archdeacon of Kingston, has 400*l.* a year, and the bishop of Toronto 800*l.* a year, as rector of Toronto; as *bishop*, the latter receives no additional income, notwith-

standing the demands upon his purse, which his station involves, and the enormous labour and expense of visiting (*as he does*) a diocese, which extends from Lake Superior to the Ottawa. The clergy have, besides, whatever the voluntary contributions of their flocks may amount to, which is far less, indeed, than it ought to be, but may, perhaps, amount to 25*l.* or 30*l.* a year on an average. I should have observed, by the bye, in speaking of state assistance, that the Bishop of Montreal is paid by government 1000*l.* a year, and that, in lieu of an annual grant of 5000*l.* (I think), which used formerly to be made to the Society, government has taken upon itself the endowment of a certain number of parishes. Now, though I am fully convinced that *wealth* is any thing but desirable for a church, yet when we consider the general style of living among the poorest in this country, and particularly recollect that there are no "prizes," I do not think the clergy are, by any means, sufficiently remunerated; that is, there is not enough to make properly-qualified men, who are not willing to sacrifice self-interest entirely, (which, how few are or can be!) contented to give up the comforts of advanced civilisation, and the prospect of success in other professions, and to plunge into the backwoods for life. Hence, it must be confessed, that

the ministry of the colonial church has heretofore been principally supplied by a class of persons inferior to our own — I do not mean to say in piety, but in learning and talent; and even of these there is far from being a sufficient supply. The Society would even now increase its list of missionaries, and there are very many districts which are loudly calling for spiritual aid, but candidates are not to be found.

To remedy this state of things, and for the promotion of church objects generally, a society has lately been formed under the auspices of the bishop of Toronto, including all the principal members of the church, both lay and clerical; and knowing, as I do, the practical zeal and wisdom of those who take the lead in directing its operations, I am inclined to hope much, with God's blessing, from its establishment, and to regard it as likely to be productive, as it is symptomatic, of increasing energy in the good cause. The objects of this society I will state, by abridging the account of them contained in a letter of Chief Justice Robinson to the bishop, which led to its formation: — 1. To provide a permanent and adequate support for the bishop, and endowments for the cathedral. 2. To provide a permanent and adequate support for three archdeacons. 3. To procure such an augmentation of the incomes of

the clergy, as shall ensure them 200*l.* per annum each. 4. To provide for placing one missionary at least in every settled township. 5. To build in every township a church and parsonage of brick or stone. 6. To provide travelling missionaries for such parts of the country as do not come within the limits of any organised township: and, 7. To provide for the Indian missions.

For a supply of funds the society looks, 1. To the clergy reserves remaining. 2. To the funds which have arisen from the sale of reserves. 3. To the contributions of the friends of the church in lands. 4. To the contributions which may be raised in money, both here and in England. The diocese of Toronto consists of about 400 townships, each containing about 66,000 acres, or 330 lots, of 200 acres each. Now it is contemplated to build and endow, at first one, and ultimately two churches in each township; and it is calculated that for each endowment 600 acres of good land will be necessary. It is hoped that, as the price of land is now moderate, the society will gradually be enabled to effect this, and then by degrees extend the parochial system along with the extension of the surveyed townships. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the object aimed at by these good men; in the issue

of their labours is involved the only chance of preserving the province permanently to Great Britain, and also, speaking humanly, the question whether Canada is to be virtually a Catholic country or not. The church now comprises about 100,000 members; and, contrary to Lord Durham's anticipation, has latterly increased considerably in proportion to the population. With an efficient church machinery, I have no doubt that the number may be at once nearly doubled; for much the larger proportion of those who have wandered from her fold, did so because they had no shepherd, and who can blame them? They found themselves in want of spiritual food or ministration, and they naturally betook themselves to the nearest source, whatever it might be, from which they imagined their wants could be supplied: but they are still reclaimable; and if the leading members of the church at Toronto be enabled to carry out their scheme, I have no doubt that they will be reclaimed, and those who remain in the communion of the church confirmed in her doctrine and order.

The bishops of Montreal and Toronto are both zealous men; and the clergy, who are indeed very much subject to their control, from the entire patronage of the dioceses, such as it is, being at their disposal, seem to follow their example in this

respect, and to be generally good churchmen. Now, as I consider the foundation and earnest of progress and success to consist in the appreciation and maintenance, on the part of the church, of her true position and privileges, this alone would inspire me with hope; but I can already perceive evident proofs of increased efficiency in the clergy, consequent, as I believe, upon the increase of true church principles which has taken place within the last few years among them. Mr. T. told me that in one district where he was placed, and where only forty-seven persons were returned as members of the church in the census, he obtained the signatures of 250 persons to a high church petition within a year after his arrival; in another, where only twenty-three church-members were returned, the clergyman within one year baptized ninety children; and I have heard many gratifying instances of a similar kind. One bad effect of the insufficient supply of candidates for orders is, that the bishop is compelled to put every one that offers himself at once in charge of a district, whereas it would usually be far better for both clergy and people if a certain probation, as in the case of curates at home, were to be gone through; indeed, from the equivocal position which the church holds here with respect to the state, the office of her ministers is often one of pe-

culiar delicacy, and requires an amount of judgment and experience which few possess at the age when they take orders. The bishop has lately, in order to supply in some measure the want of a regular theological education, appointed a diocesan professor of divinity, to whom a small stipend is paid by the church society, and who takes as pupils those who wish to qualify themselves for orders. The present professor is Mr. Bethune, of Coburg, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making when I was there, and whom I have to thank for much information upon the subject of the Canadian church, though of course he is not responsible for any of the opinions which I have expressed; he has now, I believe, some ten or fifteen pupils. I hope they will succeed in getting a churchman as professor of divinity in the new university; indeed, it is strange that there should be any doubt, considering that the governor has the appointment; but the Opposition want to have such divinity taught as will include those tenets alone which are common to all denominations, and will give offence to none; a tolerably indefinite creed, I imagine, such a one, if it could be drawn up, would be.

The church in Canada, then, wants men and money, but the former most; if there were an adequate supply of properly-qualified missionaries,

I feel assured they would find no want of income, sufficient at least for a comfortable subsistence; and I cannot but think that this province presents a more obvious, hopeful, and important field than most of the less civilised countries, where so many able and zealous men are now throwing away (as far as man can judge) their talents and lives.

Education among the lower orders is in rather an unsatisfactory state in Canada; the elementary parts of it, reading, writing, and arithmetic, are perhaps as generally diffused as at home, and at any rate, where the population are so well off, as is the case here, the demand for such "practical" education will inevitably produce the supply; but at the national schools it is impossible, from the state of society and the policy of government, to impart any religious instruction. At present there is in each "district" a school, supported by the state, the master of which gets 100*l.* a year: these schools are subject to the inspection of trustees, appointed by the provisional government, and consisting generally of the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian ministers, and of any laymen who may be deemed proper for the purpose. These schools are, I believe, tolerably well taught and managed, but of course they avail nothing to the great mass of

the peasantry scattered through the district, which embraces a vast extent of country. Recently, by an act of Lord Sydenham's parliament, municipal councils have been established after the American mode, elected by the people, who transact the local business of each township, very much in the same way that magistrates at quarter-sessions do in England; and among their duties is the establishment and maintenance of township schools, for the support of which they are empowered to levy a tax; and the masters of which they, of course, appoint. It is very easy to conjecture, from the composition of these councils, what sort of appointments they are likely to make; as in our poor-law unions at home, politics, private friendship, every thing in short but proper qualifications, influence their selection; so badly, indeed, has the plan worked, and so great is the outcry against it, that I believe there is no doubt it will be altered and remodelled; but as there is not the least chance that government will make the church the means of educating the people, and as secular education will take care of itself where it is wanted, I look to the various schemes of state education without much hope or interest.

As far as physical prosperity is concerned, Canada only wants to be let alone; the absence of political agitation is the true recipe for her;

and if the governor will but prevent democratic legislation, it signifies little who is in office; a country where there is no distress is easily governed. The people are totally without grievances, even nominal; they have neither tithes nor poor-rates, and but few taxes, direct or indirect; they have an immense territory, an increasing commerce, and England at their back, to supply them with troops, money, credit, and markets. Nothing can prevent them from advancing rapidly in prosperity, except turning politicians, and cutting each other's throats, as they are too much inclined to do, about questions of which the great majority know nothing;—and so, good-by to Canada.

LETTER XVI.

NEW YORK.

JOURNEY TO THE SOUTHWARD. — FRENCH CHARACTER OF THE NEW-YORKERS. — EVENING VISITS. — THE TARIFF. — THE MISSOURI STEAMER. — COMMON SCHOOLS. — SUCCESSFUL ATTACK MADE BY THE ROMAN CATHOLICS UPON THE SYSTEM OF NON-RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. — CONNEXION BETWEEN THE SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS AND THE EDUCATION OF A PEOPLE. — THE ASTOR HOUSE. — LAXITY OF CHURCH FEELING AMONG EMIGRANTS. — ITS CAUSE. — THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. — CROTON RESERVOIR. — NEW YORK SHOPS. — WORKHOUSE.

New York, October.

AFTER leaving Canada I came on by the steamer "Whitehall" to Whitehall, the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, and there took the stage to Albany; it was the best conveyance of the kind I had yet seen, as we were only ten hours going seventy-two miles, including stoppages, which form a very considerable item in the duration of a journey here; on the road you go pretty fast, having always capital horses, but each change takes ten or fifteen minutes. The driver is always changed with the horses, each man having his own team to attend to, and drive exclusively; I think this a very good plan, as he has thus

the undivided responsibility attached to it, but our English coachmen would of course consider it "infra dig." Here the "professions" of coachman and hostler are upon an equality in the public eye. I need not say that you are never requested to "remember the coachman," or indeed any other servant, except the shoe-black. The road from Whitehall to Albany passes through Schuylerville, the scene of General Burgoyne's surrender, and Troy, a flourishing manufacturing town (alas for *Ilium, et ingens gloria Teucrorum!*), and along the banks of the Hudson, which above Albany are pretty, but by no means striking. There is a canal, with two opposition lines of boats running parallel with the road and the river; and such is their keenness for securing passengers, that each of them, and the stage, had agents at Burlington, seventy miles down the lake, waiting for the steamer, who came up with us, for the purpose of canvassing. The boats will take you for about one shilling, but they are generally, from their cheapness, so crowded, that I preferred being aristocratic, at the expense of two dollars, in my coach and four.

At Albany I called on a young barrister, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and went with him into the courts of law which were sitting, but in which there was nothing of interest.

going on. Every time I see the American practice, I feel my prepossessions (whether derived from prejudice or philosophy) in favour of ermine and scarlet against swallow-tailed coats and black neckcloths increase. I am sure that to take away the former would diminish the respect paid by the masses to the wearers; however, the force of habit prevents me from being a very fair judge. The next day I came down the Hudson, with which I was less pleased than I expected from all I had heard of the autumnal tints in these parts. I suppose I am too late, for yellow has become unpleasantly predominant; I miss the brilliant scarlet and copper-colour of last week in Vermont and the Eastern Townships.

I met an old Frenchman on board the steamer from Alsace, who was delighted to jabber to me; he had been at Waterloo, he told me, and was wounded and left for dead, when the British *culbutèrent la garde* in the last decisive charge. He escaped being taken, however; recovered, and returned to private life till about eight years ago, when he was induced to try his fortune in the West. He told me that there are 22,000 French in New York (which I can hardly believe, though there are certainly a great many); they always congregate in cities, and leave the farming to the German and English races. New York is the

Paris of America, as well as its Liverpool, and the two characters are very curiously blended; the same men who are hard-working and money-making clerks all the morning in Wall Street, are fashionable and over-dressed loungers in the evening in Broadway; and the rate at which they get is fully equalled by the rate at which they spend. It seems, at first sight, odd, but it is undoubtedly true, that the Americans are the most lavish people in the world. I have observed this both on the continent of Europe and in this country: there is no kind of personal enjoyment which they seem to me to deny themselves from considerations of economy; dress, eating and drinking, public amusements, are indulged in here by every merchant's clerk who can at all afford them, to an extent equalled by few peers' sons in England. This is evidently the result of the commercial spirit, which produces the same effect upon a nation which gambling does upon an individual; the rapidity with which fortunes are made, and the uncertainty of their permanence, produce a recklessness about saving, and a desire to make the most of good luck, while it remains. Ups and downs are too common to excite sympathy or apprehension; and *Carpe diem, quam minimùm credule postero*, is pre-eminently the motto of New York philosophy. I have just been

walking round some of the billiard-rooms and supper-taverns, and am quite astonished at their number and style. The absence of clubs contributes very much to the flourishing state of these establishments, as of the hotels; and I suppose the converse is one of the reasons why in London they are so far inferior to those of both the Continent and America.

Yesterday I went to church twice and heard two flowery sermons: one of them (preached by a young man with his hair about his shoulders like Irving) not without power, but both sadly deficient in taste. There was good music (the singers, I believe, being professional), but very few of the congregation joined in it, or in the responses. I used to think that our own deficiencies in this respect proceeded from the prominence which we give to the (so-called) clerk, who enacts the part of "People," in the form of a concentrated essence, I suppose, and whose functions are taken as superseding all necessity for united worship; but here, though there is no such officer, the result is hardly more satisfactory as far as concerns inducing the congregation to join, while those who cannot read, or have not books, are deprived of the assistance of his loud and distinct pronunciation. It would, I think, be an improvement upon both plans if the person who led the

responses, instead of being stuck up in a box by himself, were to sit undistinguished among the congregation, *primus inter pares*.

One evening I visited Mrs. —, whose acquaintance I had made at Rockaway, and met several gentlemen, who called in the course of the evening, uninvited, to pay their respects. I like this plan of evening visits extremely; they are, I think, more sociable than morning calls, and certainly cause less loss of time; as to the objection, that they interfere with domestic comfort by breaking in upon the family circle at the hour when it is most enjoyed, that is easily obviated by each lady having a particular day or days in the week, on which she is understood to be at home, simply to receive the visits of her friends, not to entertain, *i. e.* feed them.

As of the two most fashionable topics here, commerce and party-going (with its accessories), I prefer the former, I soon became deeply engaged in a discussion on the new tariff with Mr. B., an “influential” member of the Home League (for the protection of domestic industry). It does seem to me the most extraordinary infatuation that ever possessed the mind of man, to violate, as the Americans do, all the true principles of political economy, in order to make a manufacturing out of a naturally-agricultural

population. We violate them for the exactly opposite purpose, and that purpose (together with the danger of interfering with such immense vested interests) constitutes our only excuse for so doing; but one would think that the present state of our manufacturing population—a state to which from its very nature it must be perpetually liable, ought to be a lesson and a warning to them to avoid, as long as possible, touching the accursed thing; they ought to be only too happy to have our hotbeds of iniquity, at Manchester and Birmingham, to do their dirty work for them, while they revel in the free and happy life of the woodman and farmer.

Mr. B.'s theory is that the people are naturally so attached to agriculture, that it is necessary at first to give them the stimulus of inordinate profits by a protective tariff, in order to tempt them into branches of trade, which, if once fairly started, they will be able to work without protection; so that he would only protect those manufactures which would, according to him, if the people knew their own interests, want no protection. Now, it seems to me that the Americans are of all others the people to whom this theory will least apply, and with whom the strict rules of political economy may be most safely acted upon; because there is no people so shrewd in calculating

their own interests, and with whom early habits and associations have so little weight; so that, I believe, there is no case in which, if a trade or manufacture were a natural and healthy one (in the economical sense, *i. e.* would pay), it would not attract at once the necessary capital. In arguing upon this subject, foreigners invariably rely upon the example afforded by the history of our manufacturing system, which, say they, we protected and nourished till it was old enough to go alone, and *then* (when able to undersell the world) began to clamour for free trade; and it is vain to answer (however justly one may do so) that it is to her physical and social advantages, and not to her protective system, that England owes her commercial and manufacturing superiority; the relation between protection and success is far more apparent at first sight, and less mortifying to national vanity (in the case of those countries whom we have beaten), so that it is at once set down as undoubted. As to the higher ground of the moral and social expediency of cultivating an agricultural rather than a manufacturing population, Americans in general will not appreciate or acknowledge it at all; they point to Lowell, as a proof that degradation and immorality are not *necessarily* connected with a manufacturing population, and then proceed to conclude

that they are not *naturally and generally so*. The gratifying condition of the Lowell factories, as I have before explained to you, is the result of temporary, and what may be called accidental causes; the evils which a widely-spread manufacturing system carries in its train spring from the operation of clearly-established and universal laws.*

This morning one of my American friends called on me, and took me on board the North Carolina, where a court-martial was sitting *to try* delinquents for a variety of offences, which had occurred principally, I think, on board the ships engaged in a late exploring expedition to the South Seas. I am not sailor enough to compare, or, indeed, perceive any difference between, this vessel and ours; I only know that every thing appeared particularly clean, orderly, and well arranged. I was surprised and delighted at being hailed by name from the forecandle by a tanned

* It is but fair to say, that I do not remember in the course of the numerous conversations which I had with Americans upon this subject, to have heard, in a single instance, any stress laid upon the existence of our corn-laws as a reason for enacting retaliatory tariffs, and "protecting American industry." On the contrary the advocates of this policy always defended it upon the ground of its absolute advantages, and rather quoted the admitted tendency of our policy (of late years) towards free trade, as a reason for additional restrictions on their part, upon the principles stated in the text.

and bearded tar, who presently informed me that he was an old acquaintance (though I had forgotten his face), and had often been "cocking" for me in Donaweel woods. I next went on board the Missouri steam-frigate, which sailed at two o'clock for Savannah. I was at dinner in the ward-room when she got under weigh, and really there was so little of the tremulous motion of a steamer about her, from the excellence of her machinery, that I did not know till I was told of it that we had been at full speed for some time. The Americans have only four war-steamers altogether, which is rather singular, considering the immense steam navy possessed by ourselves and the French, and the important part which steam must play whenever there is a naval war again. I suppose they expect that some new invention will before that time have superseded it, and that it is not worth while to invest much capital so unproductively—a bold, but somewhat rash, speculation. I went down about eight miles in the Missouri, as far as Staten Island, where she lowered a boat and dropped me to come up in a ferry-boat. The harbour and its islands, covered with woods, gardens, and villas, the white sails, the forest of masts, and the city in the distance, have really an exceedingly pretty effect from Staten Island, though I should hardly agree with

a young lady who told me to-day, that nothing she had seen in the Mediterranean, including Constantinople and Naples, was half so beautiful. I am really coming round seriously to admire the sincere conviction of the superiority of every thing in America which her children entertain; it may be annoying to foreigners, but it is very pleasant to themselves, and contributes most materially to their national strength. I assure you I am delighted whenever I find a similar feeling to exist among ourselves, and only wish we had more of it, as being one of the best securities for the stability of our institutions and the integrity of our empire.

My name has been put down as an honorary member of the public library and reading-room in Broadway, by a friend who has a share in it, and consequently the privilege of introducing a stranger. It is a very excellent establishment, apparently well conducted, and supplied with "every thing which the most fastidious could desire;" in short, a very tolerable substitute for a club. After looking over the papers there we went off to see the "common-schools," which are also excellent of their kind; they are supported by a public tax, and the children pay nothing. The instruction professes to be entirely secular, and to exclude all religious teaching; but it is

found, as must be the case, impossible to preserve perfect consistency in this respect, and the rule is so far infringed upon that the Bible is read, though all explanation is forbidden, and in most of the schools business is opened by the master saying the Lord's Prayer, which is a decided outrage on the consciences of scrupulous Jews. This last practice is, however, connived at, not prescribed. There has been lately, as you may recollect to have heard, a great agitation on the part of the Roman Catholics upon this subject, and they have so far succeeded in it that the law is now to be altered from what it has hitherto been, and whenever a certain number of people apply, a proportional part of the education fund is to be allotted to them, to educate their children after their own fashion. Other communions will of course follow this example, and the result will, in the opinion of many, be a break-up of the whole system of common and non-religious education. The fact is, that human nature naturally revolts against it, when not perverted by nineteenth century theories: three hundred years ago it would not have been thought of for a moment by any sect or party; the very term "non-religious education" would have been considered as self-contradictory, and as tending to confound the ideas of *instruction* in certain comparatively unimportant branches with

education in its highest and most comprehensive sense; that it should be now commonly received is in itself symptomatic of the disproportionate importance, which our age attaches to all that is "of the earth, earthy." As yet I know of no instances where the principle involved in it has been carried out, or attempted to be so, in practice at home; but here everybody thinks that it is fully established, and till lately has maintained that it is advisable and good. There is now, however, as I have said, a reaction against it, which, unless the American mind be entirely materialised, must, one would hope, spread and prevail. Whether the direction which it has taken in asking for a separate proportion of the common fund be a right one, is another question, and one which I should be inclined to dispute. I cannot conceive a body of men, conscious of holding the position of supremacy which the Catholic Church claims for her ministers, at the same time acquiescing in and accepting obligations from a system which recognises them simply as one among many sects, equally true and equally useful. The quality of the instruction given at the New York schools is exceedingly good, as it well may be, for the salaries of the masters are very large, in proportion to the ordinary scale of literary remuneration in this country; they vary according to the number of

scholars, so as to create an emulation among the recipients, and some are as high as 1000 dollars a year. The primary schools for little children, and the girls' schools, are taught by women, who get from 200 to 400 dollars a year. I was greatly pleased with the neat, well-dressed, and healthy appearance of the children, and with the excellence of the rooms and machinery. There are schools for the coloured children, taught by blacks, and the master of one that I visited, a very intelligent negro, told me that he received 700 dollars a year. The little "blackberries" read, wrote, and ciphered, in a manner which quite astonished me; both the pronounciation and the calligraphy were infinitely superior to any thing I have seen in a similar rank of life at home. There is such a demand for this sort of instruction here, and the Americans are so sharp-sighted with respect to their material interests, that they scruple at no expense to secure the best that can be got of the kind.

It is, however, I think, a mistaken and shallow notion to attribute the intelligence, precocity, and cleverness of the people, to the excellent education provided for them: those who do so confound cause and effect; the education is a symptom of the intelligence, and not necessarily, though of course usually, co-existent with it. The true causes of American sagacity and worldly wisdom

are to be found in the circumstances of the country and the nature of its institutions; every man has an ample scope for his exertions, and a certainty, or at least a reasonable prospect, that they will be rewarded; every man is forced into social and political activity; he feels that he is of consequence, that he has a stake in the country, and an influence, more or less direct, upon the administration of its affairs; he feels, too, that in the race of private individual advancement there are prizes within his reach. These are the feelings which develope and exercise his faculties, and give him such an immense advantage, as regards success in life, over the "masses" in Europe. Of course where such a state of things exists there will be a demand for reading, writing, and every other branch of secular instruction; and where no external obstacles interpose, it will naturally be supplied; but if the supply comes first, if the instruction be provided, while the excitements to make use of it are wanting, it will be vain to expect any effects upon national character. Take the example of Prussia: there every child is driven to school, and forced to imbibe a certain quantity of such instruction as the government thinks fit. Now, I have not the slightest doubt that the suppression of individuality (as it were), the interference on the part of the state with the *liberum*

arbitrium of parents in the education and disposal of their children, does far more to retard the progress of national intelligence than the education given does to advance it; or that if an American from one of the southern states, who, as is often the case there, had been debarred from opportunities of acquiring school-instruction, were compared with a Prussian who had gone through the regular state course of education, and who fairly represented that class of his countrymen who are not officially employed, his superiority in resource, energy, and activity of mind, would be nearly as remarkable as if the circumstances of their education, as it is miscalled, had been reversed. I am not now speaking of the moral and religious effect of the two systems, but of their effect upon intellectual advancement. Instruction is not education, even in its purely secular sense; and to force it upon the people, while their social and political condition precludes them from having any interest or motive for its use, is, with reference to national progress, as absurd as it would be to give a man a sword, and impose a heavy penalty upon him if he drew it.

I dined with a friend at the Astor House hotel, which is really quite a curiosity, from its enormous size and admirable arrangements. There are no less than 135 servants, and 500 guests can be

accommodated, notwithstanding which there is more order and regularity and good attendance than in almost any country inn that I ever saw. The waiters are drilled like a regiment of soldiers, and your bell on the fourth floor is answered in two minutes. We had a most sumptuous dinner, with literally "all the delicacies of the season;" what is more astonishing is, that you are allowed to take your meals at any hour you please, without extra charge; yet for board, lodging, and attendance the price is only two dollars a day; it is to me quite incomprehensible. The ladies' table is separate from the gentlemen's, but their male friends have the entrée, and indeed every respectable person who expresses a wish for it. The boarding-house system, which prevails so generally here, is in some respects analogous to that of clubs with us, but has what I cannot but consider the great disadvantage of including women as well as men in its operation. Whatever bad effects clubs may have in destroying or weakening the domestic tastes and habits of a man, they at least leave the attractions of his home untouched; these may be long disregarded, but they will sooner or later prevail, and accordingly we find in fact, that married men comparatively seldom continue to frequent their clubs, at least during the hours usually devoted to society.

The custom, on the other hand, of transferring one's household gods *en masse* from their own proper altars to the drawing-rooms of the Astor or the Tremont, seems to an Englishman little short of profanation; he could not bear to see his wife or sister sitting down to play and sing after dinner in a hotel before a promiscuous party in a public room, any body that pleases going in and out. I do not say that this is the practice among the best society in America, but I have certainly seen it often done where members of such were present, and by persons apparently of the same calibre, without producing the slightest observation.

On Wednesday I went over to Brooklyn, in Long Island, to breakfast with a clergyman, Mr. I——, to whom I had brought letters of introduction. Nothing could exceed his kindness; he wanted me to take up my abode in his house during my stay in New York, gave me letters to his friends in other cities, and heaped all sorts of attentions upon me. We walked after breakfast to see a very handsome church, on the island, the first tolerable edifice which I have seen of the kind in the States. Neither here, however, nor in any other which has come under my observation, is the principle of having free seats recognised; all are "pewed," and appropriated. This is of less importance here, as comparatively few of the lower

or poorer class are in the communion of the Anglo-American church.* Mr. I. complained bitterly and justly, that the majority of churchmen in that rank come over here from Great Britain with such very lax notions upon the subject, and with so indefinite a sense of the peculiar position of the church, that they fall quite naturally into the hands of Dissenters in this country, if they happen to be nearer to a meeting-house than to a church, or if the preacher in the former suit their taste better. While at home the mere fact of the church being the establishment, the most important and predominant communion, and the only one which involves no peculiar contribution towards its support from its members, preserves them by a sort of *vis inertie* from leaving it; but here, finding her only one of many churches or sects, that stand on a level in the popular opinion, and never having heard the doctrine inculcated, which teaches that there is a broad line of distinction between them, they consider schism as a matter of absolutely no importance.

The Roman Catholics hardly ever do this; with very few exceptions, they remain firm to their communion, because they have always been taught

* Query. Is this cause or effect? To some extent both; but, I suspect, principally the latter.

that communion with the Catholic Church is ordinarily necessary to salvation, and that schism is a mortal sin. The fact is, that we are embarrassed by our position as "Protestant Catholics;" a variety of circumstances, chiefly political, have led us, particularly of late years, to adopt, in our controversy with Rome, a Protestant, instead of (as we were fairly entitled to do) a Catholic line of argument; the people have become habituated to view church matters from a Protestant point of view, to look upon the Reformation as a mere Protestant movement, and to sink, practically, and forget the doctrine of a visible Catholic Church. The consequences of this, politically speaking, are incalculably important; the authority of the Church is crippled, its organisation loosened, its rulers are afraid, and with some reason, to revert to their ancient and legitimate claims, lest the people should carry out, as they think, legitimately, the principle which has been taught them, and join or form a sect which tallies better with their individual notions of what is right. There is much plausibility, nay, force in the objection made to the assertion of Catholic views; "if you act so you will drive people to dissent." I admit that there is much danger of doing so, and that it constitutes a powerful argument for caution and delicacy; but why is it so? — *because we have taught that dissent*

is no sin. We suffer by our own wrong; “*Neque est lex justior ulla.*” A most pregnant illustration of the evil effects of our practical teaching in this respect (assuming that it *does* signify what communion a man belongs to) is afforded by the manner in which those who have lived under it act when they come out here, and the contrast presented by the conduct of Roman Catholic emigrants.

Mr. I. introduced me to one of the professors at the Theological Seminary, and with him I went to see it. It is supported partly by voluntary contributions and partly by endowments, and managed by the bishops of the States. I attended evening service in a room which they use as a chapel: it was well performed, and there was good music, in which all the pupils joined. The “University education” in the States is usually completed at the age of eighteen, so that a youth begins to read for his profession at a period when we are still laying the foundation in studies of a general nature, and are usually still at school. The great boast of the Americans is the forwardness of their children, and it certainly appears to be fully justified; I have hardly seen a genuine, infantine child; they are all little men and women, dressed like their fathers and mothers, and hardly less sharp and ready in mind and manner; and so

it goes on through life; the boys are men, and the men (and women) prematurely old. They undoubtedly go a-head, and get over the ground in living, as in doing every thing else, faster than other people.

After service we called on the bishop, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced. He lives in the plainest way, though his income is, comparatively speaking, tolerably ample (6000 dollars a year, and a house); he is the only prelate in the States who is well supported, and in his case the funds proceed from the interest of a vested capital, raised by subscriptions for the purpose.

Yesterday morning I went to see the Croton reservoir, from which the city is supplied with water; the New-Yorkers are justly proud of this work, which certainly appears to me to surpass every thing of the kind that I have seen or heard of. The water is brought from a distance of thirty-five miles through a tunnel, lined and paved with brick; it is carried by an aqueduct over one river, but, with this exception, is covered and carried underground throughout. It is just completed, and one hears of nothing else: the inspectors came down the whole way in a boat a few days ago, a long subterraneous navigation. The undertaking cost 12,000,000 dollars. I have

been even more struck during this visit than before with the strange and foreign appearance of the city; the equipages would be tolerably good, quite equal, I think, to those of Paris, if it were not for the slovenly appearance of the servants: very few wear livery, and it is considered unpopular and aristocratic to require it: the horses are invariably good, both in shape and action. On many of the shops are the strangest and most unaccountable "affiches." I see one advertising for sale "Johnny cakes, warfles, muffins, and slap-jacks;" another "flour and feed-store, relishes at all hours;" and a hundred others equally quaint. Then you see of course negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, &c. in every variety of shade, mixed occasionally with Indian blood, but Indians are far more rare here (one to twenty) than in Canada. All these things prevent one from ever feeling for a moment at home, notwithstanding the universal brogue of the labouring population, which is nearly as Irish as in Cork.

I went yesterday also to visit the workhouse, which I found, to my surprise, to contain 2500 inmates, including nearly 500 able-bodied men. Nothing could be worse conducted; it is quite an exception to what I have heard is the general character of American institutions, as respects order, cleanliness, and discipline. There is no

separation of the sexes, no enforcement of labour, no superintendence, no restrictions upon readmission as often as drunkenness, or laziness, may make it a desirable temporary refuge. The old English poor-law system, with all its abuses, is in force, with the additional evil that those entrusted with the administration of relief are dependent upon the popular suffrage for their situation, and of course find it convenient not to be very strict in their regulations. The very paupers are permitted to go and vote at the municipal elections, upon which their own superintendents depend for their tenure of office, so that there is a direct premium upon popularity-hunting in the administration of the funds. Nothing but the peculiarly favourable circumstances of the country, under which pauperism to any great extent cannot exist, and the prizes of industry are great, prevents this system from becoming such a crying evil to society, as would ensure its alteration; it affords a premium upon indolence and immorality in the paupers, and upon corrupt mismanagement on the part of the authorities, and if the Americans are wise they will effect a complete change before it shall have become too deeply rooted and extensive in its operation to be got rid of. No poor-law can be otherwise than injurious which interferes directly with the labour-market,

and this of America does so even now, by giving relief in aid of wages. If such a principle be established, what effect will it have in future times, when wages shall have fallen, as in older countries, to their minimum? They are now, generally, so high, that the evil is little felt; but it exists, and must bear fruit, if not eradicated. Our English experience, too, ought to teach them how difficult and invidious it is to attempt a cure at the very time when it becomes most necessary, because that is the time when the greatest number profit by the defective system.

About three fourths of the inmates of the New York workhouse are foreigners, the great majority Roman Catholic Irish. There is a Baptist chaplain, who, I was told, has a congregation of about forty individuals. In ordinary cases the religion of the majority would be attended to in the choice of a minister, but Popery is made an exception to the general rule of toleration and indifference. I met a friend and countryman in one of the officials; he comes from K——, and on hearing my name claimed acquaintance with my father. He had been very prosperous in trade, but failed (as every one does, it seems to me from the way people talk here, two or three times in the course of a commercial life), and is now on the look-out for another opening. All the officials of

the establishment are whigs, appointed last year, on the accession of their party to municipal power, and fully expecting to go out again at the next elections. The paupers are allowed tobacco and snuff out of the rates, and are permitted to purchase any luxuries of which they can in any way obtain the price. I saw two or three little shops in the rooms, where fruit, cakes, pipes, &c. were offered for sale by speculative individuals, who had managed to invest capital in trade, but preferred at the same time, very wisely, to live at the public expense. This establishment costs about 150,000 dollars a year.

LETTER XVII.

BOSTON.

SOCIETY IN BOSTON. — LECTURES. — SEDENTARY HABITS OF THE UPPER CLASSES. — AMERICAN POLITICS. — EFFECTS OF AGREEMENT UPON FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT. — NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN POLITICIANS COMPARED. — TRADITIONAL INFLUENCE OF PURITANS UPON NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER. — MR. C.'S VILLA. — FEW COUNTRY GENTLEMEN IN AMERICA. — TROTTING HORSES.

Boston, October.

I CAME over here from New York to escape the "Croton celebration," which was a species of fête, with all sorts of processions, and speechifying, and fireworks; very great bores any where, and sure to be peculiarly ill got up here, where the genius of the people is by no means suited to pageantry. The weather is quite different from what it was during my last visit — clear, cool, with sharp frosts at night, and even in the day — fires not unwelcome: still it is very beautiful; I have not seen two hours' rain since I was at Toronto, nearly five weeks ago, and though it has been occasionally very cold, there has always been a bright sun; the nights, too, are beautiful, quite transparent. There are now a good number of

people here, though the town "season" can hardly be said to have begun. I have been delivering my letters of introduction, and much attention and hospitality is the result. The most fashionable amusement at Boston this year consists in lectures, which are delivered by literary men (even those of the greatest eminence, such as, for instance, Mr. John Quincy Adams), upon all sorts of subjects. The proprietors of the Lycæum, or some other great room, undertake the speculation, engage the lecturer at a certain price, and make a charge for admission proportionate to his popularity. These lectures answer the same purpose as the Exeter Hall and Rotunda meetings do to certain parties in London and Dublin; that, namely, of affording to those who object to the theatre a little pleasing excitement of a partly intellectual and partly sensual kind. Of course I am not comparing the professed objects of the systems, but merely 'the nature of the feelings which really actuate many of those who patronize them. When I was sitting with an American literary friend (Mr. —), the other day, a man came in to ask him, on the part of the Salem Lycæum, to lecture on "woman," at some appointed time. When he was gone, Mr. — gave me a singular account of the extent to which the lecture mania is carried. Ladies often attend two or three in

one evening; and so necessary is excitement and variety considered, that one lecturer is seldom allowed to give a "course;" there must be a fresh hand every night. It is a striking reaction against the Puritan principle of forbidding the ordinary amusements of the world. The love of dissipation and excitement finds vent far less innocently, in my opinion, in running to hear men preach all kinds of doctrines upon all kinds of subjects — religion, politics, or animal magnetism. It must have been where such a system prevailed that the original "charming woman" of the well-known song was produced. The custom of evening visits, which, as I have already said, I like so much, is universal; it is certainly the best plan; the evening, not the morning, is the time for "playing company:" and it is very provoking that people should not be allowed to see each other after dark without a regular invitation on a large card, and either a dinner, or a supper, or a crowd of some kind or other.

Mr. Grattan, the consul, introduced me to a club of which he is a member, and of which there are two or three at Boston: there is no library or coffee-room department (though drinks "of every denomination" may be procured), but billiard-rooms, card-rooms, and a reading-room, which is apparently not much frequented. Billiards are a

very favourite game in America. The merchants play by way of exercise after the day's business: they hardly ever think of walking or riding for the sake of amusement or health; and, as business seldom requires more than a journey from their residences to their offices, there is very little pedestrianism among those classes who do not live by bodily labour; indeed, their costume is so ill adapted for walking, in any energetic sense of the word, as to be quite indicative of their habits — Wellington boots, with tight straps, being universal. In New England one hardly ever meets a man who feels, or can comprehend, the interest which we take in field sports, and it is much the same with farming, gardening, and other country pursuits: very few above the rank of those who till the ground *live* in the country; the residence is always in town; and, at most, they go for two or three months in the summer to a watering-place, or a villa — a change of place which produces hardly any change of habits.

I have just been taking a walk with an American friend, who is well versed in political matters, and have enjoyed much interesting conversation upon the state of parties here. The impression which has been produced upon my mind by what I have been able hitherto to hear and see is, that in consequence of all men (almost

without exception) being agreed upon the great principles of government, there is no broad line of demarcation that can be drawn, as in England, between parties: those who agree upon one question differ upon another equally important (or unimportant); and it is impossible to trace, on either side, any great distinctive principles, forming the fundamentals of their political creed. Still, names are affixed to parties even here, which, to a certain limited extent, indicate definite standards of political principle. The "Whigs" are the Aristocrats and Conservatives; the "Democrats" the Liberals; and the "Locofocos" the Radicals of America. The title of "Democratic," however, is claimed by all; the only differences which they will acknowledge are those which regard the mode in which certain admitted principles are to be applied in particular circumstances, or the *persons* to whom the administration of affairs is to be committed. This state of things at first sight appears likely to be exceedingly advantageous to a country, and to produce unity of action, harmony of feeling, and a general smoothness of working in the political machine: but somehow or other, it is not so. Whether it be that radical differences in tone of mind and habits of thought will always subsist, and find modes of expression, notwithstanding the trammels of received for-

mulæ, or that, in a popular constitution, those who wish to rise must at all events find or make grounds for attacking the policy of men whose fall is necessary to their ambition, certain it is that in no country is party feeling carried to a greater extent than here. The same thing took place in England in the middle of the last century; almost every body was whig in politics, and latitudinarian in religion; the theories of Locke and Hoadly reigned undisputed; and even such men as Burke (pervaded and imbued, as he was, with Tory *feeling* in every pore and fibre) found themselves carried away with the stream: you could not have found ten men in parliament who would have hesitated to say that "the people are the only true and legitimate source of political power." Yet at what period of our history do we find party contests and parliamentary campaigns more constant and more fierce? The only difference seems to be that where people have not principles to fight about they will fight about places; when they are afraid to acknowledge differences of opinion on great questions they will make stalking-horses of *little* ones: and the result of the apparent unanimity will be merely to give a smaller, lower, more personal character to the quarrels which it cannot prevent.

De Tocqueville remarks that "*la race des*

grands hommes en Amérique a singulièrement rapetissé depuis la révolution,” and traces it to the natural effect of democracy and equality in depressing individuals while it raises the mass. Without questioning the soundness of this theory in the abstract (as I think, nevertheless, might fairly be done), I am far more inclined to attribute the fact to the calm which has prevailed in the higher regions of the political atmosphere: men’s minds are not, as then, stirred by coming into contact with great and comprehensive questions, involving the consideration of first principles in morals and politics, and leading them on from particular cases to dwell upon general laws. While the lull which succeeded the accession of the House of Hanover continued, not only theology, poetry, and philosophy dwindled and sank in England, but the tone of politicians also was altered decidedly for the worse: a low, materialistic, temporizing character distinguishes the leading men of all parties (not excepting Chatham); and it would be difficult to point to any period in our history when so few noble sentiments were uttered, or lofty self-denying deeds were done. It required such a violent earthquake as the French Revolution to break the scum that had crept over the stagnant waters, and, by agitating, to purify them. Since the complete defeat and

annihilation of the Federalists as a party in 1801, politicians in this country have had nothing to do but settle questions about tariffs, and banks, and canals, and land-sales; and it is not surprising that the exclusive attention which has been devoted to such objects should have produced a corresponding materialistic and (merely) utilitarian tone of mind.

In the history of the world there are few phenomena more extraordinary, considering the circumstances, than the number and quality of the statesmen which the American Revolution produced. We see a set of farmers, merchants, and provincial lawyers, thrown suddenly into a position of the greatest imaginable difficulty and responsibility; without any military experience, they had to cope with the most powerful nation in the world; without any political education (or at least what would *à priori* have been called such), they had to legislate for a continent. Is it not wonderful to contemplate the result, even after making all due allowance for the many favourable circumstances of their position? That generation passed away, and its descendants have not attained to the intellectual stature of their fathers: but if another convulsion take place, resulting either in the disruption of the Union, or a fundamental change in its institutions, — if, in short, a *dignus*

vindice nodus should appear, I have no doubt whatever that the "vindex" will appear also.

It is a remarkable fact that Boston, though the very centre and nurse of democratic institutions, the focus of those great "movement" powers, commercial enterprise, and manufacturing industry, and the cradle of the revolutionary war, is still the stronghold of Whiggism, *i. e.* modern Federalism, which, being translated into English, means "Conservative democracy." How is this to be accounted for? It would be reasonable to expect that the aristocratic planters, the "privileged classes" of the South, with their old "cavalier" associations, their landed possessions, and their troops of slaves, would have constituted the natural bulwark against the inroads of democratic violence, and in the conflict of parties would have been more likely than the descendants of the old Puritan stock to advocate the cause of order and wealth and strong government. And yet the contrary is the case. "Jeffersonian democracy" is the creed of the South, and Jeffersonian democracy grew up under the auspices of French Jacobinism. A true and consistent disciple of this school is full of theories about abstract rights, natural and inalienable, by which he overthrows all arguments drawn from prescription, or expediency, or the general good. The New Englander

is a practical man, not a “philosopher;” he has property, and he wishes to keep it and increase it: and if you could convince him that a monarchy was the form of government under which the prosperity of the country would be best assured, he would suffer no abstract idea to prevent him from adopting it. I do not mean to say that a New England Whig would not assert and maintain in argument the existence of a natural right in man to political freedom; I only mean that, practically, his main objects are security for property and the maintenance of order in society, and that he wishes for as much liberty as is perfectly consistent with these, and no more. The Southron, on the contrary, who is a “philosopher,” and not a practical man, meets you at once with his *à priori* theory, and maintains, that if monarchy were ever so good and useful an institution, it would not signify; it is a violation of the natural right to self-government inherent in man, so there’s an end of it. It is in vain that you accuse him of the inconsistency of the practice of negro slavery with such a theory as this; he gets rid of your argument with another theory, equally easy of assumption, and equally incapable of proof,—namely, that the negro race is naturally inferior to the whites, and therefore, that, while the latter have an inalienable right to equality and self-government, the

former have an inalienable right to nothing at all. There is no arguing with such an opponent.

The possession of wealth has a powerful influence in giving a conservative tone to the New-England mind; so have the habits of business which accompany it: but there is another, and a most important cause, tending to produce the same effect; I mean the traditionary religious influence, handed down from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. I do not think the New-Englanders are now a religious people in the proper sense of the word, but their Puritan ancestors decidedly were, and they constructed their whole frame-work of society and government upon a religious principle; all political franchises were dependant on church-membership, an ecclesiastical censorship took cognisance of every man's daily walk, and it might most emphatically be said, that Christianity was part and parcel of the law of the land. Now this state of things, though afterwards altered, could not but leave deep and permanent traces upon national character; and accordingly we find in New-England, to this day, much of that fondness for forms, that respect for observances, that gravity, sobriety, and precison of demeanour, which characterised the early settlers. I need not stop to point out how such habits of mind operate in repressing a tendency to the wilder and more extreme forms

of the revolutionary spirit; Puritanism and Jacobinism are difficult to reconcile in practice, though springing, perhaps, from not dissimilar principles.

I have been engaged to two or three parties every night, if parties they can be called, which are really nothing but visits to a lady, who has told you that she will be "at home," not meaning thereby that her rooms will be crowded, but literally that she will not be out, and, if you happen to be disengaged, will be glad to see you at your own hour and convenience.

One day I paid a visit to Mr. C.'s villa, about six miles from Boston: it is a great lion here, being almost the only specimen of an embellished country place in the State, upon however small a scale. It is about the calibre of, say, Lord Charlemont's villa, near Dublin, and well kept up. There is a great deal of glass, both hot-houses and green-houses, an English gardener and steward, fifteen or twenty labourers continually employed, a neat farm of 120 acres, with some good imported stock, stables with twelve saddle and carriage-horses in them, *all good*; and altogether an air about it which shows that the owner has the rural out-of-door tastes and habits of an English country-gentleman, but which are almost unknown in this part of America. It is

worth noting, by-the-by, that the race of *resident* country-gentlemen is peculiar to the British islands; on the continent they are almost unknown as well as here. The nobles and landed proprietors everywhere but with us live in the towns, and only pay passing visits to their "terres," where it would be considered quite an exile to remain permanently. When, therefore, Irish absenteeism (for example) is complained of, as inducing mismanagement of estates and innumerable other evils, we should recollect that it is only when compared with England that it appears to prevail at all extensively. There are more landlords resident in Ireland (twenty to one) than there are proportionably in any part of the European continent.

It must be a great discouragement to spending money, as Mr. C. has done, in embellishing a house and demesne, that at the proprietor's death it must be sold in order that the proceeds may be divided among his children; and as nobody will of course be found to give anything like value for it, the money must be considered as to a great extent thrown away. The law, or rather custom, of dividing property among children, is the very key-stone of the American system, and is felt through every part of it.

Locomotive as the Americans are, there are very

few who have travelled over much of this continent. I never heard, for instance, of any one going to the Prairies, except for scientific purposes, or to write a book, while every year there are expeditions of buffalo-hunting Englishmen. They all go eastward (as is indeed natural) to Europe, Asia Minor, the Holy Land, and even India and China. A lady, at whose house I was the other evening, had a Chinese servant in attendance, a very nice gentlemanly looking boy, with dark complexion and long straight black hair, whom I took for an Indian; her husband, a China merchant, had bought him of his parents for a few dollars, and though of course he is free now, he *says* he will remain in this country permanently; he has already earned and saved five hundred dollars.

One of the most curious "lions" to which I have been introduced is a very celebrated American trotter, which his owner put into a trotting-waggon in order to let me see his performance; it fully came up to all that I had heard of Transatlantic feats in that line; indeed, I could hardly believe it was a fair trot, the pace was so tremendous: I certainly never before went so fast upon wheels. The Americans drive with a thick plain snaffle, at which they keep a strong pull; the horse leans against this, with his head well down between his shoulders, and literally "seems in run-

ning to devour the way." In the light waggons made for racing the whole draught is often upon the reins, and you may see the horse carrying carriage and driver along at a terrific pace with the traces hanging loose. Trotting is everything with *them*; all their saddle-horses draw; and neither in draught nor the saddle (even when a woman is riding) does one ever see a canter: many of them indeed cannot canter from long training to the trot, which has become their fastest pace, so that in racing it is not considered necessary to turn when they "break," but only to pull up into a trot again. The horse which I have been speaking of has been known to "do" his mile in "two twenty-seven," as they call it, that is, two minutes and twenty-seven seconds; and I believe there are instances of its having been done within two minutes. The "rackers," which differ from trotters in moving the hind and fore legs of each side together, are pretty common: nothing can be more awkward or ugly than the appearance of their pace, but they are easy and pleasant to sit upon, and get over the ground as fast as an ordinary horse can gallop, while the pace is not so severe upon the legs and feet.

LETTER XVIII.

BOSTON.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY. — EXHIBITION. — THEATRE. — COPYRIGHT QUESTION. — DINNERS AT BOSTON. — ABOLITIONISM. — EFFECTS OF SLAVERY ON POLITICAL PARTIES IN AMERICA. — PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF BOSTON. — HOUSE OF CORRECTION FOR JUVENILE OFFENDERS. — PENITENTIARY. — A MIXED PARTY. — MR. WEBSTER. — EFFECT OF STEAM NAVIGATION UPON NAVAL WARFARE. — ADVANTAGES WHICH IT CONFERS ON ENGLAND. — FUNERAL CEREMONY FOR DR. CHANNING. — AN AMERICAN ROYALIST. — AMBITION OF AMERICANS. — EFFECT OF COMMERCIAL SPIRIT.

October.

I SPENT most of one day at Harvard University in Cambridge, where there was an “exhibition,” very similar in character to our speeches at Harrow, but with this difference, that the speeches were either translations or original productions of the boys. There was, of course, much bad taste, and a boyish profusion of florid rhetoric, but on the whole the compositions were very creditable to the college. There was a Greek translation of a scene in Molière, which was particularly spirited, and I was surprised to find them so accurate in pronunciation and prosody. After the exhibition

I dined with the President and dons; they gave a most republican repast, but I met several agreeable people, and passed a very pleasant afternoon. I was fortunate enough to sit beside one of the most eminent of modern American statesmen, whose conversational talents are as remarkable as his political; and was much amused and interested by the paradoxes which he seemed to take pleasure in advancing, and the ingenuity with which he defended them. For instance, he undertook to prove (from the passage in Scripture where our Saviour virtually repeals the implied permission to swear which the Mosaic law gives, and says, "Swear not at all," &c.) that temperance vows are unlawful: his argument was, that the passage in Leviticus which our Saviour refers to speaks of vows, and that it is to vows, not oaths in the popular sense, that he attaches the prohibition. Mr. — chose, I am told, to maintain this interpretation, with its consequences, at great length in a speech which he had been solicited to make at a *Temperance Society* meeting, to the most amusing consternation and wrath of those who had brought him (like Balaam) for quite a different purpose. Another of his topics yesterday consisted in an attack upon Shakspeare's *Desdemona*: there were several counts to his indictment, but the one upon which he insisted most energetically was, her having

fallen in love with a blackamoor; this, he said, was the damning spot upon her: "a woman who could be guilty of so unnatural and degrading a passion deserved Desdemona's death." I ventured to suggest that Shakspeare's idea was to describe her love as so Platonic and purified as to disregard physical deformity; "she saw Othello's visage in his mind." He said that was no excuse; the "sooty bosom" ought to have been insuperable.

Harvard is the largest and richest of the American universities; its library, the best in the Union, is said to contain 40,000 volumes. The board of management is in the hands of Unitarians, and public worship is performed every day by Unitarian ministers; the boys are not compelled to attend it, but allowed to go to any place of worship they please in the town.

In the evening, after returning from Cambridge, I went to the theatre to hear Hackett, a "crack" comic actor, play Rip Van Winkle; the story was badly dramatised, but the actor very good. The house was badly filled; indeed, under any circumstances, the theatre is but little patronised in New England (unless, indeed, upon the arrival of English "stars"). The economy and police of the house seemed particularly strict and well-regulated, as is the case also throughout the town: strange to say, it is even forbidden to

smoke in the streets. After the play I went to an evening party at Mrs. ——'s; it was full, and gay; there was dancing and a supper, and the guests did not depart until the late hour of half-past eleven. Very dissipated for Boston! I have heard scarcely any music at the Boston parties, and am told that it is not common or much cared about. I have been asking whether there is any national music to be got that I may bring home with me as a specimen, but can hear of none, except a very few common-place compilations. There are some pretty negro melodies (such as "Jim Crow," and "It's all round my hat," which have now "European reputations,"), but with these exceptions, all their music (like Michael Kelly's) is "imported."

I cannot imagine anything to have a more deteriorating influence on the originality of the national mind than the system which prevails here with respect to the copyright of English works; though, on the other hand, it no doubt provides the masses with an unlimited supply of cheap information. It is, of course, impossible for a publisher to give a large sum to an American author for a copyright, while the market is supplied with the best English works at a nominal price. This appears to me sufficient to account in a great measure for the dearth of good American

authors; for obvious reasons intervene to make it unlikely, in the present circumstances of America, that many authors should write without pay. The worst part of the system is, that it is the trash of the day, the 3-volume novels, &c., which constitute the far greater proportion of the republications; the quantity of these bought and *imbibed* by the public is incredible, and quite sufficient to neutralise the advantage resulting from the easy access to better books. It is entirely upon these grounds of prospective advantage to themselves, that I would press the Americans to agree to a mutual copyright law: it is absurd to talk of the "injustice" of their present proceedings: as long as we keep out the "pirated" publications from our own dominions, our authors are just as well off as the authors in any other country; they have the monopoly of their own national market, and no more. How people can have the face to ask the Americans, as a matter of right or equity, to sacrifice their natural advantages (allowing them to be advantages), and tax themselves for the benefit of our authors, is to me incomprehensible. I put out of the question the "reciprocity" of the copyright, because practically, of course, it would be almost entirely (*à l'Irlandaise*) "on one side."

I have not often been asked to dine out regularly: dinner parties are rare, and quite derange

the economy of the house where they are given; for, instead of dining at two o'clock, with his wife and children, and returning, as is usual, to his counting-house, the *Amphitryon* has to alter his hour to five or six, so as to get business over first. Ladies never dine out at Boston, but the lady of the house takes the head of her table, and sits alone among her male guests. The dinners are much of the same kind as would be given in houses of a similar calibre at home, except that the wine is better, and the attendance, and perhaps the cookery, worse. Sometimes there are a great number of courses, involving an unpleasant superfluity of heavy meat; but this is only on great occasions.

Last night I met at dinner a New York gentleman of high station, who is considered as the leader of the Abolitionist party, and we had much interesting discourse about slavery. I had no idea of the strength of feeling which exists upon this subject in New England; the number of those who even go to the length of advocating a dissolution of the Union upon this ground is considerable, and among the higher class of Whigs I have hardly met one man who does not express himself upon the subject more strongly than people are accustomed to do in England. They do not, as I think, however, put their objections to it upon

tenable grounds, for they invariably attack slavery, not because it leads to innumerable bad consequences, but because it is *à priori* unjust and inadmissible; they say (and it is easy for *them* to say it); no matter what may be the result, absolute, unconditional abolition is necessary—“*fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*” Now I see no sufficient grounds by which this line of argument can be supported: I have no faith in theories about abstract rights, based upon an alleged innate consciousness of their existence: the universal, or all but universal, testimony of mankind may afford a sufficient proof that they are a part of original revelation (made either directly or through the medium of the moral sense), as is the case with respect to the rights of parents over children, and probably, in some slight degree, with respect to a right of property*, and a few others; but nothing short of

* Upon the passage in the text a friend suggests, that it is a question, “whether, as to this (right of property), it can be carried beyond the fact of an appropriation of a thing not before appropriated, which of course must throw the *onus probandi* not upon the party in possession, but upon the party interfering? If so, there can scarcely be an inherent right, for the notion does not arise till something extrinsic has been brought into an accidental contact with the person, and then it is rather a negative and external than a positive or intrinsic notion.

“It rather means that the *status quo* cannot be disturbed by another without wrong, than that the thing appropriated has been really annexed to the person of the proprietor.”

a very large induction will suffice; and in the case of slavery I apprehend the weight of evidence would be very much the other way. Scripture, too, is silent on the subject, or rather indeed recognises and countenances the institution, by directing slaves, not to rebel or to run away, as a modern abolitionist would do, but to "obey their masters according to the flesh," and to "abide in the calling wherewith they are called*;" so that, really, except upon the ground of comparative expediency (I mean expediency of course in a moral and religious as well as a material sense), it is difficult to understand how the abolition theory is to be supported at all. As an *argumentum ad hominem*, it is very well to attack the Southerners with their inconsistency in affirming the doctrine of abstract rights when it suits their purpose, and denying them when it does not; with their mutilation of the celebrated proposition which begins the declaration of independence ("All men are by nature free and equal"), and with the necessary anomalies which result from the combination of

* Scripture, also, which is still more to the purpose, gives certain directions to Christian masters, as such, concerning the treatment of their slaves, which clearly recognise the continuance of the relation as possible without a breach of Christian duty. The masters are not directed to emancipate, but to "forbear threatening," &c. Eph. vi. 9.; and see 1 Tim. vi. 2.

ultra-democratic theories with ultra-aristocratic practice; but to those who impugn both the abolitionist and the natural-freedom-and-equality theory, the "northern" tone of declamation against slavery appears singularly weak and unconvincing.

The mobs in the northern states are very much divided upon this subject, but the majority (including all the Irish) are in most places anti-abolitionist, entirely from hatred to the blacks, and fear lest abolition in the South might be followed by a large immigration of negroes to the North, and a corresponding reduction of wages. Even at a meeting in this city (where abolition is stronger than any where else), which was held last Sunday, such a tremendous uproar of indignation and hostility was raised when a negro was brought forward to address the assembly, that they were compelled to break up in confusion. Still, the number of abolitionists increases, and each year a larger proportion of votes is recorded for the "abolition" candidate, who is invariably set up. At the election of representatives for Massachusetts, now going on, there is a black ticket distributor (an electioneering agent, such as with us brings up tallies to the poll), a thing unknown hitherto; and it is hardly possible even now for a master to arrest his runaway slave when he gets into one of the New England states, though the

constitution enjoins the authorities to assist in his capture. An instance happened here only the other day, when so much indignation was excited by the fact of a master carrying off a slave in handcuffs, that it was on the point of producing a serious disturbance and a rescue in the streets; it was only prevented by some philanthropic people who raised a subscription, and purchased the slave from the owner, who, I dare say, was content with a low price.

The ill-feeling which this subject engenders in the North is very great, and increasing (though I have no idea, as some have, that it is likely to lead to an early dissolution of the Union), not only among those fanatics who cry, "Go out from among slaveholders, and be separate, that ye be not partakers of their plagues," but also among the Whig politicians, led by Mr. Adams. They perceive that the North has less than her just share of influence in the administration of affairs, and they attribute it to the bond of union which slavery constitutes among the slave-holding states. The latter make a compromise with the ultra-democratic party in the North, who, to secure the Southern support in their radicalism, are in return generally content to advocate slavery and other Southern interests. An anti-slavery minority, on the other hand, in the South is unknown; they

present an unbroken front, cemented by the feeling of strong personal interest, and thus are almost always enabled to carry their point when the two sections come into collision.*

All that the North can do on such occasions is to hold out *in terrorem* (what very few would like to see realised) the threat of a dissolution of the Union in case slave-holding influence be increased; such an event, injurious as it would be to both parties, would be infinitely more so to the South, for many reasons: the conviction alone that it would be impossible for them to maintain slavery against the open and unchecked countenance and support, which would then be given by the Northerners to the slaves, is sufficient to make them dread the idea. Passion, however, not reason, sways them very much (and very naturally, considering the utterly unjustifiable proceedings of English and American abolitionists) upon this subject, and there is no knowing to what lengths some violent provocation might not induce them to go.

The more the abolitionists exert themselves to disseminate their principles, the farther the "Southrons" commit themselves in a contrary direction.

* For instance, when the question arose as to whether Missouri should be admitted as a slave-holding state, and in the case of the district of Columbia, from which the Northerners wish to remove slavery, and others.

Mr. Calhoun, who may be called the head and representative of the slave-holders, and who will be one of the "first favourites" for the next presidency, has gone the length of saying lately that he considered slavery as a "glorious institution, the corner-stone of a free and democratic government, and that he hoped and prayed it might endure for ever." Now this sentiment (countenanced as it apparently is by some unguarded expressions* made use of by Burke, in his speech upon American conciliation, which are, of course, everlastingly quoted by slave-holders) would not have been ventured upon twenty years ago; and there was even a disposition about that time to relax the severity of the laws with respect to slaves: but now they are strictly enforced, particularly those relating to instruction; so that probably in a few years there will be hardly a slave able to read or write. This is obviously caused by the persevering dissemination of abolitionist pamphlets, some of which contain extremely dangerous doctrines; nor do I at all wonder at the precautions which they produce.

* These expressions after all convey only a statement of the fact, that slave-holders are the greatest sticklers for liberty, or, in other words, that they only wish to apply the levelling principle to those above them, and by no means a justification of it.

The "Southrons" are now so strong and so violent, even in the senate, that they were *within one* of negating the appointment of Mr. Everett to the English embassy, avowedly on the ground of his having expressed himself strongly at some public meeting on the subject of slavery. If they had carried their point, it would have been an affirmation of the principle that abolitionist sentiments constitute *per se* a disqualification for office; so that you may imagine how small is their chance of prevailing in the councils of the Union. Mr. Preston of Carolina said the other day in Congress, "If we catch an abolitionist in South Carolina we'll hang him." And nobody got up to rebuke or answer him. The abolitionists cannot even get their anti-slavery petitions read: a standing order of the house declares that they are to be laid at once upon the table. It is considered a question with which the Federal legislature have nothing to do, and of which even to approach the consideration is an infringement on "state rights."

I must repeat that, considering the ground which has been taken, and the means which have been employed by the abolitionists, I neither wonder at nor blame the jealousy and soreness felt by the South upon this subject: it is with them a question, not simply of property, but of

life and death. If the doctrines and advice of the northern abolitionists be good and true, slaves have a right to rebel, to take their masters' property, and even to cut their throats, if necessary, for the purpose of attaining to freedom: they are wrongfully detained, have a right to freedom, and need only ascertain the practicability and expediency of insurrection in order to justify it. I say, that, where such doctrines are preached, the slave-holders have a right to take care that they shall not reach the ears of those whom they may influence (unless a still greater evil be likely to follow from the measures which such a course necessitates), and at any rate to insure the impracticability of successful insurrection. In the meanwhile immense numbers of slaves escape, the abolitionists keeping regular stations along the whole line from Virginia to Canada, for the purpose of sheltering and forwarding them. Mr. ——— tells me he has had thirty in his house at New York at once. If I go to the Southern States, I suppose I shall hear the other side of the question, and see something of the condition of the slaves. Here I am looked upon as very heterodox upon this subject.

On the 20th, Dr. H. took me to see the principal public institutions of the city, such as the Lunatic Asylum, the House of Correction, and

an establishment similar to that which we have at Parkhurst, namely, a house for the confinement and reformation of juvenile offenders. Boys under sixteen, condemned for small offences, instead of being sent to the common prison, are sent to this institution, where they are kept in confinement, subjected to discipline, educated, and finally, if well-behaved, apprenticed to trades. I was much pleased with this institution: some of the inmates are little more than infants, and very few above thirteen or fourteen years of age; and certainly it gives them a better chance than they could have under another system. With respect to the other places, there was nothing very remarkable except the excellent management, order, cleanliness, and discipline every where maintained. "Institutions" (in the technical sense) are certainly the strong point of the Americans. I remember being told by an American gentleman, that there were especially three branches of administrative science which they believed themselves to have brought to perfection in New England; namely, the management of common schools, of lunatic asylums, and gaols. The punishment at the House of Correction is a *shower-bath*! The offender is placed in a very narrow box, with a collar round his neck, and three or four barrels of ice-cold water are poured over him in succession. They tell me it

cows and subdues the most sturdy sinners. The danger of all the systems pursued here is that of making the places of punishment too comfortable, so as to diminish their efficacy in deterring from crime. The reformation of the criminal is considered (often avowedly) in the first place; the interests of society in the second. Upon my saying so to one of the superintendents, he agreed with me, and observed, that many who came there had been in prison a dozen times, and did not seem to mind it in the least. Much depends on the state of society which you have to deal with outside: the punishment of being confined and deprived of the power of independent action for a considerable time is much heavier in this country than it would be in Europe; and, under any circumstances, the order, silence, and regular labour to which they are condemned, is, I have no doubt, more irksome and revolting than we generally imagine to turbulent and ill-regulated minds.

On the same day I dined with Mr. Grattan, and met the Bishop of Newfoundland, Captain Elliott, of Her Majesty's frigate Spartan, Commodore Nicholson, who commands the American flag-ship here, M. Calderon de la Barca, the late Spanish minister at Mexico, and Madame Calderon, his wife, who is of a Scotch family settled

at Boston.* I spent a very pleasant evening, as you may suppose. It would have been difficult to collect a party of individuals who had seen more of the world in all its aspects and varieties; and most of them were well qualified to turn their experience to account. The bishop has stopped at Boston on his way from his summer diocese, Newfoundland, to his winter one, Bermuda. The government provides him with a ship of war to make his annual passages in; so the Spartan is here in attendance. (I was a good deal amused by the observation made to me, when this was mentioned by a young American acquaintance the other day, "I wish I were a bishop, *to have the use of a frigate!*") Much surprise is expressed by the Americans at Captain Elliott's youth (to be in command of a crack frigate); but nothing can exceed their admiration of the Spartan, and of the order and discipline of her crew. "It sounds odd," they say, "but it seems to work well."

The bishop will stay, I believe, to assist at the consecration of a new bishop of Massachusetts; and some of the officers are going to take the opportunity of making a run to Niagara by the railroad.

* Madame Calderon has since written a very clever and amusing book upon Mexico; a task, indeed, for which she possesses singular qualifications.

After dinner I went to a party, where I met Mr. Webster, whom I had long been anxious to see. I need not say how very far he is the first man of the day in America; indeed, in strength of understanding, he is perhaps unsurpassed by his contemporaries any where. His powers of memory and calculation, and his talents for argument and debate, are such, that no one of his countrymen ventures to enter the lists with him face to face, either in public or private. The mingled admiration and terror with which he is regarded are very extraordinary: just now he holds a curious and anomalous position, having adhered to the President after the latter's rupture with the Whigs, and consequently drawn down upon himself part of the odium which attaches to John Tyler's name. Still it is only in whispers and half-expressed doubts that people venture to blame him; and when he stood up the other day at a public meeting of the Boston Whigs, and justified his conduct, though I am told at least three-fourths of his audience differed from him, and disapproved of his conduct, not an individual ventured to express dissent. He seems, however, to be more feared than loved; and, though the champion, is by no means the idol of his party. Henry Clay, the Whig candidate for the next presidency, though immeasurably inferior in point of intellectual en-

dowments, has quite taken the wind out of his sails by the popularity of his manner, his talent for mob oratory, and, above all, his real good-nature and amiability, and the personal friendships which these qualities procure for him. Mr. Webster is perhaps, both from disposition and conviction, the most conservative of American statesmen. When in England he sympathised and lived almost entirely with the "Carlton" party, and could not bear our Whigs: here, however, strong as he is, he is compelled to trim his sails to the "popular breeze," at least to a very considerable extent. For instance, he is compelled by circumstances (for I cannot think, considering his great capacity, and particularly after reading his admirable speeches upon the tariff question in 1825, that his unbiassed convictions are on their side) to advocate the protective policy of the New-England manufacturers. A considerable free-trade party has always existed at Boston, notwithstanding the amount of capital invested in the manufactures which require protection: it consists not only of the ultra-democrats, who are for "free-everything," but of the shipping interest, who, of course, suffer by all restrictions. The farmers in New England do not seem to wish for a change; they do not think they could compete in an unrestricted trade with the more productive south-

ern and western States; and they calculate, perhaps wisely, that their best chance lies in the hotbed prosperity of the manufacturing towns at their doors. Free trade is the watch-word of the democratic party, even in Massachusetts: and though, of course, Mr. Webster cannot, consistently with his political connexions, exhibit any appearance of favour to it just now, there seems to be little doubt that his own prepossessions and tendencies lie in that direction, and that his influence would be used in favour at least of a commercial treaty with England.

In the course of conversation the other day with Mr. —, one of the boundary commissioners employed in the late negotiations, he said that, considering the state of feeling which existed in America towards England when Lord Ashburton came over, he was convinced that no two individuals but himself and Mr. Webster could have brought it to a successful termination. From what I have seen and heard elsewhere, I am inclined to think this very probable. There can be no doubt that among the masses a very general feeling of hostility did prevail, and does so still, though mitigated: they fully participate in the jealousy of English power and ambition, which seems to be the monomania of continental Europe; and even now, though they cannot but think the

treaty a sufficiently favourable one for them, they can hardly be brought to confess that they are satisfied, nor is there any symptom of general rejoicing at it. And yet a war, which would be injurious to England, would be ruinous to America: it must be altogether a naval war; and they have a most inadequate navy: the principal, indeed decisive agent, must be steam; and they have no steamers, nor money to build and man them. So that, putting out of the question the weak point presented by the peculiar position of the slave states, the war would in all probability be decided by the annihilation of American commerce.

The introduction of steam has immensely increased the naval power of England. As long as her fleets are so vastly superior to those of any other nation, every increase in the regularity and certainty with which that superiority can be made to bear upon the desired point must tell in her favour: the more *chances* enter into the game, the better for the weaker party. For example, at any time during the period of the last threatened invasion of England a storm might have swept the Channel of our ships, and before they could have been replaced or re-collected the moment for crossing would have been seized by the enemy. Now, (humanly speaking), such a result is impossible: every French port can be block-

aded, and every landing-place guarded, with almost as much certainty as attends the land-service; while our superiority in mechanical science, which is almost as remarkable as our naval superiority, with our command of coal and iron, and the advantage of the inexhaustible nurseries supplied by our coasting steam-service, seem fully to counterbalance the loss (if there be any) of the benefits which we formerly derived from our greater proficiency in the art of navigation. I am induced to make these remarks from observing a tendency, both abroad and at home, among careless talkers and writers, to conclude that steam will be found to have reduced the relative power of the British navy, instead of having (as I am convinced will on reflection be perceived) very considerably augmented it.

I have just been greatly amused by a paragraph which I read in the "New York Herald," a paper of about the calibre of the "Satirist," but which is taken in every where*, and which every body reads and abuses. There has been a kind of funeral ceremony all over the country, with orations *à la Pericles*, combined with divine service, in honour of Dr. Channing, who died

* I must make an honourable exception in favour of the Astor House at New York; at least so I have since been informed, for I did not observe the absence of the paper when I was there.

lately, and among others the Rev. Mr. Bellows, it seems, was to preach a eulogy upon him at New York; upon which the "Herald" says, "We challenge all the other papers in the city to report and publish against us the forthcoming sermon" (which was to be in a church). "We trust Mr. Bellows is too much of a *Christian* and a gentleman to give to any competitor the unfair advantage of a previous copy; and upon this condition we appeal to a discerning public to decide upon the event." I could not resist transcribing this, but it is only fair to say that I have no idea of supposing it to be more than an *escapade* of the editor, or that it was meant to be seriously acted upon.

One of the most remarkable, among the few Americans who think monarchical institutions desirable even for this country, is Mr. —, a literary man of considerable reputation, whose acquaintance I have had the pleasure of making, and with whom I have had much interesting and agreeable conversation. Of course I found much in his opinions and feelings with which I sympathised, but I by no means agree in the very sombre view which he takes of the state of things in America, or in his anticipation of a speedy convulsion, ending in a military despotism. Such views are the natural result of the desponding

temper of mind produced by living in a country and generation with which one has no sympathy, but to me I confess they appear visionary and groundless; I see no reason for apprehending for a long series of years any permanent check to the material prosperity of America. Mr. —— has never been in England, though of course it is his beau ideal — the land of his dreams. I fear if he went there he would be disappointed, so it is as well that he should continue to dwell upon the “merrie England” of his own warm imagination and kind heart.

The principal topic which he dwelt upon, and upon which I am disposed to a great extent to agree with him, was the comparative want of softness, of reverence, of humility, and of the other peculiarly Christian virtues, which the most partial observer of American character cannot but notice and deplore in his countrymen. It results perhaps as much from commercial habits as from republican institutions; and the former are necessarily produced by the physical circumstances of the country, and its position relatively to England as regards literature and language: still, democracy fosters, encourages, and developes them, and the character which they produce; the feverish activity, energy, and restlessness of disposition, generated by habits of self-government, when un-

corrected, explode as it were in the gambling speculations of trade: and it is very difficult for the citizen of a republic, who is practically brought to believe from his earliest youth that he is as good a judge of every theological, political, and social question as the wisest of his contemporaries, to remain contented with his lot; he must be constantly trying to rise, to make money, to thrust himself into notice: the calm, humble, habit of mind of a European labourer or domestic servant, who is satisfied to remain all his life in the situation in which he finds himself, and to do the duties of it, is not only distasteful to him, but absolutely contemptible in his eyes. There is no doubt that the wealth and resources of a country will be increased and developed under such a constant forcing system with incalculable rapidity; but *that* is not the true standard by which the system is to be tried, though our habitual want of faith makes it very difficult for us to think so. There may be traits in such a character which resemble the Aristotelian *μεγαλόψυχος*, the ideal of heathen philosophy, (though even there the money-making motive would be out of place, and the activity also, *οὐδεν γὰρ μέγα ἀντὶ*); but there are very few upon which one can fancy an apostle or a martyr of the early church to have looked with approbation, or which he would not at least have thought it ne-

cessary to discipline and to check. I am not arguing with persons who reject the authority of Scripture; but to those who do not I would fain suggest the difficulty of reconciling *the spirit* of commercial philosophy, as it is exemplified both in England and in America, with two plain scriptural precepts (taken together with the context): "Let a man be contented with that he hath;" and, "Let every man abide in the calling wherein he is called." I do not mean to say that they may not be reconciled; I know that thousands of most conscientious and religious men are fully convinced that they do reconcile them: but I am sure that to do so is a near and a hard thing, either in argument or in practice; that it requires constant watchfulness and self-denial, and a deep sense of accountability; that ordinarily it is not attempted; and that consequently an atmosphere thoroughly pervaded with the commercial spirit is, generally speaking, (particularly when combined with democratic institutions,) unfavourable to the growth of Christian principles. As regards even temporal happiness, I am fully convinced that this "go a-head" system does not answer; always getting, never enjoying, —

"Man never *is*, but ever *to be* blest."

This, however, is a more disputable, and infinitely less important, aspect of the question.

LETTER XIX.

BOSTON.

JOURNEY TO MAINE. — COUNTRY HOUSE. — TAXATION IN AMERICA. — SCHOOL AT G——. — TOWN FARM. — BRUNSWICK. — INFLUENCE OF GERMANY UPON THE NATIONAL MIND OF AMERICA. — JOURNEY THROUGH MAINE. — RETURN TO BOSTON.

Boston, October.

HAVING received a hospitable invitation from a gentleman whose relations I had known in New York, and who gave me letters of introduction to him to visit him in his country-house in the State of Maine, I found myself on a beautiful bright October morning steaming up the broad Kennebec, some 150 miles to the north-east of Boston, and by breakfast-time arrived at my destination, a large house beautifully situated, and overlooking the river. Mr. —— is almost a solitary instance, in New England, of a man of large property residing entirely on his estate in the country; and in Boston I used to hear his taste in doing so spoken of as most singular and extraordinary. Independently of the pleasure which it gave me to make his acquaintance, and to see that part of

the country, which is comparatively little visited by travellers, you can hardly imagine the luxury which I always feel, after a long spell of rattling and ringing in hotels, and steam-boats, and railroads, in finding myself in a quiet country-house; every thing within and without appears *couleur de rose*.

There is a very pretty church in the village of G——, about a mile from hence, in which we attended service twice on Sunday. There was a wedding just before service, and the bridegroom and bride remained quietly among the congregation afterwards: it is, however, very uncommon to be married in church; there is no canon to that effect in the American church, so that it is left to private feeling, and, generally speaking, marriages take place at home. There was a good congregation, both in the morning and afternoon. The clergyman's salary is 800 dollars a year, which is, I am told, about the average income of country parishes: in the towns it generally reaches 1500 or 2000, which bears, I think, a fair proportion to the remuneration of the other learned professions. Mr. —— is a constant and active member of the General Convention of the "Episcopal Church," and has supplied me with all sorts of ecclesiastical statistics. By the way, it is not a good symptom of the interest which lay-

men in this country usually show for these matters, that I am generally met by an inquiry as to whether I am going into orders, wherever I make inquiries upon the subject, followed by a demonstration of surprise when I say that nothing is farther from my intentions. There is hardly any part of the Union where the church exercises so little influence as in New England, yet even here she is advancing.* Within the last twenty years the number of her members throughout the Union has increased four-fold, *i. e.* in a ratio more than double that of the general increase of population: she now reckons about 1200 clergymen, and, perhaps, 800,000 professing members; and it is remarkable that one-third of the clergy were formerly Dissenting ministers of different denominations, and have conformed.

A gentleman living, like my host, in the country here, has by no means the same sort of occupations that we have at home: the relation of landlord and tenant is unknown (or nearly so) in New England; a relation which, with us, though often productive of bad feeling and hostility, may,

* In Boston all the leading men are Unitarian, a creed peculiarly acceptable to the pride and self-sufficiency of our nature, asserting as it does the independence and perfectibility of man, and denying the necessity of atonement or sanctification by supernatural influences.

on the other hand, be made the instrument of so much good: the office of justice of the peace too is merely nominal, except in the case of a few lawyers, who do all the business of the country, and derive a small emolument from the fees. People of property and education are naturally much discouraged from taking part in local or political affairs, by finding themselves utterly destitute of the influence which (according to our notions) ought to attend upon those qualifications. I have been quite surprised at the number of those whom I have met with, who have renounced all interference with public matters, and never even vote at elections. I cannot but think that they are wrong; but the feeling which actuates them is natural enough.

Mr. ——'s income is derived, in a great measure, from the sale of lands, which is going on continually. The land does not, I think, bring as much, *cæteris paribus*, as land in Upper Canada; about the same, perhaps (though the comparison is difficult, and necessarily imperfect), as that in our Lower Province: wages are rather higher generally, and taxes enormously heavier, averaging (at a loose estimate) about one per cent. yearly upon the value of a man's property, real and personal. This proportion varies very much in different townships, some not devoting nearly so

much to public institutions, roads, schools, &c. as others. I am quite aware of the difficulty of ascertaining the comparative taxation of different countries, from the different names and forms under which it is imposed, and still more that of discovering how it presses upon individuals in proportion to their ability: I make every allowance for the provision made out of the state funds for public communications and public instruction, and for the cheapness of subsistence consequent upon the absence of excise and the lowness of customs duties* upon articles of food; and yet I cannot but think that one-tenth of a man's income (assuming the profits of capital to be ten per cent.) is high for a country that boasts of cheap government.

I find that (as, of course, was to be expected) the schools in most parts of the country are by no means comparable in excellence to those which excited my admiration at Boston and New York: very often they are not open for more than two or three months in the year (the winter months); and the teachers are, in point of qualification, a very inferior class. In G——, for instance, people

* Tea and coffee pay no duty, brandy one dollar per gallon, claret only six cents, and other wines in proportion; refined sugar six cents per lb., which makes Louisiana a "tariff" state.

who can afford it always send their children to private schools; the public gratuitous instruction is so scanty and bad: it is sufficient, however, to teach the "elements," reading, writing, and perhaps a little arithmetic; and very few are ignorant of these. I visited one of the private schools, and found a large attendance of girls and boys, all under male tuition, but in separate rooms; the course of instruction for both sexes was precisely the same, comprising Latin, Greek, French, Metaphysics, Mathematics, and other things, more than I can recollect: and the master (who seemed a particularly intelligent, well-informed man) said he saw no difference in capacity, and made no difference in management, between the two departments. Surely eight hours out of the twenty-four are too much to be devoted entirely to studies of this kind, in the case of girls, as all religious instruction is of course excluded, as well as the cultivation of those tastes and habits which are peculiarly feminine. Though all "peculiar religious opinions" are excluded, I found that here, as elsewhere, daily service, consisting of a chapter in the Bible, and a prayer by the master (who in this case happened to be a Unitarian), is performed.

I find all over New England the principle of the English poor-law in full force, (the principle,

namely, that employment and support are to be found for all), with some alterations in detail, which seem to me by no means improvements. In this township (G——) there is a “town farm” of 120 acres, with an almshouse on it, where the paupers live; and the system of maintaining them is this. Every year the contract for their support is put up to auction, and whoever bids lowest, if approved by the select-men (the executive officers of the township), gets it. He then enters into possession of the farm, and receives the sum for which he had stipulated. He is allowed to get as much work as he can out of the inmates, and to dispose of the profits of the farm: he is bound to receive and provide for as many paupers as the select-men choose to send to him; so that if he has calculated badly, or there happens to be that year an unusual pressure, he may lose considerably by the speculation: and he may either give out-door relief (including money in aid of wages), or take the applicants into the workhouse, and employ them as he finds it cheapest, or can make his bargain with them. What enormous abuses would such a system open the way to with us! Making all due allowance for the favourable circumstances which attend the operation of poor-laws in this part of the country, (where, in fact, very few apply but those who are old, or infirm,

or helpless in some way or other, such as idiots and orphans,) I can hardly conceive how it goes on. Certainly the Americans may with justice lay claim to a more vigilant superintendence on the part of the public over those in office than exists elsewhere, and also (which is better) to a universal sympathy in favour of the apparently oppressed; so that, in cases of complaint, the chances are that public opinion, in nine cases out of ten, will lean to the pauper. There are now thirty-three paupers in the G—— workhouse, out of a population of five thousand, and the expense is about one thousand dollars a year.

After spending four or five extremely pleasant days at G—— (one of which was devoted to a chase after woodcocks in the neighbouring forest), I started by stage for Brunswick, also in Maine, where I remained for two days, and had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Principal, and most of the other “Dons” of the university there. Brunswick is one of those long straggling green and white villages which one finds continually in the midst of the American forests, and which have sprung up suddenly and with incredible rapidity, owing to the discovery of some water-power, or other natural advantage. There is a huge barn-shaped meeting-house, three great red brick barrack-like buildings, constituting

the college, a very tolerable hotel, and perhaps 150 or 200 houses, scattered over an immense extent of ground, and surrounded on all sides by pine-woods and sand.

The university of Brunswick at present possesses considerable reputation, in consequence of the learning and talents of its president. There is a great jealousy of universities among the people ; and it is generally thought that the practice of granting state endowments to them, which has been pretty extensive, will be discontinued. Popular as their form is, they are considered by many too aristocratic, and others “ see no good in Latin and Greek.” A strong tendency also exists to prefer the German university regulations to ours, that is, mere instruction to instruction joined with moral discipline, or the “ professorial ” to the “ tutorial ” system ; a tendency which proceeds of course from the popular feeling in favour of visible tangible results. It is a common practice among American youths, especially when destined for a theological profession, to go through a considerable part of their preparatory studies at Halle, Berlin, and other German universities ; and this must, I should think, have the worst effects upon their religious faith. The dark side of Germany is the scepticism and rationalism of its literary men ; what we call strict and orthodox opinions have

hardly any supporters; and if the evil effect of this state of things were not counteracted by the conservative habits of the country * and nature of its institutions, and the submissive religious feelings of the more ignorant classes, it could hardly fail to be productive of the most fatal consequences to society. Here the importation of German rationalism is particularly dangerous, for none of these counteracting principles prevail; and the spread of Unitarianism, Rationalism, and Pantheism, by which New-England is now overrun, appears very alarming. I have spoken to many American students, who have lived much in Germany, upon this subject, and the impression which I have received from their information has been invariably the same, viz. that Germany is exercising a most powerful and deleterious influence upon the higher class of minds in New-England.

On my way from Brunswick to Boston I stopped for a night at Portland, where I delivered a letter, and went to a party. Englishmen are

* There is at this moment a strong conservative reaction in the German universities, with perhaps the exception of Heidelberg, consequent upon the democratic movement of 1830; but, as far as I can judge, there hardly appears a symptom of reaction towards a healthier religious tone, such as has undeniably taken place in France. I do not look merely to such men as to Strauss and his followers, but to their (so called) high-church school, of which Neander may be considered, I suppose, a fair specimen.

not common in Maine, yet I do not find the least disposition to stare or to intrude: every body in these provincial towns is kind and civil, and yet quite satisfied to let one alone. One exceedingly good-natured round-bellied gentleman amused me a good deal, by telling me that he was always taken for a John Bull abroad (he was a sailor), on account of his comfortable proportions and jolly demeanour. "You see," he said, "we Americans are on the run all the time: if we could get a chance to lay by and fat up, we should come out stout too." There is a good deal of truth in the theory; Americans "go a-head" too fast to enjoy the blessings of sound sleep and good digestion.

From Portland I travelled to Boston, 100 miles in eight hours, by railroad and stage. The railroad will soon be open the whole way, and thus the line of steam communication will be completed from one extreme of the United States to the other, from Maine to Georgia. Well may the Americans say, when they contemplate these prodigies of physical progress, "This is a great country, — it has unbounded energies and resources." So it has; and they have a right to say so.

LETTER XX.

BOSTON.

CATHOLIC MOVEMENT AMONG NEW ENGLAND DISSENTERS.
— VIEW OF THEIR POSITION. — SECTARIANISM. — VOLUNTARY SYSTEM. — BLIND ASYLUM. — LAURA BRIDGMAN. — FOREIGN QUARTERLY. — AMERICAN PERIODICALS. — LITERARY TASTE. — AMERICAN WHIGGISM. — PRESIDENTIAL AUTHORITY. — ITS INCREASE. — THE OLD FEDERALISTS. — ABILITY OF AMERICAN STATESMEN. — LATIN SCHOOLS. — MR. MANN'S SPEECH. — SCENE IN A TAVERN. — STATE OF RELIGION IN NEW ENGLAND. — PILGRIM FATHERS. — THEIR IDEAS OF TOLERATION. — SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

Boston, October.

I HAVE been much surprised and interested by the conversation of two or three congregationalist ministers, eminent for talent and piety, whom I have become acquainted with, and who have been explaining to me their position and their views. It seems that a considerable movement has taken place among them lately in the direction of Catholicity, some of them having even embraced the very highest views upon church matters, and supporting to the fullest extent the patristic theory as to the idea and constitution of the church, and the nature of the sacraments. Still they have not joined what they acknowledge to be a true branch of the

church in this country, and justify their not doing so somewhat in the following manner. "Admitting," they say, "the doctrine of the visible church, and the apostolic succession, and consequently the schism of which the original founders of our sect were guilty, we think that the conservative principle, which all admit in politics, may be applied to the ecclesiastical constitution also: we maintain that *quod fieri non debuit, factum valet*, that prescription has effaced, as it were, the flaw in the original deed; and that the fruits of faith and holiness which have been produced in many of the unauthorised sects are an evidence that it has pleased God to vouchsafe to them his grace, though they had deprived themselves of its ordinary instruments. Under these circumstances, though we acknowledge, and indeed earnestly maintain, the duty of sectarians, *as a body*, to reunite themselves to the church, we conceive that the primary obligations of *each individual* are to the 'connexion' in which he finds himself; and that while he is to endeavour earnestly in his place to bring about the desired re-union, yet he is not justified in straggling, as it were, individually, from his appointed place in the economy of Providence." These opinions have been by no means suppressed or concealed by those who hold them; and though the result has of course been to draw

down upon them a considerable amount of indignation and opposition, still it has not been so great as one would have expected: no general movement to exclude and put them down has taken place in their communion; and as long as this is the case, they still continue to hope (against hope as I think) that the influence which they have may be made useful in inclining their brethren to a recognition and reparation of their original error. It is now under contemplation to promulgate, by means of the press, these opinions, which they have hitherto only maintained in sermons, addresses, and conversation. They propose to inculcate the Catholic doctrines of the church and sacraments, without alluding at all to the bearing of those doctrines on their own position, but leaving each man to draw his conclusions after considering the abstract question.

This movement is not confined to the "orthodox Dissenters:" strange as it may seem, symptoms of the same kind have made their appearance even among the Unitarians. I have just read an article in the "Boston Quarterly Review," (a publication combining, hitherto, ultra-democratic politics with a Unitarian theology, which verged upon Pantheism,) in which the writer, Mr. Brownson, expresses the most extreme and "ultramontane" opinions upon the constitution and authority of

the church which I have ever seen anywhere; far beyond anything which a conscientious member of the Church of England could, in my opinion, consistently subscribe to: and I have also seen a letter from a very well-known and eminent Unitarian, in which he expresses approbation and sympathy for, though not coincidence of opinion with, writings of a similar nature. I rather suspect, however, that these two last-named individuals take to a great extent the same view of these matters which seems to be adopted by Lamennais, Lamartine, and others of the modern French and German schools; a view which reconciles (or attempts to reconcile) an ultra Catholic tone and feeling with Pantheistic doctrines, and considers the church system as only one of many "successive developments" of the universal spirit, all equally true, but equally partial and transient.

There is no doctrine more completely misunderstood and perverted by all the sects in this country than that respecting Baptism. Nearly four-fifths of the children and two-thirds of the male population are unbaptized, the prevailing theory being, that the signs of regeneration, consisting in certain mental "experiences," as they term them, should precede the rite, which they do not even then consider necessary; all that is important in effecting justification having, accord-

ing to their principles, already taken place. The Baptists are the most numerous sect in this country by far; and much of the practice I have just mentioned is derived from their doctrines: maintaining that the "Bible alone" is a sufficient rule of faith and practice, they reject Infant Baptism, as a large portion of them (called the Seventh-day Baptists) do the observance of Sunday, observing Saturday instead, upon the ground that there is no direct authority for either in the New Testament. The Congregationalists admit both in theory, but disregard the former very generally in practice; while the Unitarians and Universalists (the latter of whom maintain the universal salvation of mankind to the full extent of professed Antinomianism), of course, do not insist on forms of any kind: every now and then, however, a "revival" takes place (as it is called), and all the sects emulously get up religious excitement in every possible way, by camp-meetings, sermons, &c., which are followed by a general rush for Baptism, and frequent participation in the Lord's Supper; in a few weeks the excitement subsides, and things go on as before. I am sorry to hear that many of the "Episcopalian" clergy countenance these irregular and fanatical practices, for fear of losing their congregations, and hold conventicles, with extempore prayer, and all the other stimulants in vogue.

The effect of the voluntary system upon the manner in which the clergy perform their duties is not to be looked for chiefly in a tendency to abstain from enforcing strictness of life, or from preaching what are commonly called unwelcome truths about sin and repentance, or even from rebuking individual delinquents; as in all these things public opinion goes along with and supports the minister: the more rigid his requirements, and the more uncompromising his tone, the more will his flock follow and applaud him. A man may therefore take what is commonly called a high tone in matters of morality, with the most complete impunity as regards his worldly interests, while he may shrink from opposing the current of popular opinion where it is strongly and generally expressed: as, for instance, where plausible motives of expediency have induced irregular and self-chosen methods of pursuing what are admitted to be good ends. Of this nature are the "revivals," of which I have just spoken; and under the same category come all those unregulated societies with which New England is absolutely rife:—abolition societies, advocating in many cases the grossly unscriptural principle that a slave may use force to obtain his freedom; non-resistance societies, which deny the lawfulness of assisting the civil and military executive against foreign or

domestic enemies ; and many others of a similar nature. Now I have reason to believe that few clergymen have, not merely opposed, but refused to join in advocating the objects of these societies with men whose conduct and expressions they cannot but condemn, where the feeling in favour of them has extensively pervaded their districts ; while those who have opposed them have been obliged, in most cases, to resign. Again : I cannot conceive an American clergyman preaching the unlawfulness (on religious grounds) of the American Revolution (of course I am not speaking of any theory which might be considered subversive of the obligation to obey the government as at present constituted), and the duty of absolute submission to "the powers that be." I am not condemning the voluntary system ; and indeed I may be wrong in supposing that men would shrink from expressing even such unpopular opinions as these if conscientiously convinced of their truth : I am only remarking that it is to such points as these that we ought to direct our attention in discussing the comparative advantages and evils of the system, and not, as is generally done, simply to the (so-called) moral tone of the preacher. There is no doubt that, as far as such questions present a religious aspect (which they undoubtedly do), he ought not to hesitate to express

his sentiments upon them: and the argument of those who disapprove of the voluntary system is, that it tends to influence him unduly in this particular.

Yesterday morning I went to visit the Blind Asylum, and to see Laura Bridgman, a most singular and interesting child, who has been from her infancy deaf, dumb, and blind. She is now twelve years old; and, having been for four years under the care of Dr. Howe (the physician who has the superintendence of the establishment), is probably in mind about upon a par with an ordinary child of six. I will bring you the report containing an account of her case; which is, I believe, the first successful attempt to instruct a person *without senses*, except that of touch (for she cannot smell, and her organ of taste is very imperfect).* Her countenance is full of intelligence, her smile particularly sweet, and her head (phrenologically) excellent. She sat knitting beside Dr. Howe, talking constantly to him by feeling his hands, laughing all the time, and appearing to be in the highest spirits. Indeed, he told me that her animal spirits, being debarred

* In one of the chapters upon Boston, in Mr. Dickens's "American Notes," there is so full a description of this extraordinary child, and of the circumstances connected with her education, as to make any further account superfluous. Mine was, however, so short, that I have left it untouched.

from the usual safety-valves, namely, observation and attention, by means of seeing and hearing, sometimes assume the character of nervous excitement; and it is not till after being tamed by exercise and fatigue that she can be brought to remain perfectly quiet and composed. She was perpetually in motion, talking to herself (with her fingers), or moving about the room, or writing on ruled paper which was set before her; and then for a minute or two knitting assiduously. It requires a good deal of reflection to "realise" fully the condition of a human being cut off from all the ordinary channels of communication, and to appreciate the astonishing difficulty of establishing a new one. Dr. Howe may well be proud of his unprecedented success.

After leaving the "Asylum," I went to the reading-room to see an article in the "Foreign Quarterly" on the American Press, which has made a great noise, and is universally attributed to Mr. Dickens. It is forcibly and severely written, but has a tendency to degenerate in many places into the faults which it condemns. The best periodical writing in America is to be found in the Reviews, of which several (as, for instance, the New York and North American) would in any country be considered as ably conducted. There is an immense demand, too, for our period-

icals, which are all reprinted here in a comparatively cheap form, and read, I think, more eagerly than at home. It is just the sort of reading which the Americans like; it does not require much time or thought; it is highly spiced and piquant; and enables people who have not leisure or inclination for profound study to keep up, to a certain extent, with the thought and literature of the day. The favourite author with the mass of Americans is, beyond all question, Dickens; with the "literary circles" I should say Macaulay and Carlyle, whose "Miscellanies" are published (as are Scott's, Wilson's, &c.) in separate volumes. Probably this preference is the result, not so much of the analogy between the nature of their opinions and those of the majority here, as of the striking and brilliant character of their styles. The American reading public requires to be perpetually startled, as it were, by something salient and uncommon either in the phraseology or turn of thought, (a taste, by-the-by, which has evidently produced the extraordinary supply of quaint, humorous, and pregnant American slang, with which we are now becoming so familiar): in poetry the melody must be obvious; in prose the periods rounded and the ornaments excessive. Wordsworth's theories about poetical diction find no acceptance here; nor do his works, or those of

our older and simpler poets, appear to be much admired or read. I have even a suspicion (though no one would avow such a heresy) that Bulwer is preferred to Scott.

The connection between the character of literature and the state of society in different countries is general and obvious. In Germany, for instance, where there exists a large class of professional students, men of high cultivation and profound thought, whose critical opinions set the tone and fashion to the mass of readers, the character of the national literature is almost entirely of a profound and esoteric kind. In England, where the "reading public" comprises various classes, whose habits of life and of thought are not only different but independent, our literature (like every thing else) bears a mixed and double character: Wordsworth and Shelley find readers and imitators, as well as Scott and Byron; and Coleridge is almost as extensively read as Cobbett. In America, again, the theory apparently acted upon is, that everything ought to be intelligible to every body, or at least suit every body's taste; no reputation seems to be attainable in any other way,—either the style or the sense must be "saillant" and obvious.

In the evening I was introduced to, and spent a couple of hours in conversation with, Mr. B., a

gentleman of considerable literary and political reputation, and leader of the Van Buren party in New England. I was amused to find that upon many subjects, such as slavery and free trade, for instance, we came to much the same conclusions (practically), though by totally different roads, as you may suppose; for he is a "philosophical democrat," and I am very much the reverse. Mr. B. says, (and, I am sure, truly,) that the late apparent reaction (in the presidential election) in favour of the Whigs was the result, in the first place, of the prevailing commercial distress, which was of course attributed to the legislative policy of the democrats, who happened to be in power at the moment, but, still more, of the personal popularity of General Harrison. It was, he says, an eddy in the river, and cannot be considered as exhibiting any symptom of a permanent check to the general tendency of the national mind towards (what we should call) Radicalism. The Whigs assumed the watchwords and colours, and used the electioneering devices, of the democratic party; General Harrison was put forward as the "man of the people," and described as coming from his plough to the hustings; pictures of him in his shirt-sleeves, with a tumbler of cider beside him, and his log-cabin in the back-ground, were universally circulated: and it was this (with recolle-

tions of his military services) which procured his success. The fact is, that they are all really democrats, and that the subjects of difference between Whigs and Locofocos are entirely of a local and personal kind, and have no reference at all to great principles of government. There is a greater anxiety for the preservation of order and tranquillity felt by the Whigs than by their opponents, as being, generally speaking, a more "substantial" class of men; and they are not so much disposed to consider the state of things here as realising the Platonic "idea" of a perfect republic; they are more cautious, but less consistent: for I am perfectly convinced that those who set out with the dogma, that "the people are the only true and legitimate source of political power," may be led by a strict logical sequence to admit the necessity of the most complete and unmixed ochlocracy.

It is a remarkable fact, that, while the democratic principle is deepening and extending itself every year in this country, the presidential authority is increasing along with it, and in an equal ratio; and that the two powers, far from appearing antagonist, seem to depend upon and support each other. Ever since the revolution the struggle for power has been between the classes which represent property (including the capitalists, lawyers, and

official people,) and the "masses," or mob. General Jackson's first election signalled the triumph of the latter party; and from that time the president has been emphatically their creature, returned directly by their individual suffrages, and representing, or at least professing to represent, their interests: hence it follows that in every violent exercise of power, in every collision with congress, or with the monied or judicial interests, the presidents have always had the populace with them. General Jackson used to say, that he only required a large majority in the senate to declare against any particular measure to be sure of carrying it: and I really believe that Van Buren's election was attributable in a great measure to the refusal by that body to confirm his nomination to the English embassy. May it not be just possible that at some future period there may follow from this alliance a result similar to that which took place in Western Europe, where the monarchs undoubtedly possessed themselves of the great power which they enjoyed after the decline of the feudal system, by appearing as the patrons of the people against the tyranny of the barons, and making use of the former to break the power of the latter? It is commonly said that if General Jackson had been twenty years younger, in 1836, he would have "run" for a third re-election, which

would have been virtually a presidency for life, and that he would probably have succeeded. I cannot, however, agree with those who think so. If their speculations be well founded, America was within a hair's breadth of ceasing to be a republic: and I see no signs of her being ripe for such a revolution. I am sure that any plausible suggestion of permanent, independent authority being aimed at, would ruin the accused party: it is because the people feel their chief magistrate to be their instrument and their plaything, that he is supported and applauded. I know that extremes meet; that mob-government has always led to despotism: but it has been through the medium of causes which do not at present exist in America. In the first place, the people in former cases have neither been educated in, and thoroughly possessed by, democratic theories, nor have they acquired the habits of self-government, which are universal here: consequently, when they found themselves in possession of power, they did not know what to do with it; and their minds being familiarised with the idea of a strong government, they naturally looked to it as the only refuge from anarchy. In the second place, there is now no want of a strong government; there is, *on the whole*, no such prevalence of crime, no such insecurity of property, as to outweigh (what

all Americans believe to be) the evils of monarchical power. On the whole, therefore, speculations upon the analogy which may possibly appear between the policy of Louis XI., and that of some future President of the United States, have no legitimate bearing upon the present state of things. It is a curious anomaly, nevertheless, this co-existence of immense influence, power, and patronage, in the hands of one man, (exercised, too, in the most unreserved and even capricious manner,) with his complete prostration at the end of four years under the feet of the populace. Every year the value of the prize, and consequently the excitement which the contest for it produces, increases with the growth of the country and the augmentation in the number of offices at the president's disposal. Every officer in every department loses his place, as a matter of course, if the opposite party succeed in electing their president; and when one recollects that there are three or four thousand postmasterships alone, and other similar places in proportion, it is no wonder that the country is in a perpetual turmoil, with an eye to the great event.

With reference to the president's position, and the possibility of its exercising at some future time an influence unfavourable to the permanence of republican institutions, I am tempted to

transcribe an interesting passage (quoted in "Southey's Colloquies") out of an American author of reputation, which bears upon the subject. "Affection," says Dr. Dwight, "has for its proper object intelligent beings. The fewer these are, and the longer they are regarded with affection, the more intense and riveted the affection becomes. For the entire efficacy of this affection we must look to a monarchy, army, or navy. The ruler here, being a single object, concentrates the whole regard of the mind; and if an amiable and worthy man, faithfully and wisely discharging the duties of his office, may exercise an influence, over those whom he governs, next to magical. Of the benefits to which this powerful principle gives birth, free governments ought, in every safe way, to avail themselves. A doctrine, a constitution, or even an abstract term, may serve as a watchword of party, a torch of enthusiasm, or an idol of occasional ardour. But there is no permanent earthly object of affection except *man*; and without such affection there is reason to fear that no free government can long exist in safety and peace." (Travels, &c. vol. i. p. 262.) I find Dr. Franklin, in the course of the debates in the Convention of 1787, recognising the existence and strength of this tendency in the human mind; and he adduces it as a reason for guarding against

all chance of its finding an object for itself in the establishment of monarchy. Those who look upon the matter from the same point of view as I do, will of course arrive at a different conclusion from Dr. Franklin's upon the same premises; they will consider the tendency a legitimate one, and will found an argument against the American system upon the fact, that under that system it cannot be satisfied.

I have seen a good deal of some of the old "Federalists," a party which, though a very small minority now in point of numbers, still comprises some of the most wealthy and intelligent men in the country. Though many of them now express ultra-conservative sentiments, I must confess that I feel but little sympathy for their fate as a political party. From the beginning they were in a false position; and eminent as were the talents of their leaders, it was soon apparent that they shrunk from adopting the conclusions to which their own premisses legitimately led, and that bolder politicians and more consistent reasoners were required to satisfy the tendencies which they had created or encouraged. The democratic party "threw them over" (just as Robespierre and the Mountain did the Girondins in 1792), because its policy was felt to be more in accordance with the spirit of their common principles. It is rather

amusing now to hear the depreciating tone in which these gentlemen speak of democratic institutions, and their gloomy anticipations for the future. One of them said to me, last night, "If you consider the test of a good constitution to be its tendency to call out and enlist the greatest possible amount of ability and virtue in the public service, ours totally fails; all offices, even the judicial, are made in the most barefaced manner the rewards of political partizanship, and the most abject slavery to the popular fancy is the only road to influence or power. Can you wonder that under such circumstances many of us consider the post of honour to be a private station?"* It is not, however, the case that the American public service is unsupplied with officers, who are at least efficient, so far as I can judge from those departments whose administration I have had the means of observing; or if there be any deficiency in this respect, it is compensated by the greater vigilance

* It may not be uninteresting to quote here some remarks made by Sismondi, whose opinions on the whole were decidedly republican, upon federal governments. He says, "The system of confederate republics united under one federal head has been defined, not unaptly, the feudal system applied to democracy, — the same broils, the same anarchy, the same loose dependance upon a common head, to whom they render a sort of vain homage, but whom they rarely obey; the same selfishness and want of public spirit." — *Travels in Switzerland*, vol. ii. p. 545.

with which they are watched and criticised by the public ; — nor can I see, in looking through their history, any signs of the interests of the federal government being on the whole inadequately represented by its public servants : on the contrary, both its foreign and domestic policy appears to exhibit prudence and vigour in a very remarkable degree, and to have been proportionately successful. I certainly think there are at present symptoms of degeneracy among their public men, and that the average of philosophy and eloquence exhibited in Congress is very decidedly below what it ought to be : but I am inclined to account for this, as I said before, by the circumstances of the times, which are not such as to call out and develope man's energies, rather than to any innate defect in the constitution.

Nor, even if it were otherwise, do I at all consider, with my federalist friend, that the test of a good constitution is, “ its employing the greatest amount of ability and virtue in the public service.” That this should be done, is doubtless very desirable ; but it is not, I think, the primary object of laws and institutions : that object should be the formation of a national character ; and it is by the manner in which they effect this that I would chiefly test them. If the probability of having the most efficient executive is alone to be looked

to, I can conceive no state of things more desirable than that which leaves it in the hands of an arbitrary irresponsible monarch. All political writers admit this to be the case; and yet there is no doubt that almost all the instances in which great things have been done with small means occur in the history of republics. The reason of this obviously is, that the energetic character which the republican form of government produces compensates for the defective machinery of its executive. It is not by pointing to such defectiveness that popular institutions are to be successfully attacked,—all history confutes the man who does so: it is by showing (if it can be shown) that the habits and dispositions which they produce, and the spirit which they foster in the nation at large, are not such as conduce to the attainment of the highest perfection which man can reach on earth, or, what is infinitely more important, to his preparation for eternity. That this will prove to be the case when they are unchecked and unmixed, as in America, I have no doubt whatever. The proportion, however, of those who take no part in politics, influenced to a great extent by the feelings which I have described the federalist, Mr. —, as expressing, is very considerable: there are 15,000 freeholders in this district, out of which not more than 8000 on an average vote.

One morning I spent in visiting one of the "Latin" schools provided by the city, and examined the boys in Ovid and Lucian; they answered very well indeed, fully as well as boys of the same age (from twelve to fourteen) in our ordinary private schools; and the master seemed to be a good scholar: he gets 2000 dollars a year, which, considering the ordinary rate of incomes in the two countries, is as good as 1000*l.* a-year in England. The boys are from all classes, but the majority from the middling and higher; some, however, are sons of mechanics, and one of an Irish scavenger. None of these latter return to their parents' occupations; they go to a college, the expense at which is about 40*l.* or 50*l.* a-year, and try the "professions." One very common method of assisting to defray the expenses of a college course is to get employment as teachers in the district schools during the winter vacation; for this they get twenty dollars a month, and are "boarded" by the farmers in the neighbourhood: during the remainder of the year most of the country schools have only female teachers, who give elementary instruction to the younger children; so that any one who founds his estimate of the state of education throughout the country upon what he sees in the larger towns will go very far astray.

I have now before me a very remarkable speech, full of matter for reflection, which was delivered on the 4th of July, by Mr. Mann, Secretary to the Board of Education in this State. His object is to show, first, the peculiar necessity for education which exists in a democracy; and, secondly, the inadequacy of its supply in the United States, and the evils resulting therefrom. If I had come here for the purpose of writing a book against America, I could not wish for a better text for my diatribes than the highly-wrought picture which Mr. Mann draws of the social and political evils which infest his country; but knowing, as I do, the amount of vice and ignorance which must exist in every country, and the facility with which, in any state of society, a "soul-harrowing" catalogue of crimes and miseries may be collected and enumerated, I have as little idea of founding an argument professing to be conclusive against American institutions upon Mr. Mann's data, as of admitting an argument against those of England upon one of Lord Ashley's speeches about mines and factories. At the same time, I cannot but smile at the amusing seriousness with which the orator recommends, as a cure for the immense congeries of evil that he deplures, nothing more or less than *primary education*, that is, reading and writing, — "peculiar

religious instruction" being the grand thing to be avoided. He is of Mr. Carlyle's school * evidently. My principal object in referring to this speech at present is to point out the error under which most of us labour (at least it was the case with myself) as to the proportion which education bears to population in the United States generally. In Virginia, for example, Mr. Mann calculates that one-fourth of the adult *whites* are unable to read and write; in North Carolina two-fifths are in the same category, (and these, be it remembered, are States where the lowest class are blacks, whose ignorance is almost universal); in Georgia about one-fourth, and so on. Again, he calculates that little more than one-half of the children between the ages of four and sixteen, in the Union, are now attending school; so that the number of uneducated persons is probably very much on the increase. I had always thought that nearly all native-born Americans had acquired (as they have the pecuniary means of acquiring) elementary education; but I now find that this (alleged) pre-eminence is confined to the Northern

* Mr. Carlyle seems to be receding from this and many other of his former theories. His last work ("Past and Present") is not only eloquent and profound, but indicates a rapid advance in the direction of a Christian and a Catholic philosophy.—*Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses.*

States : the Southern are pretty nearly on a par with those of the same class in Europe, — indeed, considering the comparative physical prosperity, I should rather say beneath them. I cannot leave Mr. Mann's speech without noticing the testimony borne by him to the universal instinct of nature, which leads men even here to revolt from carrying out the fashionable theory of non-religious education. "What a remarkable fact," he says, "it is in the history of this commonwealth, that amongst all the splendid donations, amounting on the whole to many millions of dollars, which have been made to colleges and academies, and to theological institutions, for the purpose of upholding the doctrines of some particular sect, only one man, embracing the whole of the rising generation in his philanthropic plan, and acting with a high and enlightened disregard of all local, partisan, and sectarian feeling, has given any considerable sum to promote the prosperity of common schools!" Thus it will always be, however men may be forced by circumstances to act while in a corporate capacity, and while prevented thereby from enforcing *peculiar* views; still, in the management of their own families, and the disposal of their own properties, they will seek for and promote an education which involves the teaching of what

they believe to be the truth on the most important of all subjects.

I was much struck by a scene which I witnessed the other day while travelling in the interior. We stopped to change horses at a small tavern; the passengers collected round the fire in the bar-room, when the driver of the stage came in, and seeing a Bible lying on the chimney-piece, he opened it, and very deliberately read a chapter in a loud voice, every body remaining perfectly silent and attentive: when he had finished no comments were made, nor did any body appear to consider what he had done as at all out of place; it quite reminded one of the pilgrim fathers, their habits and their times.

Still, though such scenes may, perhaps, occasionally be even now met with in remote parts of the country, and though every where in New England the greatest possible decency and respect, with regard to morals and religion, is still observed, I have no hesitation in saying that I do not think the New-Englanders (or, indeed, the Americans generally, as far as I can judge) a *religious* people. The assertion, I know, is paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true; that is, if a strong and earnest *belief* be a necessary element in a religious character: to me it seems to be its very essence and foundation. I am not now speaking

of belief in *the truth*, but belief in something or any thing which is removed from the action of the senses. Now I appeal to any candid American whether it be not the received doctrine among nine-tenths of his countrymen, that creeds (religious dogmas, as they are called) are matters of no moment; that, so long as a man acts sincerely up to what he believes, he has as good a chance of salvation, *for he is as likely to be right*, as his neighbour; and that morality (so called) is perfectly independent of, and infinitely more important than, religious belief. This is, I say, the avowed doctrine of the great majority now in America; and, as long as such is the case, outward morality may, indeed, prevail to a great extent (and I freely admit that in no country have I seen more appearances of it than in New England), under the influence of traditionary habits, enlightened self-interest, and the law of conscience; but there is no *religion*. No man can be said to believe in a religious system if he believes at the same time that another religious system has an equal chance of being true in the points of difference which exist between them; for all religions profess to be (as to their distinctive tenets) exclusively true, and propound doctrines to be believed as necessary to salvation: indeed, it is impossible to conceive a religion that should not

do so ; such a course would be not only shallow and unphilosophical, but self-contradictory and suicidal. This is pre-eminently the case with respect to Christianity ; the apostolic epistles are filled with passages which, had they been written by a modern theologian, would have been branded as most intolerant and uncharitable : there they stand, however, witnessing against the indifferentism which I have described, proclaiming that if an angel from heaven preach any other gospel he shall be accursed ; and commanding us not even to bid God speed to any that “ bring not this doctrine.” But this is not all : scepticism, with respect to “ peculiar religious opinions,” is quite inconsistent with a strong uncompromising faith in what is supersensual and eternal ; the same mind which rejects the evidence for the former cannot accept cordially, and become fully convinced of, the latter. Men are generally unconscious of this themselves ; their consciences tell them that they ought to have a religion, and to act by its dictates : and they think they do so, when they are, in fact, only acting as any prudent, sensible, long-sighted person would act, if there were no world beyond the grave, and no law revealed from heaven. Self-denial, self-sacrifice, not temporary but permanent, to live and to feel as a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, and to look upwards and forwards for a reward and a home, — these constitute the true tests of religious

earnestness ; and of these, though I know there is little at home — comparatively little any where on earth, — I maintain that America presents even fewer symptoms or appearances. I am not trusting to my own limited observation in arriving at this conclusion : I find in M. de Tocqueville's work an assertion of the same fact ; he accounts for it, indeed, in a different way, and attributes it (like every thing else, according to his theory) to the operation of equality. I, on the contrary, am inclined to think that the materialism thus admitted to exist may chiefly be traced to the prevailing indifference with respect to religious creeds ; and that this indifference, again, is intimately connected with the compulsory neutrality of the government in religious matters. In public schools, in the halls of the legislature, in national institutions, all religions are placed upon an equality ; chaplains are selected indiscriminately from each, as the majority of the day may happen to determine, (one year, perhaps, a Roman Catholic, and the next a Unitarian) ; and the smallest preference of one religion to another, that is, the recognition of any definite, objective truth, would not be admitted for a moment. Now, this complete neutrality, entering, as it does, into so many parts of the system — every part, in fact, where men act in a corporate capacity, — may be necessary ; indeed, I

feel it quite impossible, under the actual circumstances of the United States, even to suggest an alteration or a remedy: but surely the effect upon the public mind must be very prejudicial to earnestness and zeal; and without earnestness and zeal religion is a name — a lifeless form.

On the other hand, I am quite ready to admit that, (as was, indeed, to be expected,) there is little acrimony or bitterness entering into religious controversy in America: whether the absence of *odium theologicum* be attributable to indifference (as I think), or to charity (as an American would probably contend), the effect is undoubted, and, *pro tanto*, highly desirable. Few things constitute a subject for more self-gratulatory contrasts to Americans than the mutual hostility and the proselytizing spirit of European sects, compared with the “philosophical and comprehensive tone which is fashionable among religionists here.” For my part, I prefer the earnest striving after truth, with its accompanying evil, to the carelessness about it, with its accompanying good. A party in Boston will comprise, generally, almost as many varieties of theological opinion as of individuals; and there will be no danger whatever of disagreeable discussions resulting therefrom: not merely is the subject tacitly suppressed, or set aside, as forbidden ground, but there is none of

that embarrassment and awkwardness which it is hardly possible to avoid in the habitual intercourse of parties who, upon subjects which they have very much at heart, entertain radically opposite opinions, and which actually do appear, here as elsewhere, under *such* circumstances. A man who would feel himself embarrassed and uncomfortable if his next neighbour differed from him on the subject of a national bank, and who would certainly consider particular opinions about slavery as constituting a sufficient cause for avoiding the society of the man who held them, would express the most supreme and contemptuous indifference as to whether the rest of the party, with whom he was associating on the most intimate terms, were Christians or Mahometans, Heretics or Infidels. Is this habit reconcilable (I do not say in the case of every individual, but generally) with a true view of the relative importance of temporal and eternal interests? I have strong suspicions of the nature of that charity which leads to tolerance and "comprehensiveness" in religious matters alone, while upon all other subjects it leaves political rancour, party-feeling, and personal hostility untouched by its influence.

Again; I never heard of a man taking a decidedly religious tone in Congress, that is, openly professing Christian motives of action as influ-

encing him in his legislative as well as his social capacity; indeed, I have reason to think that such a profession would expose him to jealousy and suspicion, as savouring of bigotry. I hope very many do act from such motives; but *that* public opinion cannot be in a healthy state, which would forbid their being avowed. America ought to ask herself why she has no such statesmen to boast of as a Wilberforce, a Gladstone, and many others, who have not been ashamed to recognise publicly in the British House of Commons the existence of a law paramount to the code of political expediency, and to avow the duty of guiding their political career by its dictates. Where this is not the case — where either from indifference or fear of offence the members of the governing body in a state can consent to exclude, as inconvenient and out of place, all reference to those religious influences which ought to be continually present to their recollection, pervading and colouring every part of their moral being, there is imminent danger lest that state should sink to the level of a joint-stock company, combined for the mere purpose of securing the material interests of the partners, and political science, the *ἐπιστήμη ἀρχιτεκτονική*, be reduced there to the possession of a certain amount of economical knowledge and administrative dexterity.

I am perfectly aware that, in answer to these observations, an American will point to the churches and chapels of all denominations, which are to be found in very respectable numbers *in the better-peopled parts of the country*. I reply, that I am perfectly aware that a great majority of the people profess some religion—it is decent and proper so to do: an American, generally speaking, likes to see his wife and children go to meeting on Sundays (though he is not a great “church-goer” himself), and subscribes to his minister’s salary as he does to the maintenance of the district school, or the village fire-engine, because he thinks him a useful instrument in promoting order and civilisation, and the “public good.” What I complain of* is, not the absence of nominal, but of real, heart-felt, unearthly religion, such as led the puritan non-conformists to sacrifice country and kindred, and brave the dangers of the ocean and the wilderness, for the sake of what they believed to be God’s truth. In my opinion, those men were prejudiced and mistaken, and committed great and grievous faults; but there was, at least, a redeeming element in their character—that of

* These observations apply chiefly to the northern and central States. In the south and west I have good reason for thinking that there are very considerable numbers who *profess no religion*.

high conscientiousness : there was no compromise of truth, no sacrifice to expediency about them ; they believed in the invisible, and they acted on that belief. Every where the tone of religious feeling, since that time, has been altered and relaxed ; but, perhaps, nowhere so much as in the land where the descendants of those pilgrims live.

It is curious, by-the-by, to look back upon the history of these early Puritans, and to observe how little they ever dreamt of the theories which their descendants are so fond of associating with their names. " They only wanted toleration," forsooth ! " It was in the cause of civil and religious liberty that they suffered." " It was to get rid of the principle of a dominant church that they crossed the Atlantic ;" — and so on, according to most of the modern accounts of them by orators, historians, and poets. Now let us see what they say for themselves. I have just been reading an article in the *New York Review*, in which a number of passages have been collected out of contemporary documents, of which I will quote a few, which show clearly that neither the church party nor the non-conformists had the least idea of being satisfied with " liberty of conscience ;" and that the true question was, not whether there should be a " dominant church " or not, but *what*

that dominant church should be. In 1572 the Puritans presented two "admonitions" to the parliament, in the first of which they say, "It has been thought good to prefer to your godly considerations a true platform of a church reformed, to the end that it being laid before your eyes, to behold the great unlikeness betwixt it and the English church, you may learn with perfect hatred to detest the one, and with singular love to embrace and *endeavour carefully to plant the other*;" and in the second, the parliament were told, "that if they of that assembly would not follow the advice of their first admonition, they (the Puritans) would infallibly be their own carvers in it." Again; the Gospel Advocate (pp. 84, 85.) mentions, "That every Christian magistrate is bound to receive this government (the Presbyterian) into the church within his dominions, whatever inconvenience may be like to follow the receiving of it;" that "the government of the church is aristocratical or popular, and that the government of the commonwealth must be framed according to the government of the church;" and that "the judicial law of Moses being still in force, no prince or law ought to save the lives of (*inter alios*) heretics, wilful breakers of the Sabbath, neglecters of the sacrament without just reason." Well may the historian of the

Puritans (Neal) say, "Both parties agreed in asserting the necessity of a uniformity of public worship, *and of using the sword of the magistrate in support of their respective principles.*" It should never be forgotten by those who are inclined to blame the severe laws passed against these non-conformists, that the English government was dealing with men whose avowed wish and object it was, not simply to be tolerated, but to subvert existing institutions in church and state, and set up in their place those approved by themselves.

Let us now see how their conduct, when they had things their own way, illustrates their ideas of civil and religious liberty. In 1631 (four years after the foundation of the colony) it was enacted by the Massachusetts government, (I am still quoting from the Review), that no person should be admitted a freeman of their corporation unless he was a member of one of their congregational churches; thus excluding from the right of freemanship a large proportion of those who, by their charter, were possessed of that right. In 1634, the charge against Roger Williams was, "his holding divers exceptionable tenets," one of which was, "that to punish a man for any matter of his conscience is persecution." In remarking upon certain arbitrary proceedings with respect to the

rejection of Vane from the office of governor, Mr. Hutchinson (himself a Puritan) says, "Inquisition was made into men's private judgments, as well as their declarations and practices." And again, "Toleration was preached against as a sin in rulers, which would draw down the vengeance of Heaven on the land." But it is useless to multiply quotations; we have only to refer to Judge Story's abstract of the first laws enacted in the New England States, their establishment of congregationalism, their punishment of heretics, their exclusion of Quakers, Jews, &c., in order to see that they acted precisely as they complained of the English church and government for acting (or indeed far more intolerantly); and that the latter had to choose between putting them down and yielding to their demands. I have no wish to blame the Puritans for not acting in the sixteenth century upon the (now) admitted principles of toleration; I know what extreme difficulty the whole question presents, and how utterly untenable the popular argument against persecution (namely, the uncertainty of religious truth) is: on the contrary, conscientiously convinced as they were that it was a religious duty to aim at establishing the supremacy of their own platform of faith and discipline, their zeal in endeavouring to do so appears to me worthy of all admiration; and

I infinitely prefer such zeal (misguided, if you will, but sincere) to the latitudinarian maxim,—

“ For forms and creeds let graceless zealots fight.”

I am only combating the error of those who would cry up the Puritans as the forerunners and representatives (in principle) of the modern dissenting school. They had infinitely better overcome their prejudices, and quote Jeremy Taylor on the Liberty of Propheying.

It is commonly said that Boston is the most aristocratic city in the Union. Now it certainly is the richest; that is, there is more realized capital in Boston, as compared with its population, than in any other American town; and perhaps, also, that capital is accumulated in fewer hands, which always produces an aristocratic tendency. But I maintain that Boston is a thoroughly republican town: it is the metropolis of New England; and New England is still in one sense the mother-country and type of the States; it is from her that they have for the most part taken their habits, institutions, and character. Every American is really (as well as in common phraseology) a Yankee, more or less modified: this, therefore, is the place to which a stranger should come who wishes to see the general national characteristics in their most unmixed and most developed state. The constitution of society is much the

same as in a great English commercial town, and the principle of classification not very different from what our own would be, if the important element of family feeling, or respect for blood, were removed. Wealth is on the whole the foundation of what is called "good society;" but individuals will often find themselves admitted or excluded, independently of this, in consequence of personal qualifications, or the absence of them. So it is at home: in England no rule can be laid down, as at Vienna, or in the "vieille cour" of France, for admission or exclusion; good looks and good manners, conversational talents, or political notoriety, may enable a man with us at any time to become as familiar with the highest circles as though he were "born in the purple:" on the other hand, mere wealth, without such qualifications, seldom or never secures a footing in good society here; it has, however, in a great measure the same weight which rank and family have in England, and for the same reason, namely, that it constitutes the best, or at least the most obvious and tangible, pledge of personal qualifications in the individual.

To-morrow will be my last day at Boston; I have therefore spent a good part of this in taking leave of those friends who have shown me so much hospitality and kindness during my stay.

The most painful incident of travelling is having to part, with scarcely a hope of meeting again, from those whose acquaintance we have made in a foreign country, and who have inspired us with feelings of friendship and regard. I certainly never felt this so strongly as now that I am about to leave Boston, to my abode in which I shall always look back with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. But the less said about these things the better ; and now for the road.

LETTER XXI.

PHILADELPHIA.

RAILROAD TO HUDSON. — WEST POINT. — AMERICAN ARMY.
— AMERICAN TARIFF. — ITS EFFECTS UPON ENGLISH
TRADE. — CAMP-MEETING AT NEWARK. — MILLERITES.
— EFFECTS OF ENTHUSIASM. — PHILADELPHIA. — HIGH
SCHOOL. — MODERN THEORY OF EDUCATION. — ITS PAN-
THEISTIC TENDENCIES. — PENITENTIARY. — SOLITARY
SYSTEM. — GIRARD COLLEGE. — JUDICIAL SALARIES. —
EFFECTS OF THEIR LOWNESS. — PENNSYLVANIAN DEBT.
— REPEAL ASSOCIATIONS. — PICTURE-GALLERY.

Philadelphia, November.

AFTER leaving Boston I travelled by "rail" to Hudson, 190 miles, and thence by steam-boat to West Point, on the North River, making altogether 270 miles in seventeen hours, and at an expense of only six dollars. This railroad is a wonderful work in point of engineering, being carried through a country almost as mountainous and difficult as North Wales, the scenery of which it strongly resembles, though far less bold and striking. The engineer was Major Whistler, who has been since engaged in the service of the Emperor of Russia, and is now constructing the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg. On all the railroads in this country they have very

long cars, with benches across them, each car holding perhaps fifty people: they are not to be compared to ours in comfort, but they have the advantage of fire-places and stoves, which the severity of the winter renders necessary.

I stopped for a day at West Point to see the military academy, and am very glad to have done so: the situation of the hotel and the college buildings is most beautiful, on a high platform commanding the finest part of the Hudson, which, though now stripped of the glories of its foliage, I think I appreciated more than on either of my former trips. The weather is still, as it has been almost invariably since I came to America, cloudless and lovely; latterly there have been frosts at night, and occasionally cold winds during the day, but never rain. I could now count from memory every day upon which it has rained for nearly four months.

I brought a letter from one of my New England friends to a professor in the academy, Mr.—, who, like all the other instructors in every department, is an officer in the army; even the chaplain is a graduate of the academy, and consequently has borne a commission, though of course he has resigned it. All the officers in the service must have taken their degrees at West Point; and the examination is so severe that only about one-third

of the probationers succeed in passing it. The number of the students is equal to that of the members of Congress; for the plan of appointment is this: Every representative in Congress has a right to the nomination of one cadet from the congressional district which returns him, whenever that district is unrepresented at the academy. As soon as a young man is appointed (which he cannot be under the age of sixteen) he is provided for for life, if he qualify himself for passing the examination: this he may do in four years, during which time he is maintained and clothed, and upon graduating gets a commission immediately. He can easily (in fact almost all do) live upon his pay from the first: a second lieutenant has 750 dollars a year in the infantry, 1100 in the cavalry; promotion, which goes strictly by seniority, is of course slow, though not so slow as I should have expected, considering that it depends almost entirely on mortality. The worst part of the system is, that as there are no pensions, except under extraordinary circumstances, and no sale of commissions, there is absolutely no inducement for officers to leave the service, so that they remain in it till they die. This principle has hardly had time to work itself out yet, but its results are already (as I am told by military men) apparent to a considerable extent; and a large proportion of the officers will soon be infirm and

imbecile old men. There is a larger army than I had supposed, upwards of 11,000 men, who are employed entirely on the frontiers, and (latterly) in Florida; indeed, strange to say, the proportion of the naval and military expenditure in America to the total amount of the ordinary revenue is greater than either in Great Britain or France, (the latter, the military, alone amounted to about one half of the revenue in 1838*, 12,665,000 dollars out of 24,309,000). Besides which, the expenditure upon the militia is to be taken into consideration: it is a great mistake to suppose that a force such as the American militia, or the Prussian Landwehr, costs the country nothing, or even that it is a cheap defensive establishment. When we calculate the number of days' labour sacrificed for the purpose of drilling, and add to it the expense of equipments, we shall probably find that, *as compared with its efficiency*, a militia force is the most expensive which a country can employ.† The proportion of officers to men in the American

* I have taken the statistics in the text from Judge Jay's pamphlet, before referred to.

† Judge Jay estimates the expense of the American militia at 50,000,000 dollars a year, which, added to the 12,000,000, before mentioned, presents the astounding total of 13,000,000*l.* a-year (in round numbers) expended for military purposes. This is more than the army *and navy* of Great Britain cost together.

service is considerably greater than in other armies, so as to allow of a sudden increase in the establishment, and ensure a supply of disciplined officers to train and command the recruits. I went to hear one of the professors examine a class this morning, and was surprised to find that the subject of recitation was English grammar, though the age of the scholars averaged seventeen and eighteen. The fact is, that the appointments being made generally through political influence, which of course, under a constitution like that of America, is often possessed to a great extent by individuals of the lowest class in society, many of the nominees come to the academy (particularly from the south and west) destitute of the very rudiments of education; to such, however, unless they are very clever or diligent, the difficulty of the examination is an insufferable obstacle: and on the whole I have good reason for believing that a graduate of the West Point Academy has a more difficult course to master, and consequently is obliged to know more, than those who get their commissions from Sandhurst or Woolwich.

I was much surprised and gratified by what I heard, while at West Point, of the state of the church in the army. It seems that all the officers who profess any religious faith belong to the Anglo-American communion, and that the academy

at West Point is one of its strongholds. Although not one twentieth part of the population are churchmen, four-fifths of the chaplains in the two services, including the chaplain at West Point, a distinguished theologian, are so; and as these are generally appointed with reference to the demand for their services in the different ships and regiments, the proportion may serve as a pretty fair criterion of the influence of the church in the army and navy. Several officers were pointed out to me (and to some of them I was introduced) who are now communicants of the church, and all of these have conformed lately; for it is only within the last few years that so much progress has been made. Most of them were brought up as sectarians, or rather indifferentists (“*Christians*,” as they call themselves, but without any “particular” creed), and have been baptized, when adults, by ordained clergymen. All those with whom I conversed expressed great interest in the “Catholic” movement now in progress among ourselves, and spoke with enthusiasm of the effect which it had had in promoting zeal and earnestness as well as orthodoxy in the American church.

From West Point I again took steam for New York, and soon found myself domiciled *au cinquième* at the Astor House, *i. e.* at about the altitude of the ball on the top of St. Paul’s.

At New York I found heaps of letters waiting for me from home and from Canada. The bad financial news from England seems to create considerable sensation here. Much, I have no doubt, of our commercial distress arises from the almost total cessation of the American demand for our goods, consequent upon the derangement of credit in this country. Out of 50,000,000*l.* of our exports the United States take nearly 12,000,000*l.*, so that we cannot but feel to an important extent, at least temporarily, the effects of their inability to buy. The best authorities do not seem to think that the American tariff will very materially affect our interests. In the first place, it is so absurd that it must be repealed, or at least considerably modified, when the democratic party come into power; and, as this is generally known, people are not inclined to invest capital on the strength of the protection it affords: in the second place, the Americans cannot supply their own market, and consequently *must* take our goods, either by paying a higher price (to cover the duty), or through a contraband channel. It is impossible for the Americans to guard a frontier of 1500 miles, from Amherstburgh to the River St. John. We may be able to keep out their raw produce (though I doubt it), but they never can keep out

our manufactures. Smuggling has been nearly knocked up in Canada since the reduction of the tariff here; but they are full of hopes again now that the province may become once more the channel of an important trade between England and the United States. Notwithstanding these considerations, I am sure that upon many articles a considerable protective duty will continue to be maintained, at least for some time: there is a great demand for it by the manufacturers; and (as Adam Smith has shown) they are always more efficient and successful in their combinations and agitations than agriculturists.

From New York I proceeded to Newark, a town on the road to Philadelphia, for the purpose of seeing a camp-meeting of "Millerites," or "Second-Advent Christians," who contend that the world is to come to an end on the 14th of April, 1843, supporting their theory by a particular interpretation of Scripture prophecies. There were a good many tents pitched on a piece of waste ground near the town, some boarding-tents, others lodging-tents, and a very large one for preaching in. There were also booths where tracts advocating the Millerite doctrines were sold; and a great number of people "loafing" about, some believers, some visitors, and "some that came to mock, and some to pray." The nucleus of the meeting consisted in a body of

preachers, with their families and servants, to whom the tents belong, and who perambulate the whole country in a Bedouin fashion, pitching their tents for a week or ten days together at any place which they think suitable, and then issuing placards and advertisements, and carrying on a succession of religious services—preaching, praying, singing, and recounting religious experiences daily during their sojourn. The patriarch and prophet of the caravan is Mr. Miller himself, from whom the sect takes its name; he was a Baptist minister in Vermont, and about eight or ten years ago began to disseminate his theory of prophetic interpretation, teaching that the visible earth is to be burned next year, and its place to be taken by the New Jerusalem, where the saints are to reign with our Saviour, in the literal sense, for one thousand years; with many details which I forget. The pith of it, however, and the point by which the terrors of the multitude are excited, is, that all this is to take place next year; and his stock argument is, that if he were an impostor he would not fix a time so close at hand, and thereby allow so short a duration to his fraud. For my part, I do not think him an impostor, but a fanatic: some of the preachers, however, I strongly suspect; their manner and appearance are bad, and they have the handling of a great deal of money, for contri-

butions are raised at every meeting, and those who give in their adhesion subscribe largely to the common fund. I was fortunate enough to hear Miller himself preach, which he did for about two hours in the large tent, to three or four hundred people: he is tolerably fluent and plausible, but totally deficient in clearness and method; and I found it quite impossible to follow him in his argument from prophecy. After he had concluded, a young man got up and spoke with great vehemence for some time, detailing the process of his conversion to Millerism, which took place *only six hours before*. He had never read Miller's book, but said that it was the Bible that converted him. "We are not *Millerites*," he reiterated, "but *Scriptureites*; the Bible, and the Bible only, is our creed." This man was a Methodist preacher. Several others spoke; some very violently against their opponents, others (following Miller's example) in a milder spirit, as though they did not consider disagreement from their own tenets as damnatory. There was a good deal of praying and singing; and during all the services people from different parts of the congregation were calling out in a loud tone, at intervals, "Amen!" "Glory be to God!" with other similar ejaculations. Some of the women, and even a few men, wept very much, but on the whole there was but

little excitement or agitation; indeed, the only wonder was, how there could be any upon a question of what may be called strict criticism in interpreting particular prophecies: but they managed to turn the subject to denunciations and declamations of the most incoherent kind, assuming their case (that this is to be the last year of the world) as proved, and proceeding to exhort men to flee in time from the wrath to come; and whenever they spoke thus the audience appeared to sympathise with them. Indeed, if people were really persuaded that the world was to be burned up, and the judgment to come in six months, there would be little need of exhortations to amendment of life; but the fact is, that few believe (in the true sense of the word) any thing about the matter. On the whole, I am of opinion, both from what I have observed myself and what I have heard and read, that the amount of enthusiastic feeling generated by revivals and camp-meetings in America, and the extent of its operation, have been considerably exaggerated; that the influence which they exercise upon the national mind and character is very small, but that such as they do exercise is decidedly beneficial. Fanaticism is a bad thing, but materialism is infinitely worse: the former is the misdirection and corruption of a sound principle; the latter is

essentially and radically evil. With the wildest enthusiast we have common ground to go upon: when a man has once acknowledged and felt the want, the necessity, of a religion, I believe that nothing but defective information, or defective reasoning powers, or the effects of moral infirmity, prevent him from becoming a sound and orthodox Christian; whereas, with a man contented to be a sceptic, and to believe in nothing, it is really almost impossible to deal. If a man take, like Montaigne, for his motto, "*Que sais-je?*" and for his device an even balance, — if he have arrived at the conviction that there is so much doubt and difficulty about all moral questions as to make the search after truth hopeless, and if he is satisfied with that conviction, all reasoning will be thrown away upon him; he denies the primary axiom upon which it must rest. *We* say, that universal pyrrhonism would drive an earnest-minded man mad; and we adduce —

“The pleasing hope, the fond desire,
The longing after immortality,”

the instinctive fears of the wicked, and the aspirations of the good, as proofs decisive that man must have a religion; and (that being granted) we have no difficulty in asserting, as against any other religion, the claims of Catholic Christianity. But if our opponent deny the existence of such wants and feelings, and profess himself satisfied to

float down the stream of existence without any other guide than sensual instinct, or calculations of temporary expediency, it is vain to expect that reasoning upon evidences will make any impression upon him; it is hopeless to attempt it.* We must leave him till there comes a time of sickness or sorrow, or approaching death, and see in what stead his theories will stand him then. It is the creed (if creed it can be called) of such men as these, not avowedly, perhaps, but virtually entertained, of the prevalence of which there appears to me to exist so much danger in the present day, and more especially in America.† Religious fanaticism is evidently not *the* danger of the country,

* On reading over this passage some lines of Lamartine's occur to my mind, which are so beautiful that I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing them: —

“ Ces vœux nous trompaient-ils ? Au néant destinés
 Est-ce au néant que les êtres sont nés ?
 Partageant le destin du corps qui la recèle,
 Dans la nuit du tombeau l'âme s'engloutit-elle ?
 Tombe-t-elle en poussière, ou prête à s'envoler
 Comme un son qui n'est plus ? va-t-elle s'exhaler
 Après un vain soupir, après l'adieu suprême,
 De tout ce qui t'aimait ? n'est-il plus rien qui t'aime ?
 Ah sur ce grand secret n'interroge que toi ;
 Vois mourir ce qui t'aime, Elvire, et réponds-moi.”

† A very curious prophecy (as it may be called) of the late Mr. Southey, has been quoted lately (in the “ Dublin University Magazine ”), which appears to have met with a striking fulfilment in the present day. Mr. Southey

however extravagantly it may show itself at particular seasons and places: such extravagances will naturally take place where persons of religious dispositions (without a corresponding strength of judgment), and imbued with the dissenting principle, feel the necessity of a reaction against the unsatisfying materialism which surrounds them; but they do not affect the mass, or, if they do, the impression is very slight and transient, and perhaps even, as far as it goes, beneficial. In many of the thinly-peopled districts, where there are few resident ministers, there would (humanly speaking) be no religion at all, if it were not for the assemblies which have been the object of so much obloquy. At the same time, while I acknowledge the good effect which they have often produced, I would not be supposed to approve of their being countenanced or joined in by clergymen of the church. We must not do evil that good may come of it: and no sound churchman can, I think, doubt, that to meet on common religious ground with the members of omnigenous (and often heretical) sects, and to

speaks of the probability that the Western States of America would become the theatre for the operations of a military prophet. Joseph Smith and his Mormons, whose career answers to this prognostication, will, in all likelihood, soon pass away. I see no probability of a long duration to, or extensive effect resulting from, their imposture.

make use of irregular and unauthorised modes of creating religious excitement, is (in *his* case) “to do evil.”

From Newark I came on to Philadelphia, where I now am, in an excellent hotel, called the United States. On Sunday I went to church twice at St. Peter's, a large building, and well filled; the communion was administered, and a great number (more than half the congregation) partook of it. Both the sermons were of the flowery, ambitious kind, which is fashionable in this country. A chime was ringing at this church before service; the first, I believe, that was ever heard in Philadelphia, for the bells have just been hung; and a good deal of surprise and curiosity seemed to be excited by the unusual sounds.

Mr. F., to whom I had brought letters from home and from Boston, has taken me to see the “central high school” of Philadelphia, an institution of a peculiar kind. It is a free school, and meant to finish the course of education begun at the primary and grammar schools; admission to it constituting a prize for the cleverest and best-conducted boys. Thirty thousand children are in course of education at the inferior seminaries in Philadelphia, and about 350 at the high school. Boys are admitted at the age of twelve, and remain four years, during which time they are taught

“every thing and something else;” mathematics of every sort, chemistry, natural philosophy, comparative anatomy, French, Spanish,—in short, all the physical sciences and modern languages. The institution is very costly, and well conducted. The professors, who are numerous, receive large salaries, and are, I should think, well qualified for their situations: but the whole principle of the system is, in my opinion, radically wrong; I cannot look upon it in any other light than as an elaborate piece of quackery. Theology is of course excluded, and consequently, to a great extent, ethics and metaphysics, which can hardly be separated from it; and the classics, in conformity with the universal prejudice which exists against the study of them in this country, are also much neglected. Thus the most effectual method of refining the taste* and disciplining the mind is disregarded,

* The prevalence of what is called “fine writing” in American composition is perfectly astonishing. *We* used to be laughed at for the chrononhotonthologos style of our “Irish eloquence;” but we are very Addison compared to our Transatlantic friends. Is not this false taste obviously connected with their contempt of the classics? It certainly appears to me the most displeasing feature about American literature. One would not quarrel with a certain degree of rudeness, want of polish, or superficiality: the Americans have so much to do elsewhere that they may easily be forgiven for not writing or reading anything very profound, or carefully wrought; but the redundancy of ornament that we find every where, the pretension and the flourish, exceedingly provoke ill-natured criticism.

while the preponderating attention paid to physical science tends to fix the mind (already too prone to it) exclusively upon the visible, the material, the "useful." I feel more and more convinced every day that the converse of this is the course which instructors ought to adopt in these days; that "the proper study of mankind is man"—man in his spiritual nature, as "*Divinæ particula auræ*;" and that the pursuit of those studies and sciences which minister to his worldly enjoyment should be but ancillary and secondary;—

"Unless *above* himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"

"Fruit and progress," says the Baconian philosopher, or one who assumes the name, (meaning thereby the "fruit" of sensual enjoyment, and the "progress" of civilisation and the "arts of life"), "are the great ends and objects of our being,—the tests of true philosophy." Well, we have now been acting upon that principle in England for a great number of years, and, it must be confessed, with great success,—that is, we have made wonderful discoveries; we have dived into the secrets of nature, and forced powers and elements hitherto unknown to minister to us; we have accumulated unimagined wealth; we have brought nearly to the perfection of luxury the art of living: and what

is the result? Is England merrier now than she used to be? more contented, more loyal, more religious? Alas! the united voice of the press, the parliament, the nation, answers, "No." And yet people flatter themselves that nothing more is wanted than a further development of the same system, a more consistent carrying-out of the same principles, in order to remedy the evils which exist; and here in America, where all manifestly tends to a far more rapid consummation of the same result,—where the same principles are at work, unchecked by the counteracting causes which linger among ourselves, every effort seems to be made to allow them full and undisturbed action.

It is not that the nineteenth century professes to disregard religion: if it did I should say it was a somewhat bold, but at least candid and consistent century; and its doctrine would present far greater difficulties than it now does to the mind of the Christian inquirer. He would have to confess the apparent incompatibility of religious faith with the obviously providential march of civilisation; he would be pressed by the argument, that as the intellect of mankind was developed, and his knowledge increased, it seemed a necessary consequence that he should throw aside, as fitted only for an earlier and more imperfect stage of social progress,

the superstitious belief in a future state and a Supreme Being. But we are spared this trial: in the worst of times the worst of nations cannot (permanently) deny God; they dare not do so; they only forget Him. Not merely do the highest and noblest natures recognise most strongly the want of a communion with the invisible, the longing after objects of faith, which is the foundation of all religion, but the great majority of ordinary men cannot bring themselves to deny those truths, with the reality of which their own practice is so inconsistent; and thus we are enabled to take advantage of a testimony, the more valuable, perhaps, because it is reluctant.

But it cannot be denied that the practical irreligion of modern times, as compared with the days of crusades, and ordeals, and cathedral building (of course I only speak of these as symptoms, not as universally desirable results, of faith), is very remarkable; and not the least striking symptom of it is the preference and precedency which is every day more and more given to physical science. An American metaphysician would be a sort of contradiction in terms.*

* I never felt more strongly than when visiting America the truth of the poet's words: —

“Alas! the genius of our age from schools
Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and rules;

The Philadelphia High School (from whence I digressed some time ago) seems prosperous and in

To prowess guided by her insight keen,
 Matter and spirit are as one machine.
 Boastful idolatress of formal skill,
 She in her own would merge the Eternal will."

Wordsworth.

And the result is a tendency to a cold, blank materialism, so unsatisfying, so deadening to the best feelings of the mind and heart, that rather than see it prevail I could invoke, with Max Piccolomini, "the fair humanities of old religion," —

"tiefere Bedeutung,
 Liegt in dem Märchen meiner Kinderjahre."

To see a God in every star, to people every wood and stream with guardian spirits, is infinitely better than to recognise the existence of neither God nor spirit any where; for in fact it comes to that, those who call themselves Pantheists being, in nine cases out of ten, practically Atheists. Perhaps extremes meet in this case, so that the prevalence of Pantheistic doctrines among the educated classes may be connected with, and lead to, superstition and idolatry among the vulgar. Coleridge has remarked that it was so with respect to the gnosticism which infected the early church, as it has always been among the Buddhists of the East; and we are told that, in the present day, there is a reaction in France towards exaggerated Romanism from the doctrines of Victor Hugo and George Sand. If such a tendency exist, I look upon it as, *pro tanto*, a consolatory symptom; but I do not observe any trace of it in Germany, or in those parts of America where, though there may be little conscious Pantheism, there is among a numerous and increasing class an inward withdrawing (to use Coleridge's words) from the Life and Personal Being of God, a turning of the thoughts exclusively to the so-called physical Attributes, a disposition to put Fate in the place of a Creator and Moral Governor, and —

"To worship *Nature* in the hill and valley,
 Not knowing what they love."

favour; all classes, from the rich merchant and lawyer to the Irish cabman, send their sons to it, and at the mature age of sixteen receive them back, mechanics, philosophers, rhetoricians, linguists, — in short, finished and accomplished men.

My next "lion" was the Penitentiary, which is conducted upon a principle quite different from that of most of the other prisons in America. Each prisoner is kept in a separate cell, where he lives and works, and which he never leaves during the whole period of his confinement: he is ordinarily not seen, except by his keeper, his instructor, and the chaplain, so that his character cannot in after-life be blasted by those who have known him in prison; he makes no pernicious acquaintances, and must often, one would suppose, be led by the silence and solitude in which he lives to remorse and reformation. Each man has his work set for him, generally weaving; and after performing an appointed task, he is allowed to receive and lay by the profits of his extra work: books are also allowed him; and he is well fed three times a day. The cells are large, airy, and comfortable, and to each there is a little court attached, where, for an hour a day, the prisoner takes the air. Altogether it is an admirably-conducted establishment, and the system appears to me in most respects preferable to that of Auburn (where, you know, they work

in gangs), as being better calculated both to deter and to reform—the two great ends of punishment. I had imagined that the effects of solitude so nearly complete upon the mind would have been much too severe (and indeed there are instances on record where reason has given way); but after seeing the prison and the criminals, and questioning the officials, I was led to believe that this was not so much the case as I expected: they almost all seemed healthy, and intent upon their work; in one or two I fancied I could detect something of a wild stare, but it was probably only produced by meeting a stranger's eye, which is of course an event that seldom happens. The keeper told me that there is hardly an instance of a young offender returning, though a few hardened old sinners, who have spent half their lives in gaols, do so repeatedly. While I was there an unfortunate criminal was brought in, his head covered with a cap, and consigned to his solitary abode. One was dismissed last week, the gaoler told me, who had been for twelve years immured, and who was in excellent health and spirits. They sometimes save 100 dollars during their term.* The grand objection to

* The keepers strongly assert that cases of deranged intellect, of which several were reported some years ago, hardly ever occur now. But I have not seen the reports upon this head; and the statements of interested parties

this system, in the eyes of the Americans, is the additional expense which it entails, both from the greater space required for the cells and courts, and the smaller quantity of work which can be got out of the prisoners when working separately, so as to preclude the possibility of effectively superintending and directing their labours. Most of the prisons of the other class support themselves, while this costs a large annual sum; the consequence is, that Pennsylvania stands alone (with the exception of one prison in New Jersey) in adopting the solitary system.

The same afternoon I went to see the unfinished building which is to be the Girard College, of which the history is as follows: Some years ago a French merchant, resident in Philadelphia, died, and left the bulk of his property (which was immense) in trust, to establish an institution for educating orphan children, after a fashion which he specified; they were to be boarded, lodged, and instructed in those branches of study which are considered necessary for mechanical and commercial pursuits, and at the age

must be taken with several grains of allowance. *If they are true*, I have no doubt about this system being the preferable one. The rules of the prison at Philadelphia are more severe than those of the model prison at Pentonville, and their solitude much less broken.

of sixteen bound to trades; they were to receive a "moral," but (specifically) no religious education whatever,—at least such seems to have been his intention, undoubtedly, though it was so worded that the provision will, I believe, be evaded; at any rate, he desired that no "clergyman of any persuasion" should have access, even as a visitor, to the institution, and this must be complied with. He specified, with the utmost minuteness, the materials and dimensions of the building,—and a very extraordinary effect it has; every part is of white marble, except the doors; the roof, in particular, is of marble slabs, and beautifully executed; the rooms are all vaulted, and the staircases, floors, and walls all of the same substance and colour. It is certainly a "*monumentum ære perennius*," and seems likely to last as long as the Alleghanies, unless America becomes too democratic to bear such a *conservative* style of architecture. So much money has been spent upon the structure that, I believe, the remainder of the fund will be inadequate to work the institution effectually; and the whole affair, being in the hands of an elective town-council, which changes every year, has been, and is likely to be, wretchedly managed.

There have been great riots here during the summer between the whites (principally Irish)

and the negroes, in which the latter were dreadfully ill-treated: the trials of the rioters (*i. e.* of the few who were arrested, for the authorities were very remiss or inefficient in repressing the disturbance,) is soon to come on; and there is a general impression that it will be impossible to convict them: in this respect affairs are worse here than with us, inasmuch as not only the juries but the judges lie under the temptation of being influenced by the popular feeling and voice. There is no point upon which the advance of democracy has been more felt than in the diminution of judicial independence; and there is no principle which, if unchecked, is more likely to prove fatal, not merely to good government, but to the cohesion of society. Formerly, in this State, the judges were appointed during good behaviour; it is now only for a term of years: and the same is, I believe, the case in all the other states; in some the office has been made directly elective, and in a few even *annually* changeable.* The supreme

* The inadequacy, too, of the judges' salaries is very prejudicial to the composition of the bench: it is impossible to expect first-rate lawyers to give up their business for such a paltry remuneration as is allowed in almost all the States. A gentleman belonging to the Maryland bar told me one or two curious anecdotes illustrative of this. One of the judges lately descended from the bench, and accepted the situation of *clerk in his own court!*—a situation in the gift of himself and his brother justices: his own

court of the United States is almost the only permanent judicial body; and as its regulations are part of the constitution of the United States, which cannot be altered except by a very complicated and difficult process, it is to be hoped that it may long continue so. It has, however, been already the object of much outcry and attack, which is not likely to decrease in violence.

I hear great doubts expressed as to whether the Pennsylvanian legislature will be willing to provide for the payment of state debts by direct taxation, though all confess the perfect ability to do so; and among the respectable part of the population there is, of course, no second opinion as to

salary had been 2500 dollars a-year; that of the clerk, whom he succeeded, amounted, with fees, to 5000. The late Chief Justice of New Hampshire, whose salary was 1300 dollars a-year, has also left his post, to become superintendent of one of the Lowell factories. When such is the emolument and dignity of the judicial office, it is only astonishing that it has not fallen into utter contempt, or become, as in Russia, a recognised system of bribery. The vigilance of public opinion prevents the prevalence of the latter; and then the title is something, common as it is: men are willing to sacrifice some dollars for the honour of presiding instead of pleading in a court. Lawyers' fees seem to me, on the other hand (proportionably), very large, but are often arranged on the principle of "no success, no pay." I have heard (but by no means vouch for the fact) that Mr. Grimes, of Louisiana, once received 60,000 dollars for gaining one cause; and some of Daniel Webster's recorded fees are enormous.

the obligation: but the mob returns the legislature, and the mob have but a dim sense of national honour and responsibility. It must be admitted that the present state of affairs strengthens to an immense extent the arguments of those who are unfavourable to popular institutions: as long as the "great republic"* refuses to pay her just debts she must expect to forego the homage of European liberals, — her glory is under a cloud; —

"Nec quisquam numen Junonis adoret
Præterea, aut supplex aris imponat honorem."

Feelings of this nature are very strongly and universally expressed among the citizens of the solvent

* I think we have a perfect right to consider the reputation of the federal government as tainted by the dishonesty which is avowed by so many of her constituent States, particularly as the diffusion of responsibility, which is looked upon as one of its main causes, exists to nearly the same extent throughout the Union. It should not be forgotten, too, that private property cannot be long secure in a country where such a principle is recognised as that of repudiation. It becomes little more than a question of time and calculation, as to when it will be the interest, or fancied interest, of the majority, to proceed to indiscriminate spoliation. As long as the majority are proprietors, so direct and sweeping a proceeding is impossible: but the period when that will no longer be the case must arrive; and in the meanwhile, are particular classes safe? When it is once recognised by *legislatures* that honesty depends upon expediency, not upon duty, every right is at sea and insecure.

states. I remember a merchant in New York telling me that he should be quite ashamed now to show his face among men of business in Europe, where formerly he considered the name of an American citizen as the proudest of distinctions. For my own part, I cannot help believing, in spite of appearances to the contrary, that sooner or later the defaulting states will be forced by this moral "pressure from without," as well as from enlarged considerations of expediency, to pay every farthing; but it may be a long time before this takes place. In this State, the most powerful united body is composed of Germans, by whom the agricultural districts are in a great measure settled; they are said to be very ignorant and stupid, and to think of nothing but "gold," so they are all against taxation. The fact, that all over America the most ultra-democratic population is also invariably the most ignorant, ought to have its weight with us in forming a judgment on the advantages which may attend even a purely secular education.

An opinion, which travelling in this country has caused me to modify, is that which respects the permanence of national, hereditary character, as transmitted independently of local and political circumstances. Almost every body here tells me that even in the second generation (that is, in the children of emigrants) it is nearly impossible to

recognise a distinction in habits or character between those of English, Scotch, and Irish blood. They are all American, wherever there is constant intercourse with the mass of the population, though, of course, not so where they live in districts or towns exclusively together. My own experience tends strongly to confirm this remark.

I have been conversing upon the subject of the repeal associations here, and find that they are condemned, like most other anomalies, by respectable Americans, though they confess that many of their leading politicians have flattered and supported them for electioneering purposes, to make "political capital," as they call it, out of them. The Americans look upon the Irish Roman Catholic population with a singular mixture of contempt and jealousy*; individually, they seem to be regarded much as they were by William Cobbett, who says, "The wild Irish have all the characteristics of savages, except sobriety and sincerity:" but, taken as a body, they are too formidable by their numbers and their union to be neglected by a popular candidate. The idea

* Since the passage in the text was written, a remarkable confirmation of it has been exhibited by the establishment of a party in New York, who call themselves "Native Americans." Their professed object is to counteract the growth of Irish influence; and their success has been already so unexpectedly great, that they bid fair to carry the next elections.

that any native-born Americans should invest money so unprofitably as in a "sympathetic" fund for O'Connell, out of an abstract love for Ireland, or hatred of England, appears to me simply preposterous: they may talk, but they will certainly not pay.

Yesterday an American gentleman kindly devoted the morning to "lionizing" me over all sorts of libraries, and museums, and institutes; but my time was so limited that I fear I carried away a very vague and dream-like impression of them. I wrote down my name in the Pennsylvania Picture Gallery (being the tenth visitor within the last eight days); and was delighted with the considerate delicacy of an old woman who acted as Cicerone, and who, after pointing, with half-averted head, to a curtained copy of one of Titian's Venuses in a corner, gave me a wand wherewith to remove the veil, and then blushing retreated behind the door while I did so. Oh! how I wished for somebody to laugh with.

At dinner, at Mr. ——'s, I met a perfect specimen of a race almost extinct — the Carolinian gentleman of the old school, who has inherited a large paternal estate through a series of generations. Almost all such properties have crumbled away under the influence of the principle of subdivision; and as the owners have not yet acquired the

commercial, money-making habits of their northern neighbours, this class of "Southerners" are, generally speaking, in rather a ruinous condition. Luckily the unlimited West is open to them; and thither they depart with their slaves and stock, whenever they find it impossible to make a livelihood at home.

LETTER XXII.

BALTIMORE.

MR. DICKENS'S "NOTES."—BALTIMORE.—ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—INCOMPATIBILITY OF CATHOLICISM AND DEMOCRACY.—BALTIMORE ALMSHOUSE.—FARM-SCHOOL.—NEGRO COLONIZATION IN AFRICA.—MARYLAND IN LIBERIA.—PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENT.

Baltimore, November.

FROM Philadelphia I travelled by railroad and steam-boat to Baltimore, 115 miles, in seven hours and a half. On board the boat I bought Dickens's work on America (price 6*d.*), the eagerness of anticipation for which it is impossible to describe; every individual one meets is reading it or talking about it. How very funny it would appear at home to see people looking out in this way for the critique of a foreigner upon England! Most people seem exceedingly angry with Dickens; they dwell particularly on the enthusiasm of friendly feeling and admiration with which he was received, and the unnecessary ill-nature with which, they say, he has returned it: as to the laudatory parts of the book they are quite forgotten in dwelling upon the remarks about slavery, Congress, &c.

I find myself in another of these admirable American hotels, which one meets with in all the towns: for the best of entertainment and attendance the price is seven shillings a day.

Baltimore is a handsome town, with good buildings and spacious streets, and is surrounded by a very pretty park-like country, interspersed with villas, and reminding one of English suburban scenery. The style of architecture is "old-worldlike," and has not the glaring, unsubstantial look of New York and Boston, though in fact Baltimore is a much more modern town. It was settled by Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic, and has always been considered the head-quarters of the Romish church in the States. There are still a good number of old families in it, who profess their original faith, but a large proportion of them have left it; and the mass of the Roman Catholic population is composed of Irish and German emigrants, the latter of whom particularly abound, both from the facility of communication between Baltimore and the West, and from the intercourse with the North of Germany, which the commerce of tobacco produces. There is a very massive and costly Roman Catholic cathedral not quite finished, the architecture of which I do not admire at all. The style is new to me, nor have I any idea what it may be called.

It is, I know, very generally supposed in England that the Papal communion has made great progress lately in America, particularly in the West; but after having made careful inquiry upon the subject, I have good reason for thinking that this impression is an erroneous one. There are, indeed, large Roman Catholic establishments for education, with considerable endowments, in Missouri and Ohio; and as their administrative machinery is, as usual, excellent, and their zeal for proselytism ardent, they no doubt effect some conversions among the young persons who are sent to take advantage of their instruction, and in so doing accomplish, in most cases, a very desirable result; for those who are thus converted would probably have been otherwise brought up, either without religion at all, or in the tenets of some utterly heretical sect: but in no part of the country is there any thing like a general movement in favour of Romanism, or an appearance of increasing predilection for its doctrines. Such accessions as I have mentioned are more than counterbalanced by the desertions which occur among the children and descendants of Roman Catholic emigrants; so that, on the whole, although the members of that communion increase in consequence of emigration from Europe, there is every reason to suppose that, except for that emigration, a decrease would take place. Nine-tenths of the Roman Catholics

are Irish, at least in the Atlantic States, as are all the priests, with scarcely an exception.* Along the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans, there are a good number of descendants of the French and Spaniards, who adhere to the communion of their ancestors; but these are foreign, in all their habits and feelings, secular and religious, from the mass of the American community; in fact, it may be said, *generally*, that in proportion as the American type of character prevails, Roman Catholic peculiarities recede and disappear. Reasoning *à priori*, I should have said that this was probable; and facts every where seem to confirm my opinion. In America, as has been the case in Europe, Protestantism and popular principles go hand in hand; the same temper of mind naturally (I do not say *necessarily*) producing and fostering both. The church of Rome may be led, by that secularity which has been always her bane, to ally herself with democracy when it suits her political purposes; but in doing so she sacrifices, *pro tanto*, the spirit of her religious character. We have seen her acting in this manner at the time of the League in France,

* It is remarkable that while the Roman Catholic population is to the "Episcopalian" (as they are called) in the ratio of 13 to 8, the number of priests is very little more than half as large.

and in the present century in Ireland and Belgium: but, though as a secular power she may, as a religious system she cannot, make progress in such a conjunction; it is felt to be unnatural, and to involve constant difficulty and compromise. It would be, however, a great mistake to suppose that the masses, who act under the influence of their church in such cases, feel any such difficulty: the fact is, that they are not really imbued at all with democratic or levelling principles; they act in a spirit of blind obedience, and would shout as loudly to-morrow, if their priests were to bid them, for an arbitrary monarch, as they do to-day for the sovereign people. The priests themselves who lead the movements are, I maintain, inconsistent, and merge religious feelings in secular interests; but their followers have no incompatible motives to reconcile, and consequently form no exception to the general rule, for which I have been contending.

Roman Catholics in America congregate almost entirely in the cities, and thereby make a greater show, and exercise more influence in proportion to their numbers, than they otherwise would: one reason for this is, that in the rural districts they are generally unable to obtain a regular participation in the rites and ministrations of their church, the population being often too poor to support a priest permanently. In the case of Protestant

sects there exists no such difficulty; in the first place, because they do not attach nearly so much importance to the performance of ministerial services, and also because when a demand arises they have no scruple about supplying it in the easiest and most summary manner: a lawyer, an artizan or labourer, who may happen to possess fluency of speech, or knowledge of the Scriptures, is chosen minister, and immediately considered as qualified to discharge the duties of the sacred function; at the same time there is nothing in the estimation of himself or his congregation (as indeed there should not be) to prevent him from uniting, when necessary, his secular with his religious calling, so that the difficulty of maintenance is easily overcome. I remember a labourer from my father's estate, who had received a good education in one of his schools, telling me that he had often been advised by his American neighbours to adopt the ministerial calling; however, he had sufficient high-church feeling left to decline doing so. Again, there is (as I have before said) so little sympathy felt for the Irish Roman Catholics in America, and they find themselves so generally looked down upon as an inferior Pariah caste, that they naturally prefer living where they find large numbers of their friends and countrymen. The fact, however it be accounted for, is undoubted, that in no part of the States are

they found in any numbers as agricultural settlers ; while in the cities, as labourers, domestic servants, and indeed tradesmen, they abound to an extent for which I was by no means prepared. Their electioneering influence is of course extremely powerful in these localities, and is to a great extent at the disposal of their ecclesiastical rulers ; in New York, especially, their organization is perfect ; and Dr. Hughes, their bishop, has probably a greater disposable force at his command than any political leader in the union. Their politics are, generally speaking, “ loco-foco,” *i. e.* democratic, as was indeed to be expected from the position which their church has assumed in Ireland (the nursery from which they are supplied) ; but, at the same time, they stand apart from both parties, holding, as it were, the balance between them, and exercising their influence for the purpose of advancing their own peculiar ends. One of these is sympathy with agitation in Ireland ; another is the exclusive possession (for which Bishop Hughes has long been struggling) of part of the general school fund, to be applied under ecclesiastical superintendence for the purposes of separate education : and nothing can prove the extent of his power more than the fact that he has succeeded in this. The Americans hate every thing that wears the appearance of exclusion or sectarianism, yet they

have now virtually consented to give up the principle of syncretism (as it has been called), which has hitherto been their boast; for of course the precedent established in favour of the Roman Catholics must be followed universally if other religious communities make similar demands. Some informality, I believe, in the act has as yet prevented the alteration from being carried into effect; and a strong effort will be made against its ratification in the next legislature: but such is the power of Bishop Hughes, that it is generally supposed he must be victorious again.

I have paid a visit to the Baltimore almshouse, a large building, in a beautiful situation, about three miles from the town, surrounded by 300 acres of land, principally under cultivation, the labourers on which are all paupers. It seems very well conducted, — presenting, in this respect, a favourable contrast to similar institutions in some of the other large towns: the house is clean, orderly and comfortable; and really, with plenty of good food and clothing, occupation, either on the farm, or at any trade which he may be acquainted with, care taken of him when he is sick, and the power to go away when he pleases, the inmate must lead a very satisfactory life; indeed those to whom I spoke admitted it, and said distinctly that they were far better off in point of physical com-

forts than the generality of *labourers* in the neighbourhood at this moment (a period of distress, be it recollected), not to speak of the slaves. Now this must be wrong. Without any wish for harsh tests of destitution, it is surely not too much to say that the industrious labourer, who struggles to maintain himself and his family independently, ought not to see his next-door neighbour, equally able-bodied and capable in every respect, but who prefers the comparative idleness of an almshouse, better off than himself. The principle is false, and in a crowded state of society would be fatal. As it is, though applicants are never rejected, I was surprised to find that the average number of inmates does not quite amount to 600; but the easy access to the West, and the fact that a large proportion of the lowest class are slaves (who of course are not admitted), accounts for this: about two-thirds of the paupers are native Americans, the rest almost entirely Irish and Germans.

There is another interesting institution here, called the Farm-school. It is a place for agricultural education, supported by private subscriptions: there is a farm of about 300 acres attached to it; and it contains now about forty boys, from twelve to eighteen years old: they are the children of poor people (not *paupers*), such as widows, or men with large families, and are admitted upon application

to the directors, who select the most proper objects. The education is almost entirely that of a practical agriculturist, combined with reading, writing, and arithmetic ; and the pupils are boarded, lodged, and clothed, during the period of their residence. The only permanent fund is that derived from the farm, which has been purchased for the institution ; and it is hoped that after some time (it is now quite a recent establishment) this may be made to pay the expenses. If properly managed, and connected with a religious and moral education, this system might be the means of training a very useful class of citizens ; and is infinitely better than the Boston and Philadelphia plans for giving the children of mechanics a superficial acquaintance with the whole circle of arts and sciences. I am sure that the best plan is to educate a child up to, not beyond, the station in life to which he is born. The few who are heaven-born geniuses will make their way in spite of obstacles ; and the difficulty of doing so will form the best test of their vocation, and the best discipline for forming their characters and intellects. The opposite, or forcing system, on the other hand, tends to make all the pupils discontented with their position, and persuaded that they can and ought to escape from it immediately ; and thus the superior facilities which are afforded to the few who are capable of availing themselves

of them are more than counterbalanced by the positive disqualification for their own callings, which a disproportionately good education imposes on the mass.

There are several Englishmen at present in Baltimore, one of them, Lord —, whom the lower class of Americans throng to see as a sort of curiosity, or as though, when his appearance does not correspond with their expectations, there were some enigma to penetrate about him. The idea which many of them entertain of an English lord is, that he is a sort of feudal Sybarite — something between Sardanapalus and Guy Earl of Warwick; and accordingly they expect to find him, in appearance, a gorgeous being, clothed in purple and fine linen, and requiring the attendance of a small army of servants, — expectations doomed seldom to be realised in these days.

Another of my countrymen here is a gentleman of large fortune, and somewhat advanced in life, who for the last seven years has been living alone among the Indian tribes somewhere near the Rocky Mountains, hunting the buffalo and grisly bear. What fantastic tricks our countrymen do play, in the very wantonness of wealth and self-indulgence, to get rid of the *ennui* and craving for excitement, which they ought to meet by the regular and persevering discharge of their ap-

pointed duties! The energy, courage, self-denial, and capacity of endurance thrown away by a man like this might, if properly directed, make him a name among the benefactors of the earth.

As Maryland is the first slave-state which I have visited, I have of course been much interested in observing and inquiring about the condition and prospects of the negro race, and particularly about the probable success of the plans which have been adopted for colonizing the coast of Africa, by the emigration of free blacks from this country. The subject is universally considered one of immense interest and importance here; and the most thoughtless look forward with feelings of uneasiness and alarm to the period, now apparently approaching, when slavery will disappear from this state, and the population will consist entirely of whites and free blacks. It seems to be admitted by all, that the change which is taking place in the proportions of the different classes of population must, at no distant period, produce that result.* The whole coloured population of Maryland, at the first census, in 1790, was 111,079; it numbered at the last census 151,556: the free population amounted then to

* The principal source from which I have drawn the information upon this subject in the text is the Maryland Colonization Journal.

only 8043; it has risen now to 61,937. The proportion of the free coloured population to the whites, in 1790, was one to twenty-seven; it is now about one to five. Excluding the increase of the city of Baltimore, the white population of the State has diminished for the last ten years, and in the same time the free coloured has increased 17 per cent. The coloured population is changing its character from slave to free, and the free are rapidly increasing: the apparently natural result of this must be an ultimate numerical equality between the whites and the free blacks. Now, without entering here into the question of how far amalgamation or social equality between the two races is possible, I will only state that not a single individual in this country believes in such a possibility; and all have therefore been eagerly looking out for some scheme which, by disposing satisfactorily of the free coloured population, may avert the fearful consequences which they apprehend as likely to spring from the causes which I have mentioned.

With such a view the Maryland Colonization Society has been formed; and whatever may be our opinion as to its probable success, the circumstances connected with it, and the nature of its proceedings, are sufficiently interesting to induce me to give a short account of it.

In the autumn of 1831 the legislature of Maryland appropriated a sum of 200,000 dollars, to be applied under the direction of the Maryland Colonization Society (which was formed and chartered in the same year) to the purpose of transporting the free coloured population from this State, and making suitable provision for them in such places as they might choose for a residence. Soon afterwards it was resolved to establish a colony on the African coast, for the purpose of receiving emigrants exclusively from Maryland. The locality selected was Cape Palmas, a point nearly central, between the mouth of the Niger and those of the Senegal and Gambia. An agent was appointed, emigrants collected, a vessel chartered and provided with necessaries, and in the month of February, 1834, they arrived at Cape Palmas. I will not tire you with details of their difficulties and progress; suffice it to say that they entered into pacific relations with the natives, bought from them 500 square miles of territory, and formed a settlement, which has continued to flourish and increase, though slowly, ever since. It is impossible to over-estimate the courage, wisdom, and good feeling which appears to have characterised the managers of the colony throughout; strange to say, they have continued, on the whole, upon good terms with the natives, notwith-

standing the extreme barbarity of the latter: and not the least advantage which the plan holds out is, that it provides a channel through which there is at least a better chance than any other affords of the blessings of Christianity and civilisation penetrating among those savage tribes.

Maryland in Liberia, as it is called, now embraces a territory of about 1000 square miles, extending along the sea-coast about thirty-five miles: the territory is said to be well watered, and the land rich and productive. The number of the colonists amounts now to about 600, all negroes; they have found the climate healthy, and agriculture easy and profitable. The constitution of the colony is copied principally from that of Rhode Island: every officer is black; the governor being appointed by the society, the inferior officials elected by the colonists: the physician, a man said to be of considerable attainments, is also a negro. There are two schools in operation, and three considerable missions, employing about forty religious teachers within the limits of the settlement: these have gone out for the purpose of seeking communication with the native tribes. One curious characteristic of the colony is, that it forms an organised "temperance society,"—a fundamental article of its constitution being that no ardent spirits should be admitted within its limits.

It is perhaps to this regulation that we are to attribute its remarkable healthiness ; in 1841 there were only nine deaths (out of 500 people) and seventeen births.

Under all the circumstances I cannot but look upon this successful experiment, undertaken, as it has been, by one of the smallest states of the Union, and opposed by the two extreme parties of pro-slavery men and abolitionists, as not only most creditable to those concerned in it, but as containing the germ at least of solution for the problem which has occupied the minds of all who have contemplated American futurity, — namely, what is to be done with the blacks. The abolitionists oppose the scheme, as antagonist to their theory of complete social equality between the races on American ground, and the duty of immediate emancipation : the ultra-slavery men dislike it as professing to exhibit the social and political capabilities of the negro in a manner which seems to militate against *their* theory of his inherent and irremediable incapacity. The former, especially, have devoted their whole energies to frustrating the endeavours of the colonizers ; and by working upon the fears of some negroes (as to their fate in Africa) and the hopes of others (as to their prospects here) have succeeded to a

great extent in prejudicing the minds of the coloured population.

If the accounts published by the society are not most grossly exaggerated, I am surprised that the negroes do not avail themselves to a greater extent of the advantages held out to them: their position is certainly uncomfortable here (though I think its evils are very much exaggerated); and the only change to which they can look forward is that from their present state to one of hopeless struggle and ultimate expulsion, *or worse*, while either on the coast of Africa or in the British West Indies there seems to be a large field for their exertions, and scope for the accomplishment of all their natural desires. From what I have heard, I confess I should prefer the latter, particularly Jamaica and British Guiana, where the position of the blacks is so favourable (as regards the facility of acquiring property, and the admission to political privileges) as apparently to render unnecessary the removal to Africa, which of course involves, as must be the case with every infant colony in a barbarous country, very considerable dangers and hardships.

The "*bête noire*" (literally) of Americans is a population of free blacks. While the negroes are in a state of slavery they reckon upon being able

to keep them under efficient control, and at least to provide against the possibility of successful insurrection, by stringent legislative and police regulations; but, above all things, they dread the combination and designs of a class to whose passions and energies emancipation has given a stimulus and scope, while it has removed the possibility of applying effectually the system of espionage and physical repression, which render any conspiracy among slaves so difficult and uncertain.

LETTER XXIII.

VIRGINIA.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS. — WASHINGTON CITY. — THE POTOMAC. — RAILROAD TO RICHMOND. — RICHMOND. — VIRGINIANS. — CONTRADICTIONS IN THEIR CHARACTER. — UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. — JEFFERSON. — FIELD-SPORTS. — PRICE OF LAND.

— Hill, near Charlottesville,
Virginia, November.

I LEFT Baltimore by railroad, and arrived at Washington at six in the evening. On the way I saw a curious specimen of the mixture of ranks which one so often meets with in this country. On the bench beside me sat Mr. Legare, the attorney-general of the United States; before us were the French minister at Washington and his lady, who have just arrived by the Great Western. Next to Madame P—— sat two of the lowest class of American citizens, — perhaps a Maryland slave-driver, and an Irish emigrant in search of work; then came one of the ambassador's suite, a very gentlemanlike young Frenchman, and next to him a maid-servant.

The attorney-general's career appears singular to us, who are accustomed to a more accurate

division of labour: he was bred a lawyer, of course, but had very little practice, as may be supposed from his accepting the office of *chargé-d'affaires* at Brussels. While in that capacity he conducted himself so much to the satisfaction of the American people, that on his return he was elected a member of Congress; and having obtained considerable political and parliamentary success, was lately made attorney-general, for which his previous course of life can hardly, one would suppose, have been a very appropriate preparation. He is a very gentlemanlike and agreeable man, and, I think, the only American I have yet met whom I could not recognise as such by his accent and manner.*

There is no diplomatic profession in the American service; a man emerges into an embassy from private life, to which he returns again after his term of service; indeed the appointments are so small as to render a private fortune indispensable to an ambassador who wishes to maintain a position in society at all adequate to his rank. Some of the consulships are far more lucrative;

* I regret to say, that since I left America Mr. Legare's career has been suddenly and unexpectedly cut short by death; I have therefore considered myself justified in departing in his case from my usual rule of omitting all the personal observations which I find in my original letters.

those at Liverpool and Havana are almost the best situations in the appointment of the government.

I suppose you have an idea of what is humorously termed "Washington city;" I can compare it to nothing but a country village which has gone mad, and flung itself in a kind of wild dishevelled way about the fields. A street does not *mean* a street, but simply a line of country where a street ought to be; consequently, if you ask for a person's residence, and are directed (for example) to "21st Street," you probably find your way, after interminable inquiries and wanderings, to a solitary dwelling, upon a piece of waste land, and by degrees become aware of the fact that the house in question and 21st Street are synonymous. The Capitol, containing the houses of Congress and the rooms appertaining to them, is an imposing structure, situated on a commanding elevation, which looks as if it had been destined for the purpose; and, though perhaps not architecturally correct, has on the whole a very fine effect. The President's house is a handsome and appropriate building, like some of our best town-houses, with a gravelled sweep before it.

There are a few other public buildings dropped about in the neighbourhood, which stand white and staring, as if astonished at their own unna-

tural position: altogether, it requires no ordinary effort of abstraction to recollect, while at Washington, that one is in the capital city of a great nation. I had the honour of a reception from the President, who very kindly received me at once, without ceremony or delay, when he understood from the letter of introduction which I sent to him that I was a foreigner. Of course, as his time is so much occupied, I made but a very short visit. The President has only 25,000 dollars a year, so that, as he is obliged to entertain a good deal, you may suppose it is not a "money-making concern," though his style of living is by no means equal to that of an English country gentleman. However, the immense influence and patronage which he enjoys make the office a most worthy object of ambition; and I am by no means surprised at the intense excitement which the election, and even the anticipation of it at two years' distance, produces.

There have been several duels in the neighbourhood of Washington lately; the last between two boys at the Naval School, who fired six shots each, and did not desist till one of them was shot through the neck: he is still in a precarious state. A young naval officer, whom I met at Washington, told me that he called, with some others, upon the secretary of the navy, to request him to take measures for stopping such a

murderous practice among the students; and that the answer they received was, that he had no objection to it at all, so long as they only fought among themselves, and did not shoot citizens.

After having seen the Capitol, and the Patent Office, and all the stereotyped shows, and received (as usual) the kindest attention from those to whom I brought letters, I started at six o'clock A. M. on the 13th, per steam-boat, on my way to Richmond. We ran for fifty miles down the Potomac, a fine broad river, with cultivated banks, and some country-houses on them. I landed at Potomac Creek, and proceeded by stage nine miles to Fredericksburg, over a road celebrated by Dickens in his Notes. The "black driver," whom he describes, is highly indignant at the part he is made to play as hero in the scene, and strongly denies the truth of the representation. The road is bad, but not so bad as I expected, or as others that I have seen. The plan adopted in Virginia for keeping roads in order is this: the road commissioners call out the "*posse comitatus*," *i. e.* all the labour of the country, slave and free, once a year, when they make a show of performing the necessary repairs; but as you may suppose, in a country where stoned roads are unknown, and the route is merely a track, more or less carefully levelled, in the sand or clay, long

before the end of the year there is but little appearance of the mending left.

From Fredericksburg to Richmond the fare is five dollars, the same as that from Boston to Albany, though the distance is only sixty-three miles (instead of 200); and a similar disproportion exists, I am told, almost universally between northern and southern prices. The country through which we passed is not remarkable in its features; much of it bears the marks of former cultivation, but has now, as is the case with a great part of all the Eastern States, returned to its original wood-covered condition, the population having been tempted to the westward by finer soil and climate. Thus the tendency of the population in the Eastern States has been to concentrate itself in towns, to become commercial or manufacturing, and to depend more and more upon the West for their supplies of raw produce. The agriculture here appears worse, and more slovenly, than in the North, though indeed everywhere in America, from causes which I have before alluded to, it produces the same impression, more or less, upon an Englishman.

Richmond is a dirty town, presenting the appearance, so unusual in America, of retrogression and decay. It is finely situated on two precipitous hills, the bases of which are washed by the

James River: the site reminds me of Edinburgh. It was on this river, some ten miles further down, that the first settlement was made in North America, about the year 1607. There are now no remains of James Town, the original seat of the colony. On the morning after my arrival, being Sunday, I went to the "Monumental Church," which was built as a monument over the spot where some years ago a theatre was burned, and hundreds of people perished. The great exports of this place are tobacco and flour, for the latter of which it is particularly celebrated. It seems that the wheat grown in these southern latitudes contains more *gluten*, and is consequently more valued, than the produce of a colder climate; and this is nearly the extreme point to the southward where it is grown: south of Virginia, rice takes its place. The weather had become very cold before I left Pennsylvania; but at Richmond I found a cloudless sky, a fine warm sunshine, and brilliant moonlight again. There was a good deal of rain as I came down the Potomac, at which I felt an almost instinctive discontent, so long had I been unaccustomed to the sight of a shower.

Dr. Lardner was lecturing at Richmond while I was there; but I hear he has not been successful, and that he is not anywhere admitted into society.

After spending two nights at Richmond, I started to pay a visit to an American gentleman, distinguished by his abilities and political position, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction. He resides on his own plantation, in the interior of Virginia; and it required the greater part of a day to get there, travelling by railroad and stage. Nothing could exceed the hospitality with which I was received, or the kindness with which my host sacrificed his valuable time to satisfy my curiosity and promote the object of my visit; but I must not forget my "cordon" against all personalities, whether complimentary or otherwise.

I remained four days with Mr. —, and was very much interested in all that I saw of Virginia and its inhabitants. For the first time since my arrival in the States I find myself in a thoroughly agricultural country, and among a population possessed of rural tastes and habits. In even the country parts of New England, the people are much more commercial than agricultural in spirit and character, and look upon land (as I said before) in the light of an investment, not of a home; hardly any one above the rank of actual tillers of the ground knows or cares anything about farming or gardening. On the contrary, almost every man, whether he be lawyer, merchant, or simply planter, in Virginia, is a proprietor of land, and takes an

interest in its cultivation *; in fact most of them derive their whole income from the produce of their farms, which consists principally of wheat, tobacco, and Indian corn. Some of them sell to the amount of 10,000 or 15,000 dollars'-worth every year, after providing for their household and the subsistence of their slaves; and though this wealthier class is necessarily diminishing under the influence of the American law of succession, there is still a considerable number who live in a kind of patriarchal manner, not calculating and making money, but, *soluti fœnore*, enjoying a rustic plenty, following the sports of the field, and exercising a liberal hospitality. These maintain the superiority of a country to a city life, a position which appears as paradoxical to a New Englander as it would to a Frenchman. There seems, as far as I can judge, to be no very friendly feeling entertained among the Virginian planters towards the Northern States: they abhor and dread the abolition doctrines professed in the latter, and express much contempt for the money-making habits and propensity to overreach which is vulgarly attributed to the Yankee character; always ex-

* It is remarkable that Jefferson includes the predominance of agricultural pursuits among the indispensable conditions to the safety and success of a democratic organization.

pressing peculiar solicitude that the two "types" should not be confounded by a foreigner, so as to make Virginians responsible for "Yankee notions." They have, moreover, all the aristocratic tone which is natural to their position as a privileged caste, and which strikes us so forcibly, and, at first sight, so paradoxically, among the democratic nations of antiquity. They predict all sorts of evils to the North from their universal suffrage and the supremacy of the mob. In Virginia there is a limitation of the franchise, even among the whites, a property-qualification being required; and the voting is open, not by the ballot, which is stigmatized here as an unmanly and underhand mode of proceeding. They even seem to like talking of themselves as the "cavaliers" of the Union, and of recalling the origin of their States' *soubriquet* of the "old dominion." On the whole I have been more struck than I expected to be with the difference between the northern and the southern people, and am surprised at the acrimony with which they appear to speak of the matters upon which their respective opinions or interests clash.

Notwithstanding what I have said of the aristocratic propensities of the Virginians, the "democratic" party has a large majority in the State. Jefferson's influence was all-powerful while he lived; and his memory is canonized among them

still. Certainly he must have possessed to a great extent the faculty of attaching as well as of governing men, or he would never have left so deep and lasting an impress of his spirit on the American mind. I think, while we view with just abhorrence many of his principles and actions, we have not generally done justice to his genius and endowments in Europe. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the practical ability and good sense which he exhibited in the conduct of affairs, and the preposterous absurdity and wildness of his speculations in philosophy and abstract politics.

One day during my visit, my host drove me in his carriage to Charlottesville, to see the university of Virginia. It was founded by Jefferson, whose place, Monticello, is close to the town; and so great a favourite was it of his, that in the inscription which he wrote for his tomb he is called "the Author of the Declaration of Independence, and the Founder of the University of Virginia."

The plan of the college buildings is very singular and grotesque, presenting specimens of every known (and unknown) order, and principally remarkable for a superabundance of colouring, produced by very red brick walls, and very white painted pillars and cornices. The professors, to

several of whom I was introduced, struck me as intelligent and well informed; and I was sorry to have so short a time for improving my acquaintance with them. The plan of instruction pursued is this: There are a certain number of professors in ancient and modern languages, and in natural philosophy, &c., each of whom gives a diploma to every student who passes through the course of study of his class: those who obtain diplomas from every professor are entitled to the degree of master of arts. Very few of the students, however, attain to this, most of them being content with one or more of the class-courses in the selection, of which they have their option: not more than one in twenty or thirty takes the degree. As usual, I found that classics were very unpopular, and that not more than one-eighth of the students were in the classical class, *i. e.* received any instruction in ancient literature. All the students board and lodge in the college buildings; there are licensed hotels belonging to the establishment for their accommodation. The cost of board, instruction, and "extras" of all kinds, is about 500 dollars a year; and the course, if a boy wishes to become M. A., requires about four years. There are now 160 students, a much smaller number than usual. No attempt is made

to exercise discipline or moral superintendence * ; instruction, not education, being the object, according to Mr. Jefferson's theory, who, in this as in most other things, appears to have been the type, or rather exaggeration, of the distinctively American peculiarities. One of his axioms was, that it is good for a youth to be left to himself as early and as much as possible, in order to encourage precocity of development. Since his death (for he would never have allowed any thing to be introduced which savoured of religion) a kind of chaplaincy has been established upon a curious principle of what has been called "quadrangular orthodoxy:" the four most numerous religious bodies in the State provide a minister each every four years ; so that the service is performed by a Baptist one year, an Independent the next, a Methodist the third, and an "Episcopalian" the fourth. This is syncretism with a vengeance.

* I remember holding a conversation with the principal of one of the American universities upon the subject of the difference between the German and English systems of university education, and their results. He said there could be no doubt of the superiority possessed by the Germans in *communicating instruction*; but that in *forming the mind and character* the advantage was, as clearly, upon our side. The true test of a system of education consists in the inquiry, not whether it administers the greatest possible amount of knowledge, but whether it trains, on the whole, the best and greatest men.

After seeing the university we drove to the house of my host's brother, where we spent the night.

To my great surprise I found in the morning that there had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, a severity of weather for which I was not prepared in the middle of November, and in about the latitude of the Barbary coast (36° north).

The country about Charlottesville, which is situated at the base of the Blue Mountains, must be very pretty in summer, for the valleys are richly cultivated, and the hills clothed to the top with forest. At this season, however, when part is covered with snow, and all beside is leafless and brown, it looked very cheerless; and as the fences are mere wooden railings, a tract of arable land, when the crop is removed, presents a bare and monotonous aspect. Mr. Jefferson's house, now in the possession of a captain of the United States navy, of the name of Levy, is on the very summit of one of the lower hills belonging to the Blue Mountain chain; and a more extraordinary and original situation it is impossible to conceive.

On our return homewards we stopped to look at a cotton-factory, erected upon the river Rivanna, where about one hundred people are employed. The operatives come in from the surrounding country, and board at houses near the mill: the

salary of the girls is $5\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a month (without board), and of the men from 8 to 12 dollars, which is by no means a high rate of wages. Virginia seems well adapted for the enjoyment of field-sports; and they are pursued to a considerable extent by the planters. I have not had time or opportunity to try my own luck, — indeed I was so disappointed in my expectations of sport to the northward, that I have left my gun at New York. There seem to be a good number of quails and hares, and there are deer in the mountains; they also hunt foxes with dogs and on horseback, an amusement which I thought was peculiar to Great Britain and her dependencies. I have even seen some good dogs, pointers and dwarf fox-hounds; but though every body rides, I think their horses are in general decidedly inferior to those of the North, particularly about Vermont. There are great numbers of opossums and racoons, but they are considered as sport and food for negroes only.

Land immediately about Charlottesville is worth from thirty to forty dollars an acre, but in the country parts (taking my present locality as a standard) it is not worth above fifteen: one acre produces nearly fifteen bushels of wheat, which is now worth but eighty-five cents a bushel at Rich-

mond, and hardly seventy here. For a long time there was a large emigration from Virginia westward; but lately, I am told, the low price to which land had fallen has tended to check this, and has even tempted many farmers from New York to sell at home and come here.

LETTER XXIV.

VIRGINIA.

SLAVERY. — CONDITION OF SLAVES. — EFFECTS OF ABOLITIONISM. — CONDITION OF LABOURERS IN EUROPE. — MR. CLAY'S SPEECH IN OHIO. — PROSPECTS OF THE NEGRO RACE. — PRACTICAL EVILS. — THEIR REMEDIES. — SOUTHERN FEELING ON THE SUBJECT. — ELECTIONS. — JEALOUSY OF ENGLAND.

New York, November.

AFTER leaving —— Hill, I returned by “stage” and railroad* to a solitary inn, where the Gordonsville branch strikes the great Southern Line, and where I was compelled to pass the night. Here I met an American naval officer, who was also a Virginian planter, and with whom I had a great deal of conversation upon slavery and politics. So much has been written of late upon slavery by persons holding every shade of opinion, that any indulgence on my part in long lucubrations upon the subject would be superfluous and fatiguing; I will, however, venture to make a few observations upon what I have seen in Virginia. In the first place, I must acknowledge myself to have been

* Where can the traffic for such a railroad come from? I verily believe the Americans would, if Canada belonged to them, run a railroad to the North Pole.

disappointed at the physical condition of the negroes, as far as it appears, at least of the field-labourers. I was prepared for great moral and intellectual inferiority in the slaves; but I expected that, so far as clothing, lodging, and feeding were concerned, I should see nothing of which they could complain. Such is not the case: both in Richmond and in the country they presented what would, not only amongst the white American peasantry, but any where else, be called a very miserable appearance. Of food, I believe, they have enough; indeed, it is always the interest of the master to keep the working slaves upon a full diet: but their clothing and lodging appear to me no better than what one finds among the poorest labourers in the worst parts of Europe,—two or more families living in one hut, and that of the worst kind, and the children being generally naked; the effect of the whole being aggravated (no doubt) by what appears to an unaccustomed eye the unnatural and deformed shape and features of the race, especially of the aged among them. I am inclined, too, to judge very unfavourably of their moral and religious condition: most of the slaves who profess any religion are Baptists or Methodists*; but, gene-

* I am happy to see that in the State of South Carolina the church is apparently making considerable efforts to

rally speaking, they have but little feeling or knowledge on the subject. It is absolutely forbidden by law to teach them reading or writing; and masters will not, I am told, generally allow of much communication between them and religious teachers. "Those ministers are all abolitionists in disguise," said a planter to me; "I would not let one of them come among my slaves." They are seldom married by a priest, nor do many of them appear to attach any idea of sacredness or even permanence to the connexion. When a man is tired of a woman he leaves her. Those slaves who are brought up as domestic servants are much better off, and many of them become greatly attached to their masters, who, of course, instruct them in their moral and religious duties. In towns they are subjected to strict police regulations, not being allowed to go out after dark without a permit, or to associate in large numbers for any purpose, even for religious duties. All

bring the coloured population within her pale. In the Report presented to the Diocesan Convention of that State, for the year 1842, I find a return of 1314 coloured communicants, and 1632 coloured children attending the Sunday schools of the Church. As it is to be presumed that a large majority of the latter are slaves, the statement affords a gratifying proof that *all* slave-owners are not hostile to the religious instruction of their negroes. The number of slaves in South Carolina is (according to the last census) 327,038; that of the free blacks 8,276.

this severity, as well as the anti-instruction law, is of late adoption, and consequent, as I am told, upon the efforts of the abolitionists to promote disaffection among them.

In 1822 a project of insurrection was discovered in South Carolina, according to which 10,000 negroes were to have risen, sacked Charleston, murdered all the whites, and sailed for St. Domingo, according to the planter's version of the story. Twenty-four of the ringleaders were hanged; and such precautions are now taken as to render an outbreak highly improbable. About the same time there was an insurrection in Virginia, after the suppression of which the question of providing for the emancipation of slaves throughout the State was brought before the legislature of Virginia, and received in a very encouraging manner: Mr. Randolph's speech on the occasion is one of the boldest and best that I ever read. Just then the Abolition Societies sprung up in the North, and at once the Virginians took fire: "No foreign intervention! no concession with respect to southern institutions!" was the cry: coercion, precaution, restrictive laws, and police regulations, were unanimously resolved upon; and from that moment it became almost treason to talk of emancipation.

Another circumstance which surprised me was,

the chronic apprehension which appears to prevail of a negro insurrection. I had always fancied that this was an image of terror conjured up by the warm imagination of abolitionists, who, having settled that the slaves *ought* to rebel, went on to infer that they would; and, moreover, that the planters must always be expecting that they would: just as many of our friends in England imagine that every Irish gentleman always goes about with loaded pistols, never ventures out after nightfall, and barricades doors and windows every evening, so as to repel the too probable attack which is to be made before morning. Knowing how we Irish laugh at such ideas, except in peculiar circumstances, I felt sure that I should find the American planters and their wives laughing at similar terrors: and I was quite surprised to find that the contrary is the case; and that even here, where the whites are superior in numbers as well as intelligence and organisation, there seems a constant feeling "*incedendi per ignes.*" How much stronger must such a feeling be in Carolina and Mississippi!

On the whole, I came away decidedly more impressed with a conviction of the evils of slavery than when I entered the slave-states. I do not, however, look upon the permanent nature of the tie which exists between master and slave as a

hardship, nor upon the impossibility of rising in the world under which the latter labours as by any means an intolerable evil: on the contrary, I am inclined to think the modification of the same system which prevailed all over Europe during the middle ages*, and which now lingers in the Slavonic portion of it, was in many very important respects superior to the free and independent position which (in theory at least) employer and workmen hold with respect to each other with us. It is a serious question, whether the independence be not, practically, almost entirely on one side; and whether, as respects the masses, the advantages derived from the nominal command of their own time and labour be not more than counterbalanced by the loss of that protection and sympathy from their superiors which a more permanent tie engendered, by the wear and tear arising from intense competition in the labour-market, by the anxiety attendant upon an uncertain future, and by the too frequent destitution of sickness and old age, or (its only alternative) the public workhouse.

I am not inclined, then, to denounce the *prin-*

* I have no doubt at all of the superior advantages enjoyed by the English "villein," who became afterwards a copyholder, and whose (qualified) property in the soil was as fully recognised as his owner's, over the modern manufacturing or agricultural labourer.

ciple of the system; nor should I see much reason for wishing it discarded, if the practical hardships attendant upon its operation in the Western hemisphere could be dealt with apart from abolition. These hardships appear to me to be incidental to the distinction of races far more than to the relation of classes: as far as I can judge, they are unknown in the East, among either Mahometans or Hindoos; and will, I think, be found to result chiefly from two causes: first, the mingled contempt and abhorrence which the white feels for the black, whom he can hardly bring himself to regard as a fellow-being, and the object of human sympathies; and, secondly, the attitude of hostility and self-defence, as it were, as regards his slave, into which the mind of the master is thrown by the modern theories which prevail upon the subject, and their presumed effect. These causes produce, to a lamentable extent, severity of treatment, and indifference to the welfare of slaves; and as, I fear, they are of a permanent nature, we can hardly hope to see more than a mitigation of their effects. I should therefore deem hardly any sacrifice too great, short of actual civil war, or the disorganisation of society, in order to get rid of slavery, which I believe to be, as now in operation, a crying and grievous evil: and upon this head I entertain, in a great measure, the same sentiments

with my late host, and many other well-meaning and intelligent Southrons, sentiments which were lately well expressed by Mr. Clay, in a speech which he made to the abolitionists at Ohio.

He acknowledges that slavery is a great evil, that a country can hardly prosper under its influence, and that interest as well as morality would counsel its extinction, if a practicable and safe method for effecting it could be discovered. He maintains, however, that deportation and abolition must go hand in hand; that it would be impossible for the two races to remain quietly in each other's presence, where the blacks have the majority, without an established legal superiority in the whites. If it were otherwise, and the present democratic institutions continued, the consequence (Mr. Clay says) would be, that while the property, intelligence, pride of race, and consciousness of superiority in every respect, were on the part of the whites, (which for *a long time*, at any rate, would obviously be the case,) the whole political power would be in the hands of the black majority. The anomaly would exist, though less extensively, where they have not the actual numerical superiority. The races can never (it is alleged) amalgamate*; nature forbids it: and it is

* Is this quite certain? We see that practically a very considerable "amalgamation" takes place; and it is evident

obvious that such a state of things could not last, but must produce a collision, which would be fatal to the weaker party.

That production would be to a great extent diminished, so far as it is dependant on negro labour, the example of St. Domingo and the British colonies would seem to establish undeniably; and though this consideration cannot be urged to the philanthropist with the same force as the former, yet it is an argument which, with the individuals concerned, would, generally speaking, be decisive. In the northern slave-states, however, I believe the conviction that free labour is the cheapest is gradually, though very slowly, effecting its natural results; the number of slaves in Virginia, the district of Columbia, and Maryland,

that if natural causes do not prevent illicit connexion, they will not, under different institutions, prevent alliances from being contracted on equal terms. At the same time I am inclined to think that there is more than prejudice in the feeling of abhorrence with which all whites of a refined nature (especially women, among whom there is hardly an exception) regard the idea of admixture with those of a different colour. It would, at any rate, take centuries to overcome such a feeling sufficiently for the purposes of politicians.

The force of the planters' arguments, as stated in the text, are somewhat weakened by the example of peaceable results, following emancipation, which the British West Indies afford, even after making due allowance for the effects produced by the "*prestige*" of British military power, and the less popular nature of our institutions.

having decreased, and in North Carolina having remained stationary, during the last ten years. It is probable that in these States, as well as Kentucky and Tennessee, the maintenance of the institution is more the result of feeling than of self-interest; and, ultimately, I have no doubt that the latter will prevail, and that the whole existing slave-population will be thrown into the unhealthy southern country, *where only blacks can work*, and where, consequently, the institution will never be abolished but by external compulsion. If such a movement should be accompanied or followed by a dissolution of the Union, the final catastrophe will probably be a revolution in those southern states after the manner of Hayti, and the exclusive possession of them by the black race. This, however, is a matter of vague and remote speculation.

The free blacks even now constitute a worse population than the slaves; indeed, under every aspect the presence of the coloured race in the same country with the whites is a bitter curse to it*: and we must not forget that Virginia owes this to our government; for bill after bill, prohibiting the slave-trade, was passed by the Virginian legislature, and negatived by the crown; so that we

* In Canada the runaway slaves are growing up into a population, which we may, at some future time, find it troublesome to deal with.

have no right to taunt her with the effects of the slave-trade, except so far as the continued existence of them contradicts her ultra-democratic theories, or so far as the evil which attends them is practically remediable.

I cannot think that the possibility of remedying practical grievances has received by any means sufficient attention, either from the abolitionists or from the moderate and rational slave-owners; and till the latter show a determination to grapple with the question they can hardly complain of the suspicions cast on their sincerity, when they profess a dislike of slavery in the abstract.

The chief grievances under which the slaves labour are the want of education, the liability to be sold individually (so as to separate families), and the absence of protection for their *legal rights*. It is of no avail to say that a master may be punished for ill-treating his slave, if the rules of evidence and the composition of tribunals render the possibility of such punishment merely nominal. When we consider that *a black man's evidence is not admissible against a white*, and recollect the tendency of the whites to stand by each other, whether they be judges, jurymen, or witnesses, we can hardly be surprised at the fact that a black never gains a cause against a white. Then, again, no considerations of expediency can justify

those who are in power, if they forbid a provision for the education of immortal beings, or permit the disruption of domestic ties.* To do so is absolutely and *per se* criminal, and should be dealt with quite independently of the question of abolition. Yet I see no symptoms of its being so considered. If the slave were to be made “*astriectus glebæ*,” provided with moral and religious training, and suffered to give evidence in court like another man, I for one could reconcile myself easily to the continuance of servitude, and feel but little sympathy with abolition doctrines.

The abolitionists have, I see, been making considerable advances; the “abolition ticket,” as it is called, having increased from 7000 to 26,000 within the last two years. Their game is simply to show their strength and annoy both parties, hoping by degrees to gather strength to return candidates pledged to their own opinions: in many instances they have succeeded in defeating the election altogether, that is, preventing either

* How is it possible to impress upon a negro the sacred obligation of marriage, and to rebuke him for his laxity in this respect by urging the precept “not to put asunder what God has joined,” while the laws of the country are (very practically) teaching him a precisely opposite lesson, by sending (on the bankruptcy, or death, or at the caprice of his owner) himself to Maryland, his wife to Texas, and his children to Missouri, never to meet again?

candidate from obtaining the requisite amount of votes. Their proceedings seem to assume each year a more serious aspect, and to produce a more bitter feeling in the South. I have just seen in a Virginian paper, not a week old, a threat of retaliation, by "kidnapping the leaders, and carrying them to the South, to be treated according to their deserts;" and the other day a bookseller was fined 1000 dollars in Charleston for selling Dr. Channing's last discourse upon slavery. But I confess that I see no reason for apprehending a dissolution of the Union from such differences; both parties feel so strongly that union is essential to their common interests: and this is the last age and the last country in the world in which tangible interests are likely to be sacrificed for the purpose of carrying out a principle. !!!

Jefferson said, many years ago, "Nothing is more clearly written in the book of destiny than the emancipation of the blacks." It may be so, but at present it appears as far off as when he spoke; nor do I see any prospect of it, except through the agency of *a foreign invasion, or a dissolution of the Union.*

But every thing in America is so extraordinary, so unprecedented, so unlike all that has hitherto occurred in the history of mankind, that he would

be a bold prophet who ventured to predict, with any degree of confidence, the course of events which is awaiting her. And so I leave this momentous subject.

The elections have been very unfavourable to the Whigs: there will be a large democratic majority in the next Congress; and the democrats are also sure of carrying their president, unless there be another reaction in public opinion before 1844, or unless they split upon the choice of a candidate. Van Buren will probably be the man; for though he is not very highly thought of in point of ability, he is on the other hand obnoxious to no section of the party, and a most dexterous politician, and he made the most of his opportunities while in power to conciliate popularity. His most formidable (democratic) rival is Mr. Calhoun, a man of infinitely greater talents, but ultra in every thing, free trade, slavery, and states' rights to the extent of the "nullification" power; his prominent advocacy, indeed, of the latter doctrine, which, except in South Carolina, is very unpopular, will probably be fatal to his chance of success. Though pledged to free trade, and so far to a line of policy favourable to our interests, his bias is very anti-English, on account of our "abolition" doings; and nobody held a more

warlike language than he did upon the affair of the Creole.

It is not uninstrucive, by-the-by, to hear foreigners talk of the questions upon which their governments and our own have come into collision. We always talk as though we had been humbled, degraded, betrayed, and as though the name of England had become a by-word for weakness and cowardice. Most Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans, on the other hand, are fully persuaded that all the prime ministers in the world (particularly Webster and Guizot) are our paid agents; that English travellers are all political spies; — in short, that the great danger of the age is the establishment of universal empire by Great Britain. They believe that this is the end and object of her policy, which has hitherto been but too successful: that if she seems to concede for a moment, it is only “*reculer pour mieux sauter* ;” and that consequently the first duty and interest of all nations is to guard against her encroachments before it be too late. The prevalence of these notions, absurd as they are, may at least induce us to hesitate before we fall into the opposite absurdity of laying it down as a matter of course, that the influence of England has dwindled to that of a second-rate power.

I returned by Washington to Baltimore in one day. The nine miles of *staging*, "immortalised" by Dickens, has now been superseded by the opening of a railroad, which completes the entire line of steam communication between Maine and Georgia.

LETTER XXV.

NEW YORK.

JOURNEY TO NEW YORK.—AMERICAN GREENACRE.—FIRES.
— ANGLO-AMERICAN CHURCH.—ITS PROGRESS.— PRO-
SPECTS OF INCREASE.— INFLUENCES WHICH ASSIST AND
OPPOSE IT.—ITS ADMINISTRATIVE SYSTEM.—EXAMPLE
AFFORDED BY ECCLESIASTICAL CONVENTIONS IN AME-
RICA.— CONCLUSION.

New York, November.

I HAD been invited by a Baltimore acquaintance, who is a keen sportsman, to go down the Chesapeake with him and shoot canvass-backed ducks, which are innumerable here; but unfortunately I was detained in Virginia a day or two longer than I had anticipated, and my time is now so limited that I could not spare a day for the expedition. After remaining one day more at Baltimore I retraced my steps as far as Burlington, where I spent a night at the house of the Bishop of New Jersey. The next day he and I travelled together to New York; and I am now established again at the Astor House.

All the world at New York has been talking for the last week of an extraordinary event which has happened in the gaol. An American

Greenacre, of the name of Colt, a man of respectable station and connections in society, was to have been hung for a singularly cruel and cold-blooded murder. On the day appointed for his execution he was *married!* — in his cell — to a woman with whom he had lived, and immediately afterwards committed suicide by cutting his throat. Almost at the same moment the prison took fire, and great part of it is burned down. An execution is a very rare event here; and the people were greatly excited by the anticipation of it: you may imagine, therefore, the sensation which such a combination of extraordinary incidents has produced. It sounds more like the catastrophe of a melo-drame than a scene of real life.

The police of this city is very defective, burglaries and incendiary fires prevailing to an extent unknown in any other civilised town; indeed, there is hardly a morning on which the papers do not announce a burglary of the night before: and detections, I am told, are rare in proportion. The fire-engine system (a most important one where there are fires every night) is curious and characteristic, being entirely carried on by voluntary associations of young men, who have their officers, and meetings, and rules, quite independent of executive control, and, of course, without pay. It is an affair of great interest and emulation, each

company or club being anxious to be first at the fire, and to be distinguished by its exertions; indeed, to such an extent is this carried, that it has sometimes led to quarrels and collisions. There is, as you may suppose, abundance of energy, but, I should think, little subordination or method. An engine is passing my window at this moment; twenty or thirty are at the ropes, shouting and cheering each other as they run; and the fire-bell is ringing for the second time since sunset.

Appleton, the ecclesiastical bookseller of New York, tells me there is a great increase of interest taken within the last ten years in theological subjects; and that they are now reprinting in this country, to meet the demand, numbers of our religious works, particularly those of the older English divines, and of such among the moderns as have most caught their spirit. There can be no doubt of the immense progress which the Anglo-American church has made within the last twenty years; and the ratio of its increase has been becoming regularly accelerated: it is now, in short, the most "fashionable sect" in the country, and includes a large proportion of the wealthier and more civilised classes, I will not say in its communion, but among its congregations. But, while we thankfully acknowledge this grati-

fyng fact, we must not forget two considerations : one, the extraordinary depression under which the Church laboured during the early part of the present century ; and the other, the *mode* (to use the schoolmen's term) in which a large proportion of her nominal members receive her doctrines.

About twenty-five years ago the Anglo-American church did not number more than 300 clergy, and less than one-fortieth part of the population of the United States, among her members. In the war of Independence, almost all the members of the church (a remarkable and instructive fact) had taken part with the mother-country ; and after its close many of them emigrated to Great Britain and Canada. Such as remained were naturally looked upon with a suspicion and disfavour, which were increased by their continued intercourse with England for the purpose of obtaining orders, and by their adoption, in 1786, of the Anglican Liturgy and Articles. Other causes contributed to keep the church in a depressed position, as respects numbers and influence, for a considerable period after the Revolution ; but it was natural to suppose, as they were not of a permanent nature, that, sooner or later, a reaction must take place, and that she would regain, to a great extent, the ground which she had lost. Such a reaction we have now, thank God ! witnessed :

at this moment there are twenty-seven bishops belonging to her communion—two in New York, and one in each of the other States; and upwards of 1200 clergy. The number of the congregations is not to be ascertained with any degree of accuracy, on account of the unfixed habits of the people in this respect; but it is supposed that they have increased in an equal ratio with the clergy, *i. e.* quadrupled within twenty-five years.*

It is difficult for an Englishman to realise the extreme laxity of American opinion upon these subjects, and the indifference with which the laity will adopt or depart from any given system of religious doctrines and ordinances. Numbers, especially among the more wealthy and educated classes, openly profess to belong to no particular church, at the same time assuming to be “Christians,” *i. e.* to believe in the inspiration of the Bible; while of those who hold the truth, a great part hold it accidentally, and, as it were, *heretically* (*i. e.* upon a principle of ἀίρεσις), holding at the same time that they might just as lawfully and as safely have come to an opposite conclusion, and that a difference of opinion in religious matters no way differs in kind from a difference of opinion as to the comparative merits of Gothic or

* Yet their number is now hardly greater than that of the Universalists!

Grecian architecture, or German and Italian music. It is difficult to illustrate the prevailing tone on this subject by examples; but nobody can have associated or conversed much with Americans of all denominations without being very forcibly struck by it: it colours (often, as it were, unconsciously) the thoughts and language of the whole people. The American mind is essentially latitudinarian, and has a natural repugnance to any thing which affects an exclusive or dogmatical character. Like the ancient Romans, who would receive any number of *additional* divinities into their Pantheon, provided they did not interfere with those who were there already, the Americans will admit any sect to be Christian, Protestant, and orthodox, (all which terms are generally considered as synonymous), which receives the Christian Scriptures, and any doctrinal scheme which it thinks may be deduced therefrom, so long as it allows all others to be equally right who do the same. Intellectually such "religionists" as these are far more formidable, because more consistent, than those who earnestly and believingly contend for an erroneous system; but, morally, their condition is infinitely less hopeful: and I look upon the preponderance of their sentiments as a very unfavourable prognostic for the progress of Catholic views in America.

Again: the tone and spirit of *democracy* is essentially opposed to Catholic views. I do not for a moment mean to assert that it is irreconcilable with them, (still less do I, as a Catholic, maintain that any one form of government is of immutable obligation as peculiarly conformable to the Divine will); I know that a person may draw a clear, logical distinction between theological and political matters, as lying in distinct, incommensurable provinces; and that, while in the former he is humble, childlike, submissive to authority, patient of mystery, more ready to believe than to argue, and continually looking out of himself for assistance and support, in the latter, he may be independent, self-relying, a sturdy stickler for his rights, and a contemner of the powers that be, unless they prove to his entire satisfaction that they ought to be. I know that these diversities of mental action coexist in some men, and that many more imagine that they coexist in themselves; but nothing will convince me that *in general* it will be so, or that *a nation* will ever be characterised at the same time by strong practical republicanism and a faithful reception of the Catholic system of theology.*

* American churchmen are fond of saying that their theological opinions make no difference in their politics. They must excuse me for doubting the fact. I know

The reception by a people of any religious system will (humanly speaking) depend chiefly upon the prevalent habits of thought and feeling which exist among them ; for our reason is biassed by our affections, and our religious views are developed far more by means of a moral than an intellectual process. The religious system, when established, will itself react, no doubt, and modify to a very important extent the national character ; but where it has to make its own way, its chances of success, according to our limited perception of the relation of causes and effects, depend, not only upon the truth and beauty of its doctrines, but upon the temper of mind which, as it were, meets them : and, therefore, I do not see much prospect at present of any great or permanent progress being made by the church among the mass of the American people. Independently of metaphysics, indeed, there are great obstacles in her way, from

that among a pretty extensive acquaintance I never met but one who had adopted decided high-church views, and who retained the slightest tendency towards ultra-democracy in politics. I admit that a man may be perfectly sincere and strictly logical in holding both ; but so it is, that they do not. Indeed, I have generally observed that churchmen of the Anglo-American communion take but little part or interest, generally speaking, in politics. They seem to feel instinctively that, under existing circumstances, they would not be in their element if they did.

that jealousy which has always been felt towards her, as well on account of her Anglican propensities, and the recently-revived ecclesiastical intercourse between the mother and the daughter church, as also on account of the alleged aristocratic character and pretensions of her members.*

In considering, however, the probable fortunes of the American Church, I would observe that although the circumstances of the country appear on the whole discouraging to her friends, there are points of view in which they present a more favourable aspect.

It must, I think, be acknowledged that instincts and tendencies exist in the human mind which a

* It is remarkable, and well worth our serious attention (however the fact may be accounted for), that the American, as well as the English Church, seems to exhibit a tendency to become *the Church of the rich*. It would seem as though the uncultivated mind required more animal excitement (I do not use the word in a bad sense) than our sober and simple ritual affords; an excitement which the Roman Church administers by means of gorgeous ceremonial, and Protestant sects, generally, by long and vehement discourses, extempore prayer, and the promotion of that active individualism which pervades their whole economy. On the other hand, we may fairly challenge comparison between the effects produced by the English church-system in forming the minds of the upper ranks with those which are observable in *any other* country. I have no doubt whatever that, as regards religious faith and practice, our aristocratic and professional classes are, as a whole, in a far more satisfactory state than those of the Roman Catholic or Protestant States of either Continent.

democratic state of society cannot adequately meet or satisfy, but which democratic institutions, however they may repress or modify, can never universally eradicate. In such a state of society it may therefore be expected, that those in whom the dispositions to which I have alluded predominate will cluster round, and cling to, the one institution which offers to their peculiar habits of mind a resting-place and a rallying point. As in Germany, the tendency of the political institutions to repress energy, independence, and individual action, seems to have driven the national mind to find a channel for its activity in the wildest and most daring rationalism, restless and self-confident thinkers revenging themselves, as it were, for servitude in the province of politics by licentiousness in that of religion, — so in America the converse will probably occur to a considerable extent, and the faith, loyalty, reverence, and contemplative devotion, to which a democratic atmosphere appears so uncongenial and repulsive, will seek for a refuge and a home in the bosom of the church.

Again: there are elements in the American character, which constitute excellent materials for religious principles to work upon, though requiring modification and direction. There is an earnestness, a reality, a seriousness about the Americans which very forcibly strikes a foreigner, accustomed

as he probably is to see so much of the butterfly ingredient enter into the composition of society. Every body is *at work*, and not only at work but giving his whole mind to his work perseveringly, energetically, and, when necessary, self-denyingly. Idleness is unfashionable here. I have very seldom heard mere nonsense talked in society; and the miserable *poco-curante* philosophy, which affects to think nothing worth striving for or being in earnest about, and concerns itself mainly with ensuring the least possible amount of trouble or annoyance, is almost unknown. America will never be scandalized by what has been called the “æsthetic school” of churchmen, which has lately appeared both in France and among ourselves—men whose “church principles” are confined to a love of Gothic architecture, Palestrina’s music, and Raphael’s “early manner,” while they forget the labour, the discipline, and the self-denial which those principles essentially involve. The character of her people wants to be spiritualised; it requires the adhibition of higher and nobler motives than the love of gain, or even those less sordid principles which operate more largely among them than we are generally aware of—the principles, namely, of emulation, love of adventure, national pride, and contempt for inactivity; and this is exactly what the doctrines of the church supply. It

is difficult to imagine a more admirable product (if one may use the expression) than would result from a due combination of the Catholic and the American elements of character.

Another eminently favourable trait in the American character is sympathy with the poor, except where the unfortunate prejudice of colour intercepts its action. In no country have I seen charitable institutions so humanely and liberally conducted, or observed so marked a disposition to lean towards the side of the weak and the oppressed.* Now the great problem of the present day is, *what to do with the poor*. It seems, indeed, to be an inevitable result of the accumulation of wealth, and increase of population, that the power of labour to make terms with capital should gradually diminish, and the condition of the poor consequently deteriorate (while their political importance increases); and one peculiar vocation of the church at this time is to counteract, as far as it is possible, this tendency, or at least its evil effects, by inculcating almsgiving and self-denial, the danger of riches, and the claims of poverty. Here, then, is another point where she will find sympathy

* Even the administration of their poor-law, which I think extremely injudicious, errs on the side of too great laxity and leniency.

in America, and a disposition to co-operate with and to obey her.

As I said before, however, I do not anticipate that the church will make any extensive progress in America; *on the whole*, the opposing influences decidedly outweigh those which are more favourable: but I do indulge the hope that she may prove an ark of refuge for the "few noble" that are to be found in every age and country, "faithful among the faithless," and ultimately become the nurse of a more spiritual and elevated school than has yet appeared in America of literature, philosophy, and art.*

In the nature of the present organisation of the church in America, and the working of her government, there is much to interest an English churchman, particularly at this time, when the public voice seems likely to call for a restoration of legislative powers to his own church. This is not, indeed, the place to give a regular account of the institution, and of the mode in which its affairs are conducted, particularly as the general outlines of the subject are now tolerably well known; but I must say that every thing which I have seen,

* May not an indication of such a tendency be perceived in the movement towards Catholicism, which I have described as taking place among the New-England Independents?

heard, and read here, tends to convince me more and more fully of the desirableness and practicability of such a restoration as I have alluded to. Indeed the argument in favour of it appears to me (both intrinsically and from analogy) so obvious as altogether to throw the *onus probandi* upon those who adopt the contrary opinion. A corporation of any kind which has not the power to make bye-laws for its own regulation is (or at least it appears to an Englishman) a practical anomaly. There is not a municipal body, or a club, or a canal company, which would subsist for an hour if such a principle were applied to it. Are the functions of the church less important? Do they require less exclusive attention? Are her operations less complicated? Are the circumstances with which she has to deal less fluctuating, that she is to be bound hand and foot, and in that condition either left to stiffen and torpefy, or delivered over to be dealt with by a parliament, at best utterly incompetent to manage ecclesiastical affairs, and which may now at any given time contain a majority composed of her avowed enemies?

We are told that a legislative assembly would be inconvenient and objectionable, that we should have stormy debates, and controverted elections, and, above all, that we are very very well off as we are.

Now, with respect to the first of these objections, it is sufficient to say that the same applies equally to all deliberative assemblies of every kind, to a parliament, a court of directors, a municipal council. Debate and controversy are no doubt inconveniences, and it would be very pleasant if things could be well managed without them; but the question is, whether they are inconveniences of such a nature as to countervail the advantages of those assemblies with which they are inseparably connected, so that, rather than incur them, the individuals composing constituencies should be left, each to manage his own affairs, or rather to remain altogether without management. If such an objection be allowed, Constantine ought not to have convoked the council of Nice, Elizabeth ought not to have summoned the Convocation of 1562; in short, precisely in those times when, in consequence of important differences existing in the church, authoritative decisions are most needed, it is to be considered inexpedient to organise a body capable of making them.

But I assert, that the example of the American church may fairly be considered as indicative that no such evil consequences as are apprehended would follow: I have made the fullest inquiries upon this subject from all parties, and have at

present in my possession the journals of many general and state conventions of the church, and I can neither hear accounts, nor discover appearances, of any such unseemly or acrimonious contentions, any such tyrannical proceedings on the part of a majority, any such ill-considered changes, as the opponents of an ecclesiastical legislature seem to anticipate in England. Not only do all agree that the system works well, but they cannot conceive the possibility of a contrary system working at all; they would think the proposition as absurd and anomalous as that of doing without a Congress would be.

As to those who tell us that no inconvenience has resulted from the defective organization of our church, and that things have gone on very well without a legislative body, they must presume on our either possessing a very imperfect knowledge of history, or a very low standard of what the administration of church affairs ought to be. When we look back over the last hundred years, it is impossible to avoid seeing that the compulsory inaction of the body communicated itself to her members. The church was asleep; most of those who retained a high degree of spiritual life and energy were either driven out from her, or else remained only to forget and undermine her most important doctrines; the immense po-

pulation which grew up in the manufacturing districts and the colonies, was contentedly left unprovided for; the parochial system remained unextended and unmodified, to suit the altered circumstances of the country; her executive department was allowed to drop into the hands of unauthorised and irregular societies; her discipline became a mere name, and her ordinances and ceremonies fell into neglect and disrepute. Within the last ten years the Irish church has submitted to the loss and the shame of seeing half her bishoprics suppressed, because the state wanted their incomes—a circumstance which ought surely to have no bearing whatever on the establishment or maintenance of Christian bishoprics. An extremely important move has moreover been made towards an alliance with Protestant Germany, upon which, whatever one's individual opinion upon the case may be, it was, at least, desirable that the church should have been consulted. Is this the satisfactory state of things with which we are told to remain contented? Again, I say, look at the American church, in her administrative department,—all is activity, order, and regularity; and this, although she has far inferior materials to work with, and infinitely smaller means at her disposal. Every where there are signs of a superintending authority;

new dioceses are admitted, new parishes formed, in proportion to the extension of the demand for them; domestic and foreign missions are maintained and regulated; canons are altered to suit the constantly fluctuating circumstances of the times; coadjutor bishops are appointed when necessary; intercourse with foreign churches is considered and conducted;—in short, each emergency that arises is met and provided for in a regular and proper way: whereas, with us, when any measure affecting the “Establishment” is to be carried, what is the mode of proceeding? If the minister of the day happens to be a “friend of the church,” he probably consults one or two of the bishops, and either persuades them to agree, or perhaps settles the matter by a mutual compromise, and then overwhelms all objectors by an appeal to the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. If he relies rather on the support of the dissenting interest, he omits the formality of any consultation at all, but gets his bill passed through parliament, and never troubles his head about what the church thinks upon the matter.—Why should he? She is passive, helpless, dumb, and sure to acquiesce in any thing and every thing that he may do.

It is impossible to imagine a more painful contrast than this, which must strike every church-

man, between the manner in which ecclesiastical affairs are managed in America and in England; and I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction, that if the disadvantages and incapacities under which the Church of England now labours be the necessary result of her connection with the state, the latter ought to be relinquished, rather than the former permanently submitted to. I feel deeply the advantages of that connection; I should be grieved indeed that the state should cease to recognise the existence of religious truth, by professing and supporting the Apostolic Faith; I should dread the judgments which might well be expected to follow upon its doing so: but I can never forget that we have prior obligations and higher duties than those of citizens and subjects, and that we are therefore by no means concluded by an appeal to our sense of the latter; a writ of error lies to a superior court. I cannot, however, see that there is any incompatibility between freedom of ecclesiastical action in all things necessary or desirable, and a far more intimate connection than that which exists in England between the church and the temporal power. Difficulties may no doubt arise, and occasionally confusion of jurisdictions, from the mixed nature of the subject matter, but there is no reason to suppose that they would be insuperable: and, even if they were greater than they are, it

would be necessary to grapple with them; for it is plainly impossible that the present state of things, giving to one party all its own way, and forbidding another to open its mouth, can be permanently maintained. It is defective alike in theory and in practice.

I am now about to bid farewell to America — a very reluctant farewell. I should exceedingly like to pass the winter in the Southern States, but it cannot be; *dīs aliter visum*. I will not attempt to sum up my impressions of the United States and Canada; I leave them to be gathered from my letters, on the whole, in which, as they arose, they were recorded.

I have not attempted to give any detailed description of the country, or any systematised view of the institutions and character of the people; my object has been merely to suggest to others some of the materials for reflection with which I have myself been so abundantly supplied during my tour, especially as regards the bearing which the state of things in America has upon the political and social questions of our own country.

The two most remarkable points in the American “experiment” are its novelty, and the immensity of the consequences involved in it.

The constitution of America stands, as far as I know, alone and unprecedented, not only

throughout the experience of mankind, but even among the theories of speculative politicians. It resembles as little the republics enacted in Greece and Rome, in Italy and Germany, as those imagined by More, Harrington, and Sidney. It embodies indeed the legitimate conclusion from Locke's arguments, but in a form of which he hardly seems to have contemplated the possibility. The paternal theory of government is completely abandoned; and the democratic theory is so strictly and consistently carried out (as far as in the nature of things can be done), by means of repeated elections, and by instructions perpetually supplied, that, though the representative system is retained for its mechanical convenience, the government is not merely the organ through which the deliberate and permanent will of the majority is expressed, but the mirror upon which every passing cloud is shadowed, the instrument which echoes every fleeting whisper, the weathercock which vibrates to every fitful gust of the "popular breeze."* Now this, I maintain, is a

* The only exception to the general rule is the constitution of the United States' Court. It presents a singular aspect of comparative permanence amidst the surrounding mutations. As Mackintosh said of the British constitution, in the days of Napoleon's ascendancy, "It stands alone, and it stands amidst ruins." How long will this inconsistency be tolerated?

phenomenon hitherto unknown and unthought of ; the Americans have adopted (and acted upon) the principle of Rob Roy, —

“ Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough :
We'll show that we can help to mould
A world of other stuff.”

And when we consider that *it is* (almost literally) a world that they are moulding, that at no great distance of time they must become, by the mere operation of physical causes, (if they remain united), the greatest and most powerful nation in the world, and that with their greatness and their power the influence of their principles and character must proportionably increase, it does seem to me astonishing that any other country or people should be regarded as at all comparable to America in interest and importance, or attract anything like the same degree of grave and thoughtful observation.

To Englishmen these remarks especially apply, from the resemblance already existing between the Americans and themselves, and the tendency which may be observed to increasing assimilation. I do not mean to say that Great Britain can ever become Americanized, — of course she cannot ; physical circumstances forbid it, even though (which I do not believe) a nation could ever

thoroughly get rid of the past, with all the innumerable influences which have been transmitted from it: but there are points of similarity, as well as of contrast, enough to afford us lessons, sometimes of encouragement, oftener of warning, always of instruction.

The magnificent provinces, too, of British North America, forming the last bond of common nationality which remains between the Old World and the New, combining, in a great measure, the traditions of the one with the prospects of the other; the home of so many of our countrymen and friends; the most important link of that mighty chain which our diminutive island has woven round the globe; — what a host of questions are suggested by the consideration of them! Are they to be British or American, independent or united, Catholic or sectarian? Upon what system ought they to be governed, as an integral part of the empire, or *permanently* as provinces? What prospects do they afford to emigrants? I do not say that a satisfactory solution of all or of any of these questions can be arrived at as the result of a hasty tour; but I do say that, even in such a visit as mine, a traveller may acquire a vast deal of information upon the subject of them: new ideas will be forced upon him, and the constant intercourse which he will enjoy with the inhabitants of

the country will give him an advantage in forming his opinions which he can hope for in no other part of the world: in short, I have come to the conclusion that this is the first country to which an English traveller should direct his steps.

And now for a detestable voyage (for how can a winter voyage across the North Atlantic be otherwise than detestable?), sea-sickness, storms, and horrors of all kinds; with the prospect, however, of speedily enjoying the happiest moment (to a British traveller) of every tour, — that on which he touches British soil again.

THE END.

MR. MURRAY'S
COLONIAL AND HOME LIBRARY.

THE main object of this undertaking is to furnish all Classes of Readers in Great Britain and her Colonies with the highest Literature of the day — consisting partly of original Works, partly of new Editions of popular Publications — at the lowest possible price. It is called for in consequence of the Acts which have recently passed the British Parliament for the protection of the rights of British authors and publishers, by the rigid and entire exclusion of foreign pirated editions. These Acts, if properly enforced, will, for the first time, direct into the right channel the demand of the Colonies for English Literature: a demand of which our authors and publishers have hitherto been deprived by the introduction of piracies from the United States, France, and Belgium.

In order, therefore, that the highly intelligent and educated population of our Colonies may not suffer from the withdrawal of their accustomed supply of books, and with a view to obviate the complaint that a check might in consequence be raised to their intellectual advancement, Mr. Murray has determined to publish a series of attractive and useful works, by approved authors, at a rate which shall place them within reach of the means not only of the Colonists, but also of a large portion of the less wealthy classes at home, who will thus benefit by the widening of the market for our literature: and the "COLONIAL LIBRARY" will consequently be so conducted that it may claim to be considered as a "Library for the Empire."

The series of works designed to appear in Mr. Murray's "COLONIAL AND HOME LIBRARY" will be selected for their acknowledged merit, and will be exclusively such as are calculated to please the most extensive circles of readers. They will be printed most carefully, in a superior style, on good paper, and published on the 1st of each Month.