

# SKETCHES

OF A

SUMMER TRIP TO NEW YORK

AND

THE CANADAS.

BY D. <sup>WILKIE</sup> WILKIE.

" So on I ramble, now and then narrating,  
Now pondering " \* \* \* \*

BYRON.

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MDCCCXXXVII.

TO  
MRS HAMILTON NISBET FERGUSON,  
OF  
DIRLETON AND BELHAVEN.

MADAM,

IN presenting to your notice the following Sketches, it is without expectation that they will be found to contain information practically useful to any one; the only interest they can possess will arise from their relation to that part of the world, so appropriately styled the "poor man's country."

I hold in respect all who, in exerting their philanthropy, smooth the way for the unfortunate whom necessity compels to search for a second home; but having witnessed some of the hardships which many of my poor expatriated countrymen have to endure, my heart warms with a double fervency towards those who maintain a still higher position as benefactors of

their humble neighbours, by making use of the powers and resources which Providence hath granted them, in rendering to the poor man his own fatherland a happy and abundant home.

The pleasure and satisfaction I feel in paying a tribute of respect to one, foremost in such a laudable pursuit, are greatly enhanced by the knowledge, that I now bear along with me the hearts of many whose grateful feelings any language of mine would coldly express.

I have the honour to be,  
With the highest respect,  
MADAM,  
Your most obedient,  
And humble servant,

D. WILKIE.

TYNE HOUSE, 10th *December*, 1836.

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# SKETCHES OF CANADA.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping muse,  
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on.  
Young men should travel, if but to amuse  
Themselves.” \* \* \* \* \*

AFTER all preparations were made and settled amongst those who proposed travelling in company, “ Scotia's darling seat ” was fixed upon as their rallying place. One-half of our party were intending wanderers to the west, and the other was composed of friends, who, good-naturedly enough, volunteered their services as a convoy to see us fairly on board.

The muster-roll was soon completed on the day appointed, and the materials were more various than the objects of the party. Some had been over half the world before, for reasons, too, the very opposite to each other ; several had never been a week together from their birth-places, which were situated amongst the snugest homesteads of mother Scotland ; and others were from the green isle of Erin. Amongst

the latter was a new acquaintance, by name Tom Phelim, as true-born a Hibernian as ever ate a potato or danced a jig. His immediate occupation was to follow one of our friends as factotum, and ultimately, on reaching the western shore, become jack-of-all-trades on his master's "location."

Having done wonders in the way of putting to rights a thousand petty preliminaries to our travels, we at last got within sight of the canal packet at Port-Hopetoun, having resolved rather to submit to the snail's pace journey by water than lose sight of certain packages that were to accompany us across the Atlantic.

We were soon most economically packed! 'Twas as like a tea-box as a cabin—twelve feet long, and nearly two dozen people—up one side and down the other. No joke! But no repining!—Travellers must be travellers. So we stuck our arms to our sides and made two as uniform rows as ever did trussed ducks on a pantry shelf; or the famed inhabitants of the grave, who forsook their narrow homes and stood with candles in their hands to light the dancing dames with the laconic garments in their midnight revelry.--

“ But pleasures are like poppies spread.”

“Hillo! Tom, my sweet Hibernian, why, in the name of the good St Pat, do you run along the bank, bobbing away like a jolly-boat in the wake of a seventy-four? Were you not five minutes ago seated between the old man and the portly and unportable dame in the

steerage?"—"Ah, sir," said Tom, "she" (meaning the boat) "has sprung a leak, and we are all drowned at the other end; and I have got out, or I would have been in!"

Though this was in reality no cock or bull story, the picture Tom displayed was quite irresistible. There he was, labouring along with his well-pleased, ill-hewn, broad-grinning Irish nob, bright as the full moon, and radiant with thoughts unspeakable. Our vessel immediately stopped, and our poor steerage stowage—men, women, children, chairs, stools, kittens, and rope-bedecked chests, barrels and band-boxes, were tossed, tail and snout, *sans ceremonie*, ashore—sweetly drenched with the insinuating liquid.

"*Hech!*" said Mr S., when the watery intelligence reached our end of the vessel, "I hope we'll not have to mismove ourselves," which he had no sooner uttered, than the audacious water, oozing through the door mid-ships and approaching his *weel happit* toes, silently admonished him and us to retire without farther parley.

View us then on the bank of the canal, grouped together like a posse of hinds' wives at a Whitsunday flitting, with our piles of goods and chattels buckled and banded in the most portable form, and huddled together, heads and tails, waiting the arrival of a friendly lighter to bear us to our destination.

Again we journeyed onward in the even tenor of our way, experiencing few casualties to mar our well-packed equanimity. A sable coal-heaver was at one part of our way pitched off his cobble of black dia-



monds by the drag tackle of our gig ; he breasted and buffeted the waves with the grace of a porpoise and the muscularity of a dolphin ; and but a few minutes elapsed ere he again stood triumphant on the prow of his single decker, shining and glistening in the noonday sun like an American humming-bird, or a gay butterfly borne lightly down a romantic rivulet on the bosom of a hollow roseleaf.

Away we shot as briskly as ever, accompanied with the eternal pattering of spray, howling of wind, *coggering* of the cobble, and occasional blinks of the sun. We now began to look anxiously forward to the termination of this our first voyage. We felt a few internal murmurings and stomachic cravings, that increased half-hourly and threatened to become rather subversive of our good-humour if accident or otherwise conspired to keep us much longer from Port-Dundas.

“ What is that ! ” said J. S. (rendered nervous from recent adventure), as a splash of water dashed up against the windows. “ Tut ! it’s a lock,” said one. “ Mercy on us,” returned J. S., “ there’s a boy in the water ! ” as he popp’d his long nose out at the window to assure himself of it.

It was a boy from the boat, who had been pitched from the deck as it entered the lock ; he was safely got out, however, after going under, to the imminent risk of his bodily tabernacle. And here ended our aquatic adventures for the present.

Spirits of epicureans ! and ghosts of gormandizers ! what to us was the sight of the steaming beefsteaks

and other substantialities to which we addressed ourselves, in the snug parlour of the Tontine, after ten hours' fast!

Reader! wert thou ever under the necessity of packing up thy things to set out on a journey of four or five thousand miles? If not, then thou hast never experienced the many little tit-bits of teasing torment which haunt the very soul of the traveller before he gets himself, body, trunks, chests, and hat-boxes, fairly afloat on the bosom of the broad blue waters. For after he has fairly accomplished *that*, his cares, at least of one class, are for the time set aside, and he luxuriates in the idea of having encountered and overcome difficulties which required the stern pith of a hero to accomplish.

After running up and down for two whole days that city in which worthy Bailie Jarvie and his *father* before him held civic dignities with so much honour to themselves and credit to the guid toon, we got on our way, in the direction of the Broomielaw, bound for Greenock. Pacing along the busy 'Trongate with all the importance of people whose thoughts were on mighty deeds intent, we at last found ourselves pushing on, within sight of the spot of embarkation—while the steamer destined to transport the honoured burden of our persons was pushing off,—

“ And then and there was hurrying to and fro.”

The foremost of our party hailed those next them, and they, in their turn, gave tongue to those who

brought up the rear. But neither will time, tide, nor steam-boats wait for any one; and some of us at least, ran imminent risk of being in full time to be too late, if our feet did not betake themselves to the top of their speed, and equal almost the fleetness of our wishes. Being one of the middle portion of this bustling body of time-tickled travellers, I used as well as I could those two locomotive engines, yclept long legs, which Nature—seemingly stretching a point in my behalf, has graciously set me upon—and as experience soon proved, their exertions were of the last importance. At the moment I reached the edge of the quay the stern quarter of the huge steamer, now puffing and blowing, was at least five feet from it; but, aided by the impetus I received from my hot haste, I made a desperate spring, and lighted on the poop, to the imminent risk of a cluster of the fair sex, who were standing huddled together, and who at my appearance started away as if I had been the Ghost in Hamlet, or the man from the moon. There we were, then, pushing and splashing along, leaving behind us half the party to follow “per the first opportunity.”

After passing many fair and romantic scenes, where of old those skirmishes took place between the patriarchal supporters of the venerable Church and her heretical enemies, we were landed at the stirring and thriving port of Greenock. It is beautifully situated on the south of the Clyde, and commands a fine view of Highland scenery. All information of this kind, however, may be picked up from

maps, gazetteers, and guide-books; but aught touching the sweet looks and fair forms of a certain portion of the inhabitants cannot be gleaned from such sources, and might afford a species of information generally interesting, could we venture with impunity to enlarge upon it. One of our party exclaimed, after he had taken a walk through the streets, that many of the fair sex were angels, and the remainder goddesses. This was a sublime and sweeping conclusion, and his intellects seemed to have caught a gleam of inspiration for the occasion. In honour and gallantry, of course, we all acquiesced in his decision.

Here we had to wait day after day for a fair wind, and were at times in danger of running altogether through the small and diminishing stock of our patience. We were glad to seize every opportunity of easing our minds of the *carrying* care and uncertainty which harassed us in being obliged to linger out our time at a place which, in our untravelled wisdom, we had only intended to honour with a passing glance.

An accident occurred to our party which at first promised to be more serious than it turned out. One forenoon, after we had got our packages stowed away in our respective berths (on board the *Camillus*), which were truly like the three days' habitation of the prophet of old, narrow and uncomfortable mansions, W—— S——, the youngest of our party, though not by any means the least, thought that it would be as well to take those linens which he had soiled during our lingering stay at port, to sea in a

purified condition. He collected them together, and stepped up the companion-way to carry them to the busy dirt-destroying hands of some honest dame of the tub. He had just placed one foot on the steps that reach to the top of the vessel's rail to leap ashore, the distance of a few feet only, when some one asked whither he was bound? "To the washerwife," he replied, as he raised his other foot. But ere it had gained the resting-place, or the words had well reached the ears of the interrogator, the rotten and false-hearted timber refused to support longer the superincumbent pressure, and the luckless wight, with all the fluttering array of his uncleansed apparel, was on his travels down the inside of the dock and the outside of the vessel — the *cherry* of his bonnet looking in the direction of the earth's centre of gravity, the soles of his feet pointing to the skies, and his legs stretched out in the exact form of a huge V. In this unstudied attitude he made a descent at least six feet below the surface of the gurgling water, to the evident discomfiture of thousands of tiny fishes that were sporting in shoals round the sides of the vessel. Quick as thought a sailor was at the water's edge with a rope's end, ready to afford our hasty friend every needful assistance when he should ascend to his native element from the depths. He lingered but an instant; and when the impetus of his fall was expended by the resistance of the water, he slowly turned round and majestically rose to the surface, and after a few tugs and pulls at the friendly rope, succeeded in planting his feet firmly on the top

of the quay. There he stood in all the polished splendour of an antique bronze, whose drapery is more adapted, by its rigid tenacity, to show forth the limbs and joints of the figure, than by its ample folds to impart to the spectator the idea of grace and beauty.

The *cherry*, which had in coxcomb fashion surmounted the person of our saturated friend, had on account of its inverted journey assumed the form of a flattened strawberry. His flaxen curls were now in melancholy guise, pointing with tearful despondency to the earth; while ever and anon the briny drops gathered and fell from his cold blue ears on his humbled shoulders; and they in their turn seemed to shrink from the overpowering flood of wo. In short, nothing seemed prominent in the whole close-clinging figure save the middle feature of the face, which now assumed the appearance of a protecting aqueduct to its subjacent companions, who were preserved by its aid from briny ablution; for the trickling liquid, oozing from the brow and the bonnet, found a convenient channel along the ridge, and discharged itself sheer over the precipice. This seemed to give evident satisfaction to the mouth, for, in spite of the damping influence of the unexpected drenching, it continued, like the sun behind a shower, to assume the appearance of a beaming smile. And I am happy to add, that no serious consequences arose to our young friend from his ungainly *faux pas*, which was the occasion of so much amusement to us.

A second accident befel one of our party, which was of a more serious nature, and imparted to us a

few boding twinges for our coming course. Trifles in reality began to assume in our minds types of the future. While on our mimic voyage we had sprung a leak ; when about to commence our second watery stage one of us had fallen overboard, and narrowly escaped with life ; and we now witnessed another accident that wore a still more gloomy complexion. A fine boy of fourteen, of whom I had taken charge since leaving home, one night after our arrival at port had gone down to sleep on board, which he was recommended to do in order to accustom himself with the berth, and thus be the more likely to feel at home when fairly afloat and cradled by the winds and the waves. Unaccustomed to the mechanism and plans of a ship, he had wandered from the cabin along the second deck to satisfy curiosity and examine all that might afford food for his boyish wonder. The covering of the main hatchway had been removed to admit the cargo. A false step precipitated him headlong amongst a confused mass of barrels, boxes, and other descriptions of unpacked stowage, and he was picked up in a state of complete insensibility. One of the seamen was despatched to our hotel to tell us the unfortunate circumstance. There we were comfortably discussing the contents of a bowl of genuine-Glasgow punch ! When we got on board we found the poor boy stretched on a sofa in the cabin, with his head and breast bare, one eye closed up, and some spots of blood on his pale and inanimate face, while at intervals he was moaning heavily and painfully. After procuring medical aid, and having him bled, we

managed, with the assistance of a piece of canvas and four sturdy seamen, to get him conveyed to more comfortable quarters in the Tontine. He there passed through the various stages, from insensibility and incoherence to perfect health; but recovered unfortunately too late to accompany us in our westward journey; and, as I afterwards learned, he shed tears of bitter regret when he got back his memory, and found that we had been under the necessity of leaving him behind.

Having found that the old beldame, Camillus, who was to transport us across the broad waters, did not feel convenient to spread her lusty—or, as we afterwards found, musty canvas to the breeze,—we availed ourselves once more of the vapoury power, and were whirled down the fair bosom of the Clyde to the beautiful bay of Rothsay. Here we ascended the heights, and gazed, and gazed again towards the towering crests of the Highland mountains,—some of us with the thought that these spirit-stirring and majestic features of our native land might never meet our eyes again.

Our thoughts were soon called to a less lofty but more heart-felt cause of sympathetic melancholy. One of our party had gone to visit Miss B., residing in this sequestered spot for the benefit of the climate. On her the mysterious finger of destiny had impressed the signs of premature decay; and he found her fast journeying to that land where all earthly sorrows are at rest!

Ill-fated Miss B. ! Beautiful as the dewy lily of



the morning, but like it too, while drooping under the scorching influence of a noonday sun. Perchance, ere we are well out of sight of our native peaks, she, too, may be away—and to the land from whence there is no return! Adieu, fair daughter of Scotland! many and happier we may see in our manifold wanderings; but there is a bright and unfading charm which attaches to thee, sweet fading flower-bud of the glorious north! A long adieu; and when thy pure soul has winged its way from its fair but fragile dwelling, may that power, ever watching around and above us, afford it an everlasting resting-place in his Heaven of Heavens.

Before we were many miles from the shores of our native land the rose had faded, the lily had drooped—the hand was nerveless, the eye was dimmed—and the spirit of the early sufferer had flown from our care-covered world to the bourne of the blessed!

## CHAPTER II.

“ But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,  
And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf.”

*Friday morning, Seven o'clock, March 1824.*—  
Enter Tom Phelim—“ I say, sir, are you all up ? ”  
“ Well, Tom ” (said his master in bed), “ what’s in the  
wind now ? ”—“ Captain says, sir, it is looking west ;  
and we had better look sharp, for he is ready to sail  
in half an hour.”

This intelligence, although we had been wishing  
and wishing again for it, gave our nerves a twinge.  
Now it was, as Tom expressed it, that we were to  
leave home in *rale airnist*, and we keenly felt the  
necessity of complying with the summons. We gave  
ourselves, however, small time to ponder over the  
matter ; our nightcaps were doffed—our inex-  
pressibles donned, and two minutes more found us  
passing along the quay on our way to board the  
Camillus. We found her as lazy and inactive-look-  
ing as she was when we first arrived ; and we felt  
relief from the thought that we would yet have a few  
hours to tread the solid ground. We got the positive  
information, however, that she was to push off at two  
o'clock. The interval was passed on shore—and  
see us then, in one of the calmest and most placid

days that our isle ever smiles beneath, dragged from port by the ponderous power of a steamer that wrested us at once from where we had lingered with feelings indescribable till the very last moment. We were now in all the confusion that could well be, huddled together in the capacity of a vessel only 290 tons burden. There was hardly a vacant inch on deck; ropes, blocks, tar-barrels, pigs, dogs, and a tolerable crowd of men, women, and children were jumbled and jostled to and fro as the seamen ran fore-and-aft adjusting the tackle of the filling sails.

The figure we cut was more resembling the diverse appearance of a tinker's waggon than a gallant ship with its passengers and crew preparing to ride over the proud billows of the Atlantic!

Pieces of beef and baskets of leeks were hung half mast high, while over the stern a long string of inverted cabbages dangled up and down, stretched from starboard to larboard; and over the chains at the bows of the vessel were suspended, by legs and arms, shirts, jackets, and other unimaginable pieces of clothing, placed there to dry and take the air by some of our steerage gentry.

We were now in a fair way of having at least a four weeks' dose of monotony; luckily for all parties there were no ladies in the cabin. They would have had nothing in the shape of comfort, and it was not in our power to make up in any way for the deficiency.

After being in tow for about thirty miles we spread our canvas to the breeze, and bore away slowly within a short distance of the venerable Ailsa Craig. Her

bald crest was beautifully tinged with the last beams of the sun, and cast on us as it were a faint and farewell smile! Long we lingered on deck to mark the dim growing outline of Scotland's rocky coast; and none but those who have been, like us, wandering from our fatherland, can conceive or feel such emotions as then oppressed us when we gazed on the landscape receding, perhaps for ever, from our view.

It was at such a moment as this that the beautiful lines on the Isle of Beauty must have been written,—

“ Shades of evening, close not o'er us,  
Leave our lonely bark a while :—  
Morn, alas ! will not restore us  
Yonder dim and distant Isle.”

And we experienced fully the truth of those lines, for when we mounted on deck the next morning nothing was visible save a few rocky islets that stud the bosom of the water to the north of Ireland; all else around us was the blue and boundless deep.

We did not feel at home in the small, ill-lighted, ill-furnished, but, on the whole, well-filled cabin; so we kept as much above board as possible, enjoying the cooling sea-breeze, and gazing over the swelling waters with all the new-fangled curiosity of thoroughbred land lobsters!

A speck was observed at some distance, and this immediately furnished to us a fruitful topic of conjecture. It came drifting towards us, and turned out to be an Irish fishing-boat, manned by a couple of not-to-be-mistaken sons of the Emerald Isle. The distinguishing marks were of course, red hair, blue eyes,

large mouths, pearl grey buttonless coats, and nondescript inexpressibles, seeing that they were neither long nor short, for though they might originally have been made to bind the knee, the gaping gussets maintained a more humble posture, and stretched themselves half round the calf of the leg ; or had they been meant, like the pantaloons of our ancient beaux, to clasp and show off the ankle, they were of course as far from accomplishing this end. In short, they might have been likened to that wise class of politicians called *trimmers*, who veer up and down as it suits their fancy, or, like the garments in question, remain for a season on the neutral ground.

“ Your honours will be wantin’ a few of the fish,” said Pat at the helm, as we threw out a rope’s end and dragged them alongside. A bargain was soon struck, and they received a bottle of brandy for their night’s fishing, for the poor fellows had been out since the previous afternoon. One of our sailors recommended them to exchange the spirits when they got ashore for something to eat and drink, naturally supposing that they would prefer quantity to quality ; when one of them, with a true Hibernian smile, answered, that “ the shore would have good luck if it saw a single dhróp of it,” putting the spirits to his lips, and wishing all our healths as well as that of St Patrick, whose natal day it chanced to be. He then took the bottle from his mouth, and giving a satisfied sigh, added, “ your honours will give us a few biscuits to ate to the salt beef you’ll be throwing us over, for we have got no breakfast at all, since last night.”

This we did. On enquiry we learned that the boatmen resided on one of the little islands which we had passed, and that the priest visited them twice a-year for the purpose of getting a contribution from their small earnings.

“ God send your honours a fair wind, and may you never have more priests than potatoes,” they sung out both at once as they quitted the rope and shot away astern of us.

On we went at a sort of jog-trot, neither fast nor slow, feeling no excitement, fairly launched on the world of waters and weariness, with hardly any thing in view that could mark either the lapse of time or space.

A few extracts from my *log-book* may be the most effectual way to cast a gleam across the watery pilgrimage which we undertook; so, with leave, I will, as it were, separate for present use the essential oil of my wave-borne record; or, as the cunning artist fixes upon his immortal canvas only the most interesting portions of history, and leaves the rest to fancy, I will raise the curtain only when the scene behind may be worth observation.

*Monday, 17th March.*—Heaving and pitching away to our great and manifest discomfort, but none of us as yet on the sick list. Begin to think that we have a fair chance of clearing scores with old Mother Ocean without performing the extra benevolent act of feeding the sharks. Strong similarity between them and a certain class of terrestrial priests, lusty and rapacious, and luxuriating on what their poor devoted

lay-brethren are made to decant. Such in one sense is the world—a wide theatre of gluttony, from shark to man!

*Saturday 22d.*—Just able to crawl up on deck for a few minutes; stormy for five days past, and the most of us prostrate for the whole time; adverse gale driving us hither and thither; a very gloomy and stirring scene; all usual, no doubt, to sea-seasoned eyes, not so to us. Obligated to hold on by the mizenmast lest my poor emaciated body be tossed or washed overboard, my pale cheeks pressed to the briny and bending timber as lank and fleshless as a hemlock in the corner of a wintry churchyard; down I must go again; a squeamish qualm is sufficient warning.

*Sunday.*—Here I lie, “pale as a parsnip,” in my contracted dormitory, and a pretty portrait I would make—of an author, for instance, in his gloomy garret, penning some of his fondest effusions, which might never perchance be destined to bring a penny to his purse or a roll to his stomach. His nightcap crowning, instead of laurel, his prolific brain—his room six feet by six—a tin basin in the corner stuck through a hole in a board (in my opinion one of the most miserable manifestations of poverty extant), the door standing ajar, disclosing his not very extended diningroom, kitchen, &c., personated in this instance by our *wee* cabin, and there stalking across the floor, the very spectre of poverty, a tail-less and earless black cat; and lastly, which completes the unique group, a week’s beard, which is of a most formidable length, however I may have fallen off myself; and

Tom Phelim tells me my skin has enough to do keeping my bones together!

*Thursday morning.*—Blowing a gale, a bowsprit observed floating past us, with parts of the rigging—looks ill for some poor vessel.

Learned afterwards that it belonged to the brig “Isabella,” which started from port with us.

*Friday morning.*—Furious storm all night from S.W. Awoke with a start from a noise like the falling of a chimney-stalk, and then a splashing and pouring like the bursting of a mill-dam. Looking out of my pigeon-hole, observed my shoes floating past my door, reached out my arm and saved them from impending destruction, as they would inevitably have been stove in against a biscuit cask in the steward’s pantry; for a huge cheese, broad as a harvest moon and as thick as a Dutchman’s head, came bearing down upon them full sail, but contented itself with only capsizing a can of water before another lurch of the vessel sent it back to its old moorings below the cabin table.

A sea which had broke on our larboard-quarter, carrying away a portion of the bulwark, and breaking the cabin skylight, was the cause of the untimely irruption.

“Any spare bonnet, sir?” said the steward, looking into my berth, after the confusion had somewhat subsided, and where I still lay pondering over the choice between spending a most unpropitious day in bed or out of it, and feeling much like the undecided donkey.

“Bonnet! What is the matter?”



“ Why, sir, I was as nearly done for as ever I was in my life,” said John ; “ I went up to feed the fowls, when the sea caught me, and washed me right over. I got hold of a rope’s end, but basin, bonnet, and barley are off to Davie ! ”

“ Steward,” said a voice in the berth above me, “ we seem to have made a narrow escape.”

“ *We !* ” replied the steward ; “ why, sir, it was *I.* ”

“ Very true, John ; but had you fairly dropped over, instead of feeding the *hens* and *us*, as use and wont, you would only have provided one meal more, and that would have been breakfast to the sharks ; and *us* and the *hens* might thereafter whistle for a fair wind.”

*Saturday, 29th.*—Passed a brig from the west ; very dismal appearance as she neared us, all round the north and east horizon was bounded by a dark band of clouds, which seemed as it were the termination wall of creation. She came on, silently and majestically nodding and pitching before the breeze ; we felt as if hurrying along, while she stood on the water yawing and plunging in a death-struggle, unable to move from the spot.

“ The western wave was all a flame,  
The day was wellnigh done,  
When a strange ship drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the sun.”

She passed us side by side, the wind was right astern of her, and thus presented to our view only the edge of the canvas ; a forcible representation of

the skeleton ship! Logan played a lively air on his key-bugle, which dispelled all gloomy fancyings, and the vessel, still silent as the grave, moved along on her watery way.

Observed at night the beautiful phosphorescent appearance on the water which forms the theme of so much conjecture to every learned and unlearned voyager. We shot on at a raking pace through a pretty uniform sea; and as the vessel buffeted the foam, there ever and anon started from her heaving bows beautiful stars that died away almost on the instant; some shot out to a greater distance than others, but all vanished as the foreign influence that seemed to call them into existence ceased to disturb the receding and divided element, which closed in behind our onward course, while the ponderous vessel continued, as a huge engine, to plough up the deep, and cast to the surface myriads of those enchanted ocean gems.

*Eleven o'clock, night.*—Went on deck to discover the occasion of a noise loud enough to disturb the whole vessel. It proceeded from a half-cracked Aberdeen butcher from the steerage. He was holding on by the capstan in a very awkward predicament. One of the most cutting cold nights conceivable, and nothing between his body and the wind save the fluttering and imperfect covering of his shirt. He had been convicted by his fellow-passengers of pilfering rum, and for this enormity had been in a most summary way shoved up the hatch to cool himself by way of penance for his thirsty pro-

pensity. The north wind took most unwarrantable liberties with his scanty covering; and when he quitted for a moment his hold to recal the wandering garment back to its proper position about his shivering anatomy, the tossing of the ship laid him prostrate on the deck; while the waters, as if pitying the spare condition of his drapery, continued from time to time to envelope him in the frigid folds of a curling billow. I could stand the cold no longer, so retraced my steps to the cabin, lest I might be saluted with a like unwelcome prostration. Till daylight he sustained the reward for the deeds of his tarry fingers. And if ever the cleansing of the body with water is emblematical of and the forerunner of inward purification, this instance may serve as a good illustration, for the butcher is now determined that the spirit of evil shall never again move his fingers, or his fingers move the spirit.

*Tuesday.*—Employed roasting potatoes at the stove in the round-house. Little things please children, and less than this might please grown folks, cooped as we are like hens in a *cavie*. A pretty group we make. Eight feet by eight, and a dozen in it. Some “*poutering* amongst the aisles,” some devouring potatoes, some lying on the seamen’s chests, several making and several supping brose, and some smoking. It is a scene alike worthy the pencil of Cruikshank and the interior of a Canadian log-hut.

*Wednesday.*—Memorable from having had a rumpus with our skipper—and an explanation in consequence. To our surprise we were told plainly that

we were only entitled to the bare necessaries of life—salt junk, and such like. N. B. Let those who sail in future with certain folks (if they ever have the misfortune) make an agreement, whereby they have not to rely in one iota on honour—or they will find, when in a state of half starvation in the middle of the Atlantic, that they trusted to a broken reed!

Shoals of bottlenoses going towards the north, puffing and heaving their tails and snouts above the surface; are said to move in the direction from whence the wind will blow.

A perfect calm—the first we have experienced to perfection; water still as a silver lake. Never saw a more placid, unvaried scene. Sea and sky blended together, and we in the middle of the burnished dome. It is a sight from which a poetical eye might drink in a pure flood of inspiration—a solitary sea-bird is hovering over our heads—an emblem of the very genius of repose.

The sameness begins to hang heavily over us. What could be supposed more solitary? darkness is nothing to it—we have our eyes—but on what can they fix themselves for even momentary relief? They shut in despair; we are under the spell of a waking and natural nightmare, which all our exertions are unable to throw off.

*Saturday, 12th April.*—Continued gales all the week, and consequently a fine battering our venerable and crazy vessel has sustained. Bulwarks, studding-sail-booms and hencoops taken French leave, and away making some voyage of discovery on their own

bottom. Worst morning we have had ; wind whistling round us, and hail thickening the tempest. The sea rising and falling, perfect hills and valleys stretching as far as the eye can reach, while the sun casts at times an uncertain gleam over some distant part of the prospect, in the next instant to be enveloped in the thickest shade.

Put on half allowance of water, and provisions beginning to look spare ; and the devourers thereof beginning to look blue !

*Sunday night.*—A dose of thunder !

“The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon ;  
The devil's in the moon for mischief.”

It proved so ! Appearances had been inauspicious, in the eyes of the sailors, all day—a rainbow was seen in the morning—goats'-hair and mares'-tails in the sky, and a covey of those ominous little demons, Mother Carey's chickens, had followed in our wake since sunrise. Lastly, the crescent moon rose in as clear and starry a night as she ever set her face to ; *but—ay ! but—she lay too much on her back* to betoken to us any signs or promises of lasting friendship.

“There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
There's thunder in yon cloud ;  
Hark, hark, the music, mariners,  
The wind is piping loud,”

sung D.S. with most prophetic fervour, and about seven the wind came on to blow, and flashes of lightning were observed. In a few minutes the queen of night drew in her horns, and the air became

darker and darker, till it was one of the blackest nights I ever felt, for seeing at all was out of the question. Overhead came booming, and rattling, and rumbling in fearful rapidity the dismal-toned voice of the thunder; and the fire from heaven was reflected most threateningly from the crests of the rising billows. We were tossed and tormented amid this elemental bedlam for several hours. But we had got so accustomed to the various tunes which the restless minstrels—fire, water, and air—pipe away for the benefit of earth's inhabitants, that we really felt wakeful and unable to take our wonted repose when sky and sea were wholly dumb. Strange, too, that, however tossed and troubled with dangers in the day time, all dreams were in the fair calm bosom of home, and however incongruous they might be, were still of a pleasing cast—

“I've seen both stormy sea and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.”

So said Byron, and so echoed I on shore; but now I am inclined to extend at least an equal share of commiseration to the ploughmen of the deep.

It is amusing to mark the power the weather has over the quicksilver of our spirits. We cannot for the soul of us help giving vent to our feelings, on the coming of a fair wind, in a song or whistle, whether we can sing and whistle or not, and sullen weather has a correspondent effect. “Ah, ha!” said Bill, a fine French sailor boy, to Sandy, a canny Scotch passenger, who was *dawdlering* about deck with his *Kilmarnock* cowl slouched over his *lugs* while it

blew a gale—" Ah, ha! you no sing, you no laugh to-day, Sawney."

*Sunday, 21st April.*—Hurricane to-day, main and foresail split—most of our canvass in rags.

*Saturday, 27th.*—Steward's black, earless, and tailless cat shoved overboard last night by some hand or hands unknown—as well away, not an agreeable shipmate. Skipper, out of humour thereanent, says the seamen will think it a forerunner of bad luck. Seems tinged himself with superstitious old-wifery.

*Sunday, 28th.*—Fine wind, running on at ten knots, but died away to a calm towards night.—Ten o'clock, took a look of the weather before turning in—lying like a log on the waters—murky and dismal overhead—a most sepulchral-looking night. The ominous sparkling of the sea seems instinct with life. To every lumbering heave of the vessel it sends forth a lambent or rather lurid flame—with flashes of lightning gleaming at intervals across the horizon.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—We may well thank our stars for being still in the land (sea, I should say) of the living, and able to look back on yesterday! And such a yesterday! Trust most fervently that we never shall look upon the like again—quite enough in a lifetime for the experience of poor land-lubbers.

Wind continued to increase from Sunday night till eleven yesterday, when it seemed to exert the full force of its destructive powers, and blew as if it would have "blawn its last." Its effects were vastly terrific, and immeasurably sublime, according to my earthly idea of sublimity. Compared with this hur-

ricane, all the gales, blasts, and rolling seas we have hitherto seen were as mere summer breezes and playful ripples. The steerage population under closed hatches, and only C.S., the skipper, and myself, of the cabin-stowage, able to appear on deck; the others nestled in their berths, some from uncomfortable feelings, and others from uncomfortable stomachs.

We stood at the door of the round-house (an erection over the companion-way), gazing with wonder and awe on the deeds of the howling hurricane. The vessel was hove-to—the helm strongly lashed with ropes to each side. A single storm stay-sail was open to the wind; the jib, mainsail, main-stay, maintop, and fore-topsails having all successively been shivered to atoms during the morning. The sailors had all been ordered below, the strength of the tempest bidding defiance to the science and skill of man, and our bark was therefore allowed to take her chance of riding out the gale in safety. Not a soul was employed on deck save the cook and the already mentioned Aberdeen butcher, who were employed in the cabouse preparing the cabin-dinner. All the lumber on deck, boats, barrels, and tackle of every description, were lashed to fixed iron-rings with the strongest ropes on board.

The mighty masses of water, steadily increasing in bulk and velocity, came rolling towards our poor old crazy vessel, whose broadside sustained many a straining dash from the boiling and angry fluid.

Often as I had heard of the "mountain waves" of old ocean, even fancy was wholly outdone by the



scene then before us. And several hours of calm experience convinced me that even the soaring fancy and imaginative pen of the poet must, in most cases, fall far short of reality while endeavouring to describe the mighty workings and majesty of the deep, when lashed into rage by such a storm as then roared around us. We were tossed up and down like a cork on the surface of a brawling stream; one moment down in a mighty gulf at the base of a wave whose crest was far above us, as it curled over and dashed down in angry foam; then quick as thought we were hurled from our humble place to the very summit of another liquid and living mountain.— While thus borne on high we got a momentary glimpse of the terrific scenery, which seemed to rejoice “in giant glee” as far as the eye could reach over the dusky prospect. Hill upon hill, and mountain upon mountain reared for a moment their frothy heads to the clouds, and sunk again in never ending succession. The sun at times lent to the tumultuous scene a passing glory; and again all was wrapped in a leaden hue, as the force of the winds lashed thick volumes of spray over the face of the ocean. Once, indeed, a blast came with such impetuous violence, scourging the water into such dense and impenetrable vapours that it excluded from our view for some minutes even the faintest gleam of the meridian sun.

When the wind had gained its highest pitch the sea assumed the regular rolling form of wave succeeding wave; and our vessel received no jarring dash. The moving masses seemed too huge and

majestic to expend their fury against any floating material on the surface; and we were borne aloft and alow as the light seamew, which offers no resistance and therefore receives no shock.

I observed to my friend that we seemed to be in no immediate danger, for we did not sustain the dash of a single wave. "Very true," he replied, "but a single one breaking over us—like this which is now bearing us aloft—would be quite sufficient." We found it so.

At twelve o'clock the skipper took an observation of the sun, and we descended to the cabin to our lunch. We were seated but for a few minutes when the skylight became darkened, and in a moment more we were drenched by the water pouring like a cataract through the broken glass. "The cook will catch that!" said one, laughingly, as he peered from his shelf, his crimson upper works in strong contrast with his pale nob; and he pulled it in again with the greatest indifference—for frequency had rendered such watery accidents only half unwelcome breaks in the monotony of our confinement. I went to my state-room (alas! the misnomer), and began tumbling on to the upper berth bags, books, and other miscellaneous gear that strewed the floor, to preserve them from the water which covered the cabin to the depth of a foot, and which was driven most unmercifully over the whole contents by the labouring of the vessel.

Three minutes had scarcely elapsed from the first shock when a whole volley of terror-awakened screams

coming from the steerage silenced our mirth, and made us at once prick up our ears and open wide our weather-eye. The skipper hastened on deck to know the cause, and in the next instant the bulk-head dividing us from the steerage was rapidly burst open, and the cabin filled with the most despairing and heart-rending group that it is possible to witness. All the women which the vessel contained flocked towards us, the greater part with children in their arms, and some whose heads had never left the pillow since coming on board had now exerted supernatural strength and started from their beds, the scanty clothes of which, hastily pulled round them, was the only covering to their emaciated forms. Others pressed to their breasts, in the convulsions of despair, the little naked beings that seemed, in the overflowings of maternal passion, their only cause of anxiety. Few had coverings to their heads, and their unbound hair, with the rest of their persons, were drenched with the deluge which had occasioned their uncontrollable terror.

Neither was this a joke to us whose abode had been so unceremoniously broke in upon, and it required the full pith of our nerves to sustain the agonizing shock. For we completely forgot, in the picture of wo before us, thoughts of the dreadful cause which must have occasioned such an extraordinary manifestation of female fright.

We hastened up the companion-way, and were interrupted in the middle by one of the passengers who slept in the round-house. Pale, drenched, and

nearly speechless, he stammered out for our edification that the vessel was going to pieces, and that some of the hands were overboard. Silently we hastened on to witness for ourselves, feeling uncertainty next of kin to the blackest reality. On getting to the door, which was crowded with male passengers clinging to each other, one of them exclaimed, in a tone which pierced through our very bones and sinews, " Good God, the poor cook ! " while his eyes were fixed with concentrated earnestness on the top of a huge wave right astern of us at the distance of several hundred yards. We were in the hollow at the time, so that we had to raise our eyes as high above the level of the horizon as if we were gazing from the bosom of Loch Lomond up the lofty side of the Ben. And sure enough we saw our poor cook, whom we well knew by his tall, strong-built form, clothed in a red woollen vest, blue bonnet, and duck trowsers. With one hand he seemed endeavouring to stem the waters, while we distinctly saw the other beckoning an adieu to us. His head was turned for one brief moment towards the vessel, and before we could regain our palsied breath he was whirled from our view over the summit of the curling crest, and dashed down the face of the opposite declivity.

On going out on deck, where we clung for security to the overstrained and groaning shrouds, a fine picture of desolation met our view. Every thing above board had been swept over, save the solitary masts, that, luckily for us, were still firm in their places, though at times bending like so many angling-rods ;

but all the lumber, which had a few minutes before loaded the deck, we now perceived in tumultuous confusion dancing over the froth and foam around us. The boats, that had been lashed together to form a covering to a couple of miserable sheep, were bounding along, still enclosing their unconscious inhabitants, having been lifted up and carried sheer over the side of the vessel. The cook-house (with its two unfortunate occupants, for the butcher too had now shared the ocean grave of his colleague) was likewise rent from its lashings, and floated along piecemeal, accompanied with an array of spars, water-barrels, beef-tubs, and jury-masts, while our anchors and cables had descended to add their bulk and weight to the spoils of old ocean.

One single but tremendous sea that broke right over us had occasioned our disaster. The wind had chopped suddenly round, so that instead of coming in unison with the waves, and causing the vessel to bow over and oppose her broadside to their force, she was held down in the opposite direction, presented her deck, and of course received the whole volume of water, as it were, in her lap.

On the instant we were struck the seamen came up from the fore-castle where they were dining, and informed the skipper that her bows were stove in, for the water was gushing through from the weather-side. This was ghostly news—in fact, sent all our hopes to Davie Jones, and we expected soon to follow them. Unmixed resignation now took possession of my mind, and I observed others under a similar

feeling; but the greater number seemed in desperation. As many as could obtain a hold were clustered round the pumps, and driving away with all the agonized fury of maniacs. Some had descended to the hold, and were handing aloft the cargo, composed of pig-iron; and we observed our friend Tom Phelim busily engaged in dragging the ponderous bars from the mainhatch to the rail of the vessel, and dropping them into the water. And as he afterwards remarked (while we were snugly seated ashore, recapitulating the perils we had by water), "They slipped down into the *sae* as *nate* as a penny candle into a pitcher of milk!" Many were shedding tears in utter distraction, and some were giving vent to their feelings in moans of misery. It was curious to observe the great strangers that strength of body and energy of mind were to each other in many instances. I noted several big-boned, bluff whiskered fellows hurrying about like overgrown children, and whining like blind puppies that had lost their mother; while others of less majestic stature, and less breadth of shoulder, seemed to have the want made up to them in nerve and intellect.

The vessel appeared visibly settling down by the starboard-bow; for when the sea again and again hove her over, she did not recover, but appeared to be water-logged, and had lost the buoyancy that before enabled her to bound over the quick-coming billows. This state of things was such as to make those, who before might deem themselves incapable of flinching, call in the whole majesty of intellect

to support them through the thrilling gloom of uncertainty. A thought at this period flashed across my mind—but it was only for one brief moment—that it would be better to leap at once overboard; for why prolong existence under circumstances that admitted not even a shadow of hope? Going down by inches appeared to display a thousand times more horror than ending at once the pangs of dissolution by a single plunge. Thus we are ever prone to obey the dictates of our own weak and erring senses, and overlook that assistance on which we can safely rely from the eye that sleeps not, and the arm that is never weary.

To our relief the cause of the vessel's labouring was discovered. It was occasioned by a huge cable-chain that had gone over with the anchors, but in descending had caught hold of one of the stanchions of the broken bulwark, and there it hung over the upright timber, with its two ends many fathoms in the water, and about seven tons in weight. It held down like a drag-tackle, for when the vessel would have recovered from the stroke of the waves, it ever and anon, with a reacting force, pulled her down again; the wood by which the chain was entangled, being the continuation of one of the timbers of the vessel, acted as a lever, and at every strain was rending open the side at its junction with the deck. Our first mate applied himself to the arduous task of hewing away the timber with a rusty hatchet, in order to allow the chain to drop from its hold. This was no easy matter, for the storm, with unabated

strength, continued to toss and tumble us about; and between every two or three strokes he was obliged to prostrate himself back on deck, in order to avoid being pitched over, all the protecting-rail being torn away. In little more than an hour he accomplished his purpose. The chain dropped into the depths, and the vessel regained her level. The wells were afterwards completely drained, for there was no water, unless what had got access by the rents round the deck, and these were soon, with the aid of old canvas, rendered water-tight. After three or four hours harrowing anxiety the gale broke, the wind died down, the placid sun smiled once again over a rippling summer sea.

We descended to the cabin. The poor females returned to their berths, mightily relieved by their unexpected deliverance, and we sat down to our repast of cheese, brandy, and sea-biscuit, reasonably thankful for these small mercies; and we began to plan how we were to contrive to keep soul and body together, as our voyage was scarcely half over, and, along with the cook and assistant, we had lost the whole of his professional apparatus—furnace and stove, and, as far as we knew, every pot and pan on board. Having discussed all these affairs, we turned in, and I can answer for myself and berth-mate (whose rich sonorous snoring had soon an infectious influence on my own nasal organ) that, from the day's anxiety and fatigue, we enjoyed as sound and refreshing sleep as we ever before or afterwards experienced.

Let it not be supposed, however, that our thoughts



of the trying scene died away with the expiring murmur of the rude elements. It made an impression, which, it is to be trusted, will continue to have a salutary effect on the whole of those who endured the awful uncertainty it inspired. We could not fail to see that by one simple circumstance we were, under Providence, saved from destruction. The moment of our disaster chanced to be the time when every sailor was below at dinner—had it been otherwise, it is more than probable they would have shared the fate of the poor cook and his assistant. And from the weather that we again encountered in our disabled condition, before reaching port, it appeared almost evident the loss of the men would have been followed by that of the vessel.

*2d April.*—Breakfasted on biscuit and cheese, and helping all the forenoon in the hold to replace the cargo of iron which had shifted during the storm; got hands cut, and clothes torn.

Small stove replaced in the round-house, where, by sticking slices of ham on the heated iron, we do our best to supply for ourselves the place of poor cookie, and, with the aid of never-failing appetites, manage to find ourselves in a great measure at home with our altered condition. The steerage gentry, with the assistance of a half hogshead, built round inside with perpendicular bars of pig-iron, and filled with sand, light for themselves a very convenient cooking fire.

*May 1st.*—Observed a solan goose flying westward—caused a good deal of speculation—some sup-

posing it an *avant-courier* from the profound inhabitants of the Bass, who may have become infected by the emigrative epidemic at present prevailing in the Land of Cakes!

*Friday, 2d.*—Calm day, cabin upside down, and inside out. All the wet *duds* hoisted on deck to clean and dry preparatory to landing.

*Monday.*—Observed coasting vessels, and Mother Carey's chickens in flocks; do not always bring a storm in their tail it would appear.

*Tuesday.*—Mother Carey still a prophetess. Gale last night and thunder-storm. Observed a curious electrical phenomenon. The masts' heads were tipped with a beautiful pencil of light, which continued during the time the storm raged. They shone as faint and uncertain tapers, hovering over us to point out to the vessel her track through the palpable gloom. The appearance is occasioned by the atmosphere around being impregnated with the electric fluid; and the wet masts of the vessels acting as conductors, draw it down. Such appearance may be observed on holding an imperfect conductor within the influence of the electric atmosphere thrown out by an electric cylinder while in operation.

A similar electric phenomenon occurred to the vessel in which Castor and Pollux sailed in the Argonautic expedition, only the light appeared on the caps of the two heroes; the storm subsided, and they were received as patrons of sailors. Hence the ancient medals represent each with a star or flame of fire at the apex of his cap. In this way, too, we may

account for the story that they often appeared to sailors in distress, and also to Roman armies, leading them to victory. The latter was nothing more than the electric fluid on their spears."

Wind chopped round about two o'clock in the morning—took our canvass aback, which caused us to ship by the stern cabin windows five tremendous seas that served us with a larger supply of salt water than we had hitherto received. Here we were again most unexpectedly in the very heart of a confoundedly uncomfortable taking. New aired beds, once more well watered, this our poor bodies soon felt. Our only light was from the sparkling of thousands of phosphorescent stars, which shone out, as the water was lashed and splashed over every tangible substance in the cabin, and paying no respect to either men or things. We lay (till the steward kindled his lamp), enjoying the delightful agony of suspense; Tom bawling out now and then from his crib that he was sure the vessel was inside out, for his berth was swimming, and he saw the stars shining in the *sae*! The light came, and disclosed a rich mess of confusion. In stalked the steward from his dormitory with his lamp, the very personification of dire uncertainty. One hand was pushed before him, bearing the dull, yellow, greasy-looking light, while he employed the other in laying hold of this fixture and that as he crawled along. The water, with the hitching to and fro of the vessel, ran now and then up his bare shanks, till it came in contact with the under part of his red flannel unmentionables, fore and aft, and spurted out

all round, giving him the appearance of a silvan deity surrounded by a fanciful *jet d'eau*; or perhaps like an ingenious fire-wheel with a figure in the centre, for the fluid, while it started out around sparkled with the shining matter it contained. When he reached the middle of the cabin our wondering and wintry visages glared in the uncertain flicker of his light. Splendid picture of darkness visible! Every head was popped out from the berths on each side—like those of tortoises from their shells. Some in handkerchiefs, white caps, red caps, and nothing; but all gaping, pondering, and speechless. Our curious and peering eyes followed the shoals of goods and chattels that were dancing and rearing, with most amusing industry, round the cabin—while the more ponderous concerns, such as portmanteaus, boxes, &c., continued to thunder away from side to side, to the evident chagrin of the proprietors, whose bodies continued, nevertheless, to be closely enveloped in the folds of their night garments. We knew by experience that the disinterested freaks of ocean would pay no respect to persons, and that it might, the moment one presented a single shivering limb, use it in the same unceremonious way it continued to exercise with our unruly property.

This was our "last scene of all,  
And ends our strange and *watery* history!"

On the 7th May, about four in the morning, Sandyhook lighthouse was discovered by French Bill, who

had been stationed in the bows on the lookout. Land ahead was roared down to the cabin, and the sound drew a hearty response from the most sleep-loving snorer amongst us. We did not rest satisfied one moment with Bill's intelligence, but proceeded to see for ourselves. The berths were vacated, our coats were neglected, and in our inexpressible hurry we had no time to spare for toilet; but in the classical simplicity in which we had reposed we mounted deck, and climbed the rigging to get a first sight of the new world. It was a starry morning, and to our chagrin we were unable to distinguish the faint glimmering light from one of the heavenly host; so there was nothing for it but to quit our hold and slip to our holes again, like so many bats disturbed by the hooting of an owl. When daylight came, we could scarcely discover land through the fog, which was quite like a Scotch mist. We looked out anxiously for a pilot, being under the immediate apprehension of encountering a gale which we observed brewing in the north.

A boat soon afterwards observed us, and we flocked to the gangway to have a look of the first specimen of an American which we were to see. He accorded well with our preconceived notions of one. Middle size, skin-dried, bilious, dark complexion, blue coat, drab trowsers, and on the whole an active and intelligent-looking man—nothing of a sailor in either look, dress, or actions. The moment he stepped on board, he was bawling out to the seamen, who

promptly obeyed him ; and in an hour more we were running up the river for New York at eleven knots an hour ; saved our distance from a rattling gale, which came on as we crossed the bar ; and dropped anchor within a few hundred yards of the wharf, and in full view of the far-famed capital of the Union.

## CHAPTER III.

“ A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping  
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
 Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
 On tiptoe, through their sea-coal canopy ;  
 A huge dun cupola.”

BYRON.

THE luxuriance of the wooded banks, as we entered the bay, quite enchanted us. We left home ere the genial influence of spring had succeeded the nakedness of winter, and we felt the pleasing contrast in its full force. The lovely-formed, white-washed cottages, surrounded by lofty forest trees and orchards, appeared to our sea-bleared eyes doubly grateful and refreshing. All dangers were now forgotten, and we had more anxiety to pass the few yards which divided us from *terra firma* than we had at times indulged in while still far from the sight of port.

On shore then we got, and our first thought was to partake of what fare we could command in the new entered world ; for our landward anxiety had prevented us administering to the creature-comforts during the morning. We threaded our way from the

wharf, up streets and down streets, till we found ourselves opposite the entrance of the Washington Hotel—a true Yankee name! We entered, and although past the regular hour, were provided with a breakfast that would not have shamed the table of the “Waterloo,” or offended the palate of a monarch or a president!

We had every thing we could desire—yea, even eggs!—Eggs (beloved reader start not) that were really and truly the instinctive production of hens, feathered and fed like the generality of our own barn-door *fowls*!

After ransacking our packages for a suit of our most fashionable wear, and treating ourselves to the luxurious ablution of a hot-bath, as we had got literally an incrustation of salt over our whole bodies, we wandered through the city, and towards evening directed our steps to one of the theatres that we might at once enjoy a sight of *America ton*, and see Kemble and his gifted daughter, who then happened to be the great tragic stars of the western world.

On handing a half-crown, through a small aperture for the hand at the lobby, to the receiver, for which I expected to be franked to the pit, I was surprised, on putting back my hand a second time for a ticket, that in lieu thereof I pressed between my finger and thumb a good substantial nose. I immediately withdrew my fingers from the republican feature, and was told in a tone that made me suppose the effect of my pinching still remained, “We don’t take that money.” Then I first recollected I was no longer where sterling



money passes undisputed ; but on representing that I had no other description of silver coin, the nose withdrew, a ticket appeared, and in two minutes more a half-dozen sight-seeking Sawneys were seated together in the pit of a very handsome and well-lighted theatre, their eyes and countenances full-cock, and conceiving every thing that might occur, ordinary, extraordinary, or surprising, fair game to satisfy the appetite of their greedy observation.

The house was soon crowded, from the humblest situation of the mortals to the loftiest resting-place of the gods. We have to record no flagrant breach of manners. The deities acted as became their exalted sphere ; and the mortals too, some of whom (I say it in sincerity) might have been angels, deported themselves in a manner worthy of the highest name and lineage. Once, indeed, a faint cry of "a Trollope" issued from the higher regions, directed at some delinquent in a box ; but whether it was really merited or not we were unable to discover. But reflecting on the incontinent freaks that the gods of old used to amuse themselves with at the expense of our venerable forefathers, it is more than probable that the degenerate lawgivers who now rule the roast from on high have at times as little reason on their side while they lift their "most sweet voices," or shower orange skins over the bipeds below them.

We observed no *formidable features* staring unwarrantably over the dress boxes, hats where no hats should be, or ladies chewing tobacco !

The fair sex, as in duty bound, occupied a large portion of our thoughts, and our attention to them afforded its own reward, though the joints of our necks felt the pressure of our cogitations as we wheeled our heads, pivot-fashion, to obtain a front view of the fair box-occupants behind us. There was a considerable blaze of beauty, from the delicately fair to the piercingly dark. Head\ style of decoration suited my views of beauty amazingly—simply braided hair, with few ornamental trappings. Foreheads were displayed in all their outline and volume, many of which presented an intellectual development that might not have shrunk from the searching fingers of a Gall or a Spurzheim.

Kemble and his daughter were themselves; and we were amused with a stage representation of the much famed political character, *Major Downie*, who refreshed us with a copious dose of all the Yankeeisms, guessing, calculating, &c., extant.

Next day we visited various of the lions, amongst others the City-hall buildings, the finest, I believe, that the city have to boast of. It is situated in a beautiful grass plot, called the Park, near the middle of the city, and being composed of white marble, presents a most dazzling appearance when the sun is unclouded. It was at such a time that we visited it, and the glowing brightness had so strong an effect on our bewildered optics that we were glad to seek shelter under the piazza.

We poked our noses into the Fulton Market, and passed through a perfect region of substantialities—

from the oyster brought to light from the humble caverns of the sea, to the air-cleaving and luxurious canvas-back duck ; from the water-cress plucked by the hand of some fair American on the banks of a woodland creek, to the luscious cocoa-nut torn from the loftiest branches of the forest.

All that the bountiful lap of Nature pours out for the use of the earth's inhabitants are here brought together and displayed with a due regard to order, temptation, and effect ; inviting to partake, all who may be labouring under the cravings of appetite, and (what is of more importance) have the wherewithal to " pay the piper."

The Museum was the next object that underwent our curious inspection, and there we found food sufficient whereon Jonathan Oldbuck himself might have luxuriated for many a day, and which might well have formed the heaven of devotees at the shrine of " rusty swords and jingling jackets."

Such a scene indeed is a rich world of wonder and contemplation to those who thirst after knowledge. It is truly nature and invention displayed. We have creation in all the striking attitudes which it assumes in upholding and perfecting its various and inexhaustible machinery. Before us lie the tiny worm that silently gnaws its dark passage to the core of the oak-tree, and the monster that revels over the rocks and valleys of the ocean. And here too we see, perched on the same twig, the humming-bird, with gold glittering wing, who greets the dewy morning with the low sweet tone of thanksgiving as with

eager bill it sips the nectar from the blushing flower-cup, and the crested eagle, poetically and truly styled the bird of heaven. And in this, too, art and invention display themselves, for in gazing on these feathered inhabitants of the air we almost imagine that it is the glass before them that is the sole cause of their confinement and movelessness; for the artificial eye is piercing and dark, and the talons seem still exerting the muscles which nature has so beautifully moulded.

Here, too, vegetation displays its wonders. That huge mass was at one time a monarch of the forest. It is the hollow trunk of a sycamore which once served a poor inhabitant of the woods as a shelter and home for himself and his family; next it formed a wayside tavern where the weary stranger rested and refreshed himself; and now here it at last rests, a pillar of surprise to the ignorant, and a temple of wisdom to the profound.

There is preserved the stuffed skin of a large American cougar or tiger, with the destruction of which is connected a melancholy anecdote. "Two hunters, accompanied with two dogs, went out in quest of game near the Kaatskill mountains at the foot of a large hill; they agreed to go round it in opposite directions, and when either discharged his rifle, the other was to hasten towards him to aid in securing the game. Soon after parting the report of a rifle was heard by one of them, who, hastening towards the spot, after some search, found the dog of the other dreadfully

lacerated and dead. He now became alarmed for the fate of his companion, and while anxiously looking round was horrorstruck by the harsh growl of a cougar that he perceived on a large limb of a tree, crouching on the body of his friend and apparently meditating an attack upon himself. Instantly he levelled his rifle at the beast, and was so fortunate as to wound it mortally, and it fell to the ground along with the body of his slaughtered companion. His dog then rushed upon the body of the wounded cougar, which with one blow of its paw laid the poor animal dead by its side. The surviving hunter now left the spot and quickly returned with several other persons, and they found the lifeless body of the cougar extended beside the bodies of the hunter and the two faithful dogs."

Next we turned to those works that have stamped on them the inventive fingers of man—the rude battle-axe and war-club of the dark Indian—the light bark-canoe, formed to dart with the fleetness of an arrow down the rapids of his native streams—and the gaudy mocassins that clothe the feet of the suspicious and vengeful chief as he steals silently along to spring as a tiger on his unwary prey.

The bowstring and poisoned dart, too, are hanging side by side with the warlike attribute of more civilized man, the deadly tube which has served its part in as sinful and bloody conflicts as the more primitive weapons beside which it now uselessly reposes.

Numberless ideas and reflections were called up to

our minds by these inanimate but instructive specimens of nature and art around, and we went away not a little gratified with the banquet of mental nourishment which had been so copiously served up to us.

During our Paul-Pryish peregrinations we dropped in on the "identical Laurie Tod," and found him busy sweeping out the boards of his "store" with a broom, the handle of which towered far above the head of the dust-disturbing hero. For, reader, although he is considered by all western travellers as a lion of the New World, alas! he is but a tiny representative of the dreaded monarch, being formed in one of nature's most contracted moulds, and might pass better as representative of the more humble quadruped after which he has been so universally named. On going round the warehouse, we experienced something like a feeling of disappointment, and in the language of the proprietor, "said to ourselves," are we really within that half classic edifice which has been for years lauded by travellers as a wonder of the (New) World?

The place was what had been a Methodist meeting-house, now gutted and converted into a mart of merchandise, over which the "identical Laurie" reigned the undisputed king.

There was a profusion of all that the little man daily supplied to his "friends and the public." Gaping barrels filled with all the various and useful descriptions of roots, seeds, &c., and many a prisoned warbler raised his captive song in the windows above.

But what claimed the greater part of our attention

was the greenhouse, stuck, in the fashion of the Luckenbooths of old, to the front of the main building; and here was brought together a rich feast for the florist and flower-hunter. Many pots were ranged around, from which sprang geraniums of every shade and odour—a flower, by the way (did not our Transatlantic friends scout the idea of such frivolities,) which might form an appropriate emblem to deck the heirlooms of our florist's family; seeing that it was by the blooming assistance of one of these lovely plants, that the House of Thorburn took root and has since continued to blossom; and in this fact was well displayed the mystic workings of fate, for the web of fortune was already in progress, ere her unwitting favourite could distinguish the flowering harbinger of good things to come, from the rotundity of a cabbage.\*

Not having myself dipped into the private coteries, which are in all countries the true spheres of action of the fair sex, I will give a sketch of a tea-party from "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

"The company usually assembled at three, and went away at six, unless it was in the winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs; or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare.

\* See Life of Laurie Tod.

The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches or pears, and it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts; a delicious kind of cake at present scarce known in the city excepting in genuine Dutch families.

“ The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies; the beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which had made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipt with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany.



“ At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coqueting, no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering nor romping of young ones—no self-satisfied strutting of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey diversions of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings, and never opened their lips, unless to say, ‘ Yes, sir,’ or ‘ Yes, madam,’ to any question that was asked them, behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated.

“ The parties broke up without noise and without confusion ; they were carried home by their own carriages ; that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door, which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.”

Such is a picture of the primitive, pure, prim,

prosy parties which obtained amongst the sweet and simple society existing here, coeval with our own hooped, starched, decorous, snuff-boxed, distaffed time, which we may designate the "Great Grandmother Era"—when high-heeled shoes raised aloft a dignified erection of powder-crested propriety—when partners at assemblies were joined together by lot, like greyhound matches, and Rigadouns and Riddottos reigned supreme !

Now, alas, the march of intellect, forsooth !—the march of modern monotony, I would rather say,—has swept down the gulf of time all traces of these richly picturesque periods, when individual character shone out in all the glorious relief of sturdy truth and originality. These were the days, when the *patois* of Scotch life was yet unmarried to Cockneyism, which has produced in these latter ones such a flood of mongrel refinement and *mauvaise haut ton*, equally disgusting to the true-bred Sawney and his brother Bull.

Feeling these, I have stept back, and given you a tea-party as it *was*, instead of as it *is*. For now, alas ! it is but the ghost of good things agone—a mere shadow of social society—the bare bone and sinews of the devoured drumstick—the gable-ends and chimneys of a burned building—the anatomy of a departed herring—the back-bone of a thirty year old butter-knife—thin and shadowy as the polished spout of a tin teapot, and unsubstantial and skeleton-like as the empty ribs of a wire toast-rack !

Modern mediocrity has mowed down every shoot

in society which had the temerity to raise itself over the heads of its brother weeds! and the great steam-engine of enlightened intellect thunders away over our heads, and crushes down all our feelings and passions, love, ambition, revenge, and their towering offspring, into a dead level railway of reason! for society has quadrupled its rate during these forty or fifty years; what was before ten, is now forty knots an hour. And greater change than all! what before was the *whirlpool* of fashion, is now the *straight line* of velocity!

“ Tramp, tramp, across the land we speed,  
Splash, splash along the sea;  
Hurrah! the *steam* can go the pace,  
Dost fear to ride with me!”

No alternative! On we must go, with our sinews straining to their utmost, and ever and anon our legs stretching out like a pair of school compasses at their full extension, or we will assuredly be run down, run over, and run away from, before our compasses are on end again, and there is an end of us! Body and mind (in the language of a steam-surprised Cockney coachman) must ever be kept boiling up to a gallop, to prevent us from toppling over on our nose, like the sagacious drunkard, who, on floundering his way home, moves forward at an accelerated speed, to avert the consequences of an ever-threatening prostration.

Towards the busy hour of high twelve, there is a glorious array of the softer sex to be encountered abroad in the city; and during the meridian hour of fashion, which is somewhat later than the one ac-

knowledged by the god of day, every bonnet good enough to rear its front amid the female flutter, may be seen gliding along the gay pavement of Broadway, and they often appeared to our enraptured eyes, the top-pieces of embodied elegance. Scarfs, light as gossamer and tinted with the hues of the most delicate butterfly, lay over, or rather imperfectly shaded shoulders of the most swan-like mould, surmounting forms that moved along, supported by as slender and elastic feet and ancles as ever dashed dew from the cowslip.

We met one day, during our city perambulations, a sable-garbed cit, long, lean, yellow, spare, and profound, stalking towards his dwelling, with a pair of well-fed fowls hanging from the hand of his starboard arm. Nothing extraordinary perhaps, for such is no uncommon occurrence in New York ; but still it gave rise on the moment to a few similes, and thereby a smile ; Pharaoh's kine, for instance, or Life in the clutches of Death.

And so the world wags. The city will stand, the streets be crowded, the bonnets and feathers will flutter, ladies trip about, and gentlemen carry home fat fowls to their dinner, till the end of the chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ \* \* \* The world must turn upon its axis,  
 And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails ;  
 And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes—  
 And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.”

BYRON.

BEING in hourly expectation of a summons to embark for the city of Albany, we found it convenient to be somewhat nearer the steam-boat quay ; but before saying farewell to the Washington, I shall give a sketch of the life we daily saw and enjoyed at this favourite hotel.

Well, then, if you ever chance, kind reader, as I did, to find a dormitory, up three pairs of stairs, and along as many passages, in this self-contained republic, at half-past seven morning your unpractised ears would tingle under the effects of a huge bell, which sends its clamorous signal through every corner of the edifice, causing the window-frames to *dirl*, and the laziest portion of the inhabitants to spring from their drowsy beds, the greater part of the inmates having gone about their various avocations several hours before. After giving vent to a few preliminary yawns,

you screw your awakened courage to the sticking-point,—take the decisive leap,—and find yourself in the middle of an ordinary-sized bedroom. Furniture,—a small table, chair, basin-stand, looking-glass, and bed of a short-horned species, mere apologies for posts, and minus curtains.

If you are apt to linger a little at your toilet, another peal, before you have time to array yourself in full feather, will salute you from below. You must now employ well your limbs, and make the best use of your time, or it is likely you will have to travel round the whole length of the breakfast table, sustaining, all the time, a heavy broadside from four-score Yankee eyes, before you can find a seat and vacancy enough to squeeze yourself into one of the two opposing lines of busy mouths, which are all bent over so many plates of toast, hot rolls, mutton chops, fish and eggs. Every countenance is as solemn and silent as if engaged in solving one of Euclid's most intricate problems, or preparing some mystic potion of alchymy; for in silence the knife separates the nondescript substances placed before it, and in double silence the spoon describes its revolutions round the huge cup in which it is placed. When you come to an anchor in the noiseless array, thy fate is to do likewise. Scotch though you be, you are no more able to raise your voice above a whisper, than you are to shove yourself from under the burden of a confirmed nightmare! Similar apparatus is placed before you. You use the knife like your neighbours,

and with the tea-spoon create the same mimic whirlpool, which a moment before you beheld called into ephemeral existence in a hundred cups around you. Now comes the period of your Scotchified surprise. You are yet hardly half through your first muffin, which is fast falling away before your continued attacks,— you have just given your chair another hitch forward, and consider yourself as fairly encamped and furnished with ammunition, to take by surprise each vacant and unguarded avenue round the citadel of your stomach. The blockade has commenced in good earnest ; plates of butter, ham, veal, chops, and cake, of every tribe and tongue, stud the cloth around you, all ready to pour in their light and heavy shot ; and nothing is farther from your well-occupied thoughts, than the idea of beating a retreat. However, you begin to have a vague notion, that there is more elbow-room on each side, than when you sat down. What can be the reason ? You give a hasty glance each way, and discover to your wonder, that your supporters right and left have evaporated, or in some other unaccountable way, vanished. All that in your bewilderment you can be certain of, is that they are not there ; that they have breakfasted, never for one moment enters into your catalogue of conjectures or probable consequences. For, according to your shrewd notions and experiences concerning the Scotch process of mastication, they had no time to satisfy an ordinary appetite, and you thoughtfully argue, within yourself, that unless the Americans

are gifted with the conjuring faculty of devouring wholesale, and at one gulp, broiled hens and turkey cocks, they must have gone empty away. Now perhaps your eyes, by mere chance, light upon the dishes immediately in front of the vacant chairs; they too, are wholly vacant! Nothing remains of all the smoking and steaming abundance but knives, tea-spoons, egg-shells stuck into wine-glasses, empty plates, and breakfast cups, ditto. There, then, is the solution of the enigma. The good folks have really breakfasted and gone on their way, leaving you, as it were, in the lurch, still two-thirds of your first cup, and nearly as much of your first roll, unconsumed. In short, you have scarcely planted your cannon, when with them the city is taken, ransacked, and the besiegers off with the plunder.

Such is a mere outline of operations; it is unsafe to give more, seeing that "men and manners in America" are the everlasting subjects of dispute amongst the various gifted tourists to the west; and were I to enlarge, or even give my own opinion on what I saw and experienced, ten to one I would bring a nest of hornets about my ears in the shape of "western wanderers" of every description, armed with fine pointed goose-quills, ready to pin down my eyelids, or, what is worse, gag my tongue.

Were I to tell you, that I enjoyed the luxury during the warm season of iced water clear as crystal, and beautifully congealed butter—*hey presto!*—and I am assailed with all the volubility of female rhetoric attempting to run me down, by vociferating into my



cowering ears, that their next neighbours, my deluded eyes, have made a most egregious mistake, for they had almost led me to believe that black was white; as, what I innocently supposed to be iced water was in reality nothing but melted mud, and the congealed butter, rancid oil! Or were I to assert, on the other hand, that I occasionally partook of, or was served with a grease-covered, lukewarm beefsteak, thick as a penny roll, and hard as a tanned hide—here again, I would be under the fangs of some doughty champion of unchewable chops and barbarous beefsteaks, who would not only positively assert that I was mistaken, but would maintain that the very portion which I made several futile attempts to masticate, was tender and delicate as early lamb. Of such attacks for the present, then, I will steer clear, and leave my argumentative forerunners to fight over a point of etiquette, or a “canvass-backed duck,” while *you* and *we*, kind reader, pass on in the even tenor of our way.

An introduction to the bar-room is also capable of affording to the good-humoured observer, both amusement and instruction.

It is a large and rather handsome room, with one door leading to the street, one to the house, and another to the reading-room. On one side stands a long mahogany counter, denominated the bar, and loaded with tumblers, jugs, and punch-bowls. Behind this, is a large glass-case, supporting a variety of beautifully-cut decanters, filled with all sorts of liquors; named and nameless. The walls are covered with

maps, bills, and advertisements, in frames ; and on the floor, at certain hours of the day,—generally before feeding time,—you may observe groups of that intellectual animal called man—short, tall, young, old, with their accompaniments, such as, umbrellas, canes, tumblers, sticks, cigars, and newspapers,—some whispering, others listening, reading, sauntering, smoking, spitting, and sipping, and perchance faintly and grimly smiling, but none,—no, not one countenance, lighted up with the radiant glow of laughter. But in this, by the way, they have our Chesterfield's authority to keep them in countenance ; for, according to that profound professor of etiquette, laughter is an ugly and disagreeable distortion of the muscles of the face.

At the end of the bar is placed the clerk's desk, and on it lies ever open, a large folio, wherein every traveler records his arrival, by inserting his name and from whence he has come. If you chance to raise your eyes while thus *autographically* employed, they may chance to encounter a score of pairs that are ready, when you retire, to pounce upon your devoted signature, and dive into the very depths of the undried ink, in order to discover, as far as the evidence will lead, the why, when, wherefore, the how and the who, concerning your appearance. I, therefore (and this may serve thee, reader, as a lesson), when sojourning in different places, from a spirit of complaisance or contradiction, presented my curious neighbours as wide a field of conjecture as I possibly could, by placing on the right flank of my name, the word

“ Europe ” in full, unmistakable, and independent-looking characters.

On Sunday afternoon, we stept into a small steamer, bound across the river, where lie, in all their natural and cultivated beauty, the Elysian fields; meant to be, I suppose, a second edition of those heavens of the ancients; but judging from a description of the one, and a sight of the other, the modern seem neither greatly improved nor enlarged. There are, however, hill and dale—winding walks—grass-covered plains, and shaded seats, in great profusion; and altogether they do much credit to the taste of the proprietors and the public. There appeared to be a considerable degree of levity amongst those who resorted to this spot of Sunday recreation, which was but little in accordance with our Scotch notions of Presbyterian propriety.

The only object worth note, that we saw, was a circular railway, for the exercise of the youth of both sexes. It is pleasantly situated under a clump of tall forest trees, several hundred yards in extent; there was a couple of small carriages on it, driven with the hand. Here you might observe a gay young gallant handing to seat some timid blushing miss, and gently folding in the stray portions of her airy drapery, while he plants himself by her side, and away they wheel round and round, till the arm is tired, or the fair one gently whispers “ enough.” They now descend, and retire beneath the surrounding foliage, to whisper (all very sweet, no doubt) of bright days to come! while

their envied seat is again wheeling, in rapid revolutions, another fond and fluttering pair !

On returning to the city, our primitive notions were a little scandalized on noticing, which we had not done before, many of the shops, "stores" as they are called, open, with specimens of their contents flaring away at the door in the faces of the passengers.

One especially struck us, and imparted to our minds a few gloomy qualms. It was a handsome building. In large letters over the door we read, "Coffin warehouse," and at the windows and door-step, stood, in tempting array, various specimens of these gaunt tokens of mutable mortality; from the simple black deal, to the ornamented mahogany. We gazed for a minute in awe, and passed on. Our friend, Tom Phelim, who always trotted behind us in our rambles, seemed to take a more matter-of-fact view of the circumstance, for he slipped up to his master, and whispered in his ear, "There are shops here for every thing, Mr David ; *it's rale convaynient !*"

Talking of Irishmen, there is always a good supply of labourers from the Green Isle, at work in the city ; and although they do not appear to be great favourites, they generally get employment, for this reason, that they do not consider it derogatory to their pride to perform pieces of service, which their American neighbours think it quite beneath their own dignity to engage in.

Pat, in New York, appears to be a plant which loses nothing of its native energy by transplantation,—it is

invariably discoverable by the same undeviating characteristics. His fingers, at certain seasons, we are told, feel a latent inkling to grasp the sprig of shillelah, and on every *dacent* occasion, his heart is softened by whisky and his head by blows, much in the same manner as they were wont to be at Donnybrook. In short, we suspect that he flourishes in all his original faults, fancies, and foibles, over the whole world. Even the scorching heat of New York is unable to roast the wit out of him ; for on several occasions we had opportunities of observing it burst forth, in all the freshness of its blundering volubility.

One day during the hot season—and the hot season at New York in 1834 was no joke—a sturdy Hibernian, accompanied by his Shela, went to one of the public wells, with a jug to procure a draught of cold water. While Pat was applying the vessel to the spout, which poured forth a most refreshing stream, he observed on the stone above, two printed notices posted side by side. “ Judy, jewel” (said he to his companion, to whom he intended to present the first cup), “ you that hiv the book-larnin, and knows the dictionar, tell us what them ’vertismints be after sayin’, and sure we’ll dhrink the healths of the gintlemin, if it is the thruth that they are spakin, ’cause the marchints in Ameriky ar’nt the gumocks to tell us what they don’t want us to hear.” Judy cast a sly squint at the papers, and seemed to comprehend their import. “ Och, Pat darlint! we’d betther lave it alone, and take the dthrop wather, for I be as thristy as the biggest fish that

swims.”—“Not a spark iv it ill kiss the tongue iv ye, till ye tell us what the papers be after preachin’ concarnin,” said Pat, whose curiosity was now as near running over as the jug that he held in his hand. “Well, then,” said Judy, “you’re ever brackin the own head of ye, and you’ll repent that iver ye axed after them black ’vertismints. This here one says, that it is the dead and burrymint of the ’tirnral soul to dthrink a dthrop of the pure crathur, and that there houlds furth that to take could wathur ’ll burn the body with ’flamation.\* Och, och, Pat honey! we must take none of them at all at all, if we mane to live all the life of us.”—“Thunder and bullets!” said Pat, after a musing pause—“sure this is a bo-thermint, Judy mavourneen! By the Saint and there is no sinse in it. The thafes o’ the world! to be after pullin’ the pig that-away by the hid and the tail at onst, and then tellin’ the poor baste to use the legs iv it; how can we live without the dthrop dthrink?”—“But the gintlemin says it,” replied Judy. “Well, then,” said Pat, as a new thought struck him, “we’ll obey the orders of the gintlemin, and dhrink neither

\* These bills were stuck up in the city as a warning during the warm weather. One was from the Temperance Society, and set forth the enormity of drinking spirits, and the evils attending it. And the other appeared to be promulgated by no less philanthropic individuals; for it warned people of the danger of swallowing large draughts of cold water at the wells, when they were heated by labour or otherwise; and seemed not to be uncalled for, death by neglecting such means of preservation being a frequent occurrence.

the hot spirits nor the could wather." Saying this, he slipped a bottle of mountain-dew from his pocket, and dashing half the water from the jug, concocted a bumper of grog for Judy and another for himself; and as he quaffed it, called on St Pat to bless the "timprance gintlemin who larned him how to manufacture the *rale stuff!*"

On Monday morning, seven o'clock, we were all in a bustle to start for Albany. Our present quarters are at the "Robert Burns House," named by the proprietor with true national pride, he and mine hostess being both from the country of cakes and crowdie. A half-length portrait of the poet invites, with well-pleased look, the passing stranger—or rather a couple of likenesses, for his well-known face was displayed on each side of the dangling sign-board, which swung, at right angles to the house, on an iron rod over the door-way; and as the wind waved it to and fro, he seemed to give a nod of recognition and welcome to all who journeyed either up or down the pavement. This had the desired effect, for the house—over which our native bard was constituted patron saint—was crowded with the hardy sons of Scotland, whom we easily distinguished from the spare-limbed natives, not only by the never-failing tones of mother tongue, but by the thewes and sinews with which nature supplies their sturdy forms. Our host—but we will say nothing of him—he was neither master nor mistress of his own house, the mare being in this instance undoubtedly the better horse. *She* was—(and we will use as few words in her description as

possible, seeing that we are in somewhat of a hurry to be off for the "glorious Hudson")—she was a dumpy, stumpy, bustling, rustling, clavering, haver-ing, thrifty, shifty, fleeching, preaching, ready, steady, fozy, rosy, canty Scotch carline.

On taking leave of the city, it is but justice to record that we were well pleased with the treatment and good cheer we enjoyed, especially in the Wash-ington,—and that on the whole, arrangements are well adapted to the wants of a traveller. A Scots-man of ordinary sagacity will soon be able to feel himself comfortable enough, even amid the profound regularity that prevails; and in spite of all their hurry, if he sits down with the first peal of the dinner-bell, and remains till the last lingerer quits his chair, he will find himself possessed of time sufficient for the important process of mastication.

After resolving to leave the "mighty mass of brick," and getting all our affairs in order, doing and undo-ing, managing and mis-managing, we found ourselves snugly enough, and in good time, on board the "Erie" steamer. And we confess we felt at times somewhat *erie*, at being borne along at the round rate of fifteen knots an hour. Some have described these mighty ma-chines as moving villages, colonies, palaces, &c.; suf-fice it, that this one might have been all of those or none, as the fancy of the traveller or the wit of the poet might choose to portray it. It presented a very ex-citing appearance to inexperienced eyes. It was lightly painted in white, green, and gold, with a capacious upper-deck, supported by handsome pillars,



over which might be placed, when the heat required, an extensive awning. The last peal of the large bell now tolled forth, warning all around, that in a few seconds the steam would be in active operation, and that those ashore who wished to come on board should do so *instantly*, and *vice versa*. In a few minutes more, the tinkling tones of the small breakfast-bell sounded aloft. Experience teaches both fools and wise men, so we made the best of our way to the cabin, and well it was that we did so, for many had taken both time and their breakfast by the forelock, and had placed themselves round the generous board. Here was a goodly show; the cabin was fifty paces long, and the table, but little shorter, supported a vast collection of the good things of life. Many dishes no doubt were there that even trusty Mrs Margaret Dóds, of savoury memory, would have pondered over, in a vain attempt to pronounce their name and lineage.

In ten minutes we were on deck again, and got ourselves planted in a convenient position, to enjoy the beauties of this queen of rivers.

We felt none of that chagrin so often experienced by travellers viewing, for the first time, some hackneyed wonder. It surpassed our previous conception, and in our enthusiasm, we considered ourselves well repaid for all the hardships we had undergone. No part of what we saw in the changing scene, rose into that stern and naked sublimity which our own Highlands present in such majestic and elevated character; but the rich specimen of

blooming nature displayed to our view, filled our minds with delight and astonishment. I feel unable to do justice to the scenery, by a description of what we saw, as we threaded the wanderings of the lovely river; suffice it then, that we felt as if moving on within the bounds of an ever-varying summer lake, for, by the winding of the stream, we were wholly shut in on every side, and ever and anon another aspect of the same scene, was, in the course of a few seconds, presented to our gaze. We were surrounded at one time with vast rocks, that shot up five hundred feet perpendicularly from the water, and again, on turning our eyes to take a lingering look at the lofty masses, they were far in the distance, and around us bloomed smiling orchards and woodland dwellings—the fruit-trees in all the luxuriance of their summer blossom. These in their turn were cast behind, to make way for others still more fairy-like and enchanting. Fanciful castles were nestled on the tops of the lofty banks in luxuriant clusters of nature's richest drapery, and cottages were standing on the very edge of the stream, from the flower-plots of which, we might almost have snatched, as we swept past, the opening rosebud. A hundred and fifty miles of this garden of nature did not satiate our busy eyes, and we required not the stimulus of imagination, to paint in brighter colours, the high tinted scenery,—our placid fancy knew nothing purer to wish, and nothing richer to long for!

At dinner we made a few comparative remarks on the flock of mortals around us. Each and all, at

the tingle of the bell, slipped into their places as if by machinery. We were seated opposite to a few females, and all our penetration could not discover, whether, in the European sense of the term, they were *ladies* or not. We had occasion to replenish their plates (there is no *change* of plates) many times during the short space allowed us to feed, and they wholly outdid us, both in quantity and expedition. What astonished us most, was the discordant mass that found a resting-place on their groaning plates. When the ladies retired to their own exclusive cabin, they left a curious conglomeration of unconsumed viands huddled together, and presenting to the eye a dismal uniformity, as if they wished to impress on the unconscious scraps the equality notions of the country. Fragments of mutilated fowls, scraggs of mutton, parings of cheese, salad leaves, buttered toast, preserves, mustard, &c., and a knife and fork reposing at right angles on the top—reminding us strongly of a venerable tombstone, in the churchyard of our native place, which covers the remains of an old warrior. On it are carved in rude array all the symbols of war,—shattered cannon, broken flag-staffs, banners, shields, &c., and over the whole is placed, crosswise, a representation of the deceased's sword and spear.

Nothing could exceed the unchecked despatch with which the male portion of the company performed their part. Their plates were very frequently replenished during the few minutes we sat at table, and I admired much the dexterity with which they,

time after time, cleared them of the accumulations that encumbered their movements. The bones and sinews of fowls which had gone to their account, the rind of pork, and the fat of departed beef, were with one fell swoop of the knife, in the direction of a drill-sergeant's sword performing the sixth cut, dashed unceremoniously upon the damask table-cloth; while the fork, in the other hand, was transporting a fresh supply from some convenient dish in its immediate vicinity.

## CHAPTER V.

“ Now, good Jack seaman, let us foot again  
 The solid ground, for sure a sea-tost brain  
 Must think unlike the denizens of earth,  
 And lose the common tones of grief and mirth ;  
 Ungentle as the gales that break the rest,  
 And storms that ruthless, beat the rugged breast ! ”

WE arrived at Albany about half-past five, and proceeded, as may be very aptly supposed, without the delay of a moment, to a place of refreshment. Let Sawney alone for looking after the creature comforts ; he is not the man to go wandering about, gazing at lions and other wonderful beasts of prey, when the demon of hunger is busy preying on his own vitals. In the present case, both our tempers and appetites were sharpened by a dispute which we had with the captain of the steamer—a thorough son of Yankeeism—for overcharging us for our luggage, but from whom we got not a cent’s worth of satisfaction. We had to pocket our dissatisfaction, however, seeing no alternative ; and having left him and his boat, proceeded, as aforesaid, to stow in a fresh supply of provisions. Several of our party afterwards adjourned to the

theatre, as the easiest and quickest way to have a peep at all classes of the population. But although we were now in the capital of the State, the style and general high tone of appearance of New York city was undiscoverable. We found, in short, that the inhabitants, as well as the town, were 180 miles farther north in the world of fashion, and the actors were, in appearance and talent, still nearer the Pole. We unexpectedly found, however, that Kemble and "Miss Fanny" were there; having left New York some days before us; they were but poorly supported. We do not remember the piece acted, but this we do know, that the hero of a most sentimental love-plot was a big-boned, Herculean fellow, much better fitted, from his burly appearance and stentorian articulation, to set forth the merits of Rob Roy or Dandy Dimont than the sighing gallant that he essayed to personate. But it is needless to say that the pleasure derived from witnessing the acting of the two stars, from our own native hemisphere, was of itself reward sufficient for our journey to the Albany theatre.

Next day we "perambulated" the city, as Dr Johnson would have expressed it, but found little to attract a stranger's attention. One large building, however, caught our eye, not from its architectural grandeur, but from the immense label which stretched along the whole front, and seemed to stare us out of countenance while still far distant. On approaching a little nearer—for we were able to decipher the characters at a considerable distance—we read, "TEMPERANCE HOUSE." Here you might enter

and tipple tea and coffee to your stomach's content; and devour the daily news, but not a single drop of the pure *crathur* or mountain dew is to be had, for love or money.

We now bade adieu to half our party, who were bound for Lower Canada, and who, therefore, struck straight north, by way of Lake Champlain. We felt keenly this separation, after undergoing all the perils of the ocean together, and now in the heart of a foreign land. Our poor friend Tom Phelim sobbed aloud, and the tears stood in his eyes, while he turned from us to follow the steps of his master. And who knows how, when, or where we may meet again, if ever, on the surface of this world of vicissitudes! Our life may pass smilingly on, and for this we trust in Providence, but it may be otherwise. Ere long the fair prospect, to us, may be choked with briers and thorns, the crystal stream may become impure, and the mists of misfortune unfold their lowering mantle and overshadow our happiness for ever! Such thoughts arose at parting, but young and speculative minds do not long suffer such brooding moodiness to have full dominion over them, so we "cleared up our looks" again, and betook ourselves to some concerns of life and enjoyment.

At five o'clock afternoon we stepped into one of the train of carriages that start from the city for the town of Schenactady—fifteen miles distant—where we proposed joining the Great Western Canal. We were whirled along by steam, and reached our destination at six o'clock, after going over one of the most bar-

ren spots I have seen in the west. Along the whole line of the railway, we passed over almost nothing but sand. The soil was partly covered with stunted pines, and in several places where the way was below the general level of the surface, branches from the neighbouring trees were pinned on the banks to prevent the sand sliding down and choking up the rails. We unfortunately had but a few moments to view the ancient city of Schenactady, having to get on board the canal packet as soon as we swallowed our evening meal.

The population is only about 5000. So verily, *city* seems but an empty sound, a straining after effect! but this is not uncommon with our American friends—and every thing is, with them, the best in the world—*par excellence!* One of them, with all the saturnine cast of countenance of this grave nation, remarked to me one day, that he guessed the bugs in the Old Country could not bite so tartation sharp as those over the Union. With a bow and smile, which contained the very spirit of polite acquiescence, I in this instance, ceded to brother Jonathan the palm of triumph.

This brings to mind an anecdote illustrative of the same foible. One day, some time since, an American, while seated in a New York stage, commenced sounding, in the ears of a *casny Scotchman*, the praises of the mode in which they divide and count the current coin of the States. “There can be no manner of doubt,” said he, “that our plan presents



a facility and correctness that you can never arrive at in the old country."

"May be sae! may be sae!" ejaculated Sawney, unwilling either to confess or deny the premises.

"It is so plain," rejoined Jonathan, "that I wonder you do not at once adopt the use of dollars and cents."

"Ou ay," said the other, "the dollar looks weel enough; but still it pits a body in mind o' a scrimpit croon; and the ither, a cent as ye ca't, nae doubt sounds weel, and looks croose wi' a spread aigle on ae side an' the coul o' liberty on the ither; but I jaelouse for a' that, there's muckle din and little woo, for the thing itsell is jimp the beuk o' a Brummagem bawbee."

Not to be daunted, however, his opponent immediately replied—"But, sir, you can easily see, I expect, that by the division of our dollar into a hundred cents, and in this manner, seeing so plainly the relative proportion of any intermediate sum, it renders our calculations very simple—quite different from the clumsy way you have of counting by pence, shillings, and sovereigns."

"Hoot, toot, freen," quoth Sawney, both amused and irritated by the depreciating observations of his travelling acquaintance, "ye should let that flee stick fast to the wa'. And ance for a', I'll just observe, that whate'er betide, I'll be haudin' by our ain auld customs at hame, for I hae neither the wush nor the wull to change our guid Scotch coins and caupers,

frae the fardin upwards—ilk ane displaying the son-sie head o' his Majesty, God bless him ! and Britannia hersell sitting at his back, streechin' oot a sprig o' peace in the ae hand to her freens, and a three-tae'd grape in the other, to jab her enemees, or pou-ter them into the sea. I hae nae wush to change them for ony o' yer nicknamed ha'pennies and licht-weight croons, and dollar bills, that are little better than libels on guid paper money. And as for yersells, my freen, wise ye'll be to coont the clink yer ain way, and keep a fast haud o' what ye've gotten, for it's ill takin' the breeks aff a Hielandman, but it wad be mair difficult still, for you to coont yer siller in sov'rins wha hae nae sov'rins to coont!" \*

To return to the ancient but diminutive city of Schenactady, it was, if tradition can be credited, the headquarters of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, which at one period could muster nearly a thousand warriors. The town, consisting of sixty-three houses and a church, was burned to the ground at the dead of night in 1690, by a band of the French and Indians from Canada. Many of the inhabitants were massacred or taken captive, others fled towards Albany, of whom many lost limbs, and numbers perished from cold.

Many a romantic and heart-rending tale is handed

\* It is curious that, since this incident took place, Jonathan has deemed it profitable in some measure to adopt our *sovereign* mode of reckoning ; for, from the enhanced value he has set on that sterling coin, many in this country have found it expedient to ship quantities to the States.

down from that horror-covered night; many a widow's tears fell over the ashes of her burned dwelling, where her husband and children had perished; and many a young and innocent female heart shrieked over the mangled and scalp-bereft body of her warrior lover. Well it is for the feelings of the present inhabitants that above a century of years has now, with its hoary influence, passed over, and smoothed down the remembrance of this tumultuous storm in the tide of human brutality and crime. We looked upon the city, not as it was, but as it now is in reality presented to us, a fine thriving busy place, where hundreds of happy families are daily eating the bread of industry, and where they repose at night without fear of the murderous war-whoop ringing in their ears, with nothing apparently to disturb them save the incursions of their fellow republicans, the sharp-biting bugs!

Bidding adieu to Schenactady, we went on board the canal packet about to start for the west. The evening was delightful, and we enjoyed the scenery, so altogether new to us, with a high relish. The boat shot along, slowly it is true, but with motion enough to render the evening air cool and refreshing. We were within sight of the stream of the Mohawk, which in some places crept along under the overhanging foliage like a silvery serpent enjoying the shade, and at others it was seen dashing over rocks, in the form of little cascades, which gave a pleasing variety to the landscape. Abundance of verdant plains and green haughs spread out on each side of

the river, as well as many sandy and unproductive spots. But the latter we were willing to let slip from memory, in summing up the catalogue of beauties scattered along our path; for we felt in a mood to be pleased with every thing and every body in our survey of the New World. As the god of day soon drew in his beams from the face of nature, and the river blackened into a huge dark chasm, we proceeded to take a peep inwardly,—not of ourselves, good reader,—but of our cabin accommodation. There was a goodly company on board, considering the size of our vessel—about thirty gentlemen, and half as many ladies. Four steps broad and twenty-one feet long was the capacity of the gentlemens' sleeping and dining cabin, and here, a score and a half of us had to be stowed away.

When we descended from deck between eight and nine o'clock, being the retiring hour, we found all the sleeping apparatus displayed in full form. On each side of the long narrow space were hung three tiers of canvas-bottomed frames, hardly broad enough to allow the occupant to stretch himself on his back, and three lengthwise, in all, affording accommodation for eighteen, and our surplus number had to betake themselves to the more humble couch afforded by the floor. Our berths were allotted to us by precedence as the names were placed in the way-bill. When each cognomen was sung out by the captain, the individual doffed boots, coat, and vest, and hoisted himself into his place; a process which afforded us a good fund for amusement, as those who were blessed with any thing

like rotundity of person felt considerable difficulty in getting fairly into the narrow recess, which afforded but a very threadbare portion of elbow room. I contrived with little difficulty to crawl into my lair, and although enjoying less room, I believe, than if I had been a mummy in one of the Pyramids, I passed a very unconscious and refreshing night. By peep of day I crept from my shelf with all the caution of a snail from its shell, for with undue haste my nose might have run foul of some obtruding stern quarters, or my toes saluted the gaping mouths of the prostrate snorers. I got safely on deck, however, and after performing the refreshing process of ablution, made use of my newly opened eyes to the greatest advantage in my power.

After passing many pretty and romantic villages on the banks of the river and canal, most of which apparently have sprung into existence since the opening of the latter, we were skimming along, about ten o'clock forenoon, towards the beautiful and picturesque scenery around Little Falls.

These are rather rapids than falls (as the guide-book expresses it); on each side the beautiful wooded mountains rise very high, leaving only a narrow space for the river, canal, and road to pass through. For about two miles the canal is formed by throwing up a wall in the river, from twenty to thirty feet high, then excavating into the mountain and filling up the bed to the level required. This, it need hardly be said, must have been no child's play, as the mere expense of gunpowder alone to blast the rock, would make brother

Jonathan use his calculating powers to some purpose, and put him besides to most *dollar-ous* charges. A beautiful marble aqueduct crosses the river here, leading into a basin where boats deliver and receive their loading. The aqueduct is formed by an elliptical arch of seventy feet span, embracing the whole breadth of the stream, except in time of freshets, and one on each side of fifty feet. It is elevated about twenty-five feet above the surface of the stream, which is here precipitated over rocks for a considerable distance, in the form of dashing and foaming rapids.

There are a number of beautiful and fanciful buildings and dwellings in the village, which have a sure and solid foundation, being planted on the various shelves and elevations of the rock to the north of the stream; altogether, the village and scenery around is one of the most romantic and lovely of all the ten thousand glens, hamlets, and waterfalls which we visited during our sojourn in the west. It seemed, in the passing sunny glimpse which we got of it, the perfect Eden of a poet's heaven. We were luckily afforded a good opportunity of enjoying this feast of fancy, for the packet having to ascend six different locks in the canal, we had leisure to wander for miles through the most imposing scenery in all the wild and luxurious garb of unshorn Nature. Every striking feature of landscape was brought in a few seconds within the range of the eye, from the brawling water roaring over the rocky depths of the dark ravine below, to the sun-bright foliage which crowns the mountains above. It is impossible that any one could

long remain insensible to the charm, which seems to pervade this masterpiece of Nature's unstudied composition.

There is a strong analogy between the vicissitudes of a sea voyage and the mimic one performed on the canal. In the first, we have all the pleasing and awful varieties of aspects assumed by sea, air, and sky; in the last, these are presented to us by the ever-changing beauties of the landscape. We are at first drawn along in all the monotony of the sea voyage, when there is hardly wind to fill the canvas—no excitement—no enjoyment—and no real repose. Then, as a parallel to the smart breeze of the sea, we get amongst scenery of an ordinary but pleasing description, and pass the time in equality of spirits. Then, for the gloomy and threatening lull before the midnight sea storm, we have the dark frowning monarchs of the wood bending their gigantic arms over our heads, and shading us from the light of day, and anon we hear the harsh dash of the angry waterfall, which echoes and re-echoes from hill and dale; lastly, as a substitute for the dawning of a smiling morn, ere our ears are well accustomed to the swelling din, we are again shooting along into the light of a glorious and inspiring assemblage of Nature's most pleasing attributes. The same mystic influence which makes our hearts beat quicker and quicker while bounding over the swellings of the ocean, comes over us, and we find our enjoyment is often as active, though we are only beholding the passive and reposing beauties of nature.

Soon after passing Little Falls, we fell into a state

of moving mediocrity. We were drawn slowly along, while the view was completely bounded on each side by the forest, and nothing behind or before but the lazy length of the watery highway, which, from the long perspective, terminated in a mere point at each end. Above our heads we had a similar view of the blue sky, which, in its turn, was reflected below our feet, giving us at times an idea, as we gazed down, that we were gliding along a diametrical division of the globe; for the heavens below appeared as fair and bright as the zenith from which they were reflected.

After passing several places with high-sounding names, we arrived at the city of Utica; and although it is well enough as an American city of third, or perhaps fourth-rate importance, on visiting places with such names, we seldom failed to entertain an idea that we had before us a quizzical representation of the classical, historical, and important cities of the Old World; for, alas! in nine out of ten instances, they were but sorry substitutes for the venerable originals. As an instance of the mistakes which are made by travellers drawing their impressions of the character of places from the names they have received:—I parted with one of my travelling friends at Schenactady, he to follow in another boat. I agreed to wait for him at *London*, unconsciously deeming that such a town would be a pretty prominent landmark, on the banks of a canal at least; but I found, on enquiry, that were I resolved to step on shore at this doughty nameson of our British metropolis, it ~~was~~ more than likely I would not get a bed! I



therefore resolved to pass on, and enjoy the hospitalities of the more commodious city of Utica.

I took up my quarters for the night in the coffee-house, the door of which, luckily for the transportation of my luggage, was within a few steps of the canal. Here I would observe, for the edification of all worthy sons of restlessness, that it is a sore and crying evil passing over the surface of the earth in the company of ponderous trunks and stuffed carpet bags; I conceived, at times, that even the burden of a *better half* would have appeared, in comparison, but a light affliction, had I been able to make the exchange!

After securing a bed, I set out on a voyage of discovery through the city. The business parts seemed humming with life and activity; and there are several private streets, possessing small plots in front, decked with various shrubs and flowers, growing luxuriantly. There are nine churches, and only 10,000 inhabitants; so there appears to be no want of the means of grace, however they may be made use of. But perhaps the less we say about this matter the better.

While walking along one of the finest streets of the city, I met rather an unusual character taking the air on the pavement—a majestic elephant, which the keeper was leading along, while a young cub was playfully trotting at its side, like an early lamb, following its mother; with the slight difference, that in this case the pet happened to be about the size of a couple of well-fed oxen.

On returning to the coffeehouse, we found an explanation of the appearance of the ponderous strangers, on perusing the contents of a huge bill in the bar-room, which being too long to stretch its length between the ceiling and the floor, had been separated in the middle, and the pieces placed side by side. It embodied an excellent specimen of Yankee puffing. Portraits of every ill-shaped brute which the caravan contained were displayed, with descriptions below each of the most wonder-working sort. There were to be seen lions that had swallowed whole bullocks, and monkeys twice as big as the human form divine; royal Bengal tigers, and pelicans of the wilderness, that were represented feeding their young with their own heart's blood. In the eyes of many a juvenile observer, the very bill, which hung in all its palpable length before them, afforded good proof of the truth of what was stated, for it was impossible, they thought, that there were not such animals to be seen, when their very portraits were grinning in fearful liveliness from the paper before them; and even seemed to be bellowing forth a confirmation of what was written below. No nation in the world understands the science of puffing more profoundly than the American, or practises it to more advantage or perfection. On taking up a newspaper, your eyes may be attracted by such a line as the following:—"It was once remarked by an eminent astronomer, after he had watched the transit of Venus across the sun's disc, that," &c. &c.; and when you have finished the paragraph, you discover that you have only read over

a hatter's advertisement, so nicely interwoven had been the scientific remarks, with his "eye to the main chance."

We one day observed, standing at a door in New York, a pair of tailors' scissors, with their large un-speculative eyes, and wide-stretched legs, and withal half as big again as any ninth fraction of a man. What else were they, we would ask, but a solid, substantial, but at the same time bombastical emblem of puffing. Boots, too, we saw, that would have extinguished the august form of King Crispin himself!

What is still more to be admired, perhaps, in noticing the American character, as connected with trade, is the good-natured, and at the same time uncompromising and unequivocal language in which some good folks in business give their backward customers to understand, that payment of their accounts will be acceptable. It is quite a relief to read a paragraph like the following, containing so much republican plainness and simplicity, after being accustomed to the sly, timorous, and round-about method, in which many, on this side the Atlantic, tell us they are lacking the needful, and would be obliged by a settlement. "Persons indebted to the Tuscaloosa Book Store are respectfully solicited to pay their last year's accounts forthwith. It is no use to honey the matter; payments must be made at least once a-year, or I shall run down at the heel. Every body says, how well that man Woodruff is getting on in the world; when the fact is, I have not, positively, *spare change* enough to buy myself a shirt or a pair of breeches. My wife

is now actually engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out, and in trying to make a new shirt out of two old ones. She declares that in Virginia, where she was raised, they never do such things, and that it is, moreover, a downright vulgar piece of business altogether. Come, come, *pay up, pay up, friends*. Keep peace in the family, and enable me to wear my clothes right side out. You can hardly imagine how much it will oblige, dear sirs, the public's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant."

It was now the 15th May. For some time past the weather had become so warm that I put on my lightest summer dress, in order to be quite unencumbered while rambling through the woods. The slow rate of the boat allowed the passengers to make detours into the adjoining forest or villages on the banks, for the several important purposes, amongst others, of shooting squirrels, drinking grog, and buying tobacco; for it is as rare a sight to see Jonathan without his tobacco-box as Sawney of the old school without his *mull*.

On getting down in the morning from the third story of the coffeehouse, in order to have a stroll over the town before breakfast, I was truly thankful to pull in my nose again from the weather without, for verily there was a sad alteration from the fine weather of the previous day. A change had come over the spirit of summer, and it seemed to have expired on the very bosom of winter. There had been a great fall of snow during the night, and now the cutting east wind moaned and whistled through every chink

of the hotel, and the ground outside was covered with a coating of ice, sludge, and snow. From the eaves of the houses all along the streets hung hundreds of winter's dripping locks in the shape of glittering icicles, that were ever and anon dropping from their precarious hold, as the sun continued to melt away their inverted roots. But the best picture of winter displayed was to be seen in the bar-room. A large stove was lighted up in the centre of this temple of brandy and tobacco, in order to scare away the approaches of John Frost. Round the glowing iron were clustered about a dozen of human icicles, buttoned to the chin and over the chin; each of them had one foot raised and in contact with the bars which sent out a genial warmth. They seemed to a fanciful eye like so many coffeepots, with the spouts all pointing to a common centre; for, on a side view of any one of the frost-nipped group, all that could be distinctly visible was a hat at the top, a little down a blue prominence, supposed to be a nose, then the crest of a cigar, lastly, the gaunt sweep of a dust-brown great-coat, that, interrupted only by the projected limb, terminated at the floor, the hands met behind and supported an umbrella, which pointed to the roof at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ , and might personate a handle in completing the simile.

While standing apart, enjoying this freezing sight, for the natives seemed to be more benumbed with their climate's rude change than I was, to my surprise my friend stepped in. We were now nearly eighty miles from the spot at which we last parted,

so how he had found me out suggested my first interrogatory, and his answer made me inwardly thankful in the possession of a flaming waymark, in the shape of a red head. I had gone out a few minutes before, and passed over the canal bridge and back again. One of his fellow passengers in the boat with which he had arrived, while they were seated at breakfast, observed to him in the drawling, deliberate Yankee way, "I saw your friend this morning, mister."—"My friend! how did you know him?" he replied. "Why, I guess I saw a gentleman on the bridge with hair mighty like the colour of a carrot!"

His information proved correct, and my poll's peculiar hue served me in this a better turn than it has ever done before or since. Whether there be any of a similar die over the Union I do not know, for I never saw any; but it appeared plain that this prying son of freedom had travelled fourscore miles, and still retained a glowing recollection of the one in question. I lost no time in shifting myself, &c. on board my friend's boat, which was bound for the extremity of the canal at Buffalo, and therefore quite to our purpose. It was a vessel of the second-rate class, which moves at the snail-pace of two and a half miles per hour.

The sky was soon again unclouded, the wind died away, and summer rested supreme on her luxuriant throne. During the short usurpation, however, she was shorn of some of her fairest ornaments. The appearance of the orchards had undergone a fatal change. Below the trees, which they the morning

before so gracefully covered, the leaves and blossoms now strewed the ground blighted and withered, and the proprietors had good reason to fear that their generous cyder-cup would not be, during the coming season, so bountifully replenished as they had anticipated.

The company in my new cabin consisted of four New Englanders, one with a wife and four children, the eldest a good-looking young lady of sixteen—two or three other females, and an old sea captain from Boston. The latter, while a boy, had been at Leith, and spoke with raptures of the pretty girls which he saw there, and still vividly recollected. He was on his way westward on a shooting excursion, or had gone a gunning, as he expressed it. He had along with him a couple of long single-barrelled, brass-mounted fowling-pieces, and an old fashioned powderhorn slung over his shoulders, with ribbons and tassels.

He found good amusement shooting the nimble squirrels that were gliding between the branches of the trees, and during our whole canal journey of 400 miles, almost no other game crossed our path, save now and then a solitary pigeon. One morning after breakfast our sportsman came down to the cabin, snatched up a gun and hastened on deck again. Conceiving something extraordinary, we hastened after, but in time to be too late, to see the cause of his haste. He informed us it was a crow, but most unfortunately it had got clear away, and did not even afford him the satisfaction of giving it a fright. I expressed my surprise that a crow should occasion

him so much anxiety. "A crow!" he exclaimed; "don't you shoot crows in the old country?"

I replied, that I believed many of our sportsmen passed their lives without thinking it worth while to level their pieces for once at a crow, although there were always plenty over the whole country; but that with us it was considered mere boy's sport.

This intelligence seemed to throw open the flood-gates of his wonder, he actually gaped with both mouth and eyes for a few seconds, and ended with remarking that "Scotland must be a mighty good gunning country, and no mistake!"

The children in the New England States—we were told by the mother of our youthful fellow-travellers—never wear caps; and we had an illustration of this truth, for her young squaller was as uncovered as a barber's block minus the wig. It is said that keeping their young heads cool is the best preventive to colds. This seems to have an appearance of truth. We suspect, however, that either extreme is bad, and that the safest course to follow is by endeavouring to avoid both a superfluous quantity of covering and an undue degree of exposure. This question, however, we can safely leave in the hands of those whose peculiar care it is to watch over the tender budding years of infancy.

Syracuse was the next place of importance that we passed. Its flourishing state is principally owing to the immense quantity of salt produced in the vicinity, the whole body of the soil being impregnated with it. The salt is manufactured by solar evaporation—the



water being brought in log pipes from the village of Salina, and emptied into vats, open to the influence of the sun ; these occupy a superficies of nearly 300 acres.

Salina, Geddes, Montezuma, Ithaca, Clyde, Palmyra, Pitsford, &c., passed in review before us, as we crept along ; and we arrived, on a beautiful Sunday morning, at the west country metropolis—Rochester. The site of this flourishing city of 12,000 souls was in 1812 a field of stumps ! Now it is as matter-of-fact a town as the Union contains, with a full compliment of churches, markets, inns, mills, banks, and bustling mortals. After passing Lock Port, which displays a piece of very tough work, viz., five double canal locks in one chain, cut out of a solid rock, and a long list of big-named villages, we at last reached the extremity of the canal, at Buffalo. This is a beautiful flourishing city, at the outlet of Lake Erie, possessing the double advantage of a lake and canal navigation. It is now fast gaining on, and it is supposed will soon rival, many of the Atlantic cities. Thirty steamers and one hundred and sixty-five sailing vessels are at present carrying on trade between the various ports on the banks of Lake Erie. After walking up and down the streets of the city, and seeing little more than we had seen in twenty others of its brethern, we embarked in the Daniel Webster steamer for Detroit, situated at the western extremity of the lake. Dan started at nine o'clock A.M. Thursday, and arrived at ten P.M. Friday. Our rate was therefore pretty considerable, the length of

the lake being three hundred and fifty miles ; and considering the numerous calls we made at the various towns on the banks, the length of our tract must have been a great deal more.

At Detroit, rivalry among the hotels seems to be carried to the full extent. At the steamer's arrival, there were people from every one of them upon the quay, proffering their assistance in conveying ourselves and baggage to the "best and most commodious" house in town. Before we had well time to enjoy a moment's footing on solid earth, we were hustled along the wharf, and seated high and dry in a Yankee coach ; a huge rumble-tumble piece of locomotive architecture. It was the first we had been in, and verily we heeded not should it have proved the last. However, although we ran some danger of being seasick, or something like it, the machine did its duty, and we were safely set down under the piazza of the Mansion-house.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ Oh ! ye ambrosial moments.”

AT Detroit, we first experienced the lively horror of bugs holding their midnight revels over our devoted bodies. My friend, who lay in bed at the opposite end of the room, underwent the unenviable feeling of hundreds of *bona fide* mouths feeding on his inoffensive skin. From time to time he gave vent to a long low despairing groan—tried two or three kicks and tumbles, and again submitted to the fangs of the busy blood-suckers.

I fared somewhat better, their incisors refused, or were unable to penetrate my mortal covering. But, like the majority of their brother natives the Americans, they seemed for ever on their travels, for all night long I felt the infernal feet of the midnight prowlers, running and scampering over my whole body and limbs, with no object in view, seemingly, but just to execute effectually the delightful office of rendering their victim as uncomfortable as possible; and if their actions are to be judged of by human reason, they certainly did so to their heart's content. Equally vain it was, to kick, or roar, or tumble, or be still; under every attitude or circumstance, my tor-

mentors exercised the virtue of industry and perseverance. Sleeping or waking I found no rest—waking, I had the reality to cope with, and asleep, imagination lent her many-coloured aid to heighten the effects, or change my bed to a palpable purgatory. I fancied at one time, indeed, that I was a grass-covered hill, on which a thousand sheep were feeding, and a hundred thousand lambs performing their silly gambols, and from which burden I was wholly unable to relieve my belaboured breast.

From Detroit we made a detour across the river to the Canada side, to inquire about our home letters, and spy out the land; for there were some Indian reserves of fine soil reported to be for sale. We got over in a small steamer, and walked along the banks to the village of Sandwich. By referring to the map, this part of the province, it will be observed, is a peninsula; and what we saw of it gave us the idea that it was one of the healthiest and finest situations in Canada. The bank is from 20 to 40 feet above the river, and as the American side is rather flat and low, we commanded an extensive view of Detroit and the surrounding country; and there are few scenes that I have looked upon with greater delight. The ground we passed over was clear for a long way back, and covered principally with green old pasture and orchard enclosures. The settlers appear to be generally French, and the most striking matter of remark that came in our way was the contrast, in appearance, pursuits, and almost every thing, between them and their neighbours on the other side of the Detroit

river. Though it is only a few hundred yards across, and a constant communication exists, there is as little assimilation or amalgamation of the manners and customs of the people, as one might expect to find between the good folks of Baffin's Bay and the Isle of France.

At Detroit—a village which was nearly wholly burned down in 1806, but now musters several thousand inhabitants—we have Jonathan in all the busy bustle of his dollar-making activity, striding along streets stuffed with stores and warerooms that were hardly in existence the week before, and elbowing every one out of his way as he darts forward with his keen-set phiz several inches in advance of his body, like the cut-water of a New York pilot boat; while it is evident his brain has on board, a load of projects, which might swamp the whole tabernacle of an ordinary mortal! Step into the ferry steamer, and before you have time to count out the needful coppers, or in less space of time than is sometimes required to shift the scenery of a theatre, you are landed amongst a race of men, the very antipodes of those you have left. Some of their houses put one in mind of a pair of stockings mended till not a thread of the original fabric remains. There is nothing of that wonderful progressing that we observed every where in Jonathan's country. First the little shanty of the Irish pigsty-cut which formed the lodgment to the settler on his first entry to the bush; then the log-hut a little in advance of the former, rejoicing in the possession of both door and chimney; and, lastly, the

more aristocratic looking frame-house, that hath started up right in the teeth of its humble and venerable forerunners, and stands ogling the sun through its green blinds and cool piazza.\* The case is very different with Monsieur Frog! On the front of every tenement which calls him master, with truth and verity might be written "*In statu quo.*" There seems to be no "going a-head" with him—"Progressing" is not a term in his vocabulary, and "Right slick away" would startle him from his equanimity, or at least sound as High Dutch to his unaccustomed

\* The following extract of a letter, dated New York, July 28, 1836, is amusing as well as gratifying, from its businesslike brevity, and the comprehensive description it gives of American prosperity and activity :—" I will not attempt at this time to give you a description of city or county, men or manners in America, as business is pressing ; yet, when I have leisure will do so, provided it would afford you any amusement ; suffice it to say the people are happy—plenty of work—good wages—a pushing people—never idle—drink standing—don't sit after meals at table—rise early—great politicians—not fond of fighting—great in talk—fond of speculation—drawing plans of a city, or village, in a location that appears suitable—where perhaps there may not be above seven houses on the site of said town or village, laying it out in lots of forty feet front and 200 deep—sell the lots by public auction—albeit, it is passing strange how soon a place of that description gets up. I have been here not yet four years, and towns and villages not a few have had a beginning—started into existence—covering the wilds with fairy dwellings—turning the waste places into fruitful orchards, and changing the solitude of the forest into the bustle and din of a commercial people who delight in activity, neatness, comfort, and gain ; for as the town increaseth the lots rise incredibly in value."

ears. We saw several jolly toppers dozing away the forenoon, sitting on a low dyke with their arms warped together in front. The upper half of their inert bodies was enveloped in a dreamy halo, diffused around from dirt-glazed tobacco-pipes that dangled head downwards from their mouths, which, to emit the rolling fumes, ever and anon opened and shut like the last yawn of a dying bull-frog. At times, too, when the *fire-engines* were for a few seconds removed, their lips fell into an attitude that one might suppose would have been productive of a merry whistle. This, however, would have required too much exertion, the sound was the mere shadow of a shade, or, when it chanced to gather strength enough to reach the listening ear, alas ! it could claim no kin to the genuine ploughboy music of the lips ; but, being interpreted, would have signified,

“ A life from care and business free,  
Is, of all lives, the life for me.”

And every grade of animal existence that vegetated around these lumpish lords of the creation, was pitched on the same careless contented key note ; for the very dogs, cats, pigs, and poultry, seemed to emulate the sedate cast of their owners, and passed away the time in listlessness or repose.

We tried to speculate on these phenomena, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion. The only data we had to go by was the difference in the elevation and position of the two villages, and we were led to suppose that while our drowsy friends were exalted

in body above their neighbours, they had perhaps got to a climate which, in an equal measure, condensed or frost-bit their animal activity!

While here, we had an instance of the *nonchalance* and bargain-making propensities that old and young indulge in. Intending to go to Amherstburg to the post-office, we enquired of a little urchin about nine years old, that we met driving cows along the village street, if he thought we could obtain a waggon to convey us? "I think not, but I have a mare for sale, and I will trade with you," he answered, with a mixture of readiness and indifference. Amused with the little trader, we desired him to bring her out and we would look at her. "As to that," he replied, "I seldom trouble myself about these matters, but if you will step over the way uncle George will show you the animal;" and cracking his whip at the cows to quicken their pace, he passed on, leaving us to apply to uncle George should we have thought fit.

After having a pleasant excursion over this fertile and lovely spot, we returned to the ferry station, to pass across again on the arrival of the boat; and having nothing better to employ ourselves with, ordered dinner in a small tavern on the water's edge. The preparations were simple, and it was soon announced. I am sorry, however, that the circumstance which keeps this entertainment floating in my memory, is the "bad eminence" which it holds over the many dinners I partook of in the west. The principal dish was pork, of course; but sooth to say it was easier named than devoured, on account of its tenacious



texture. For this quality it holds a high place in the annals of my pork-eating experience. It is second only to an entertainment I attended shortly before leaving home—having got an invitation from a kind friend to taste part of a porker weighing 30 stones. On trial, however, we found that grumpy's bacon was more adapted for show, than for the satisfaction of hunger; and unless as a preparative to such of my American dinners as the one alluded to, our attempts at mastication proved but a profitless exertion of the chops.

For reasons that may remain untold, seeing that they were of no consequence to any saving ourselves, we were under the necessity of shipping again for Buffalo, on our way to the capital of Upper Canada, Toronto. The "Michigan" steamer soon whirled us along the lake, and on the second day we again footed *terra firma*; but we had that pleasure only for a few minutes, as the good steam-ship Victory was about to start down the river Niagara to the Falls, a distance of eighteen miles. We forthwith stepped on board of her, and two hours more found us standing where many an early dream had centered—on the far-famed Table rock, overlooking the glorious and tenfold glorious Falls. And now, good reader, I verily believe thou art envious of my position. Oh! for the pen of a poet, that my fingers might trace in characters of light a suitable description of that which is so fitly adapted for the satisfaction of imagination and wonder. But I call in vain, and may drop my humble goose-quill in hopeless despair!

Of all the glowing accounts that have been written, none approaches the magnificence due to a description of this mighty scene. To do justice, however, to my travelling brethren, I would observe that it is not so much the failure of their descriptions as—after having visited the grand original—the feeling possessing one, that adequate description is impossible.

On gazing over the vast expanse of this falling sea, all is so mighty, unruffled, unobstructed, simple, and profound, that we at once feel that there is nothing which description, as it were, can take hold of. No glittering show, no varied hues, no soft murmuring flow. The noise of the water is louder than the loudest thunder, or the roar of the Atlantic in its fiercest moods; but, at the same time, so deep and unbroken that conversation may be carried on unchecked within a few yards of the rolling mass.

Wherein then, it may be asked, lies its acknowledged sublimity? Is it in the rocks and precipices over which an immense sea of foam is dashing from shelf to shelf till it is lost in some dark ravine? No! these are features which it does not in any degree possess; there is nothing to be seen but a vast body of smooth water pouring over the abrupt edge of a perpendicular rock in one unbroken mass; there is no by-play here — no straining after effect—neither is there any splendid scenery to attract the curious eye of the wonder-hunter. Trees clothe the banks, but they sink away in insignificance before the living waters; and as the diamond is set in metal of the least gaudy hue, so, we really believe the true sublimity

of the Falls would be heightened were the soil around shorn of the leafy fringe which decks the verge of the stream; for in that case nothing would be left to attract the slightest part of our attention from the simple, but sublime spectacle before us. It is quite enough of itself to fill the mind with all the awe and admiration which such objects are capable of inspiring.

There is now brought to my recollection, from its connexion with our subject, a tale which I will endeavour to relate as briefly as possible. It is but a simple and unobtrusive narrative. I can appreciate fictitious love stories and romantic heart-breakings to their full extent, and can sigh for a few minutes and drop a soothing tear in sympathy for this or for that unfortunate heroine. But I have seen more and heard more of real life to subdue the stern soul, and send a gleam of melting sorrow through man's obdurate spirit, than there is in all the accumulated romance and genius-woven fiction of the last six centuries. Can the passionate ravings of a proud born dame of which some aspiring novelist may prose, fan the high feelings of our soul to a flame of more generous indignation for her wrongs, or excite the soft meltings of pity to flow in a purer stream, than is called forth by the low sigh of the heart-broken damsel who dreams not of the trappings of wealth, or the studied attitudes that set off high-bred but mechanical passion?

“No, Clara! I dare not now be happy,” said she, half musing, and half addressing the slender and smooth-coated lap-dog that stood on the mossy bank.

by her side—her fair hand forming a striking, and not unpleasing contrast with the two sparkling and fond eyes of her favourite, on whose brow she gently laid it.—“No!” said she a second time, endeavouring to restrain its sportive caressings, and the tear, which had been for some minutes starting to existence beneath her languid eye-lash, now gently quivered a moment, and then dropped on the ear of the quadruped; and as it lay, round as an orient pearl, and rivalling in brightness the diamond on the finger near which it chanced to fall, she wistfully gazed upon the ring, and her thoughts, as they wandered in the fairy scenes of parted bliss, gave existence to a gentle sigh!

My fair friends! one and all! I crave your kind indulgence while I descend from the pent-up state, in which my feelings must necessarily remain, were I to proceed farther in this Werter-toned style; and I might fall through and spoil a simple and affecting story, from an overstrained endeavour to render it doubly so—I will, therefore, desist. One cannot always find himself in the humour to relate love-stories in the last degree of pathos. Even that short fragment I have given (if you will allow me credit for my words), required a considerable effort of the mind.

Some are apt to suppose that poets and story-tellers are a species of amphibious creatures. The otter, when tired of the land, betakes itself to the water, so tale-tellers, it is thought, can, in the waving of a pen, leap from “grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

Let me disabuse your minds of such erroneous sup-

positions. Knights of the quill are unable to do all that is thus required of them. Like mariners when they change their tack—they must also shift their canvas, haul round the yards, port the helm, and in short put every thing in a fit trim, to move successfully on their new course.

You, my fair readers, whose minds possess that quick penetration and discernment often denied us of the coarser sex, may already conceive, from the very imperfect scene I have given in the pure and simple life of Alice—that the stream of existence with her, though untarnished, had nevertheless encountered shoals and rocks, whereon the fragile bark of life might ultimately be dashed, and disappear for ever! Yes, she, ere the silver thread of life was loosed, saw, as it were, the finger of stern and inscrutable fate pointed towards her heart, in an attitude which might have thrilled and withered it to the core; and endured, ere eighteen summers had passed over her, trials that well might have made older and more robust frames languish with bodily and mental agony.

Her father, along with several Scottish families, emigrated to Canada some time after the beginning of the present century, and settled in a beautiful valley on the island of Montreal, which is encircled by the crystal waters of the majestic St Lawrence. Here they formed a simple and happy society, bestowing and receiving in amicable neighbourhood, assistances from each other, that are always of importance, but to the Transatlantic sojourner wholly indispensable. They raised their small flocks,

sowed and reaped their corn together ; and when the rustic and primitive waggon made its fortnightly journey to the metropolis, it contained the dairy produce and fruits raised by the whole circle of Scottish emigrants.

In the course of a few years, by industry and the liberal prices given for fruits, flowers, and garden supplies of every kind, the exiled families were enabled again to obtain many of the comforts and even luxuries of the old country ; for on leaving home they had to descend several steps from the rank they held, ere the finger of necessity warned them to flee at once from starvation and their native land.

Alice was her father's only child, and such a one ! Description would fail ; but know, that she was a genuine blue-eyed daughter of her father-land, graceful, fair, joyous, but delicately sensitive ; and the refined education she had received, ere crossing the world of waters, seemed, in her now peaceful home, to be expanding into precious and substantial fruit. What though she now, amongst other simple maidens, daily applied herself to the task of tending her father's cows, and with her fair fingers prepared her own and her parent's frugal meal ? Her mind was untainted, her temper unsoured by adversity, and her heart wholly unsophisticated with the blandishments of the fashionable world. In short, if happiness ever visits creatures of mortal mould, Alice was happy !

Besides her father, there was another that we will not say *shared* her affection, but who also found a place in her high beating heart. Edward was the

son of her father's friend, who had rejoiced with him in his prosperity, and afterwards braved the Atlantic, and now found with him in the west a peaceful dwelling-place. Edward and Alice had been brought up together—felt the same puny joys and sorrows of childhood; and when her mother had been gathered to her ancestors, young and happy, she understood not the loss, for she found a loving mother in the parent of her little playmate. No wonder then, that, breathing the same air, sharing gifts and caresses from the same tender parents and instructors, they grew up together in friendship and in love. It was not, however, till they were crossing and braving the billows of the ocean, that they became fully aware how dear they were to each other.

I doubt, my fair friends, if you can appreciate fully from description, the terrors which they had necessarily to pass through, during their watery journey to the west. Often at night, when the moon silvered the heaving and crested billows, that came rolling on and on in endless rage, driven by the fierce breath of the sea gale, the two young aliens would cling to each other, while they gazed wistfully on the vast and stirring scene. They felt no fear nor childish dread, but a sacred and indefinable awe sprung up in their minds, and, drowning all petty bodings and misgivings, vividly impressed on their awakened and expanding faculties, that the hand that made them was indeed divine! It was in such moments as these, that their lips drew near, and whispered promises of eternal constancy—and vows at once holy and pure; conceiving, in their

innocent enthusiasm, that all created Nature—the stars above—and the very winds and waves around, were living witnesses to their passionate breathings!

Their parents, in their happy retreat, smiled on their innocent loves; and in order to be finally joined together in the holy bonds of conjugal bliss, they waited the return of Edward from the far west of Canada. He had gone in search of a relation, who had left his home some years before our little colony, and who, as far as report went, had gone to one of the western districts, and become unfortunate.

Edward took a tender parting with his friends, and slipping a beautiful diamond ring, given him by his mother, on one of Alice's fingers, whose hand quivered with emotion as he pressed it to his lips—whispered, if aught should detain him after the fall of the year, he would find some means of relieving her anxiety. He silently waved an adieu, and started into the forest, at the nearest point to the circle that had been formed by the clustering of his affectionate friends around him.

He wended his way along the stream that meandered through the valley; and on reaching the banks of the river, procured a canoe, and went over to the mainland—and travelled on, till the last tinge of the setting sun was but faintly distinguished on the topmost twigs of the lofty pines that clothed the soil around. His anxiety was now to protect himself against the approach of any of those animals of the wood, which often, at this period, were apt to prove no trifling enemies to man. His muscular activity furnished him



with a ready resource, and with little difficulty, he snugly nestled himself in the interwoven branches of a sugar maple.

It would avail nothing to trace all his onward journey. He soon reached the western part of Upper Canada, searching and enquiring after his lost relation. At one time he might have been seen, in a canoe, darting down one of the small rivers that discharge their tributes into the bosom of the different lakes; and at another time, sojourning among the wigwams of the Indian tribes, who exercised hospitality and benevolence that would have done honour to the name of Christian. He was often fed and nursed by them, when the influence of the noonday heat had weakened his frame, enervated by wanderings through a forest, that the gentle and refreshing breezes from the blue waters of the ocean never reach; and over a soil, on which the genial rays of the sun, since first he beamed over this vast sea of foliage, has never once been able to rest.\*

During his stay amongst the original possessors of the American woods, he was the means of repaying, under Providence, the kindness shown to him, by extricating a young Indian from sure destruction. A venerable warrior, in whose wigwam he had been fed, and in the bed of whose only son he had (who was

\* This is strictly true. Ere the snow in the spring-time is melted away, the trees set out their thick mantle of foliage; and in autumn, the fallen leaves form, over the soil, an impenetrable veil against the rays of the sun.

absent down the river on a fishing excursion) reposed, had allowed him to take the use of his canoe to float to the mouth of the Thames, where it pours its waters into Lake Sinclair; for he still wandered with the expectation of finding his lost relation. He left the hospitable chief at daybreak, before the sun had chased away the fog which settles nightly over the landscape, in order that he might rest during the meridian heat. The chief presented him with a club—recommended him to the care of the Great Spirit—and pushed off the light vessel from the bank, within a few yards of which stood his primitive hut, sheltered by the branches of a spreading oak. He watched its course with the calm and impenetrable gaze of his race, and when it was lost to view, in the vista of morning vapour, slowly retraced his steps to the solitary cabin, enjoying the fumes of his tobacco-pipe.

Edward resigned himself to the guidance of the stream, and his thoughts wandered back to the happy vale wherein his dearest affections were centered. The sun soon began to assume his influence upon the landscape, and penetrated the vapoury veil that hung thickest over the stream. The night-birds were already gone to their repose in the hollow trunks, and the bull-frog sunk in his slimy bed from the scorching influence of the god of day.

The canoe had just shot past a curling eddy, formed by an abrupt turn of the stream, when its musing occupant was awakened to the external world, from his dreamy mood, by a stifled and heavy sound proceeding from the forest on his left. He immediately

dipt his paddle in the water, and stayed for a moment the movement of the canoe ; and while he anxiously listened, the sound was repeated quick and short, betokening to his ear a signal of distress. Hesitating no longer, he made for the bank, drew the bark ashore, grasped the war-club, and bounded beneath the overhanging trees. His steps were attracted by the continued sounds, and but a few minutes elapsed before he had fully discovered the cause of alarm. A huge black bear, with something in its grasp, was rolling on the ground at some distance before him. As he approached, the monster turned its head, and sent forth a yell that caused the woods to echo and vibrate for miles around, while its eyes glared in fury, and its extended jaws displayed the horrible fangs with which they were fenced. As it seemed reluctant to quit that which it held in close embrace, he was able to approach it slowly and cautiously till within a few yards, and then making a final spring forward, with one stroke of the weapon laid it prostrate at his feet. With a low moan it tumbled over, relaxed its grasp, and to his astonishment, a young Indian started from its shaggy bosom, slaked a portion of clotted blood from his brow and eyes, and when his sight was freed from the grim covering, came forward, and pressed the hand of his deliverer to his forehead.

Then it was, that Edward thanked Providence for making him the means of snatching from death a fellow-being, and at the same time repaying his debt of gratitude to his benefactor. It was the only son of

the venerable chief who stood before him with his tawny but handsome countenance beaming with thankfulness, while the big tears of gratitude were swelling in the recesses of his dark sparkling eye, which, stronger than the loftiest words, spoke in eloquent silence to the heart !

The boy, now completely recovered, passed his hand again across his brow, sweeping away at once the oozing blood and the tear-drops that began to overflow their cells. He then turned towards his prostrate enemy, and stooping down, wrenched from its gory shoulder several arrows that had been nearly buried in its flesh. He held up their dripping points in triumph, as if to prove that his arm had not been idle, and at the same time explain to his deliverer why he had been found in such a dangerous position.

Edward made known to him his intention of proceeding down to the mouth of the river, and from thence to pursue his search round the north bank of Lake Erie, till he reached the river and Falls of Niagara, by which direction he intended to return to his happy home. He would now have taken leave of the Indian boy, but when he held out his hand at parting, the poor fellow seized it, and bursting into tears, declared that the life he had saved should be devoted to his service, and that he would follow him till he had found the friend he had lost.

“ The strong white man,” said he in plaintive tones, “ kill great beast, but Indian boy know mark of deer. The white warrior shoot dark man of the

wood, but the Indian boy hear foot-fall of the foe, and say, lion in the way! White man break branch and make pile to scare fox and wolf, but Indian boy make spark and blow flame!"

These simple and ingenuous remarks contained truths of which Edward felt the force, for on his westward journey he had often encountered danger and difficulty from the want of that dexterity which the Indians possess in an eminent degree. He therefore calmed the poor boy's fears of a separation, and assured him that he gave full liberty to accompany him as long as he chose to remain away from the wigwam of his father. The boy said a few hasty words to several of his tribe who had joined them from the woods, turned in the direction of the river, and with his "pale faced" companion stepped into the canoe which immediately darted down the sparkling waters.

Their toilsome march through the woods after they had reached the mouth of the river, was such as has been described a thousand times. In the course of three weeks they found themselves gazing over the spirit-stirring Falls of Niagara, where alike the dark glance of the Indian, and the fair blue eye of the European, were fixed in wonder and awe on the stern and glorious picture of sublimity before them. But how widely different the feelings and thoughts of the gazers! One quailing beneath the overpowering voice and everlasting dash of the cataract, as he would have done from the presence of the "Great Spirit," and almost imagining that he stood listening to the

denunciations of a God. The other, while he looked at it with no less elevated feeling and wonder-struck mind, viewed it in all its vast sublimity, but as an unconscious instrument in the hands of Omniscience and Omnipotence!

It was now autumn, the sere and yellow leaves were shaken from the hoary monarchs of the forest, and when the fitful breath of the breeze wafted them from the banks, they floated down the stream pale tokens of expiring Nature. This imparted sad and fond remembrances to at least one of the gazers, as he saw them borne lightly along to the verge of the precipice, and vanish forever in the misty gulf.

After the sun had sunk beneath the level of the horizon, and hid from their view the grand object to which their eyes had been for some time riveted, our two travellers proceeded down the river side, that they might be out of earshot of the thundering water, and enjoy unbroken repose, which their exhausted bodies much required.

Having luckily found a convenient cave, scooped out of the rocky bank, they kindled a protecting fire at the entrance, wrapped themselves in their scanty covering, and addressed themselves to sleep.

The moon arose in a sky clear and placid, and sent its silver rays across the floor of the cave; and the mellowed murmur of the distant waterfall cast a soothing languor over their minds, which soon induced a calm oblivion to steal on their senses. While the moon was still midway in the heavens, and her beams slowly creeping round the bottom of their

rocky resting-place, several low-booming sounds came echoing along in the direction of the stream, making the crumbling rocks vibrate, and bringing down a shower of leaves from the trees above. Edward started to his feet at the unusual noise, and his companion, true to his nature (for the Indian, like a hare in her form, sleeps with his ears on the watch), lay prostrate with his ear pressed to the surface of the rock, ready to drink in a repetition of the sound. They had not to wait long till the same unaccountable rumbling noise reached them. The young Indian, as if satisfied, started up, and on Edward enquiring if he could explain the sounds, he answered, "The fire mouths of the white warriors, with smoking lips, break down the wigwams of the enemy!"

The noises became so frequent that they were convinced that war on the frontiers was now in full operation between the soldiers of Canada and the rebel colonists on the opposite side of the river. Edward felt himself called to hasten down in the direction of the alarming sounds, to lend his assistance in guarding the possessions of his sovereign, should the skirmish be one of aggression. Having lifted his war-club, and the Indian having slung his bow and quiver over his shoulder, they hastened from the cave. After travelling about an hour, they came within view of the Queenston Heights; and, as they approached, they could discern a low murmur that seemed to proceed from subdued voices, clanging of armour, and trampling of horse. On joining a small body of soldiers, of whom they soon came in sight,

they learned that the cause of alarm had arisen from a party of Americans who had made a start across the river, and dislodged the English troops from the heights before they were able to prepare for the onset. This was the condition in which Edward found them. They were in preparation to regain their position, by the assistance of a reinforcement from a distance. He immediately volunteered his services, to help in recovering the advantage which the enemy had obtained, and his offer was gladly accepted.

While preparations were making, he bethought himself of the promise which he had given Alice at parting—that at the fall of the year he would again join her, or else she should know the cause of his delay. He now felt it doubly incumbent on him to fulfil it, as he knew not whether on the morrow the earth would sound beneath his manly tread! The thought—and it was a happy one—struck him, that the faithful Indian might help him in his difficulty. He immediately communicated what he thought and felt to the boy, who seemed at once to understand his wishes. “While the pale men,” said he, “launch the deadly shaft at the foes of the great chief, the Indian boy will seek the fair haired squaw \* of his deliverer. The sun will shine by day and the moon by night, and guide the canoe over the bosom of the great lake!”

Edward wrote a letter to Alice, explaining the bold act in which he was about to engage—en-

\* *Squaw*—woman or wife.



treated her not to be alarmed, for the cause was just in which he joined — expressed his most sanguine hope that they would soon meet again—and finally recommended his messenger as worthy of all confidence and trust. He rolled the letter in a small silken handkerchief, which the Indian immediately bound round his waist.

## CHAPTER VII.

“ At every jolt—and they were many—still  
 He turned his eyes upon his little charge,  
 As if he wished that she should fare less ill  
 Than he, in those sad highways, left at large  
 To ruts, and flints, and lovely Nature’s skill.”

OUR little story now naturally divides itself into two branches. One remains with Edward, and the other stretches forward with our young Indian friend, who departed on his embassy of love. Of the former it is unnecessary to speak at present, seeing that he was engaged in that successful skirmish, wherein the Canadians repelled the aggressors; though, alas, the price of their victory was the life of the gallant General Brock, who headed the attack.

We will at present push forward with the young native of the woods. He constructed for himself, with the assistance of his tomahawk and the bark of a birch-tree, a canoe and paddle. Launching it on the river, he bore lightly down, and like a small bird soaring through the calm clear morning sky, he soon quitted the river and found himself skimming along on the fair expanse of Lake Ontario. Light and quick, as the pinions of the wood-pigeon, he dipped and waved

alternately the fragile instrument with which he propelled his little skiff. And as his untutored mind had, in blind but blameless instinct, beautifully expressed his reliance on the "Great Spirit,"—that power did vouchsafe his countenance, for the sun shone by day, and the moon by night, and guided in safety the little bark to its wished-for destination.

By the description which Edward gave him of the situation of the little colony, he discovered the island of Montreal ; and having hidden his canoe among the rushes, at the mouth of a brook, he slung his bow across his shoulders, placed his tomahawk in the zone that bound his loins, and ascended the course of the stream. In a few hours he came to a small opening in the woods, where he saw several oxen browsing amongst the stumps of trees that had been but recently cut down.

A little farther on, he discovered several cottages, surrounded with gardens, filled with luxuriant flowers and bushes. On turning his steps towards the nearest of them, a little dog, disturbed by his appearance, sent forth two or three angry barks, and ran along the bank, till it reached a jutting corner that hid it from sight. Though at a considerable distance, he heard several low sounds, as of one chiding the animal for the noise it had made. He stalked slowly towards the spot, and discovered a young female reclining against the grassy slope ; a rustic bonnet had been thrown down at her side, and her left hand rested on the head of the fondling dog. " Ah !" he exclaimed, " the squaw of the pale-faced warrior !"

as he observed the glittering gem on the hand she displayed ; for Edward had told him of the ring she wore, as well as of her little dog, that by these means the boy might know her whom he sought, and at the same time prove himself to be no impostor. Alice started to her feet at the unusual sounds, and would have fled, but his peaceful smile and calm appearance partly chased her fears, and she remained irresolute. Her dog, that at first had shown such unequivocal marks of terror and irritation, ran towards the intruder ; and what surprised Alice beyond expression, as it continued to gambol round and lick his naked limbs, she heard him syllable the name, Cla-ra ! Cla-ra ! and while he spoke he loosed the napkin from his girdle. The little animal no sooner smelled it than it snatched it from his fingers, and darted off in ecstasy to the feet of its mistress ! As if some mysterious knowledge had likewise possessed poor Alice, she seized the silken handkerchief, and her fingers soon unfolded the letter it contained. The tears started to her eyes, as she deciphered the words of the absent, and her cheeks beamed as she proceeded ; for she could well appreciate the high-toned bravery and daring that led him to encounter all the horrors of war. The next moment the blood fell lifelessly back within her throbbing breast ; for she thought of what might probably be his fate, even at the moment she was perusing the overflowings of his heart. At the same time, she saw, or thought she discovered, through all the bright hopes that he expressed of joining her ere long, a prophetic moodiness, that cast a veil over

the sunshine with which it was mingled. Alice hardly knew whether she ought to thank the messenger for the tidings he had brought, or look upon him as the bearer of most unwelcome intelligence. Her better feelings, however, prevailed, and she led him to her lonely cottage. Her father had been dead a few months, and she and her dog were now the only inmates of his little log-hut.

She placed all that her little stores afforded before her guest, who thanked her with such deep-toned words of gratitude, that she discovered, though still dead to the life-giving influence of Christianity, he possessed in his heart the very germs of a pure and upright spirit, and her tears flowed afresh in a mingled stream of pity and admiration.

Often did she make him repeat in his musical but broken language all that he had told her of the weary wanderings of her betrothed. His grateful lips, too, delighted to dwell on the generous action that Edward had performed in snatching him from the horrible embrace of the bear, and he generally ended the recital by stammering out, "White warrior give life, Indian boy will die for squaw of white warrior!"

These expressions of gratitude and devotion soon led Alice to treat the boy with more affectionate attention and kindness than she felt at first enabled to do. And on the very day he arrived, before the sunbeams had ceased to tinge the trees, clothing the mountain that smiled above them, she formed the resolution of accompanying him in his canoe to join her absent lover.

The long journey of five hundred miles appeared to her excited fancy to sink into nothing, when she thought that duty called upon her to perform it. And well it was for her resolution that reality did not intrude itself, and present to her mind the dangers which lay in her way; from the wild animals that infested the soil,—from the hurricanes that often spread devastation around, and level to the ground in thousands the most majestic trees of the forest,—from the sweeping cataracts that come down from the heights and change the brooklets to living seas,—and also from the hordes of Indians that prowled about the dark places of the woods and streams, and formed more ruthless enemies than the beasts of prey.

But apart from all these: Half her journey would lie amongst the most wild and lonely scenery that the surface of the earth displays; and to be accompanied and protected only by an Indian boy, whose years would hardly number eighteen summers, was of itself a task requiring no ordinary degree of female heroism to undertake. But all this imparted no shadow of hesitation to her mind. She therefore agreed with her guide to start by break of day, and avail themselves of those parts of the river that were unobstructed by the foaming rapids.

It was now necessary that she should inform the parents of Edward of the situation of their beloved son; and of her own hastily formed resolution of flying to him, to render those attentions which fancy told, it was more than likely he would require; but although she imparted the intelligence in the gentlest

manner she could assume, the old people were as much overcome as she herself had been ; and as they found it impossible to break her resolution of departing on the morrow, kind advices and fervent prayers for her welfare, were all that they had to bestow.

Alice now felt that before her departure, there was another duty to perform, and this to her was the most sacred and sadly pleasing of all—a last visit to her father's grave. It was midnight before she quitted her aged friends. Her heart was softened by their prayers and blessings, and her feelings were peculiarly alive to the sacrifice she was about to make, in tearing herself away from a home which had been to her a second paradise, and from protectors that had ever poured out to her the purest tokens of affection—and all her old associations, too, were now perhaps to be for ever reft from her fond recollection. Pondering over her uncertain fate, she wandered along till she arrived at the bank where she had been first discovered by the Indian boy—here lay the remains of her departed father. A single sycamore overshadowed the spot and preserved the grass from the scorching sun ; and the jutting tuft from which it sprung, shielded the flowers and plants with which she had surrounded the mound, that covered the narrow abode.

A melancholy autumnal hue tinged the foliage of the lonely tree. The flowers beneath had closed up their tender leaves from the night air, and seemed enjoying that diurnal repose which is kindly granted to all living and animated Nature. The stream, which at this particular spot had formed itself into an oval

pool—still as a summer lake—reflected in unbroken splendour the pensive form of the unclouded moon ; save when the water lilies on its banks, dropped now and then little globules of dew on the surface, which made the reflection of the silver lamp of night spread out into a thousand swelling circles ; anon to subside into her wonted serenity. Such was the holy ground where Alice knelt, and poured out the language of her soul to the God of the fatherless, and her earnest supplications were, that her steps might be directed aright !

Long she continued to linger here, her memory falling back on the scenes of the past, and she was almost unable to drag herself from the sacred spot, where she ever felt as if the protecting spirit of her father was hovering o'er her.

When the moon was half obscured by the trees that bounded the few cultivated acres about the cottages, she turned homewards to enjoy a little repose. Here she found her guide. A fine deer had fallen before his well-strung bow, and with the help of a blazing fire, he was preparing part of it to supply them on their journey. When she urged him to take a little rest, as they were so soon to depart, he only smiled and answered, “ Strong heart keep eyes open,” while his own sparkled with all their usual brightness.

Ere the first beams of morning had chased away the lingering shadows of night, the Indian stood ready at the door of the hut loaded with food which he had prepared for their supply. He had not long to wait, for his companion, with Clara, joined him,



and in silence they traced their way down the stream. Her heart was still too big to allow utterance of her thoughts, and the natural taciturnity of her guide gave her the full exercise of her musing. On arriving at the mouth of the stream, the canoe was soon found, and dragged from its moorings. They embarked, and before the sun was midway in the heavens, their little vessel was skimming along the glassy surface of Lake St Francis; and while Alice sat, listening to the low chanting songs of the Indian, the time passed pleasingly away.

When night came, Alice expressed anxiety on perceiving that land was still out of sight; but her guide calmed her fears, by explaining that the air was serene, and free from storm, and that otherwise it was safer to pass the night far from the banks, where they might encounter some of the hostile tribes of the woods. She, therefore, complied with his request to wrap herself up and go to repose in the bottom of the canoe. He, however, denied himself rest, and when the sun in the morning awoke Alice with its cheering beams, she found him still plying at his task. They had now to commence a more arduous part of their journey, having reached the extremity of the lake; and the rapids, which at this part of the river roar and rush in tumultuous fury, prevented them from continuing longer on the water. He drew the canoe ashore, and while Alice took charge of the provision-store, he raised the little vessel on his shoulders, and they set off on their march through the forest, keeping as much as possible within sight of the river.

At mid-day they refreshed themselves by the help of their frugal store, and a spring, beside which they encamped; and when night closed over them, the canoe again formed a couch of repose for Alice. Her guide slung it from a convenient branch, and that none might approach with impunity, he cast himself below it on the ground, to partake of the only repose that he had allowed himself for three successive nights.

At morn, they were again enabled to pursue their way, happily unmolested by any of those dangers that might well have overtaken the footsteps of such lonely and unprotected wanderers. At the close of this day, they found themselves at the eastern extremity of the Lake of a Thousand Isles. The boy proposed that, for security, they should pass the night on one of those beautiful gems of vegetation that stud the bosom of the shining river. The canoe was again launched, and in a few minutes they were lost amid the innumerable isles that are grouped together, and form a perfect fairy-land, where the green-draperyed spirits of old might have revelled in never-ending enjoyment. After gliding on for about an hour, they reached a lovely isle, a few hundred yards in length, that stood a little more exalted than the rest; and seemed, to the fancy, like a woodland queen amid her fantastic courtiers. The moon had attained her meridian, and reflected in the pure water all the silvan tufts in such clear undisturbed light, that they appeared as if floating midway in air.

The Indian moored the canoe under the face of the bank, on the northern side of the island, where the trees cast their deepest shade; and Alice, now somewhat accustomed to her wave-borne couch, sunk into a deep repose,—while the boy prepared to follow her example, by laying himself on the grass, across the rope that held his precious charge.

Before the spirit of sleep had time to bind his eyes with her leaden spell, the pleasing oblivion she imparts was, for this night, snatched away from him. A noise which he discerned through the placid stillness of the night, called his full powers of sight as well as hearing into activity. It seemed like the rushing and rippling sound occasioned by the action of the water, when starting away from the prow of a fast shooting canoe. The noise soon became louder, and left no doubt on his mind that it really proceeded from the cause he had conjectured. As the cause of the sounds drew still nearer, his quick ear at once told him that instead of one, there were at least four little vessels plying with great rapidity, from the north bank of the river, and were within a short distance of the island on which he himself had landed. Before he had time to form a resolution his suspicions were confirmed. His eyes were intently fixed in a northerly direction, between two small islands that lay almost close to each other, a short way from him. The moon poured a long pure pencil of light through the opening, and he saw the glittering water waving out in circles from the westward, as if some moving body was disturbing the course of the stream above. In a

few seconds more his doubt was ended, for six small canoes—each bearing four human figures—came shooting across the river, a little above the uppermost of the two islands; and seemed bound for the one that he already occupied.

Doubt was apparent in the features of the Indian boy, but fear was foreign to his character; his hand instinctively fingered the bowstring, and his eyes were strained as if they would have pierced the darkest shades that checkered the surface of the river.

Those he watched soon effected a landing, about fifty yards to the westward of the spot where he stood, and on the same side of the island. They immediately moored their canoes to the bank, and disappeared beneath the trees in a southern direction; and to the ears of the listener, all again was still as the grave. He was far, however, from deeming that all danger was past. Were he to push off, and pursue his way, he might be discovered from almost any part of the river, or heard, at least, as he himself had discovered those who had given rise to his present anxiety.

He waited for some time in moveless silence, lest he should occasion the slightest noise, for he well knew the quickness of an Indian ear. While he sat, with his left ear turned in the direction by which the figures had disappeared, his eye was attracted by a faint flickering light, that played on the stem and branches of a sapling oak to which he had moored the canoe. He saw at once that this could not proceed

from the moon, for the overhanging trees formed an impenetrable barrier to her rays.

He turned in the direction of the wood, and thought he discovered through the trees, the uncertain appearance of a distant fire. He lifted his bow, and assuming the stealthy pace of a tiger, crept on all-fours, to assure himself of what he saw. Gliding along with a silence and a lightness, that to an inexperienced eye, hardly moved the fallen leaves over which he passed, he approached the suspicious light, and found that it was a blazing fire, with a number of human beings seated around it; while several were actively employed attending the roasting of two carcasses of Canadian deer.

The boy was, of course, accustomed to such sights as he now gazed upon; but, to the eye of a European, it would have been one of the most blood-curdling description. Those that were on their legs round the fire, had their naked forms painted after the most rude and ghastly fashion. At the distance from whence they were surveyed, their bodies appeared to be striped across with bands of red and white alternately. A stripe of white descended down the front of the legs, as far as the ancles, and their heads were bare, excepting a small tuft on the crown, with a feather sticking in the centre. They might easily have been taken for moving skeletons, gliding through the flames in the gloomy realms of Pluto, and preparing the food for some unhallowed banquet. The fire gleamed from their eyes, and their motley

bodies and limbs; while the smoke now and then obscured them altogether from the sight, and then rose in curious festoons over their heads, finding its way with difficulty amongst the branches above, for not a breath of air stirred to waft it away. The boy watched them, till those who acted as cooks lifted the roasts from the flames, and bore them towards the groups that were seated on the ground, who soon engaged, savage fashion, in devouring the food set before them.

He now considered it unsafe, indeed highly dangerous, to remain longer where he was, for he saw that they had only come over from the mainland to enjoy the repast in which they were engaged. By the style of painting which he saw on the bodies of those described, he discovered they were of a tribe hostile to his own; and knew well that were he caught by them in his present situation, he might possibly undergo the same fate which had overtaken the inoffensive game.

He now retired with as much caution as he had advanced. On regaining the water, he slipped along the banks towards the boats of the feasting horde; and having thrown all the paddles overboard, he drew the tomahawk from his girdle, and cut the cables that attached them to the side—turned again in the direction of his own, and before he reached it, had the satisfaction of seeing the others glide away in the moonlight far down the rolling river. His next action was to unloose his own, slip into it, and ply away with all the alertness he could command. As

his course was against the stream his speed was far from the fleetest ; and as the bows of the canoe continued to stem the waters with accelerated motion, the gurgling noise they made sounded unusually loud in the stillness of the night. The boy would willingly have lessened the noise, by pursuing a slower course, but he well knew the urgency of the case forbade it, and he soon felt the truth of this, and the value of the caution that he had hitherto exercised.

The rustling of decayed leaves, and the crackling of rotten timber, convinced him that he was discovered by those on the island ; and he perceived, indistinctly in the shade, dark figures, moving with rapidity towards the part where the boats had been moored. When they seemed to discover their barks were gone, a harrowing yell rung through the vault of night, and made the little canoe quiver in its course. All of them then turned in the direction of the fugitives ; some ran like maniacs along the banks, and many plunged into the water, and stretched their eager limbs in pursuit—while those ashore cheered them on with screams and warwhoops. It was with difficulty that he avoided the pursuit of the swimmers. At one time the boat was nearly surrounded, and many a tawny hand was raised above the water to grasp the canoe ; but he still eluded them, by dexterously shifting his course, and gaining a few strokes, before they had time to turn themselves in the water.

He had now nearly reached the western extremity of the island, and out of reach of his pursuers. One

of them, however, more wary than the rest, had run to the farthest point of the land, and plunged into the stream; and instead of following, was now in full career to meet the devoted canoe and its youthful guide, who had already begun to deem himself in safety. He was within a few yards of this lurking savage before he discovered the danger. Quick as lightning, he wheeled round the head of the canoe, in the act of darting aside; the movement brought up the stern, and with a triumphant yell, the exulting swimmer grasped it by the edge, while with the other hand he snatched at the cloak of the sleeping girl, to drag her into the water, the more readily to upset the canoe, and carry his prisoners in triumph to his baffled companions. Alice awoke from her dangerous sleep at the yell he gave, and shrunk in horror from the hideous grasp. With the other hand, however, still fixed on the boat, he raised his body half above water, that with his whole weight he might effectually swamp it. Now was the awful crisis which might prove the prowess and fortitude of the gallant boy, and most assuredly they were not wanting. One moment more and he would have been as a deer in the fangs of its devourers! Well he knew the value of that awful moment, and he allowed it not to pass. Swift as the bound of the startled roe, he sprung to his feet, and while his dark eye sent forth all the warlike fire of his tribe, he snatched the tomahawk from his girdle—it flashed like a thunderbolt across the air—and before the eventful moment was numbered with the



past, the fierce Indian sunk groaning beneath the waters, while his severed hand, in the fast gripe of death, still clung to the side of the bounding canoe!

And how felt Alice during this harrowing scene? Such feelings as she experienced we are wholly unable to picture; but how she acted was not as a simple and timid girl, but with firmness and determination. Now, however, when the danger and excitement were over, her more feminine feelings again flowed with a twofold reaction, and completely overcame her; and when she looked on the grim hand of the savage, she swooned away and fell prostrate in the boat.

The boy—that there might remain no traces of what had occurred—tore the bloody fingers from their iron grasp—threw them on the stream—and then hastened to restore his lifeless companion. This he soon accomplished; and when her eyes opened she stared in bewilderment around as if searching for some object from which she was ready to shrink with horror. “I have had a fearful dream,” said she, “and can hardly persuade myself that it was all a vision; but” she added, “were we not in reality pursued by hideous and dark figures with eyes that flashed like wildfire in the air?”—“Daughter of the white nation,” answered the boy, with delicacy and feeling, “visions deceive the heart,—tired limbs make thought wander,—the Great Spirit watches!—Go again to sleep!”

The canoe swept along the waters of Lake Ontario without farther interruption, and entered the Nia-

gara river. They landed at the same spot from whence the boy had started on his journey down, and hastened towards the scene of action. It was now deserted and gloomy. Nothing was left of the spirit-stirring scene that had so recently taken place, save trees shattered, walls broken down, and an unusual appearance of desolation, that contrasted sadly with the smiling appearance which the orchards presented a few days before. Alice dropped a tear over these tokens of war's merciless sway, and her eye wandered round in restless anxiety; Clara, too, whom we have nearly forgotten during the recital of more important matters, ran over the scathed ground with uneasiness of eye, as if feeling a like uncertainty with her sensitive mistress.

As they ascended the heights, they came in sight of several white tents half hidden by the wood. This appeared to be a small encampment, and towards it, therefore, they directed their steps. On coming to a small clump of trees, which lay in their path, they were desired to halt by a sentinel who was pacing to and fro beneath the shade. They obeyed, and as he surveyed them with an air more of interest than suspicion, Alice approached him, and earnestly enquired concerning Edward, whom she attempted to describe.

The official appeared to be one of those jacks-of-all-trades who consider themselves up to any thing, and who are for ever kicked or kick themselves about the world; at one time idle and lazy—at another all life and activity; now, like those plants that have no

permanent resting-place for their roots, and are tossed about by the ocean-waves, and again like those animals that are fastened to the rocks and caves. At present he was in the dress of a soldier, with his left arm in a sling, but assumed the gait and manner of a sailor. "Why, mistress, if it is the young 'un you're looking for who joined the sarvis t'other day, I guess you'll find the lead pills of the Yankees a'nt always made and given to cure one. More fins than one on the sick list," said he, shrugging his lame member. "But I'll tip you the bullitin in the twinkle of thy own bonnie blue eye, 'cause I see the salt water rising in 'em at the thoughts on't; and God bless ye for it, my girl, for there's not a braver fellow in the sarvis. I'll swear that for him before George himself. The Yankees won't soon forget the weight of his arm, the rebel rascals, and be d—— to them! But I ax your pardon, mistress. You see then, to make a long story short, we had jist begin to breathe after the first scuffle with the thieving, parchmint-nosed villains, when we were hailed by as smart a chap as ever twigged off a horn to the health of his Majesty, God bless him! and he had along with him one of them wood-bred red 'uns, mayhap like your mess-mate there; but all cats are black in the dark. Well then, he axed for a word of the old Ginerel—and sure he was as ill-rigged as any tramper; but he didn't get a refuse, thof the Ginerel's corruption was up at being sent down hill by a set of rascalion Yankees. Arter this, all I know of the matter is, that he was put in Serjint Back's place, who had got his ticket

for the other world sent to him that morning by a Yankee rifle; and, ah, mistress," said he, while his eyes sparkled at the recollection, "you'd like to have seen how he fought. Jist like a bull-spider in a drove of midges! Not a Yankee of them stood a minute. Some took to boats, some to the woods, some tumbled into the river, and devil take the hindmost! Helter-skelter every man of them left clear decks; and not a soul—I'll swear that for them—but had a hole to sew up in the bulbous part of his nether garments, for the young un's sword tickled their understandings before parting company, ha! ha! ha! Howsomdiver he was winged, and his starboard peeper, too, is under cloud of a black silk handkerchief of the Ginerel's. But a short fortnight will make him all sound again in wind and limb; and if he chooses to make his bow at headquarters, I'll stake a month's allowance against a flash in the pan he may bring away a captain's commission in his breeches pocket." During this good-humoured harangue, Alice stood bewildered and unable to make out any thing intelligible, save a vague feeling that all was better than her gloomy forebodings had anticipated. The words with which he concluded were alone perfectly understood. "March on to the right, my girl,—pass the flag-tent,—and in the first to the left lies your hero, thof I hope we will soon see him in marching trim again."

Alice obeyed, followed by the Indian. They passed the flag-tent, as directed, and were looking round with hesitation, when Clara, ever alive seemingly, to

the interests of her mistress, circled and gamboled before them amongst the tents, and then darted into one on the extreme left. They immediately heard a joyous bark and an exclamation of surprise from within, and before she had time to form a resolution, Edward—her anxiously sought Edward—started from the tent and pressed her sinking form to his heart! And the young Indian, too, betrayed unwonted tokens of delight and ecstasy. He clasped his hands together, bounded several times from the earth, while tears of sympathetic joy started and trickled from his melting eye.

Edward having recovered from his honourable wounds, did not feel inclined—however well qualified he was for the profession—to run the career of a soldier. He, therefore, with his fair bride and dark friend, returned to their peaceful home, to encounter all the lights and shades of life together, and rear “a numerous offspring lovely like themselves.”

Those who, in making a pilgrimage to the Western World, happen to light upon a certain little wood-encircled valley, with a silver stream trickling its way through amongst the grassy knolls and flowerets that adorn it, will be struck with the beauty and blooming appearance of several youths of both sexes, who inhabit one of the largest and most picturesque cottages in the little cluster of habitations, that give life and character to the lonely spot. These are the fair family of our lovely pair, and Providence still continues to watch over them in their sequestered innocence. Many years have elapsed since the time

of our story. Our hero and heroine have paid the debt of nature, and now repose on each side of that solitary grave below the time-honoured sycamore, which still—autumn after autumn—drops its withered leaves, in melancholy decay, to form a sere and yellow mantle to the unconscious sleepers beneath !

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever ! ”

PATIENT reader, even under the most imminent risk of being set down as a most incorrigible proser, I will venture to hold you still longer by the button till I relieve my memory of another story, by doling it forth to you while my finger is still in the pie.

Nothing is more deadening to the spirits than being under the necessity of crawling along in the even course of a journey and journal, setting down—as I am sometimes obliged to do—in prosy matter-of-fact language, such observations as may be found in every guide-book ; and however you may feel, it is a mighty relief to me to have now and then even a simple story to tell, as some variety from the humdrum monotony. I have, therefore, determined to make the most of my present position, being uncertain when so suitable a one may again occur ; for I can even now imagine that I hear the deep-toned massive

roar of the Falls, which serves to rouse my sleepy pen to a double exertion. So while we are still lingering near this watery wonder, and drinking—in the spirit of enthusiasm—the astounding spectacle displayed to our admiring eye and mind, by this inimitable gem in creation's glorious diadem; it may not be inappropriate to relate another instance of the baneful effects of war, which is one direct result of the darker passions of man when excited to action by the demon of self-interest.

It was during that war, which resulted in the declaration of American independence, that about eight o'clock one evening a small party belonging to the then rebel army was slowly winding down the south bank of the Niagara river. They traced their way in a line with the rapids that foam and whirl in their headlong course, till they finally divide and dash the two portions of their troubled waters over the rocks which form the majestic Falls.

The party consisted of a young officer, named Dartward, and eight soldiers. Weary and silent they paced on, each with his tarnished rifle resting on his right shoulder; their accoutrements giving back a faint gleam to the silver rays of the moon, which shone with chaste splendour over the forest, and causing that portion of the river which could be surveyed at one glance, to appear as a diamond-sparkling brooch in the zone, clasping the green drapery of some fair form.

They moved on in a straight line, the more easily to thread their intricate path—the commander in front.



“Rodgers,” said the officer, in a chagrined tone of voice, “we have now thrown off allegiance to our monarchical ruler. The sacrifice as yet, methinks, has been but meanly recompensed. We are branded by one portion of our fellow-subjects—our fellow-countrymen I would say—as traitors and renegadoes; and what have we gained in return? Sent out to the woods, forsooth, to hunt the wild Indian, as I have often done the fox in my native Highland glen. But, comrades, the step has now been taken; the die with us is now cast, and we must remain contented with the result of our temerity. It is a desperate game, and we must meet it with equal desperation. Let us now act by our new masters as honourable men. The time was when aught breathed against the name of George the Third would have been pushed down the calumniator’s throat again by this now tarnished blade.” Suiting the action to the word as he spoke, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and drove it back again with a force that caused the hollow caverns beneath the banks to echo back the sound.

“Hush, sir!” said Rodgers, as he laid hold of the officer’s arm, while the rest of the party, roused in part from the state of apathy in which they had travelled for several hours, halted, dropped the muzzles of their pieces to the ground, and stood motionless; watching that they might gather the meaning of the abrupt signal, and be ready, as far as lay in their sunken strength, to obey the orders or gestures of their leader.

Rodgers, finding that mere direction on his part was

unable to make the less experienced sight of the young officer perceive the nature of the object of his attention, quitted the arm and plucked from Dartward's foraging cap an eagle feather which was placed in the gold band that bound it. Pulling off his own less costly chapeau, and sticking the Highland badge perpendicularly through his matted locks, he crouched down behind the decayed trunk of a fallen tree, allowing nothing save the emblematical pinion to remain visible to his attentive comrades. He again rose, returned the token to its proprietor, exchanged a look of intelligence with his officer, and once more held forth the rifle in the former direction.\* After another breathless survey, the officer turned his head half round, and gave a satisfied and cautionary nod. The whole party were now perfectly on the alert, and awakened to a complete sense of duty, and by their gestures, which consisted of silently examining the state of their pieces and girding their sword-belts somewhat tighter round their loins, they appeared to feel that ere long they might have to call up all their strength and activity to their aid.

After another searching gaze in the all-engrossing direction of the bank, he of the eagle plume again turned to his party, pointed with one hand towards the jutting bank, and with the other made a signal

\* During warfare with the Indians, it was often found a matter of safety to converse by signs and gestures, on account of the acute sense of hearing that the Indians possess, which enables them at times, it is said, to detect the situation of a foe though still far distant.

for them to advance into the woods. They obeyed, and stalked on in the direction which they knew would place the small bank exactly between them and the river, from which point they would stretch out on the right and left, and thus prevent—as far as their limited numbers could accomplish—the possibility of escape.

The officer—when the men departed into the wood—advanced slowly towards the rocky bank, concealing himself, although still in the shadow of the trees, behind any inequality of the ground. When he had got within thirty yards of the jutting bank, and within a few feet of the water's edge, he halted, and gazed anxiously over it to a tuft of brushwood that fringed the river, and which formed the other extremity of the curve that he and his soldiers meant to describe round the promontory. After waiting for a few minutes he seemed to observe what he had expected. Placing his cap firmly on his brow and cocking his rifle, he started forward, exclaiming, in a voice that was heard above all the din of the waters—"Advance!" The form of Rodgers immediately rose from the tuft of underwood, and he rushed forward, while in the centre, the withered leaves and decaying twigs were heard to rustle and crack beneath the quick tread of the soldiers, and in a few seconds more the landward access to the jutting rock was completely secured. In the same instant—for less time was required for the action than is requisite to the relation of it—with the rapidity of the startled deer, two tall and dusky forms sprung up from behind a prostrate oak which lay

athwart the neck of the obtruding bank—an Indian and a squaw. With the former it seemed one act to rise, string his war-bow, and draw an arrow from the well-loaded quiver which hung over his shoulder; his left foot, which he planted on the trunk of the oak, shone and sparkled with the glittering spangles with which the mocassins of an Indian chief are embroidered. His bow was held forward, and his hand had already half-stretched the murderous string, when a dark boding thought seemed to dart through his mind, and his form underwent a slight convulsive thrill, as he gazed for a second over his shoulder at his companion. She stood behind him, but not through dread or female fear—her soul knew neither; she was firm and erect, and held in her right hand several arrows which had formed part of those in the chief's quiver. She returned his unspeakable gaze, and smiled away his bodings for her fate which it seemed to express, and she held up the feathered darts in defiance, as if she were resolved to conquer with the chieftain or die in the attempt!

Once more he essayed to level the murderous missile, but again doubt seemed to fill his mind as he looked on the scarlet garb of those surrounding him; for his tribe had been the friends and allies of George the Third, and his high-toned soul shrunk from the death of those who had exchanged the pipe of friendship with him and his ill-fated countrymen. And as Dartward and his men seemed only anxious to prevent his escape, and offered no injury, it was possible, he thought, that they were of those who had remain-

ed true to their King, and were still the allies of the friendly Indians. He therefore allowed the bow again to relax into its natural form—returned the arrow to the quiver, and addressed the commander of the party, who had marked the change in the demeanour of the chief, and had advanced towards the tree, now the only barrier between them.

Dartward's intention was to discover whether the chief belonged to the tribes who were willing to take up arms with those who were now struggling to shake off the yoke of the mother country; or of those tribes who, as allies of the King of Britain, would still lift the bow and battle-axe to assist him in asserting the sway which he had hitherto maintained over that portion of his dominions.

If Dartward found him inclined to join the cause of the rebels, it was his intention to extend to him a treaty of peace, and court his allegiance. But if he proved to be a determined Royalist, then he would sacrifice him on the spot, for his commands were extermination to all who would not join, with heart and hand, the cause of liberty and equality. From his own feelings too, disappointed and chagrined by being sent out on the ungrateful task of shooting a few skulking Indians, who were reported to be prowling about the south bank of the Niagara, he was willing to execute, in petty revenge, the utmost severity consistent with his instructions.

The chief turned towards Dartward, and addressed him in the lofty-toned style which the majestic savage of the woods is often known to assume, and on

the present occasion he was obliged to exert his lungs above their usual pitch, that he might be heard, through the overpowering noise of the rapids.

“ Does George, the great chief, still remain the friend of the tribes ? Does the eagle,” said he, observing the plume in the cap of the officer, “ still go to battle for the white nation ? Does he now hold out the token of peace to the wolf\* of the slain Oneidas ? ”

His fine dark features displayed neither the signs of fear nor anxiety. His tall and muscular form was drawn up to its full height, and together with his smaller, but no less firm and unshrinking partner, there was presented to Dartward—with the sparkling and foaming river for a background—a living picture which forced him to call up his whole energy to support his part of the scene, for he felt himself sinking into a second-rate figure of the group ; although at first he intended to act as the triumphant victor, able to award life or death at his slightest nod.

“ Wolf of the Oneidas,” he answered, “ the Eagle of the Whites will offer thee the token of peace—George is no longer their great chief, for he would burn the homes of his children, and take the bread from the mouths of the women. Bend thy bow with those who are now with the rifle in their hands, and shouting the war-whoop of liberty ! ”

\* It is usual in the Indian tribes to name the different warriors from the badges they wear, or from some supposed resemblance they may bear, to any of the wild animals with which they are acquainted.

“Then thou art not the Eagle of the whites!” replied the chief, with scorn—“But the cowardly falcon that would take part with those enemies of the bird of Heaven—who entered the country of the Oneidas, killed our children and squaws, burned our wig-wams, and drove us to the forest to starve like famished foxes. Falcon! thy hand of peace is red with our life-stream; the Wolf of the Oneidas may die, but will not touch it!”

“Then,” exclaimed Dartward impatiently, “thou wilt not join us, and save thyself from death?—Soldiers! your rifles!”

“Falcon!” said the chief, with lofty and unmoved countenance, “the Wolf will not accept the token of friendship from the murderers of his tribe. The spirits of the departed chiefs cry for revenge from the country of the happy warriors—I obey their call.”

On the same instant his hand was in his quiver, and the arrow on its way to the heart of Dartward, which it reached with fatal certainty. In the next, his own was pierced with the leaden messengers from three rifles—he gave one convulsive leap, and with the bow still grasped in his hand, tumbled headlong from the rock, and was swept away by the boiling current.

“Treacherous barbarian!” growled Rodgers,—“We have not even his head to show; but I think the She-wolf will not escape our toils. Seize her, comrades! although I doubt not she is untameable. We will take her alive, and have something to show for the powder we have spent.”

“Rebel from the white nation,” said the Indian maid, with a tone which made Rodgers shrink back in superstitious awe, “thou hast slain the Wolf of the Oneidas, and she who would have been the squaw of the warrior has no bow to bend in his revenge. But come not over the body of the blasted oak, that separates her from thy bloody fingers; *her* scalp shall never rest on the war-post of thy cowardly tribe!”

“Gag the She-wolf!” cried Rodgers, who felt himself quite unable to cope with the cutting and lofty eloquence of the Indian Maid, who stood as dauntless and unquailed before him, as when the haughty chief was at her side.

Two of the soldiers sprung at his command towards the oak-tree, to seize and bind her; but poisoning the arrows that she held in her hand, she hurled them in their faces, and moving quietly to the extremity of the rock, slipped over the ledge completely out of view. In a second more—to the breathless astonishment of the baffled rebels—a small bark canoe shooting into the middle of the torrent, bore away the dusky form of the Indian maid. She stood erect, and waved in defiance her right hand, while with the other she pointed down the river, and they could distinguish the words, “Land of the happy warriors! Wolf of the slain Oneidas!” which came to them as an echo from the bosom of the waters.

The party stood riveted to the spot, the two that had first advanced to her capture, still remained with one foot on the oak-tree. Those behind them had allowed the rifles to drop from their hands, and stood



with outstretched necks, and upraised eyelids, watching the onward course of the daring maid, who had resolved thus to sacrifice her life, rather than be carried captive by those who had laid waste the dwellings of her tribe, murdered their children, and lastly, destroyed her devoted warrior, the Wolf of the Oneidas.

Her fragile bark was borne over the curling waves, as a feather on the wings of the wind ; when raised for an instant on the angry stream, she seemed above the white froth like a dark steed bounding over the surface of sparkling snow wreaths ! On and on it was seen, darting and springing with the most appalling velocity, till within a short distance of the booming and astounding Falls, where the water assumes a more placid appearance, and the little bark moved more steadily along, as if in unison with the calm and determined being who formed its burden. It quivered a moment on the brink of the terrific gulf, then darted like an arrow into the volume of vapour that boiled from beneath, and was lost in oblivion for ever !

## CHAPTER IX.

“ The lingering gaze we fondly throw  
 Around the scenes we leave for ever,  
 The last, the saddest tears that flow,  
 When friendships are about to sever ;  
 In memory dwell, and o'er it cast  
 The fairest visions of the past.”

WHILE lingering about the Falls making the most of the time we had to spend there, we missed the stage, which passes on to the town Niagara, a distance of fifteen miles,—so there was nothing for it but to open our hearts and purses and engage an *extra*. This arrangement enabled us to kill two birds with one stone, by paying at the same time a visit to a friend on the way ; an honour which we before had meant to reserve for a subsequent occasion. We found him and his wife and children all snug enough, as Canadian notions of snugness go ; but still surrounded with that unsettled, raw, and uncomfortable appearance, which nine-tenths of the habitations of Canada must present, to a Scotsman, for at least a hundred years to come. The land of this district is richer than its appearance

betokens, its colour being only a few shades darker than cream, which gives the idea of a poor clay.

The orchards here are perhaps the best in Canada, and one could almost wish himself a pig, for a month or two, every autumn ; it being a perfect paradise to the grunting gentry and their pretty sprigs. But in what degree of favour apple-fed pork stands, in the estimation of the consumers, I neglected to enquire.

We passed within a short distance of General Brock's monument, but as it was twilight, we did not ascend, it being impossible to see above a mile or two all round. We had nevertheless a good view of the battleground, where the last scuffle between the Americans and the English took place, and long may it be ere such unnatural quarrelling again set the evil passions of both nations to work. On we whirled, leaving all recollection of these disagreeable occurrences behind. The huge pillar became fainter and fainter, till it shrunk to a mere needle, and then faded for ever from our gaze.

There is, I believe, inherent in every breast, a strange indefinable feeling, which we cannot repress, when we are leaving some scene or object for the last time. It is impossible to explain it. It imparts to the mind a mellowed sadness, a holy regret. It is totally different from the parting of friends. *Then* we are influenced by the motives of separation—by the nature of our previous union—by the comparative closeness of confidence, or the temper of our intercourse. We give audible and palpable expression

to our thoughts and feeling—shake hands—bid him or her perhaps a last adieu—start asunder—dash the tear from our eye—if haply there obtrude such a melting witness of our separation, and there is an end of it. But it is otherwise with us, when we are leaving behind that to which we have no substantial affinity, no active friendship—know nothing, perhaps, of the inanimate object of our farewell, farther than a few historical recollections, or some vague and hoary scraps of tradition. In this case, our mind ranges over a wider and a wilder field of fancy and reflection, and it brings with double force to our mind the great law pervading all Nature, that as there was a beginning, so there shall be an end. “All that’s bright must fade.” We do not cast back our lingering look so much with the idea that we are leaving behind what we shall never see again, as with the thought that what we now behold may, ere long, be laid with the dust—be numbered amongst the things that were! And then should we return, perhaps, in a few years, the meeting would be sadder than the parting—all our old and fond associations would be broken up. Where before we had revelled, during the noon-day heat, beneath the glorious trees that form what is erroneously termed the *Eternal* forest, we might return to groan over those prostrate pillars of vegetation, smouldering in ashes, and nothing left standing of all their gloomy majesty but a waste of blackened stumps! And the little stream, at whose grassy side we have stooped down to cool our parched lips, we might find overgrown with rank weeds, a loath-

some receptacle of noxious reptiles. Such are often the partings and meetings that occur in life's journey; and in this case, it is just as well that existence is not wholly made up of such melancholy materials.

Our fanciful ruminations were soon dissipated by clouds of dust, that now and then saluted us through the gaping sides of our rude vehicle. We applied ourselves to the task of barricading the lights as well as we could, to save ourselves from the unwelcome powdering, and we arrived in good time for bed at the Niagara Hotel.

Here we experienced, what some travellers fume about as a mighty annoyance, viz., sleeping in a double-bedded room, one of which was occupied. There was a complete racket in the house, roaring and rumbling, smoking and tipping; and certainly, in comparison with the bar-room conduct on the American side of the river, our colony must fall greatly in the estimation of every sober-minded person.

After sundry delays, we at last succeeded in getting mine host to show us to our berth; we got to it by passing from one room to another, and there was a third, which entered from the one where we took up our quarters. Observing this loose thoroughfare sort of accommodation, my friend and self had the precaution to transfer the *needful* we possessed to the underside of our respective pillows; as it was possible, if not probable, some night-walking gentleman might—through mere mistake, of course—remove the contents of our breeches' pockets to the interior of his own. We observed that the other bed in our

room was doubly occupied, and this served to keep us more on the alert. We slipped to bed as fast as our tired limbs would allow, and had lain perhaps half an hour, when we heard a noise in the room. It was very low, but still it awoke us. It seemed as if some one was stalking across the room, and sometimes feeling the floor with his hands; at other times searching along the wall, for we heard fingers rubbing on the size-paint with which the room was coloured. The sounds drew nearer, till we felt a slight shock, as of some person inadvertently striking his hand against one of our bed-posts; still we remained motionless, hardly breathing, for we were determined to discover what was likely to be the upshot, before proclaiming our knowledge of the intruder's presence. A slight pause followed the last movement of the enemy, and then we distinctly felt a pair of long hands, fingering with the utmost caution the bed-clothes at our feet, and gradually creeping upwards, moving over our bodies with the circumspection of a pawing tiger. Had we been possessed of the nerves of Hercules, we could not now fail to entertain a most indescribable feeling of uncertainty and horror. A thousand vague fancies took possession of my mind. Little more than half awake, I was hardly yet convinced that what we felt was reality or night-mare. Imagination lent her aid, and I thought of the long fellows from Kentucky (some of whom I had seen at Buffalo), with villainous clasp-knives, whose blades have done many a ruthless deed. And then the dark machinations of the Holy Inquisition flashed across

my half-dormant brain, accompanied with all their fell insignia, solitary German inns, trap-doors, movable beds, dark-visaged priests, &c.

The fingers continued to crawl along our bodies, till they arrived at that spot where, with sleepers of an ordinary description, the nose is obtruded above the edge of the turned-over sheet, which, like a rock amid the ocean, serves to indicate to observers the nature of the materials that are hidden beneath. When the infernal fingers had reached this prominence, with which no man or woman will ever allow undue liberties to be taken with impunity, we could hold out, or rather hold in, no longer. Four hands started at once from beneath the disturbed coverlet, in hot haste against the audacious intruder, while we both sent forth a shout that made every board of the wooden fabric echo and re-echo. My bed-fellow's right hand was lucky enough to fix itself, vice fashion, upon one of the arms of the mysterious unknown, who immediately emitted a noise, exactly like what one might fancy a shark would give, when it finds the head of a harpoon stuck into its flesh. An explanation followed, with which, there is no reason to doubt, we were agreeably disappointed. The poor night-walker proved to be a more harmless disturber of the peace than we had with reason suspected, being in that happy intermediate state between sobérness and intoxication. He had got up to open the window, for he had sense enough to know that it was a hot night. In returning to bed, luckless wight, he lost his reckoning, missed his way (as many a wiser traveller has done

in daylight), and becoming completely bamboozled in the middle of a room about eighteen feet square, felt as much at a loss concerning the latitude of his bed as he would have done touching that of the last comet. To take an observation even of the stars, to help him in his extremity, was impossible, the room was darkness visible; so, as the most sensible thing he could possibly have done under existing circumstances, he set out on a voyage of discovery (with no compass save his fingers), for the important purpose of finding where he was. He got down on his knees, and setting out his arms before him as feelers, moved about like a blind spider searching for flies. This was fruitless, so he got on end again; and as the event proved, when he imagined he had got to the termination of his journey, he found he was fairly lost!

While the hand still continued to squeeze his unfortunate limb, he stuttered out a petition that we would show him the way to his own nest, as he was perfectly unable to conceive how it was situated, asserting that the room had wheeled round since he rose, and adding, with the greatest simplicity, that he was hardly able to stand, for the floor was still whirling round. In order to finish farther parley, my friend leapt from bed, took him by the shoulders, turned his face in the direction of his much-sought for couch, and bestowing upon him a "pretty considerable" kick behind, sent him across the floor in double-quick time. The creaking of the bed, and the impatient grunt of his sleeping-partner, immediately indicated that he had at last gained the wished-for haven, and



in this summary manner, ended the mystical scene, which had so unwarrantably disturbed the dominion of old mother midnight.

There is nothing in the world better adapted to enforce rising betimes, in America, than the punishment that is invariably attached to a half-hour's extra snoozing, viz., the never-failing certainty of sitting down to the most freezing and uncomfortable breakfast imaginable. And this, in fact, is no small evil, to him who may have been toiling through the forest all the previous day, parched to death from thirst, which he slakes—if he does so at all—at some muddy creek, oozing through masses of decayed vegetation, and worried to death by mosquitoes; for the blood-sucking little devils feel the excessive noonday heat as well as their victims, and fly to the cooling shade, ready to pounce upon every unlucky wight who falls in their way.

Notwithstanding all these cogent pleas in favour of a morning nap, he who has any regard for the well-being of his tabernacle, and entertains a reasonable wish to enjoy in perfection the good things placed before him, must start betimes from the embraces of Morpheus—slip himself over the dearly-loved couch at the very first peal of the morning bell, and make no undue delay in obeying the clamorous signal sent forth to call the devourers to their feed. An American hotel breakfast is one of the most perishable things in art or nature. In the first place, those who prey upon it, exercise no mercy, and what may chance to be left is soon frozen up, on account of its ultra be-

greased and be-buttered condition. It would require a stomach formed after a more rough-shod fashion than an ordinary Christian's, to receive it with relish when it has arrived at the frigid stage. The hot rolls, instead of all the steaming glory that they assume, upon first being smothered under a load of butter, soon become dormant, and their clammy sides have far from an inviting appearance. The beefsteak (one slice covers a large plate), that we naturally expect to see rejoicing amid a sea of its own rich juice, and sending out a savour like the burnt-offerings of old, is alas! cold and stiff, entombed under a coating of congealed grease and butter. The white-fish too, poor unconscious innocents! are as cold as charity, and as they lie side by side, have the appearance of encased mummies, or so many over-grown penny dips!

By such experience, therefore, we learn to take time by the forelock. I recollect being obliged, while in New York, to start from bed at six o'clock one morning, for the purpose of getting a breakfast in season! But once for this enormity to happen, is quite sufficient in a life-time, and I trust that none of you, my fair readers, will ever find yourselves under the dominion of such a barbarous necessity; one may almost shiver at the very thoughts of it.

Waiting for the steamer that was to bear us across the corner of the lake to Toronto, we wandered over the downs or links at the side of the lake, but saw little worth noticing, according to our ideas, save a glorious sprinkling of bones that were strewed over the grass all round the town, profitless cumberers of

the ground. We thought of the turnip fields at home, and of the luxuriance in which they might rejoice from the influence of these pale remains of mortality.

It was a delightful forenoon when we embarked in the "Canada" steamer to cross to Toronto. We therefore contented ourselves with a deck passage, as a few hours at most would accomplish the trip. We stationed ourselves at the prow, near twelve head of fine cattle, that were, to do them justice, as inoffensive as any other passengers on board. The Canadians being yet unable to raise a sufficiency of stock for their consumpt, have to receive supplies from the Americans, which are raised principally on the western prairies.

We arrived at the capital about six o'clock, where we staid two nights, but as I returned and remained for a much longer time, what is to be said concerning men and things there, I will delay for the present. Along with a "settled" friend, who had been in Canada for some time, we got on board the Constitution, and slipped along towards the upper part of the lake, where the beautiful little town of Hamilton is situated.

We found it in a bustle on account of the militia having been out drilling, and we had a sight of them as they marched home from their exercises, and verily, they presented a most laughter-stirring spectacle. They were, it is true, very uniform; but it was the uniformity of variety of shape, size, form, colour, &c., brought together *en masse*. One might have imagined that each man of them kept his own tailor,

or rather, which might be as near the truth, acted as his own. As far as we could discern, not one garment was kin to another, they were as distinct as the countenances of the wearers, and the chapeaux that defended their craniums from the sun were, too, of every discordant variety. Lastly, the weapons that dangled from the fists of the doughty heroes would have been still more difficult to classify. Guns, whips, bludgeons, hoes, umbrellas, canes, sticks, &c.

After amusing ourselves for a little with this corps of motley men of war, we proceeded towards our destination, which lay about ten miles from Hamilton, and pretty well in the bush. We were lucky enough to get on board a waggon belonging to one of the country squires, who was an officer in the militia, and had been on parade in full fig; for the officers alone have the felicity of being tucked up in a black stock, and buttoned within the honourable bounds of a scarlet uniform-coat. Very conveniently for us, his house stood at half our journey's length, and he—still more to our comfort—asked us to take dinner before going farther. We required no second invitation, being well appetized from the rumble jumble which we got in passing over about a half mile of uninterrupted corduroy.

Talk of fox hunting! it requires more bottom to get well over one half hour's enjoyment of this roughshod purgatorial penance, than a whole day's galloping at the fox's tail. But be this as it may, our journey left no bad effects on the appetite, for the

broiled pigeons, pork and pickles, vanished from the squire's dishes with most alarming expedition.

Next morning we found ourselves nestled in the *Bush*, which is the generally received cognomen of those "lofty trees, to ancient song unknown," and we had a fair and deliberate view of the gloomy majesty of the American forest; and it certainly imparts strange feelings and sensations to minds newly imported from the varied and rugged soil of Scotland. There is all the silence and solitude of the sea, without the stirring and invigorating stimulus that one feels when afloat on the blue and boundless deep. All have felt the refreshing influence of the sea-breeze on both lungs and spirits, and every one who ever trusted himself on the unstable element for a day and a night together hath known somewhat of the engrossing anxiety that ever attends the ploughman of the deep. Few pleasures are greater to me, I confess, than that which is felt while bounding away before a whistling wind over the white-crested billows of the angry Atlantic, when the canvas is bending forward like the outstretched wings of some mighty sea bird, and the slender masts are groaning with the eagerness of flight. There may be solitude here, but far different is that which we experience in the *Bush*. It is the fagging and wearisome solitude of confinement; penetrate the wood but a short way from the stump-covered clearance, and you are hemmed in from all animated Nature. Nothing can give a more complete idea of solitude than an hour or a

day's walk in the Canadian forest. An unnatural and painful silence reigns around that often preys upon the spirits, and from the loads of foliage that bush out on the tops of the trees beside you, only small specks of the sky are observable ; and on dropping the weary eye to the surface of the soil, there is nothing to compensate for the narrow bounds within which the view is confined. So absolute is the exclusion of the sun's rays from the earth, that not a blade of grass is called into existence. Huge trunks of trees, in every stage of decay, and withered leaves alone form a covering to the unlaboured earth. I have often wandered amid this " boundless contiguity of shade," and experienced a strange indescribable feeling that can never arise under any other combination of circumstances whatever.

Although " there is a pleasure in the pathless woods," if the enjoyment derived from this sort of solitude were analyzed, it would, perhaps, be found to contain fully three-fourths of an ungenial moodiness ; and one part of a very doubtful description of happiness ; forming together a compound fitted only to tickle the palate of a confirmed misanthrope.

A Backwood life is but a humdrum one in the best light in which it can be viewed, and the experience I had of it did not serve to make me in love with this specimen of woodland banishment. There is something more than mere satisfaction of bodily wants required to make mortal life pass pleasantly away, some salutary excitement within reach to give zest to our peace and security. We never, in any great degree, prize

our safety, unless in the immediate vicinity of danger, and it is only as contrasted with in the bustle of a city that one relishes an hour of dear-bought retirement, and counts every minute of a triple value, as they hasten us along to throw us once more on the noise and nonsense of society. It is little more than romantic bombast which many fireside travellers indulge in, when discanting on the evenings of rest and luxurious repose that must be enjoyed in the peaceful log-hut after the toils of the day are past. Verily, we would answer, go and taste it; and experience will not fail to teach that thy pleasing and homespun musings are worth a thousand years of the cold and comfortless reality.

This is taking an extreme view, however, for when families are together, it in part rubs the edge from the monotony that broods like a murmuring demon over the gloomy woods of the west. The log-hut where we were now nestled, was not in a state of complete solitude. Within a mile stood another, and within three or four miles were several more; and the township, a square of ten miles, was called well populated, although from a bird's eye view one might only be able to discern a bare patch here and there.

On Sunday, the 8th June, I walked four miles with my friend to call at the next clearance, and accompany some of his neighbours to church, it being the first time I had had an opportunity of attending public worship in Canada. The duties were performed by one of the Hamilton ministers, whose cus-

tom it was to make a weekly pilgrimage to the woods for the benefit of the good folks in the township. The weather was very hot, and most of the male part of the congregation had come without their coats; but the females were both neat and cleanly. There were several rosy-cheeked maidens, whose appearance plainly indicated that they had not been born in the country. But a few short summers would elapse, however, ere the roses would wither, and even the lilies fade from their countenances beneath the un-sparing rays of the Canadian sun.

A discourse was delivered, well adapted to the circumstances of the hearers; and, on the whole, we had the satisfaction of enjoying a day that brought more forcibly to our remembrance a Sabbath in the country at home, than any other that passed during my stay. Every thing around was in pleasing unison with the little flock of worshippers. The temple we occupied stood in a recess cut out of the forest on the way side, and was used during the week as a humble schoolhouse. It was a log-hut, constructed after the most homely fashion; the seams between the trees (which were piled horizontally above each other), forming the four sides, were stuffed with a mixture of moss and clay; and the simple benches we rested on were put together with the utmost economy of nails and iron. The farmers as they arrived, some from many miles distance, threw the bridles of their horses over a convenient stump or branch at the door, quaffed a bowl of water from a pailful placed at the roadside, on the root of a fallen tree,



and then, Bible in hand, slipped into their places with all the unobtrusive simplicity of the Covenanters of old. When the solemn chant of the unsophisticated psalmody rose from the lips of the little flock, it presented a vivid and pleasant picture of the primitive Church of Scotland in the olden time.

On our way back, we had tea at the house of one of the squires, who entertained us with much kindness. About sunset we started for home again, and had a most arduous task, having to plod through nearly five miles of forest road. In many places the rough and rugged stumps studded the way to such a degree, that we were often in danger, as the night closed in, of breaking our noses on these black and unpleasant stumbling blocks. Several times indeed, being completely unaccustomed to the process of steering clear of this species of obstruction, I fairly capsized, and came floundering down, head foremost, at the heels of my friend, who led the way, but whose anxiety for my safety proved completely unable to preserve my often assailed equilibrium. Strange to say, when midnight had fairly enveloped all Nature in her sable garb, we fared better than we did during the partial gloom. Thousands of fire-flies continued to dance and gambol through the air like lovely little planets, and cast a welcome gleam over our dubious way. Ever since this friendly turn they did us, these brilliant little insects have borne a warm place in my remembrance.

While sojourning here, and mixing with the few inhabitants in the clearances adjoining the farm of my

friend, I found myself able, in a certain degree, to see how the numerous contradictory and discordant accounts arise concerning domestic life and comparative comfort enjoyed in this part of the earth. Tourists who leave home with the professed intention of spying out the land, for the purpose of returning home and giving to the world the result of their travels, in the shape of advice to intending emigrants, are often sadly imposed upon, and that in many different ways. They pass from place to place, and must either rely upon simple observation, or the report of others. When the latter meets their own views, the point is settled satisfactorily to their mind. But when they differ, they either give up the point, follow their own opinions, or make a compromise between the two; and in this manner the substance of the lucubrations given to the world is little better than plausible chance work. I was frequently led to this conclusion during my partial domestication amongst the settlers in the Bush; and to the conviction that those classes in our own country, best fitted for Canadian or American emigration, namely, farm-servants and artisans, may pore over volume after volume on this interesting subject, and be little wiser at the end concerning the principal points of their enquiry.

It has been truly remarked, that life is not passed in a series of great and splendid actions, but is, for the most part, made up of a multitude of minor thoughts and deeds, on the proper regulation and control of which our worldly happiness depends; and

these almost invisible links of existence remain beyond the immediate sphere of a tourist's labours. I humbly conceive, therefore, unless one has actually, by experience, known what it is to be a settler in the woods, he is not justified in giving more than a graphic sketch of what he sees, and what strikes him during his flying visit, as peculiarly characteristic of the country and population he is visiting. I am convinced, too, that a single hour's conversation with an intelligent inhabitant of the back-woods (provided he gives a candid recital of his domestic economy, and there are, I am sorry to say, frequently inducements strong enough to make him act otherwise), would, before all book-information, give the intended emigrant a clear view of the advantages and drawbacks of American country life. I regret, however, although I can see so far the deficiency of information, my imperfect knowledge of country life generally, prevents me presuming to supply the want.

On Monday I set off with my friend, who offered to accompany me to the side of the Grand River, which we were to reach by penetrating through the woods for eight or ten miles. After pushing on for about an hour, we found it prudent to return home again, having delayed our starting till the afternoon; and just as we began to lose all trace of a road or tract, the sky became brooding, and a heavy thunder-shower fell, and most effectually damped both our clothes and spirits. It therefore agreed better with our ideas of comfort and security,—when we had fairly resolved upon a

retrograde march,—to call at a cottage belonging to a certain Mr Wilson, and rest awhile, after our fruitless travels.

Mr W. was from home; but his wife, who was carrying a fine child in her arms before the door when we arrived, received us with kindness, and invited us to partake of her dinner, such as it was. We thanked her, and soon made a hearty repast upon green tea, bread and eggs. Hunger formed a capital amalgamating power for the mixture, and we fared contentedly enough. “’Twas all she gave, ’twas all she had to give.” Our hostess was a good-looking young Irish woman, and had come out with her husband about two years before. She had been well-educated, and sorely missed society and its manifold enjoyments. She besought me—if I meant to stay in the country and valued my happiness—not to come to the back-woods, but remain in town—adding, while the tear stood in her eye, that for her part she thought she would never know happiness again, till she was once more in her own beloved country.

No situation could well be conceived more solitary than the one in which we found her. Her husband was at Montreal, distant more than four hundred miles; and the clearance where he had left her and her child was far in the forest; the next neighbour was several miles off, and to whose house the only access was by a rude track, which could hardly be dignified with the name of road. None could have failed to pity the loneliness in which we left this young mother and her

first-born. It is with feelings of anxiety that I now recal to mind the sadly pleasing hours I spent in the solitary hut; but I trust that "Providence that sits up aloft" has continued to watch over, and perhaps may ultimately satisfy her longings, and bear her back again to her early home.

I do not envy the hearts of those out and out advocates of the bush, who allow a cynical smile to play over their features, when they hear of the poor alien in the woods casting a longing lingering look behind to the spot of earth he still fondly delights to call his country. It is all humbug—say those cold-blooded reasoners—to express fondness for the land from which he flees starvation.

This fact, one would rather think, must render the patriotic devotion of the poor wanderer still more holy and pure. He cannot, at least, be charged with casting a wistful gaze back to *comforts* that he has left for ever. No! his regret is for his country—his birth-place—his home!—and although his native soil refuses to yield a potato to nourish her famished son, still that son will look up, while a tear rolls over his care-worn cheek, and sue for a blessing on the land of his fathers. It is to such a man as this one delights to extend the hand of fellowship, and hail as a countryman. It is of such materials alone the moral bulwark of our rocky isle is composed. Wander where they will, their hearts will still be here. They will watch the calm moon as she wades through the deep azure of night, and love her because she too smiles over their

island home! If they inhabit the banks of a foreign stream, it grows in their love from some real or fancied resemblance it bears to the crystal stream of their boyhood, amid which they have revelled in their early days. And thus all nature soon becomes subordinate to the ruling passion—the boast of country and the love of home!

CHAPTER X.

“ A man was famous, and was had  
 In estimation,  
 According as he lifted up  
 His axe thick trees upon.”

A LETTER that I wrote home about this time, will best show how I employed the few succeeding days I spent in this part of the upper province :—“ *9th June, 1834.*—My dear G. My last, as you will recollect, was dated on board the good steam-ship Michigan, which was at the time bearing C. and myself, with almost the speed of the wind, over the glassy bosom of Lake Erie, on our way hither. This is the spot of earth whereon to enjoy travelling, under its most spirit-stirring form. Fifty miles appear to be but a playful leap to the monarchs of the tide. We have no opportunity of viewing at home sights equal to those I enjoy here. It is truly a vision of grandeur to watch one of those aquatic castles—of which there are hundreds—scouring along the placid water, and leaving, as far as the eye can reach, a frothy and sparkling furrow in its wake, as if it were in reality expending its energies in ploughing up the surface of the lovely lake. But before the eye has got well accustomed to the inspiring sight, it dwindles down again to a

mere sunny speck on the blue-girt horizon. The first sight I had of this sort appeared to my mind little less than magical; and no wonder, when we conceive for a moment the hundreds of human beings brought together from all quarters of the earth, who are sweeping past us with such astounding rapidity. And while the power that is tearing and piercing its way through the foaming liquid is bearing them to their destination with the speed of a gallant war-horse, they themselves are perhaps calmly reclining on sofas, puffing cigars, or scribbling to their far-off friends, with as much ease as if seated beside one of your snug parlour fires in the heart of East Lothian.

“ I am now, you may well suppose, experiencing the very opposite of the busy and exciting life which I led, from the moment we stepped ashore at New York. There every one seems moving at double-quick time towards the goal of fortune; and having this ever before the eye, it is hardly possible for one to remain wholly free from participating in the manner, if not the mind of those around.

“ At present I am seated in a log-hut of no lordly dimensions. It contains three apartments—I can reach my hand to the ceiling as I sit—three paces brings me to the middle of my sleeping chamber, and three more from the opposite side of the room, would place me in the centre of the kitchen. The view I have from the window is in unison with the diminutive dwelling. To the south and east, we have a half mile of elbow room; to the west, about a hundred yards, and on the north, within forty yards of me, is



the public way, displaying a specimen of genuine corduroy that might well draw a shriek of horror from the slipshod spirit of Macadam!

“Life is becoming monotonous here; but its novelty is not yet over, and I have seen what I could see, and done what I could do, in order to enjoy it before the edge of my curiosity is blunted with the sameness that must necessarily ensue. I have managed, for example, to cover my palms with a thick crop of blisters, by assisting F. to hoe up a small plot of potatoes behind the house. Such work is no joke here. The soil is a light coloured clay, and the sun has parched it to a cake, at which we were obliged to grind and smash away with very dull edged implements, and my fingers have proved the inoffensive sufferers.

“C. left this some mornings ago for Illinois. F. and I convoyed him on his way through the woods for several miles, and wishing him all safety to his destination, parted,—turned back, and here am I now with not one of all those in whose company I crossed the Atlantic—to exchange a thought or a word with. And during such a time as the present moment, when F. is away in the woods after his own farming concerns, I feel solitary enough. There is, I believe, not a soul within a mile or two of me, and what is there to compensate for the want? Nothing living at least. There is even no approach to what one might style an animated landscape, unless fancy could endow with a fictitious life all those mangled stumps that stud the clearance. But to me these rather add

to, instead of breaking in on the tameness of the limited prospect.

“ On Thursday last, I was engaged in performing a very tough day’s work. An intimation was sent to F., that a *Chopping Bee* was to take place on the ground of Mr Webb, a neighbouring farmer. The poor man had employed a Canadian to clear a certain space of wood, but he unluckily paid him before hand, and soon had the misfortune to discover, that gratitude was not one of the chopper’s virtues, for he marched off—shouldering his hatchet—and leaving ten acres, the stipulated clearance, groaning under their original burden.

“ Having supplied ourselves with the needful chopping axes, we set off after breakfast, which will generally be found a good ally in the performance of a hard day’s work. We left our coats behind, the glass indicating a good many degrees of heat above the comfortable point. We arrived in about an hour at the field of action, and met fifteen of the backwood gentry, and I am sure you could not produce so large a group from the inhabitants of East Lothian, displaying such an overweening *quantum* of wild recklessness, combined as I thought, with an abundant portion of underhand cunning. This was not, however, a fair specimen of the rural population, but consisted mostly of men who employ themselves clearing the woods, or turning their hands to any thing that promises a good day’s feeding, accompanied with a fair allowance of grog.

“There is little doubt, therefore, we found this choice selection of mortals in their element; and as a novelty I did not regret joining the ploy. We soon commenced a war of extermination against some of the loftiest trees the world can produce, and in half an hour you might have mourned over many a fallen monarch of the wood.

“I accomplished out-and-out the severest day’s work I ever set my hands to, and to cheer my sinking strength, I was frequently complimented by my squatter friends upon my dexterity in using the chopping-axe. I was even daring enough to challenge one of them to single combat, and by the way, this might suggest a decisive, and at the same time, bloodless method of terminating encounters of a more *honourable* nature. My opponent and I proceeded thus,—we selected a tree of fair dimensions, having a perpendicular stem, and standing free of others. We placed ourselves on each side, hatchet in hand, ready to attack our victim on a signal being given. The one towards whom the tree fell was declared the victor, for this plain reason, that his cut must have been the deepest, and like conscientious folks, trees seem generally to lean to the weaker side. I had the good fortune to floor my opponent, or at least the tree, in this my first trial of strength; but the various professors of the noble art who were looking on, did not yield the full share of approbation which in my vanity I conceived my due, my supple form, long arms, and long legs, were in their turn lugged in for a part of the honour,—in this manner, the worthies managed very successfully to

fritter away all the laurels that I might have plumed myself upon—my feathers were therefore up, and although light was beginning to fail, I signified my wish to enter the lists anew. My knight of the chopper immediately started from the side of the grog-can, where he had been comfortably seated, engaged in discussing the contents. I likewise took a little before engaging, and although it tasted well enough under our parched and worn out circumstances, I am convinced I never before or since tasted such a harsh and even abominable beverage. It was composed of the worst description of Canadian spirits, and luke warm water brought from the muddy creeks in the wood,—smelling and tasting of the decayed vegetation with which it was impregnated;—no well being within many miles of us. A tree was again selected, of more moderate dimensions, however, than our first, and again we fell to. But in this instance, as luck would have it, we were both cheated of victory, for the tree having a perverse inclination of its own, fell half-way between us—seemingly determined neither to add to, nor rob me of my former triumph.

“In the course of the day we levelled to the ground many a tree that would have done honour to the noble woods of Tynningham or Yester, or to those braes

“ Where Salton's oak, and Humbie's pine,  
Fringe the rude banks of pebbly Tyne.”

The oaks of this district are the finest I have seen but this only forms an additional motive for their destruction. They escape the fire, but undergo the

inglorious fate of being manufactured into barrel-staves.

“The grog I have already mentioned was our only drink during the day, and uncouth as it was, the capacious can was many times emptied, replenished, and emptied again, before we struck work. Thus passed the play—which lasted till about sunset—and then came an afterpiece, which most certainly was considered quite in season by the *dramatis personæ* engaged. Instead of shifting the scenes, the actors shifted their quarters, by adjourning to the log-hut of Mr Webb, whose provident dame had busied herself to some purpose.

“The festal board (composed of every thing the house afforded in the shape of tables, clubbed together) was creaking, if not actually groaning under its substantial load of eatables and drinkables. No ceremony was either thought of, or requisite; we planted ourselves round, after the true take-what-you-have and you-won't-want fashion. The house, to appearance, after we entered, would not have contained a cat additional, so, in schoolboy phrase, it could not be said we had “cat's room and dog's room” to do the honours of the table. Some of the party had for a time to leave their large straw bonnets on their heads for lack of room to set them down.

“The soul and body of our feast was pork, tortured into every description of dish, from the complicated concealment of a pie, to the unaspiring rotundity of a humble ham; and its simple hand-maiden, the potato, was in some of the platters presented to us, so

battered, toasted, and shaped, that even the shrewd wit of an Irishman might have been taken aback, and rendered unable to discover the presence of his beloved root! To give you some idea of the *style* of this bush-feast—a huge cast-metal goblet was handed round the table, filled with potatoes, for the benefit of those who preferred them, boiled, and clothed in the primitive covering of their own jackets.

“But I have yet to tell how we got accommodated with seats; for you can hardly suppose our hostess possessed chairs sufficient for a company that filled her house to overflowing. At the head of the board sat our landlord, on a bag of wool, supported on the right and left by two of his friends, occupying chairs, which appeared to be the sum-total in his possession. Down the right side of the board ran a rough-hewn plank, supported at each end by a sack half-filled with corn; and the opposition bench was a broken ladder, with similar supports, and forming, you may well imagine, no very comfortable resting-place. At the foot of the table, opposite the gentleman on the woollack, stood a huge chest, but whether containing napery or corn I never discovered, perhaps there were both, for there was not a fellow to it in the house.

“More noise was made during the process of feeding than there would have been heard at fifty *table-d’hôtes* in New York. When we had got this part of our festival over, the sun had likewise finished his course above-board, and candles appeared to be highly requisite to assist us in discussing what might be called the serious business of the evening. By the

light of the fire, I made a survey of the apartment, but was unable to discover any thing in the shape of a candle or candlestick, and this led me to suppose that our future proceedings would be little better than fighting in the dark. And perhaps this might happen in a too literal sense, for I could see that there were several hot tempers among us; and when these are in the company of hot spirits, the odds are generally in favour of a blow-up. Part of my conjectures were, however, soon set at rest, for the dame brought forth from some mysterious corner a half-dozen good substantial tallow candles; and as she lighted them—with happy invention and dexterity—popped their nether ends into the bottles that had been conveniently emptied during dinner. This welcome addition to our convenience imparted new life and mettle to the whole company. It seemed, in fact, to put the key-stone on their resolution to pass a most glorious night. Those who were already smoking began to puff away with tenfold energy. The *guid-man* thumped the table with his sturdy fist, desiring all to look after themselves, for he had no time to be speaking, and would rather exhort by example than precept. The *guidwife* threw a few more fagots on the glowing hearth, and immediately the big kettle sent forth a most sonorous and pleasing signal, that it was likewise ready to assist the bold determination of the party. Its singing contents were immediately transferred to the interior of a large can, and by the application of some wholesome spiritual aid, there was formed a sea of inspiration, that might, in the

opinion of many interested, have rivalled the nectar of the ancient gods. No time was wasted—the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, and there followed many a keen encounter of wits. But the woolsack soon became less elastic than it had hitherto been; the ancient ladder began to give audible tokens of its inability to support much longer the deadening weight. Its occupants were fast approaching to that happy state when the world and all its concerns are fairly kicked overboard, and far-roving fancy seizes the deserted helm. This is exactly the moment when those who have no love for the trip softly withdraw; so leaving this scene of mirth and jollity behind, F. and I slipped from the hut, and went on our peaceable way.

“What afterwards happened, I am afraid must ever remain buried in the vale of oblivion, for I never enquired. But I trust that neither the world, you, nor *us*, will have sustained on that account any thing like a serious loss.

“When I am thus on the subject of ‘*Bees*,’ I will give you the description of another I attended a few days before leaving the township. The term ‘*Bee*’ is applied indiscriminately to almost every social gathering that takes place amongst the inhabitants of the woods. Such neighbourly assistance is absolutely necessary. They possess no money to pay wages, and the understood compact, to assist one another when called upon, supplies in a great measure the deficiency. I felt, therefore, much pleasure in assisting friend Webb in destroying his Bush, and



affording him an opportunity of having, during the next season, a few more acres of wheat in addition to his limited crops.

“ This congregating of the natives, is, in the *States* yecept a ‘ Frolic ’—and this merry sounding cognomen is not only a more comprehensive, but, in many instances, a more appropriate one; for the united efforts of the meeting are not always exclusively directed to a certain piece of matter-of-fact utility, but are frequently devoted to sport, in its various forms. There is one description of frolic, for example, which is greatly patronized in some parts of the State of New York. It is somewhat akin to our Scottish *Hansel-Monday* jollifications; but at the same time, it is American all over, and so much in accordance with the American character, that there is no wonder it affords them a rich banquet of enjoyment. And I may add, it is so innocent of all approach to what we Sawneys consider as worthy the name of sport; that it would be long, indeed, before this child of American fancy could become naturalized on the soil of Scotland.

“ It is denominated ‘ a guessing frolic,’ and is managed thus:—A hotel-keeper, of a certain district, feeds up a fat pig against some particular day, when the sportsmen assemble. The affair is then gone into with all the saturnine gravity and phlegmatic coolness they universally display, and nothing ensues, to melt down a single drop of their icy solemnity, nor doth a solitary ray of joy beam over the features of the demure group, which might indicate to a stranger,

that there exists even a fair portion of inward merriment! The pampered pig—killed and cleaned—is laid on a table, and submitted to the curious inspection of the company assembled, who examine it with all the care and calculating curiosity that they are capable of concentrating in their anxious minds. Their fingers are from time to time applied to the different parts of the carcase, which gives the body of the unconscious animal the appearance of a large apple-dumpling, with herculean spiders crawling over its shining surface. When our gentlemen of the fancy have satisfied themselves, they stalk towards the clerk, and depositing a piece of money—the stipulated stake—have their name registered, with a *guess* as to the *weight* of the defunct grunter. So soon as the record is closed, the pig is placed in the balance, and the happy individual whose guessing abilities have brought him nearest the truth, shoulders his prize and marches off. The affair usually ends in a grog-match, but this makes no alteration in the character of the meeting, for it is just as gloomily gone through, as any of the foregoing parts of the day's sport.

“ To return from this solemn digression. The Bees that generally take place in Canada are ploughing-bees, harvest-bees, hay-cutting-bees, house-raising-bees, and chopping-bees. But the second I attended I will leave to your own fancy to supply with a name.

“ A young farmer of the neighbourhood called one morning, with his waggon, to solicit the loan of my friend's plough, as his own had got some damage. F. having no occasion for it himself, at the time,

willingly gave it. On driving off, he told us that there was to be a party at Squire D.'s house in the evening, that there were to be a number of young ladies there, and he had got a message to invite us down. Any thing that might dispel for a time the sameness I lived in came welcome, so we promised to be at the Squire's house in due time.

“As soon as the afternoon became somewhat temperate we set off; the distance was about four miles, and we arrived as twilight set in. But, alas, twilight here is a mere shadow of that sweet and sombre period at home, for the sun has hardly disappeared behind the topmost branches around, when we are enveloped in the palpable darkness of night.

“We found that all the Squire's party had arrived before us. It was not numerous, but still there was a goodly cluster of misses with smooth smiling faces, beaming beneath a load of clear and glistening tresses, that seemed to have cost them a deal of extra trouble for the occasion. As we entered, being the only stranger and a complete one, I had to sustain a curious peep from the corner of many an inquisitive eye; and then a confused murmur of half heard whispers. I passed through this ordeal, however, apparently unheeding, and was introduced to the good old Squire himself, with whom I was soon knee-deep, in a sea of hum-drum prosification of, and concerning, the state of the foreign markets, sour cider, and the price of pork. We were regaled with refreshments, small cakes, currant tarts, and similar puffery. This over—I began conjecturing what was likely to follow, but I

could fall on no reasonable supposition, the young ladies seemed all so bashful and prim—to use an expressive vulgarism, “butter would not have melted in their mouths.” His squireship continued to hold me by the button, enlarging on all the thousand and one topics, that, of course, vitally interested him, though they sounded monotonously enough in my ears.

“As the room became more obscure, the masters and misses drew closer together, till I could now and then hear some gentle tittering, passing like an echo round the circle; as the company began to assume that comfortable form. The moon (for luckily there was one) smiled beautifully in upon them, as they were seated at the window. Now and then an important glance was cast towards the corner where the Squire and I were seated, as if they wished him away, for they appeared to be under some sort of restraint. Happily for their plans he soon rose, and excusing himself, slipped out on some of his needful concerns. When the door was closed I was politely invited to join the party—room was made—and I merged into this round-robin of ‘honest men and bonnie lassies!’

“Being naturally endowed with Scotch caution, I intended, whatever might chance, to keep a sharp look-out after my heart! and I had an additional reason for this circumspection. On our way down, after relating many of the characteristics of the new society in which he has now taken up his quarters, perhaps for life, my friend F. finished off (as we

were in the act of climbing over the Squire's gate), by desiring me to stop one moment before entering the house, and he would give me a little seasonable counsel for my guidance. So we both sat still on the topmost of the rickety-rails; and he began—' You will soon see lots of blooming Canadian girls, bless their meek and modest faces, they hav'nt the heart to kill a mosquito; but,' he added in a lower tone, putting on at the same time a most significant look—' Give one of them but the fiftieth part of a promise to marry, which you are in no hurry to fulfil; and then, goodness have mercy on your poor unfortunate body! Old Squire the father, and lady Squire the mother, young Squire the brother, and a whole host of uncles and aunts, Jacks and Jennies—will in a twinkling be buzzing about your ears, like a nest of hornets, ready to pick your eyes out or something worse, if you do not *instantly* marry and take for your lawful help-meet the said much wronged Miss This, That, or T'other thing!'

“This bright but appalling picture of the temptation and danger I was about to encounter, amused me much, and I could not help hinting that I thought sad experience alone could have given him the power of portraying them in such vivid colouring. Without vouchsafing an answer, however, he immediately leapt from the pailing, and hurried along into the presence of the enemy.

“When I got seated in the mystical ring, I was called upon to join in the amusement in which they were engaged. It was a game of forfeits—but you

might invoke the spirit of romance in vain to whisper you what formed the immediate subject of our hopes and fears. Know then that it was simply a large bone button! From hand to hand it glanced like a flying comet passing round its celestial sphere, till it is lost for a season to the anxious eye. So the button—the glorious button—vanished away, and I was immediately asked plump down to name the fair hand in which it had the felicity to repose. My answer was wrong, and the punishment was forthwith awarded; and I will leave you to judge whether it was in keeping with the enormity of the transgression. The knowing ones of the party presuming, I suppose, upon my comparative novice-state regarding the mysteries I was led into, condemned me to place myself between the two young squiresses on the window-seat. They were quite in the shade, for the moonbeams merely glanced along the outlines of their flowing curls and snowy necks. I underwent my punishment with a very good grace, but had not the bashfulness to consider it such. The fair one on my right hand was now called upon as I had been, but being likewise unable to solve the mystery, she had immediately to comply with the sentence which followed, by placing herself on one of my knees, to which I kindly assisted her, in order to render the penance as light as possible. The lady on my left in a few minutes, too, fell also a victim to the fugitive button, and was consigned to the precious support of my vacant limb. So you have before you a very substantial button-ensnared group.

“ In the course of a few minutes I was thus condemned to act the part of a jailor. Prisoners were given me in the shape of two blooming young ladies, whom I never saw before, and will never see again ; and more romantic still, the lock-up house was my knee, and the chains that bound them were my arms. Not content with the extent of the penal duties I was already made to perform, the master of ceremonies, with more refined wickedness, brought me once more beneath the lash of the law, and awarded the additional penance that I do forthwith salute the two culprits in the condemned cell.

“ Time had got so far ahead that we had now to think of home ; and I was obliged, however reluctantly, to resign my romantic post, and dive into the woods, leaving all the alluring fascinations of the magical button behind, which, I doubt not, has often before the occurrence of this busy bee caused many a heart to ache, and many a head toss over a sleepless pillow.

“ Such is a faithful history of the last active service I was engaged in here, unless you take into account all the plodding journeys I have performed round the country, which have brought me pretty well acquainted with the different localities in the township. I am about to start for Hamilton, and will call on A. H. before I set off for Toronto. He is in a large store, and over head and ears in business, his employers being the most extensive merchants in the district, so he has every prospect of ‘ getting a-head,’ as the Yankees term it.

“ Although I would not on any account pitch my tent here, such is the perversity of feeling, that I experience an active regret on leaving this spot for ever. During my visit I have derived both amusement and instruction, and this will ever serve to make me look back with a kindly thought towards the township and its hospitable inhabitants. Yours, &c.”

On the 14th June I walked down to Hamilton to ship myself for the capital. It was a sultry day, and I was obliged to carry my coat over my arm, to relieve my shoulders of some part of the weight, as well as heat, that I had to endure. In due time I got on board the “ Queenston,” the most venerable vessel now plying on the lake. It reached the wharf at Toronto without any thing happening by the way worthy of remark, saving the mast having gone on fire at the junction with the supporting shrouds; but as there was no want of tubs, water, and hands to use them, it was extinguished before material damage occurred.



## CHAPTER XI.

“ So on I ramble, now and then narrating,  
Now pondering”——

MANY who want experience—that prime rectifier of crude ideas and *outré* opinions—suppose, with great appearance of reason, that, to the tourist, the task of recording the fruits of his peregrinations must become easy in the ratio of the abundance of material which is thrown in his way. This supposition is little better than popular fallacy. The labours of the traveller have a strong analogy to the works of the poet and the painter. Ask the genuine bard of Nature what in writing is the great difficulties which he feels it necessary to use all his energies to overcome. It is not assuredly poverty of thought or vacancy in his mind. No. It is the overwhelming flood of ideas that crowd his thoughts, bearing on and on like the billows of the ocean, till his mind is bewildered with an abundancy of imagery. And *he* alone is the successful bard who can pick and choose from his shadowy store, and give to the world a chastened and appropriate selection. For example, some have in their wondering wisdom expatiated upon the transcendent genius that prompted the pen of our poet,

when he traced his exquisite lines to the "Mountain Daisy." For, say they, none could have supposed such a simple subject productive of a single elevated idea. I am inclined to the opinion, however, that the poet himself would have told a different story; namely, that the ideas contained in the sweet lines in question comprehend not a tithe of those that presented themselves to his rich imagination. And this fact leads us more and more to admire that fine discriminating taste which empowered him thus to prune his fancy, and give as the result, such a finished and unfading gem.

The tourist, when he finds himself merely surrounded by the simple, steady, and unobtrusive beauties of nature, may often manage to set them forth in a form, at all events readable to the generality of those who love to pore over the thousand volumes sent forth by the rambling race. But when one emerges from the meditative solitude, where he has been doing homage to the wonders of creative power, amid a temple formed of Nature's most solemn and majestic features, and finds himself again in the noisy haunts of the world; he is bewildered by the various objects that claim his attention, and which tend to frustrate his attempts to classify the ideas that arise in his mind. This was exactly the predicament in which I found myself on arriving at the city of Toronto. Often when I lifted the note-book, to record what seemed worthy of remembrance, it had half faded from recollection, or was jostled into insignifi-

cance, by the never-ceasing tide of novelties in which I found myself entangled—again and again I had to throw down the pencil in absolute despair.

It is usual, indeed considered often as a duty, to extol all that is new, uncommon, or surprising, and revel in never-tiring enjoyment amid the multitude of lions, &c. to which we are introduced. It will often be found, however, that the extreme may be reached here as well as in any other walk of life; for the fancy of the tourist will often be worried to death with a superabundance of sights that he is—by immemorial custom—bound to examine and admire.

There is, too, an opinion abroad, that what we note down concerning that which we see and pass through, ought to be all done at the moment, otherwise we cannot give a faithful account; for our recollections fade away, and leave our history deficient in the truthful and poetic touches, which alone can be given on the spot, and while we are alive to the objects immediately under our notice. This certainly in a great measure corresponds with what I have felt by experience; nevertheless, were I to give all my own faithful notes, as they were put down at the moment, the good reader would soon find himself mystified, amongst a sorry collection of fanciful crudities, which regarded feelings and individual ideas that I cannot now bring back to remembrance. To give a satisfactory relation, therefore, the sketches abroad must be carefully conned over in the closet for, in the language of the fine arts, some part mus-

be brought better out, others receive additional breadth, while a third class are blotted for ever from our view.

It must be recollected, too, however pleasing it is for readers to be allowed, by adequate description, to enter into the individual feelings of the tourist, as he leads them into the position which he himself occupied, many instances may, and do often occur during his wanderings, when his spirit is damped by some unseen power, which he may be for the time wholly unable to subdue ; and it is plain that the expression of what is experienced, and even endured at such moments, would be any thing but pleasing to those who are engaged in tracing his onward way for the purpose of deriving amusement or instruction. It is unprofitable in the extreme to analyze the thoughts that arise during what is called a fit of the blues—so we have endeavoured to chase them for ever from recollection—making a distinction, however, between mere barren mopishness, and that superior species of sadness, that might be styled the divine spirit of melancholy, that at times will hover o'er, and tinge with its mellowed meekness our every thought and action—such being often the fair harbinger of purity of feeling and renewed energy of soul. It is at such blessed moments that we may be visited with ideas that end in resolutions, involving our greatest, our deathless happiness.

Toronto is in appearance like hundreds of the minor cities in the Union. The streets are built parallel, and at right angles to each other, and they display

the same appearance of a busy-minded population, though there is certainly much difference in the manners of the inhabitants. They are in a great measure divested of that sombre, thoughtful look, which ever rests on the countenances of the Americans ; and the cheeks of the fair sex display a fairer portion of the roseate hue which is so delightful to the eye of an " old country " man. I thought, however, that there was discoverable a certain coldness, that chills the progress of friendship, and freezes those companionable qualities, which one, not wholly dead to the enticements of society, loves to exercise. I did find some exceptions, however, and felt increased regard for those whom I may still denominate friends, and whose kind offices I shall ever continue to cherish in my memory.

I was employed, during my stay here, in many different ways, in a great measure perhaps to little purpose, unless in the way of satisfying curiosity. Sometimes, with fowling-piece in hand, I went to the wood ; but like Patience with his angling-rod, who rejoiced over a glorious nibble, a few flushed feathers were generally all I had to expatiate upon at my return. Pigeons were scarce, woodcocks still more rare, and the black squirrels proved too nimble for an unaccustomed eye. The news-room was a principal point of attraction, where papers and publications from home gave an insight to all those affairs that agitated a more interesting part of the world than my immediate resting-place.

Better descriptions of the city have already been

written than I have either power or inclination to give, and it was a more pleasing exercise to make little journeys to the country round, and note the gradual change that was taking place on the face of the forest, by the busy chopping-axes of the settlers, than to study the character and constitution of this humming nest of mortality.

In one of my excursions, I visited the Island with two of my Toronto friends. We crossed over in a horse ferry-boat, and landed at the hotel right opposite the town. Strictly speaking, it is not an island, but a sandy ridge, stretching from the shore on the east, and rounding in a westerly direction in front of the city, forming a beautiful bay, which is thus only open to the west. We endeavoured to get employment for our fowling-pieces, but we saw little game, and shot less. We enjoyed a pleasant walk, however, over a smooth bed of sand, nearly the sole substance of the place, which bears almost nothing but stunted trees, small shrubs, coarse grass, and water-lilies in abundance. There is a large swamp, containing, I was informed, several hundred acres, situated in the eastern recess of the bay, and it is almost wholly covered with this huge aquatic flower. The existence of this insalubrious spot must for ever serve to keep the neighbourhood in a comparative state of unhealthiness, unless some means not yet discovered be employed to drain it. Nature, however, often silently and invisibly helps us, even while we are murmuring at her decrees, and she may, in this instance, do more in the course of years than

the united efforts of men could accomplish. For at one part of the swamp, the river Don continues to deposit a tribute of the wasted soil from the country behind, and there is no saying but its unassisted and unremitting agency may in time raise a fertile stratum of rich soil above the reach of the water, and convert this nursery of fever and ague into a rich extent of corn-fields and orchards. I would be sorry, should it be supposed from what I have said, that the town of Toronto is more unhealthy than the neighbouring districts. I rather think that it will be found that there exist but small degrees of difference over most of the upper province settlements; and that the amount of clearance must overbalance the bad effects of the marsh.

The Sunday morning here always presents a gay scene of military parade; the Colonial governor, accompanied by the military from the garrison in full dress, with the band playing, march to church, and a great part of the population, from a feeling of decorum, respect, or convenience perhaps, slip from their houses and walk in company to the place of worship. And we must confess the sight always afforded us a good share of pleasure, sustained in a great measure by home-spun associations, more especially after having been some time amongst our democratic friends on the opposite side of the lake, whose minds appeared to feel a painful sensitiveness at the mere mention of discipline, rank, &c.

I recollect of seeing only one specimen of the regular military in the States, and would not even

have had that opportunity had not my attention been particularly called to it. One day, while walking along one of the streets in the town of Detroit, with my casual acquaintance the sea-captain from Boston—"There," said he, "are a few of our soldiers, and they are as fine men as any in the world I expect," as a party of about twenty-five passed us clothed in an unbecoming blue-grey undress. They were lounging along with their hands swinging at their sides, and displayed nothing that could be styled a military air. Their gestures, in fact, half-careless, half-assumed, might easily have been construed into a disregard of authority. We cannot quarrel with our neighbours, of course, for possessing the limited army they see fit to maintain; but one cannot help thinking that unless they train them according to true military discipline, it would be better to rely upon the services of undrilled freemen in time of need.

The town of Toronto is dignified by the residence of the archdeacon, who presides over the Episcopal establishment, and the municipal affairs are controlled by a mayor and aldermen. During my limited stay there were only two acts of authority which came under my eye that I remember, and these unfortunately did not serve to leave an impression that refinement or delicacy had any great share in the dispensation of law and justice.

One was an official placard, under the hand of the mayor, if I recollect right, which was posted up in every corner of the city. I forget its exact burden, but part of it related to the checking of certain



outrages against the good name of the community ; but it struck me forcibly, as well as hundreds of others who read it, that from the coarse language made use of in this mandate of authority, it formed within itself a more offensive, at least more obtrusive cause of disgust to the mind of the sober citizens than that which it endeavoured to drag forward for reprobation. For, previous to the promulgation of the gross anathema, hundreds of the virtuous inhabitants knew not of the existence of the dreaded nuisance.

The other outrage against delicacy which came under notice was a poor and wretched female with her feet confined in the stocks, set for public gaze on a piece of vacant ground at the side of the public thoroughfare, and raised upon a platform, that all might see her in passing. Such a mode of inflicting punishment ought not, I conceive, to be tolerated in a civilized community, and more especially towards a female, whatever the crime or amount of depravity. It is disgusting in the extreme, and, what is worse, it can never answer the purpose intended. Every one knows, or might know, that the reasons for inflicting punishment are threefold ; and it is my belief that the penance alluded to will in all cases prove unavailing, for any of these three divisions of benefit which every punishment should be calculated to produce. With regard to the first, namely, direct punishment for the crime committed, a very little reflection will serve to make obvious, that hardened offenders who commit crimes so great as to bring to a judge's mind that they deserve such

a degrading punishment as the stocks, are, in fact, already past the stage when such exposure would make them ashamed; and this was so in the case which led to these remarks. The shameless female was surrounded with characters of a similar die, giving and taking jokes with her of the coarsest description; and had she been so little familiarized to guilt as to have felt abashed at her situation, is it, one may ask, a punishment befitting such a female? Instead of having the effect of leading her back to virtue—for there is always some chance so long as a spark of feeling is left—it would rather rob her of all remaining respect for herself, and throw her at once an outcast on society, in place of fulfilling the second end of punishment, which is reformation of the delinquent, or the third, which is, that the execution of the judge's decision should give a direct example and warning to society. The very beings who were sporting round the criminal while doing penance, were exactly those to whom such a warning required to be held out; but we could discover, from actual observation, that they were far from considering the spectacle before them as such. It is to be trusted, however, that I am now expatiating upon one of the last instances of punishment of this rude, disgusting, and altogether profitless description.

Here, as in many of the towns in the States, where there are thousands arriving daily by the steamers, &c., there is great demand for hotel accommodation, and the supply is far from spare. There are many extensive establishments, and dozens of minor houses

of entertainment, and all are generally fully occupied, as I had once good cause to recollect. Having been out at supper one night along with a friend, and being rather late in returning to the private house where we staid, we found the door locked, and all within silent. We, therefore, set off through the streets to procure some convenient hotel accommodation; but after tacking about over nearly the whole city, calling at every house of entertainment in our way, not a bed was to be had for love or money; not even a room where we might at least get shelter for the night. My friend's forethought, however, proved a valuable acquisition in our forlorn dilemma. He had observed that at the back of many of the largest houses in town, ladders were placed ready to be used in the case of fire; and he shrewdly argued, that as the house from which we were barred was as high as most domiciles, being four stories, it might be neighbourlike and possess the needful appendage. We set off on this new cruise on the faith of these plausible reasonings, soon scaled the back gate, and found our conjectures and wishes fully realized. Without more ado we mounted the hospitable ladder,—crawled along the ridge of a lower part of the building,—ascended a second ladder to the eaves of the main fabric—creeped up the sloping roof in a truly frog-like attitude, and with equal silence, trembling lest we should be discovered (seeing that at this part of our journey we were on the house of one of the august aldermen of the city), we soon gained the top platform, where a skylight stood invitingly open, and

through which we dropped, to enjoy a sound repose after the aspiring labours we had performed.

I had not an opportunity during the time I was in the States, of observing the effects of fire, which is so frequent as well as violent on account of the slender materials of which the houses are composed ; but I had now a signal instance of its ravaging effects. I had been in the habit of finding my way during the noonday heat, to the tempting establishment of a confectioner, who bore the same relation to the city, that Littlejohn at present bears to Auld Reekie. Ices, cooling drafts, &c., were in daily requisition by all and sundry, including the fair part of the inhabitants. But our luxuries were short-lived ;—one afternoon, exhausted with the dust and heat that at times conspired to rob us of all enjoyment, I hastened down to quaff a frothy tumbler from Erskine's glorious soda-water fountain ; but on arriving at the end of the street my luxurious dreams soon gave way to other thoughts, when my eyes met the unexpected reality. There was indeed no fire, but we required not to be told that there had been one ; instead of the gay windows, decked with every thing that could tempt the eye and please the appetite, what met the view ? Nothing ! literally nothing was visible of the large tenement, not one brick was left on another. What did remain of the house was actually several feet below the level of the street ; for all that we had to gaze on was smouldering ashes, covering the floor of the blackened and sepulchral looking cellar.

Another disaster happened about this time, well

calculated to give a striking warning of the uncertainty of existence. The adjournment of a former public meeting had been called, to take place in the Market Square, to deliberate on the adjustment of taxes or other matters interesting to the community. The people assembled in the afternoon, and the speakers, along with many friends and auditors, ascended to a narrow wooden balcony round the interior of the square, and projecting about fifteen feet above the level of the ground. As the business proceeded, the pressure on the front rail increased till it proved beyond its strength, and it gave way, precipitating a considerable number of individuals to the pavement below. The scene was such as no tongue could utter, and no ear listen to without a thrill of horror. Several of the sufferers at once breathed their last; limbs were broken, streams of blood gushed from the torn wounds, and some more unfortunate than the rest were impaled on butchers' hooks that hung from the wall. A fine boy, son, if I recollect aright, of one of the officers in the garrison, named Fitzgibbon, was one of the sufferers. He, poor youth, did not endure the pangs of gradual dissolution, for upon being taken down from the iron hook which had entered near his heart, he lived only long enough to breathe his last in the arms of his father.

## CHAPTER XII.

" 'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,  
 They are so much intertisted with the earth :  
 So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,  
 I reckon not if an acorn gave it birth.  
 To trace all actions to their secret springs  
 Would make indeed some melancholy mirth."

**THERE** is nothing which surprises a tourist in America more than the variety of religious sects and persuasions that exist and flourish over this vast continent. Hundreds of different interpretations are given of the doctrines of Christianity, and all have, rallying under their banners, a host of zealous followers. As far as we could learn too, they live in a state of comparative amity,—never interfering in any galling or irritating way with the spiritual concerns of each other. Thus, it is to be trusted, rendering inapplicable to their circumstances, the observation of Dr Doddridge, "that suspicions have often arisen between the respective defenders of each persuasion, which have appeared as unreasonable and absurd as if all the preparations for securing one part of a ship in a storm, were to be censured as a contrivance to sink the rest."

One of the most remarkable of the bodies alluded to at present is the one in Canada denominated "Children of Peace," or popularly "Davidites." Their chief teacher, and I believe the founder also, is an old man named David Wilson. Their leading doctrine, as far as I could understand, is equality in every thing, both temporal and eternal; but as a manifesto (if we may call it such) of David—a most original specimen of composition—is printed in a recent valuable work on America\*—it is needless to enlarge. David has his principal temple at the village of Hope, near Newmarket; it is the headquarters of the "Children," from which he makes occasional journeys into other places, to enlighten those ignorant of his opinions, and strengthen the faith of all who have already joined his flock, or may be inclined to do so.

Many of those sects into which Christians have split, are harmless enough with regard to their neighbours, and no one has a right to complain when bodies of men congregate themselves together to support the practice of their faith and religion, in that manner, and by those means, they conscientiously believe to be the most effectual for their welfare; and for which peculiar tasks they naturally find their own feelings and intellectual powers best suited. For, to extend the metaphorical idea of the divine already quoted—a crew is portioned out and duties devolve upon each, according to their capacities with reference to the management of the vessel; and it is plain that, equally

\* Mr Shirreff's Tour.

wise is the bestowing upon man different feelings and abilities, for by this means, the great doctrines of truth are guarded from every position, and advocated in every point, and are thereby brought home to the conviction of all, whatever be the train of thought, mode of argument, or amount of feeling by which they are most prone to be actuated.

I am sorry, however, that from the opinion I felt bound to pass upon the doctrines promulgated in a discourse from David which I had an opportunity of listening to, I cannot conscientiously rank the Children of Peace amongst those who may at least be designated inoffensive denominations of Christians. But these remarks, I would have it understood, are applicable only to their doctrines so far as I know them, for their lives are represented as being simple, and their actions charitable. Their stores are ever open to the needy, so it would appear there is much more danger in attending to their precepts than their example.

One Sunday during my stay in Toronto, David chanced to preach in a small meeting-house appropriated to his use when he visits the city. Curiosity (I can hardly claim a higher motive) prompted me to attend. The place was nearly filled when I entered, apparently with servant-girls, working-lads, and apprentice-boys about town. Benches were placed crosswise, allowing the sitters to face the end of the apartment, where stood a small erection answering for a pulpit. On the right hand, next the wall, sat several young women, and round a table in front of



them were four or five men with musical instruments. After the congregation had remained for some time in silent expectation, David entered and halted on the floor before the pulpit. He appeared to be about seventy—middle-sized—dim-eyed—with grey locks, which were combed back, displaying a forehead of far from commanding or intellectual proportions. The general expression of his countenance was dry solemnity, and his mind appeared to be clouded with the infirmities of age. His dress was composed of blue cloth, his coat was surtout shape, with a standing-up or quaker collar. His posture was erect, and he remained for several minutes with his right hand clasping his left arm behind; his eyes fixed on vacancy, and some solemn thoughts seemed to be revolving in his mind. He soon, however, awoke from his abstraction, and took from a side-pocket a sheet of manuscript, which, without preamble, he read aloud. It was a hymn, and we understood, of his own composing. After a little pause, the attendant girls rose and chanted over the verses, while David, in an audible voice, continued to give out the lines. The tune, however, did not tally with my ideas of appropriate church music; it had more the character of a careless rant. After another pause, meant apparently to give the audience an opportunity of meditating on what they had listened to, he again give out the words of the hymn, while the girls and musicians joined in full band, and created what was little better than a varied noise, and well calculated to dissipate any religious musings that we might have

been engaged in. This over, another pause ensued, during which David still kept his station on the floor in his former attitude.

Without recourse to the Bible or other text-book, he abruptly entered on his discourse with the words, "The apostle Paul says." I do not recollect the passage; but I well remember this much, that the rambling rhapsody which followed could not have drawn its perverted spirit from any part of the apostle's inspired writings. Our preacher soon lost sight of affairs of a spiritual nature, and expatiated upon those of a worldly sort. He employed neither genuine argument nor deduction, nor did he in any material degree appear to be capable of appealing to the passions of his hearers. The burden of his discourse seemed to be the injustice practised towards the world by all those who possess an abundant share of the good things of life. That they are all usurpers and tyrants; that there ought neither to be masters nor servants; that all mankind are equal; and that it is the duty of the poor to pull down the rich. Such, in short, we found were the doctrines advocated by the leader of the "Children of Peace." David's mode of lugging in detached portions of Scripture to suit his own views, brings to mind a quaint but truthful observation of Dr Donne, who says that "sentences in Scripture, like *hair in horses'-tails*, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being plucked out one by one serve only for springes and snares."

I believe, however, that there is little cause to fear that the crude ideas and shortsighted dogmas of the

“Children” are of a sort likely to spread widely. The abilities and rhetorical powers of their advocate can have little influence in attracting new votaries, of even the most ignorant and unreflecting description.

There was a good deal of political bustle going on about this time in the city. One party was chuckling, and the other indignant on account of a letter from Mr Joseph Hume to the Mayor of Toronto, a thoroughbred radical—containing the astounding words “baneful domination of the Old Country,” in allusion to our connexion with the colony.

A body of the Constitutionalists—as they denominate themselves—came down from the Gore district in one of the Hamilton steamers, and, preceded by a band, banners, and all the noisy attributes of a procession, marched to the Governor’s-house, and presented a true and loyal address, professing their staunch purposes to support the crown, and expressing, we were informed, their detestation of the rebellious tendency of the said letter. The day, it was the 17th July, turned out a very busy one for all the idle people about town, and a dollar-making event for the taverns and bar-rooms.

Down near the wharfs, an ox was roasted bodily—horns, tail and all—and formed a chief point of attraction to those who were curious in the wholesale manufacture of beef-steaks.

As far as we could learn, it was a very satisfactory day, in, and for, the opinions of all parties. One side displaying as much noise and loyalty as lay in their power; devouring whole bullocks, and quaffing

bumpers of brandy to the health of his Majesty, God bless him! And the opposite party—though yet a little in the background—argued, very plausibly, of course for their own views, that it was all very well, but noise was not argument, basted bullocks, bribery, and brandy sounded very well together, and that right and radicalism ever went hand in hand!

The 24th July was the fifth and last day of a thunder-storm—the longest that I ever witnessed. There were comparatively but short intervals during the whole time. American lightning surpasses in magnitude what I had ever been led to conceive. One stream of fluid often darts across the whole heavens, and the thunder vibrates through the woods with a most ominous roar. A small schooner on the lake was struck by lightning, the mast split down, four men laid prostrate, and one of them killed.

The hurry and bustle of active life gives rise to weariness and sameness, to one not personally interested in the never-varying stir. So I soon thought of shifting quarters, but delayed departure from day to day, on account of the melancholy fact, that many of the principal towns, both in Canada and the States, were visited by the cholera, which was stalking with rapid and appalling strides over the whole continent. It was therefore evident there would neither have been pleasure nor comfort in wandering from one scene of death to another, considering the nature of the accommodation to be had in various places.

Toronto had hitherto escaped, but case after case appeared, till it was at last found that the fatal mal-

aria had fairly settled over the capital. It now continued from day to day thinning the houses of the inhabitants, and tearing old and young indiscriminately from the bosom of their homes. The dead waggon paraded the streets, and there were few found hardy enough to accompany the poor victims to the common grave into which many were thrown—or to assist in casting over their earthly remains the cold clay mantle of the tomb. Morning, noon, and night brought accounts to us of friend, acquaintance, or neighbour having been swept away by the destroyer, whose strokes spared neither sex, age, nor condition.

The air we breathed felt as if there were deadly and fatal particles infused in it. This might be fancy, but that did not matter—the atmosphere was at all events excessively hot, and often, after the fall of an accidental shower, the steam that rose from the streets was almost suffocating—the margin of the bay was stagnant and green, and lively circulation of every kind seemed to be at a stand. A veil of sadness and anxiety was cast over the spirits of the inhabitants, the life-blood almost became inert, and the very air we breathed and the water we drank seemed to have lost their elastic and invigorating properties. I may venture to say that nine-tenths of the citizens felt the damping influence described, however differently they might explain the causes.

Several of my friends with whom I intended to recross the Atlantic before the commencement of the winter months, were removing to the backwoods, to avoid for a time, if possible, the terror-stirring scenes

of death ; and I agreed to accompany them with pleasure, and did this the more readily, as there was in the party a lady and her children from Scotland. Her husband possessed a farm about twenty miles north from the lake and city ; and thither we intended to proceed and rusticate during the approaching harvest. An old friend whom I met in the city was of the party—one that, in our expressive mother tongue, we might, on account of his appearance, have denominated a *gaucy carl*. He had come, like many thousands before and since, to spy out the land of promise ; but during his stay he had contracted no love for Canadian life.

We two proceeded forthwith in a light waggon, as *avant-couriers*, to take possession of the country quarters, and put every thing to rights, as far as our poor male management would go, and rig out the domicile for the reception of the female comers. We set out on a delightful afternoon, just as the excessive heat was on the wane, and when the animal spirits are in consequence on the rise. Our vehicle was provided with supplies for a few days, such as a tea-pot and requisites for the preparation of a comfortable cup of tea—a couple of tin jugs (the lady wisely judging that in our hands they would stand a better chance than more fashionable ware), a loaf of bread—spoons and knives. For other needfuls we had to trust to the stores of a wayside tavern in the same clearance with our friend's farm.

We passed in our journey through rather a varied and pleasant part of the country. Our first stage was

beneath the shade of large pines that cover a sandy plain many miles in extent—we then got into a better country with goodly clearances at intervals, and at no part were we long, with the wood on both sides of the way.

We crossed the river Humber, a clearer running stream at this part than any other of the district. There is here the pretty little village of Tobococke—most of the houses with independent stations of their own, such as the fancy of the proprietors had chosen to stick them on. Some were on the crests of rising sandy knolls, some buried in little hollows; and on the opposite side of the bridge by the wayside, in more orthodox and old country fashion, some cottages were placed in a continuous row. A diminutive piazza in front, covered over and under with wild vines, and other elegant creeping plants, gave a cast of domestic elegance to the dwellings; and more lovely still, we observed several blooming cheeks and blue eyes watching us from the half-buried lattices, as we jogged past in our primitive equipage. We had our vicissitudes too, analagous to storm and calm. The one in the shape of patches of corduroy, over which we were tossed and tumbled in gallant style; and the other in the form of long tracts of sandy road, through which the waggon wheels had to squeeze their way, like a vessel moving along at half a knot in the hour. However, as time was in a great measure in our own keeping, we managed to “go ahead” as smoothly as possible to the end of our travels, without encountering any of the necessary, at

least almost invariable appendages to a woodland cruise—broken shafts, cracked axles, bottomless mud-pools, &c. &c. that are ever staring us in the face from the pages of American journals.

The sun had set, and the air became accordingly chilly when we got to the end of our last stage, and, as the wisest thing we could do in our circumstances, we hastened to enquire about our accommodation. There was neither chair, table, nor almost any other piece of furniture in the house ; but we found a fire lighted in the garden, beside which sat a couple of workmen, who were employed in finishing the house we were about to inhabit. Three rails from the adjoining fence, conveniently tucked together, in the form of a tripod, stood over the blazing fire, supporting a kettle of water. This suited us amazingly, so we lugged out our ammunition ; but instead of accomplishing our hastily-formed resolution to take tea, we agreed to a wise amendment of our stout friend, and concocted, with the help of some red-hot water, a little sugar, and a *leetle* from a pocket-pistol, which he slipped from a side-pocket, a pot of genuine Scotch toddy ; and although in a strange land, and seated at a strange table, and using a still stranger punch-bowl, both the toddy and ourselves felt quite at home. It tasted like nectar, and did its duty—our chattering teeth were set at rest, and our chilled limbs got into a pleasant glow ; and we soon after our homely potation retired to our berths, snugly enough, and in comfortable trim. The sleeping equip-



ments were but spare—I got a small mattress, and my stout friend sunk sweetly to repose in the middle of a bagful of shavings. They were placed in the opposite corners of a large room. We slept well on the whole. I was, however, once awoke, in the middle of the night, by a half-surprised, half-angry grunt from my friend, and immediately something struck the boarded wall near me and dropped down. It was a poor mouse at the last gasp. “What d’ye think of that!” he exclaimed, as I threw it back again, “We’ll be eaten up, as sure’s a gun; I got it in the very croon of my *Kilmarnock*. Puir, silly brutes!” he added, moralizing, “they seem to hae as little sense as oursells, or they wadna have come out here to starve among stumps and toom timmer hooses!” I soon dozed over again, while listening to a grumbling and sleepy tirade against America, Yankees, Canadians, cheats, vermin, stumps, and starvation.

In the morning the first thing we did was, naturally enough, to look about us, and take notice of the capabilities and deficiencies of our new domicile. We found a sad overbalance in favour of the latter attributes. Half the windows were unglazed—half the doors unhung—and the house, in short, only half-finished. It was a frame one, consisting of two stories and an attic—and altogether the mansion-house, with reference to the other habitations in the township.

Hammers, saws, and sweeping-brooms were kept in full operation, and we soon got the whole in fitting

trim to receive the lady and her family. With the usual providence of the fair sex, a waggon, stowed three times its own height, brought up the rear, on the day of their arrival ; and before dark, we rigged out several beds, cooking apparatus, and many other needfuls and necessaries named and nondescript.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Unhappy he, who from the first of joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone.”

WE were pleased to find that our party was not alone in the wilderness. There were several habitations straggled up and down the clearance, like so many wooden boxes tossed at random over the tops of the surrounding wood. It was, too, a “handsome clearance,” being about three miles in one direction, and half that distance in another, but from the great height of the boundary trees, it did not appear to be nearly of such extent. A smith’s forge stood within a hundred yards of us, and next it a small tavern, in which there were sometimes glorious carousals, when a wet day drove the people from their outdoor labours. This occasioned it receiving, from one of our party, the appropriate cognomen of “Little Hellie.”

Those composing our party employed themselves in the ways that best suited their pleasure and convenience. Several who had got a knowledge of mechanics were soon over head and ears in work. Shelving, benches, tables, &c. were the fruits of our

industry; and we even managed, with two day's labour, to provide the lady with the there unheard of luxury of a sofa. It was rude enough, but such refinement as it displayed had never, till then, appeared within the woody precincts of the township. When we quitted the country some time afterwards, the squire of the district prayed that we would allow him to retain the envied couch, which was willingly granted. And there is little doubt, that, at this very moment, the youthful offspring of his honour, as they cluster themselves on our transcendent handiwork, recollect the strangers, and continue to speculate over the silent witness of their wonderful skill.

Although we were often without a ready supply of beef or mutton, there was no lack of the grunting gentry in the clearance. One old man, from Wales, named Davis, possessed six fine families, each consisting of a mother and twelve pigs. The house door was seldom left five minutes ajar ere we received a free and easy visit from some half dozen of our squeaking neighbours; but this was quite excusable in them, poor things, for they only followed the example of their masters, whose unbidden visits were often more untimely still. A mere word to the dog was sufficient to rid us of the forward piglings, but it was no easy task we found to keep clear of the presence of our two-legged intruders; a broad hint did not seem to be a figure of speech made use of, or understood in their conversational intercourse.

Harvest was now approaching, and we had a slight share of it. A field of peas behind the house ripen-

ed, and all the effective weapons in the district were mustered to cut it down ; they consisted of a scythe, which the only servant on the farm made use of, and several hedge bills (at least some would have so named them at home), which his aidcamps assisted him with to the best of their abilities. It was truly a rough job, but in the course of a few days we finished it by forming the whole crop into a good sized stack in the middle of the field. The rest of the cleared part of the farm, containing about sixty acres, was laid down in grass, and we were thankful ; for whatever it might be to the skin-dried natives, field work at this season was a roasting business to us. The thermometer was generally at  $80^{\circ}$  by nine o'clock A.M., and, at a little past noon, as high as  $90^{\circ}$  and  $96^{\circ}$ .

While staying here we had an opportunity of observing the effects of a sudden hurricane in the woods, one afternoon while several of us were in the garden, from which we had, now and then, to run to the house for a little respite from the rays of the sun. The thermometer stood about  $90^{\circ}$  in the shade, and we felt as if breathing the heated air of a furnace, for not a single breath of air fanned the wood-bound clearance. We were in fact, as if standing at the bottom of a huge tub, the trees around forming the upright staves.

About two o'clock we were startled by a strange undefinable noise, which every moment became louder and louder, and sounded like the sea swelling in the distance. We were unable to divine the cause, but

kept our eyes fixed along the road to the north-west, from whence the disturbance seemed to proceed ; and we soon observed the white dust rising in vast volumes, over the tops of the trees, accompanied with several cracking and booming sounds, which we afterwards discovered arose from trees that were prostrated by the violence of the wind. Little more than two minutes brought the hurricane, in all its violence, across our clearance, whirling aloft every thing in its way which was of a light or movable description. It appeared for a second or two as violent as an explosion of fire-damp in a coal-mine, and as soon over ; but it left most unequivocal effects behind. The close and sultry heat was gone, and in its stead we enjoyed a most refreshing, though it might have proved a dangerous coolness. We had been moving languidly about without either coats or vests and with our necks exposed to the air ; but in five minutes our teeth and limbs were shivering and chilled, and we hastened in to get covering from the cold.

There was little to be had in the way of sport ; we saw no feathered game, save now and then a hawk hovering over the trees at a very circumspect and *unshootable* distance, and black squirrels were all we saw of the four-footed sort. One day, indeed, we got notice that a bear had been heard in an oat-field adjoining, and we were persuaded to set off in a body, to take the marauding brute by storm. Our fire-arms were instantly put in requisition, one got a double, another a single-barrelled fowling-piece, a third and fourth pistols each, and a fifth brought up

the rear with a huge carving-knife! We marched into the woods—Indian file, double-barrel leading the van—and performed before returning a fruitless and toilsome journey through brake and brier—over stump and creek—while our good dog Boatswain made a point of pushing his eager snout into every hollow trunk in our way. So our formidable array turned out a mere empty parade, and we returned to dinner guiltless of spilling a single drop of blood. Some of the party did not even venture to discharge their pieces till they got to the middle of the clearance; but whether this was out of consideration for themselves or the bear it will not do to insinuate.

In this part of the country the settlers pass—as far as we were able to judge—a busy enough life, considering the climate, &c., which they must submit to. They have little in the shape of comfort, and nothing at all of luxury. Many of the locations around us appeared to be as old as any in the province, and had not the raw look of many others we visited. But still there were few of those indications that speak of a valued home, and whisper at once to the heart of a stranger, that he is amongst those who are surrounded with domestic comfort and happiness. There is none of those decorations, in and out of the woodland cots, that mark the hand of peaceful contentment, and which resemble the thousand nameless attentions that show the love one bears to the partner of his choice. We saw only a scanty portion of fruit-trees, and but few flowers and plants, the culture of such being seldom attended to, unless when the body is relaxed

from labour, and the mind wholly at ease. But one can hardly expect to find such in abundance here; for the tasks of the settlers are generally more than merely healthful toil; both mind and body, at the close of their daily avocations, must feel considerably exhausted, and this of course must render further exercise of either, pain instead of pleasure. Their only relief, therefore, is complete oblivion, or the procuring of fictitious strength by the aid of a stimulus; to this they too often have recourse, and for it the sultry and withering heat, ever unrelieved by refreshing sea-breeze, allows them too good an excuse.

One day we visited a neighbouring farm belonging to a Scotsman from the foot of Ben-Lomond. He had been in Canada about fifteen years, and had several sons along with him. They all lived together, and were apart from other settlers several miles. It was the best property we had seen, for the old man possessed seven hundred acres, the half of which was completely cleared. One of his sons showed us the stump of an oak-tree which had been cut down four years before our visit. At the height of a yard from the ground where it was cut over, it measured in circumference twenty-three feet, and at the ground it was fully one-half more. He had taken a transverse section of the stem when cut down, and having counted the rings, or annual growths of the timber, found that the tree must have been dropped on the soil, in the form of an acorn, about the year Sir William Wallace was born. The noise was heard for miles round when it was felled, which three Irishmen



accomplished in three and a half hours with chopping-axes—certainly good work.

We found that the old man retained all his original affection for his birth-place, and regretted that of necessity his bones would be laid far from the bonnie side of the lofty Ben. We could not help participating in his well-founded regrets, when we contrasted his present buried habitation with the glorious scenes of his early home.

Having never had the luck, whether good or bad, to be present at a camp meeting, an assemblage which forms the subject of so much contradictory disquisition to some of my forerunners in the travelling trade, I asked Peter—one of the sons of the old man—if he had ever attended any of them ; but I found that he was nearly as ignorant of their merits as I was myself. He seemed to have taken a prejudice against them some years before my visit, when one chanced to take place in the forest on the borders of his clearance. One of the clergymen engaged in the meeting, on the first morning, which was Sunday, had tied the tether of his nag rather near a fine oat field belonging to our Scotch friends, and having given the hungry brute too much latitude, she managed to make her way into it, and to fill her crop with the forbidden fruit. Peter's careful eyes detected the depredator, and he soon brought her headway within more circumspect and circumscribed limits. In short, he fastened her to a stump in such a manner as to prevent her from bringing her pillaging muzzle within a yard of the ground. In this quandary—as Peter

himself told me—his reverence found her when he was about an hour afterwards on his way to ask the Scotsmen's attendance at the camp.

“ We hae business anew,” said Peter, with the sagacious slyness of his countrymen, “ tae keep us hefted tae our ain hame-steedin’.”

“ Consider, my friend,” said the minister, “ you should have no pressing work to do on the Sabbath-day.”

“ Troth,” said Peter, “ ye hinna leed there ; nae question, we sud hae nae pressin' wark on this plessed day, but fat wi' readin the pieple, and there's nae pad in that ?”

“ Oh, none in the world,” said the minister.

“ An' fat wi' hoondin' the hungry yauds oot o' the pit patch o' corn, we hinna ae moment a pody can ca' their ain, frae the screech o' day till the tail o' the gloamin'.”

His reverence felt the satire, and commending the propriety of the occupations, without farther parley returned to the camp.

We left the old man in the bosom of his family, after he had bestowed upon us his kindest wishes, and envying us the prospect we had of soon again footing the soil of our native country.

No spot, it appeared, could long remain free from the blighting effects of the pestilence. The backwoods were soon visited by the deadly scourge. But although all our party, young and old, suffered under the influence of a tainted atmosphere, we were graciously preserved from its most fatal blow, and the

inhabitants of the clearance ultimately escaped with life.

During one of my walks, I came on a solitary cottage by the wayside, and in a small enclosed spot of grass near it stood a couple of white painted tombstones, marking out to the passer-by two little mounds. They were the graves of a mother and her child.

There was something sadly pleasing in observing here these simple memorials of the dead. They were the only ones I met with during all my wanderings amongst the habitations of the forest, and they could not fail to rivet the attention and send back the thoughts to home with a subdued pleasure.

“ Where the grey ruined fane, with its time polished crest,  
Reflects o'er the graves the deep beams of the west,  
Where the night birds that soar—as the long shadows creep  
O'er the homes of the dead—seem to murmur and weep.”

Such are ideas that the native of a land like Upper Canada can never know or feel the force.

In the mind of a Scotchman, however, especially when wandering far from his rugged but dearly-loved birthplace, there is a calm and soothing halo cast over the precincts of the holy place of prayer. Indeed, foremost amongst the thousand hallowed spots that memory, aided by imagination, cherishes with a tenfold fondness, is the silent city of the dead—the lonely churchyard, with the golden but subdued rays of the setting sun gilding as with a farewell smile the mossy memorials of our forefathers, while the lengthening shadows of the hoary tablets stretch slowly over the grassy mounds, shielding, as it were, from

the joyous smiles of Nature these sacred spots, where the spirit of sadness, weeping bitter tears for weak mortality, ought ever to reign unmolested.

It is impossible to help believing that reminiscences of home, whether they are enveloped in the gay garb of mirthfulness, or the more sober veil of melancholy, afford a pleasing exercise to the mind and heart, and form strong incitements to fervor and devotion. Nay, perhaps they are often the only ones which the wood-surrounded inhabitants of the Canadian hut can possibly possess. We never failed to remark a cold and deadened aspect portrayed in the countenances of the natives of the woods who lived in thinly populated districts, and in those settlers also, who had long bid a final adieu to Britain as their home; their feelings appeared to claim little sympathy with the rest of the world, and they were wholly engrossed in supplying their own daily necessities. Their thoughts at no time appeared to range far beyond the bounds of their wood-encircled home, and their voices too, conveyed to the ear of a stranger the sensation of habitual forlornness or melancholy, long since softened down into a passive feature of the mind. It is under such circumstances that memory gives forth her treasures with such bountiful effect. By her aid the stagnant stream again bursts forth, and in a deluge of sentiment and enthusiasm, sweeps away the morbidity, that springs up as a rank weed, to choke in the heart the fruits of piety and devotion.

It cannot fail when all external stimulant is shut out, as it is in a great measure from the Backwoodsman,

that his faculties, feelings, and passions become deadened, and often wholly inert, and his lamp of happiness would burn dimly indeed, were the pleasures of memory denied him. For it is assuredly "the storehouse of ideas—the roll on which is written the legend of the past—the cell in which are hoarded the sweet recollections of early life, of young affection, of sunny hours, and days without a cloud." \* But possessing this unseen aid, he will ever feel the invigorating glow which in some degree compensates for the want of the bright-shining flame of social enjoyment.

We cannot look upon the solitary life of the settler, but as partly an evil to which he is subjected; however great the boon conferred upon man by the existence of such a vast and fertile outlet to the growing population of the world, as the woods of America are, still he is a social being, and not formed to inhabit permanently the wilds and wastes of creation alone and friendless, where he is led to mope and brood over his destiny, and wonder perhaps, why he was created at all. When he is doomed, therefore, either by will or necessity, to taste the bread of loneliness, the coldest and most selfish being in existence can hardly profess insensibility to the blessings which memory and well-regulated sentiment can bestow. Those feelings are the surest safeguard against man in such a situation sinking inevitably down into a mere creature of to-day, whose highest enjoyment consists in providing and satisfying his immediate

\* Miss Grierson.

animal wants. His mind will be preserved ever alive to the real position which he ought to hold amongst the various orders of created things. Although we have faculties that minister to self alone, self gratification is far from being our highest principle of action ;—social powers we have been provided with that present us with a purer motive of exertion ; and the sentiment of veneration is of a still more exalted order, and which, while we endeavour to penetrate into the hidden mysteries of creation, invariably leads us to look from Nature up to Nature's God.

. I may observe here, that whatever contradictory statements have been promulgated regarding the religious meetings that take place in the woods, I cannot help believing that the indecencies reported to happen, are merely evils that at times attend them ; and are not part and portion of the transactions sanctioned by those who lead the devotions of the assembly. It would be injustice to lay to the charge of those who assemble for sacred purposes, all the sins that are committed by idlers who choose to spend their time in licentiousness, and seize the opportunity to do so, while others come together for the exercise of their faith and religion. Fanatics there no doubt are, who arrogate to themselves powers and attributes which they do not possess, and who attract deluded votaries for the most pernicious purposes. This we can only lament, and look with double interest to those pure minded men who ply their religious avocations, in singleness of heart, amongst the isolated beings who live in the woods far from the sound of the Sabbath

bell. No sight can be more touching than a congregation beneath the towering trees of the forest, sending up from amid the simplicity of Nature the sincere aspirations of the heart. There is no excitement here to a vain display—the wood-bound spot is their temple and altar-piece—the heaven is their canopy—and one ear alone listens to the melody which they pour forth as a willing sacrifice !

All the cleared land is enclosed by a sort of Vandyked paling called a snake fence. It has a rude appearance, and occupies ten times more ground than a straight rail would do. It is adopted, I believe, principally on account of the little trouble it requires in the erection. It was often amusing to see with what dexterity the cows sent out to browse in the woods at times cleared the enclosures, when a convenient out-field met their envious eyes. Seven rails in height was sometimes no protection against these nimble-legged trespassers ; and when they did manage to make good their entry to any of those patches of corn in which we had an interest, we found it no easy task to eject them. They knew well their advantage, and doubled in gallant style round the stocks and stumps, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of the delicious corn. When they were hard pushed, and it came to the worst, they had only to make a clever spring, kick up their heels with apparent mirth and good-humour, and scamper into the woods again to wait for a new opportunity when they might make another descent on the forbidden ground.

Amongst the minor evils that served to keep our

tempers in a state of fermentation, frogs, crickets, and house flies held the first rank. It is hardly possible to conceive the creaking and whistling din which the frogs keep up the livelong night out of doors, with their "most sweet voices" pitched to every note and half-note on the scale, and they are most industriously supported by the crickets, both out and in, with the variety of chirp which proceeds from old, young, and middle-aged. In contrast with the dull silent sameness of the day, this natural music imparted the feeling that so soon as the sun had dropped to bed, every stick, stump, and leaf of the forest was teeming and screaming with newly acquired life. The flies were our greatest and most persevering tormentors, however; there were millions of them ever buzzing about the room; and when we lay down, as we had to do several times a-day to refresh ourselves with a rest or nap, hundreds of these winged pests would in one moment settle on our faces, necks, or whatever part of our languid bodies was left exposed to the air. Nose, mouth, and eyes were clustered and covered, while the tickling from their feet and suckers was altogether unbearable. Sometimes one might manage by a quick motion of the hand to crush a dozen or two to death; but it was far from pleasant, rendering the face a puny war-field even when successful—and when not, the only satisfaction was in having bestowed on our own flesh and blood a good hard thump. We were unable to bear the covering of a handkerchief over our faces, the air being too hot to allow the slightest obstruction to our breathing; so we often rather sub-



mitted to the irritating manœuvres of the little brutes. We had plenty of snakes too : I captured several in the garden, and one fine large fellow who had his retreat under the floor of the house. But we never ascertained whether they were of a dangerous sort or not.

Part of our employment, while resident in the backwoods, consisted of the providing our daily bread and water ; and our food was sometimes composed of little more than these two simple necessities. The juniors of the party were at times sent off on a fowling excursion, that is, to purchase a few fowls from any one willing to part with them. Sometimes we were successful and at other times not. When a bargain was struck, we had generally to catch as well as pay for our game, and this formed the most troublesome part of the transaction. The devoted birds seemed to have more than a vague idea of the import of our visits, and managed to lead us a fine dance through fields and over fences, and they often tacked in gallant style while we continued pursuing in hot and blundering haste, making now and then an awkward somerset over a rotten-tree or through a miry creek.

There is much between the cup and the lip it is said ; but there is often much more between the purchasing of a fowl and the eating of it. Experience taught us this. At home we had never been under the necessity of thinking about the procuring of the feathery brood ; but we were now, *volens volens*, forced to it, and they seldom afforded a *merry thought* to us. We had to view the subject in all its bearings, and we got in

consequence wonderfully acute and knowing, touching the age, attributes, and comparative value of the whole cackling community, from a new-laid egg up to a well-fed *how-towdy!* And although the good old Scotch song no doubt says—

“ A goose is nae guid meat,  
A hen is boss within,  
In a pie there’s muckle deceit,  
A pudding it is a good thing ”—

alas for us! puddings were like angel visits; pies were not to be had for love or money; and right glad we were when even a few *boss* fowls fell to our scanty share!

My note-book is still unexhausted on the subject of our back-wood life, but it would only be, “throwing water on a drowned mouse,” as our stout friend remarked on a similar occasion—to multiply illustration on illustration of the time passed here; and our pages would run imminent danger of becoming but too true a transcript of the monotony which we sometimes were for days together unable to ward off.

We were disappointed in not having the good fortune to witness the occurrence of a natural phenomenon peculiar to America, namely, the Indian summer. It is described as taking place when the real summer is nearly lost in autumn. It continues about a fortnight, and is known by the hazy state of the atmosphere, and the subdued rays of the sun, that appear to smile over the earth from behind a gossamer veil, and the universal calm which accompanies them. The

Americans talk with rapture of it, and consider that they enjoy during its existence the best weather throughout the whole year. 1834 was not favoured by a visitation of it.

The chilly nights of autumn began to wax keener and keener, and so great did the contrast between heat and cold become to us before leaving the woods, that while at mid-day we were roasted under a heat that raised the thermometer above  $90^{\circ}$ , we were nearly frozen at midnight under the protection of eight substantial blankets.

The homely log-hut appears to be the most snug and comfortable dwelling in use in the back-settlements. Our house, like many of the appendages of refined life, displayed a sacrifice of comfort at the shrine of fashion. It was, as has been said, a frame-one, that is, composed of posts and pillars, covered outside with thin smooth boards; thus placing only about half an inch of wood between the weather without and the interior. This afforded but a very partial protection from either heat or cold. By eight in the morning the wood began to absorb the rays, and by meridian the heat within was almost insufferable. At night again, the cold got as easy access, and we had the full benefit of the transition

“ From India's fires to Zembla's frost.”

At sunrise the vapour often presented a most striking appearance, for it seemed to ascend in a compact body from the ground. About an hour after the sun was visible above the trees, the vapour was about a

yard from the surface. This was easily ascertained by stooping down and looking under it, and far along beneath the superincumbent white mass, we could see distinctly a small portion of the trunks of the trees next the ground—and when we looked from the upper story of the house, we saw the top branches above the cloud. In a little while, however, these were hid from us, while an equivalent increase of clear air filled the space below, till at last the whole fog mounted into the atmosphere, and was dissipated in the morning air.

It was on a beautiful morning about the middle of September, that I mounted a horse belonging to old friend Davis, proprietor of our pig acquaintances—and along with others of the party took my way for the city ; leaving for ever the backwoods of Canada, and all the toil and pleasure of which they were and are productive. Although we had experienced some of the privations attendant on the state of life there, and of the sickness which ever lingers over these partially cultivated spots of the earth's surface, augmented at this time by still more fatal disease, yet having encountered them all with free will, I am not now inclined to look back on my sojourn in the forest with either distaste or regret. The old man, while he held the reins as I mounted, dropped a tear of regret at our departure, and faltered out a wish that Providence would guide us home again in peace and safety ; and as we passed the door of the smithy, Vulcan laid down his noisy hammer on the anvil and hastened out to take a last farewell. The Squire too, with others of our rustic friends, shook hands, and as we journeyed

onward, sent after us many kind ejaculations for prosperity on our future travels.

As we rode along, we saw numerous marks of the hurricane I have already noticed. Immense trees lay prostrate, and some had fallen right across the path. The appearance of the torn up roots indicated a shallowness of soil, for they seemed to have run along within a few inches of the surface. Many of the trees had the appearance of a flat-bottomed candlestick lying on its side, for the cake-like mass of earth-bound roots, as they stood at right angles to the surface, would not have measured much above a foot at the thickest part.

On arriving once more at the city, I had little else to do than make all those arrangements that constitute the necessary evils of a travelling life ; and to take leave of those with whom I had formed a friendship during my previous stay, now to be broken up most probably for ever. I do not know a more awkward or more unsatisfactory movement made by the social machinery of life than this. It cannot be supposed I would feel acutely the separation I was about to make ; and yet there is no doubt an indefinable something that pervades the mind during the act of withdrawal from such a place of residence as the one in question, and from the friends one leaves. But the distinguishing characteristics consist in the principle of separation, if we may so speak, and we experience most sensibly the want of conventional terms of the proper import to convey the precise state of our thoughts. During the scene of an ordinary parting,

the soul and body of our converse are displayed in pouring forth the joy there is in store for us at meeting again ; and the expressions of well-wishes that we pray may be substantiated during absence. All these however, like Macbeth's "amen," stick in the throat when we are leaving for ever those of only a few months' acquaintance, with whom we may nevertheless have exchanged the freemasonry of good fellowship—been received into their domestic circle, and partaken, in some measure, of their house and heart. Some might be inclined in such a situation to enlarge during the parting colloquy upon the kindness they have received, and pour into their entertainer's ears a catalogue of the hospitalities they have enjoyed, and add a deluge of thanks to wash the whole down with. This did not agree with the tenor of my feelings, and would not have been in keeping with the obligations I was under. Noisy returns are alone consistent with a previous noisy and officious anxiety to overwhelm one with an oppressive show of hospitality. This I had not to endure, having been, on the contrary, treated with that exact degree of delicate neglect that allows one to feel completely at home.

The moment, however, did arrive, when I was finally handed into the steamer by my good friends of Toronto, and under cover of the roaring and running of passengers, carting and uncarting of all sorts of stowage, and the angry puffing of the boilers, I contrived to say my parting say respectably enough. My next action was to dive down to the cabin to secure a convenient sleeping berth ; for, from the display of address

in this single matter, a person of very ordinary penetration may form a tolerably correct judgment touching the experience of his fellow-travellers, from the old never-to-be-taken-aback veteran, down to the raw rambler who has hardly in his life crossed a fathom of salt water.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“ ’Twas not without some reason, for the wind  
 Increased at night until it blew a gale ;  
 And though ’twas not much to a naval mind,  
 Some landsmen would have looked a little pale.”

It was about ten at night when we boarded the Great Britain, a very orthodox title, and one which made us feel somewhat at home ; the word was given, and off she went, tearing through the waters of the lovely Ontario ; and as good luck would have it, the moon was up, with her fair round face reflected from the depths, and the mimic orb at times broken into a thousand sparkling gems by the curling ripples that followed in our wake. We could not fail to recall to mind that this was the scene where “ Marano amiable in her sorrow sat alone by a shelving rock.” This little tale would alone rescue Canada from a Bæotian title ; but there is no country so barren of historical or romantic interest, as to bar all idea of conjuring up some pleasing half dimmed imagery to people its moonlight wilderness.

In our immediate circumstances, the dark tribes of



the Indians, with their rude-painted visages and thrilling war-whoop, seemed lurking in every glen that we swept past; and every little isle that studded the margin of the lake appeared to fancy as the peaceful abode of some youthful pair of these children of nature; for in the chastened and soothing light every thing that met the eye was clothed more in the garb of romance than reality. The scene was to be felt but not described. We must, therefore, leave it to those who may hereafter be lucky enough to enjoy a moonlight voyage along the margin of Lake Ontario to verify the truth of our words.

On the following afternoon, being Sunday, we arrived at the village of Oswego, beautifully situated at the mouth of the river of the same name. Like all the infant cities of America, the houses are as gewgaw and gingerbread-looking as one could desire, stuck together like so many rows of bright-coloured pasteboard boxes in a toy shop, calculated to trick little masters and misses out of their spare pence. By the time we had walked through this little city and seen all that was worthy a stranger's notice, sufficient firewood for the engines had been got on board, and we hied away across for the town of Kingston, on to the Canadian side.

As the sun set, our prospects of weather for the night were rather disheartening. The clouds thickened over us, and now and then an angry growl in the distance seemed to whisper us, that we might not be surprised by a visitation of thunder and lightning.

While tea was preparing, the signs without became

less and less equivocal, and when the bell rang for that meal the wind was getting up, and threatened to become rather a dangerous accompaniment to our entertainment. Cups began to show a lurking inclination to slip their cables, and take leave of the saucers—incipient symptoms of agitation peeped from the eyes of the more timid of the landsmen on board ; and the creaking of the bulkheads, though little louder than the squeaking of a mouse, sounded with ominous distinctness in their ears. All these warnings conspired to urge the good folks round the board to lose no time in transferring the steaming beverage to more safe and capacious vessels. The affair of eating and drinking was therefore soon discussed ; but time, that tries all, proved that even in the recesses of the stomach, hot rolls, tea and toast may not be altogether safe against the *overreaching* effects of an angry squall.

The cabin was soon cleared of loungers, some fled to the deck to puff their cigars and cogitate on the coming hurricane, while others—wisely intent on more comfortable doings—and acting upon the principle that a preventive is better than a cure, slipped to their berths, in order to cheat the demon of sickness of his prey.

The storm kept pace with the advance of darkness, and before “ that hour o’ nict’s black arch the keystone,” the elements were in full chorus rattling away over our heads. The lightning flashed—the thunder pealed—the rain poured—the wind—right in our teeth—and the angry waves of the lake kept up a

continual warfare with the sides of our poor floating box, which creaked and bent at every twist it received from the tumult of the waters. Sometimes we were tumbled half out of our berths, and we heard the noise of the paddle spinning round in the air with increased velocity, as if in anger at being torn from its proper element; while the one at the other side of the vessel was immersed over head and ears, and sent forth a gurgling noise like the expiring breath of a drowning monster. Although our upper deck stood nearly twenty feet above the water, the billows at times enveloped the whole; and often as we lay listening to the horrid din, we heard the water from above rushing down the hatchways with the impetuosity of a cataract.

The anxiety portrayed below gave token of the restlessness without. Candles danced up and down the cabin—half smothered whispers broke from the lips of the disturbed sleepers—and basins and water jugs were in full request in the state-rooms of both ladies and gentlemen. Our situation in truth was far from being an enviable one; there were no sails on board, and the breaking of a paddle shaft\*—no uncommon occurrence—would have assuredly been followed by the loss of the vessel, for the crews of these lake boats are mere lubbers with respect to ship practice.

We got safely through our perils, however, and ar-

\* This happened to the Great Britain on her upward trip the day after we left her; but the weather being good, no loss ensued.

rived at Kingston about three o'clock in the morning. The lake was still as a polished mirror—the sun rose clear and beautiful, and we were happy to find that our damage consisted only in the loss of a boat, and in a slight battering which one of the paddle-boxes had sustained.

The company which we met on board the *Great Britain* was essentially different from what we had seen in the American vessels on Lake Erie. It was more after our own heart. The phlegmatic exterior of Jonathan was here unknown. We had a large infusion of the spirit of sociality, discoverable in the countenances that hemmed in the dinner table. There was no fearful velocity of mastication displayed in the discussion of our entertainment,—a far more rational use was made of time and opportunity. In short, while the company were seated at the social board, they made their immediate employment (*i. e.* satisfying their own wants and assisting their neighbours) the pleasing exercise of both thought and action; and were far from deeming it necessary that beef, fowl, and fish should be huddled, heads and tails, down the throat, with the speed of besiegers pouring shot into the breach of a tottering fort. And to take a little breathing-time between each mouthful was not accompanied with the fearful thought, that such unwarrantable wasting of time might cost us half our meal. An American at dinner has the appearance of a sick girl bolting drugs—the sooner over the better. A spectator is apt to think that the haste displayed in devouring, proceeds from his anti-social habits; and

I am of opinion this is in a great measure the case. He seems to have an aversion to herd with his brother man, more especially in the affair of pleasure, for he starts from his elbow whenever possibility allows. If we follow him from his hurried dinner in the cabin up to the deck, where he immediately retreats, there we will find him the very spirit of insipidity, pouring forth the fumes of a cigar, with his body resting on one seat and his limbs stretched out on another, and a large spit-box at his right hand, which every second or two receives additions to its contents. Who can help wondering at the insensibility of those, while on a trip of pleasure over one of the loveliest sheets of water in the creation, who will start from the innocent enjoyment of the dinner-table, and the pleasing conversation of the fair sex, to muddle their senses in the deadening fumes of a noxious weed!

It may be urged, that they perhaps mount on deck to gaze at the bright beauties amid which they are passing. This did not appear to be the case. I never saw people so dead to the sublimities that Nature displays, as many of my travelling acquaintances often appeared to be. The poetic sentiment was either wanting in their minds, or left to run waste by the nature of their daily pursuits. They often, it is true, enlarged on the grandeur and beauty of the lakes, mountains, rivers, and water-falls of their country; but this was exhortation by precept and not example, for when some of those natural pictures were passing in review before us, as we swept along, it appeared to us that our silent and philosophical-looking friends

would not have given a puff of their cigars, in exchange for a glimpse of Nature's loftiest creations. It strikes one too as somewhat anomalous, that considering the taciturn habits which the Americans almost universally indulge in with apparent satisfaction when left to their own free will,—silence should be the most prominent feature in their prison discipline, and a punishment which they consider as the most severe which can be inflicted.

We started from Kingston, after a supply of wood was taken in, and proceeded down the lake for the village of Prescott, where we were to get on board one of the river-boats on our way to Montreal.

We now got into a variety of beautiful scenery, as the lake narrowed to the form of a river. It is here that there is situated that cluster of lovely little patches of verdure, styled the Lake of a Thousand Isles. Its general features are loneliness and unobtrusive beauty—nothing to strike with astonishment, but every thing to please. It extends over a part of the St Lawrence about fifty miles in length, and altogether gives one the idea of a fair region of undisturbed tranquillity. None of the thousand or rather about two thousand islands extend, I believe, to more than a mile in length, and many are hardly four yards in circumference; all, however, display a rich carpet of green, and are crowned with trees and shrubs of every size and form. During our trip through amongst them, we did not discover a trace which might have led one to suppose that a foot had ever profaned a single one

of these emerald isles. Nature with all her primeval simplicity, seemed still to reign the unrivalled queen, over her own unequalled handiwork.

We reached Prescot in time for tea. It is but a shabby village, and affords nothing to take note of; and still less that could tempt one to stay a minute longer than necessity required. So we felt it no sacrifice, excepting the loss of our sleep, when mine host of the tavern where we put up, called us about two in the morning, and intimated that the steamer was about to start down the river.

As daylight appeared, we had again a long track of scenery like that presented by our previous day's sail; but as the weather was hazy, and at times loured so much as to envelope us in something very similar to a Scotch mist, the same enjoyment could not be felt as before. The state of the outward man has more influence over the powers of the mind than we are often willing to confess. It is uphill work to put on a satisfied countenance with an empty stomach, and the wonder-hunting propensities of the eye are often involuntarily dimmed by the subduing accompaniments of a wet coat, and a cold blue nose; and we met at this time with a disappointment which put us still more out of sorts than even these grumbling considerations. Before going to Montreal, we meant to have visited some of our old friends and shipmates, located in the township of Hinchinbrook on the Chateaugay river, one of the best situations in the lower province;—but circumstances conspired to prevent us get-

ting ashore at the proper landing-place, and accomplishing this meeting, which we had with pleasure looked forward to.

In the course of the forenoon we arrived at the commencement of the first rapid; coaches were in readiness, and we were whirled down the river side, and obtained the while a good view of the Long Sault, without encountering the danger of braving the river in a crazy boat. The mere view from the bank has rather a bewildering effect. This rapid is about nine miles in length. We were soon again shipped in another vessel, and steaming it down the smooth river; and again we were handed over to the coachmaster with his large clumsy vehicles, thereby evading another batch of angry rapids. These passed—we found the good steamship, Harry Brougham, waiting our arrival at the landing place—we stepped on board, and in this “Schoolmaster” afloat, scoured over the surface of Lake St Francis, and arrived about seven in the morning at Lachine, from whence we were driven nine miles over a very *clever* road to the city of Montreal, where we intended to rest for a few days before our final start down the river.

The appearance of that part of the island which we passed through, is to the eye of a Scotch Lowlander, more resembling home than any other portion I saw during my trip. The fields came up to our ideas, and deserve the name; and the fence rails that enclose them, do not bear the appearance of having been thrown together with a pitchfork. The houses, some of which are built after a very picturesque order,



display all the appearance of having descended from sire to son ; and the snug gardens and orchards bending under their golden burdens, denote a happy and domestic people, although perhaps wanting in ambition and dollar-making enterprise. Hills, dales, cottages, farmhouses, orchards, pigs, poultry, and dry-stone dykes, were all sprinkled along our path in beautiful and comfortable variety ; and at intervals we saw, embedded in snug plantations, venerable country-seats, with their long sloping roofs, crowsfeet, and milk-white walls, presenting quite an old country aspect, with which one seldom finds himself in a humour to quarrel.

As Montreal had a very familiar appearance in our eyes, I feel a consequent difficulty in making any observations that would have either the merit of novelty or originality. It is quite a matter-of-fact stone and lime, Dutch cheese and broad-cloth-looking town, the very antipodes of its flimsy brethren of the States. One may walk through it without the smallest apprehension that a gust of wind might bear any of the edifices aloft, and drop it over him in the character of an extinguisher. The difference in the manners of the inhabitants too was quite apparent, during even the partial intercourse allowed by a limited stay.

While in the city of New York, when under the necessity of making enquiries, as every stranger will often find himself obliged to do, we seldom got a satisfactory answer. Sometimes this proceeded from an unwillingness to trouble themselves in speaking at all ; and sometimes from inability, in cases where it

showed a culpable ignorance. After almost every enquiry, we felt chagrined at the way in which our interrogatories were heard and answered. For example, once we addressed a gentleman on the pavement, who appeared at the time to have no pressing business—and asked if he would be kind enough to point out the direction to a certain street. Before deigning to answer, he leisurely bestowed on us a severe scrutiny from head to foot, his keen-set eye endeavouring seemingly to penetrate to our inmost thoughts. This over, he drawled out, in the most approved tone of his national snivel, “Well now, sir, I believe I can’t tell where you’ll find that street.” He then passed on in the even tenor of his way; conceiving us, no doubt, wonderfully impressed with the philosophical calmness of his bearing—for his words were shoved forth with such profundity and politic caution, as if the safety of the States had been involved in his answer. Such occurrences may appear trifling enough, but they were the cause of a good deal of annoyance and irritation at times. He only can feel such grievances in their full force, who has for a whole day together crawled up and down New York city, under a burning sun, in search of information, which he knows as little about at the end of his travels as when he set out.

The good folks of Montreal are made of other stuff. They have both more beef on their bones, and more elastic blood in their veins. A certain species of activity they may want; but with this the public, and more especially the stranger, has nothing to do. If

the dollar is not the sole object of their thoughts by day and dreams by night, this is no business of ours. But if they possess an urbanity of manner, and a mercurial hilarity of spirit, which ever tends to impart to every one around a reciprocal elasticity and fellow-feeling, there is a certain amount of gratitude due from even the most transient visitor—and such a pleasurable impression we do now bear on our recollection of our sojourn at Montreal.

We often felt half ashamed at the trouble one would take in our behalf on making a simple enquiry. It more than once happened when we were at a loss to find our way, that the person we applied to would turn out of his road, for fifty or a hundred yards, to show us along another street, imparting as he went his whole geographical knowledge of the district whence we were journeying, and after wishing us success, nodded, and parted.

The contrast was sometimes more complete. In New York, where the people speak our own language, their obstinate taciturnity rendered this circumstance of little value to us ; and in Montreal, where a great proportion are French, their ready civility overcame the difficulty, and a few words of broken English, with their intelligent gestures, accomplished their kind endeavours to assist us with information.

I was prevented from passing as many days at Montreal as inclination might have prompted, the vessel with which I intended to return home, having dropped down the river to Quebec to ship the residue of her cargo.

On Saturday evening, the 27th October, we went on board the steam-ship *Voyageur*, and proceeded down the river. It turned out a boisterous night, and the voyage had to be made with the greatest caution to prevent sticking on a sand-bank. We arrived safe at Quebec on the following afternoon. All down the north bank the view is enlivened by little French villages, with their picturesque spires peeping over the surrounding trees, and glancing back the rays of the sun from the coating of tinplate with which they are covered.

The woods had now assumed their autumnal hues ; and the rich beauty of their colouring was almost dazzlingly bright. We had every shade and half shade, from the deep blood red of the maple to the pale yellow of the plane ; contrasted with other trees that presented a silver grey, and the deep dark green of the yew and the pine. It is difficult, perhaps, to account for the difference that exists between the American woods and our own, but I feel assured there is at least a triple strength of colouring pervading the foliage of the former in autumn, and this gives the idea of such lively beauty, that it completely banishes for a time the thought that we are gazing on the fading and expiring tints of nature. And there is perhaps some reason to doubt, if a native of America can be able to see either poetic beauty or truth in the expression "sere and yellow leaf."

## CHAPTER XV.

The fort above—the silvery stream below—  
 The woods around—their autumn tints—the glow  
 Of Indian summer, with its chastened veil,  
 That hangs awhile, ere wintry blasts prevail,  
 Enchain the eye, and give the mind repose ;  
 Like songs of parent to an infant's woes ;  
 And waft the memory back to ages gone,  
 And deeds, half buried in oblivion.

ON drawing near such a place as Quebec, so fraught with historical interest, one naturally gives way to a pleasing anxiety. This I felt, and consequently became more and more insensible to the beautiful river scenery, through which we were sailing, from the active exercise of recollection and expectation. This ancient city was the only spot of real historical interest that I visited, and after plodding for months amid the raw rudeness of the wilds and wildernesses, on entering Quebec I felt quite bewildered by many thick-coming fancies, real, unreal, romantic, traditionary, and historical.

In the mean time, however, we found it expedient to look after our personal comforts; for it is an amazing help to both reason and fancy, when there is a

proper understanding cultivated between the powers and necessities of the body and mind. And not being so much a citizen of the world, or a despiser of its good things, as to enjoy the salt pork, maple sugar, and twanky of the back-woods, with as much relish as the roast beef, cakes, and ale one can obtain elsewhere—it must not be set down to the score of unimaginative insensibility to higher gratifications, that we quietly slipped along one of the Cowgate-looking streets of the lower town in quest of a hotel, instead of bounding at once to the summit of Cape Diamond, and in a musing mood calling up the heroes of the past to people the walls and bulwarks around. We soon engaged in the discussion of some of the more substantial pleasures of life. Amongst the rest we here resumed acquaintance with a carron-grate and a good coal fire, sweet bread, butter, and cream. Two homeward bound friends, who joined us on coming down the river, were now of our party, and together we managed to make a pretty clean sweep of the good things Boniface placed in our way.

Thus made comfortable and contented, we were in good trim to engage in any sight, sound, survey, or speculation that might fall in our way. We sallied forth. The sun was well to the west, the evening pleasingly mild, and so forth. The fact is, although it chanced to prove exactly such an evening as one would have chosen to wander over, and gaze upon the scenes of the deeds of other times—had it been otherwise, we would have braved it all with equanimity,

from the undefinable state of satisfaction which we felt. Every thing reminded us of a Sabbath afternoon at home. All was quiet; a subdued spirit of peacefulness reigned over all; the birds seemed to chirp in a chastened key; and the cattle in the enclosures had ceased their gambols, and browsed in silence, or lay along the grass, enjoying, in union with all living nature, a day of repose and tranquillity.

The field of action on the Plains of Abraham is now covered with fertile gardens, villas, and pasture fields; and from its cultivated beauties is attractive to even those who may feel little interest in a spot, alone hallowed by being the location of some bygone conflict.

We visited the rugged cove up which the youthful Wolfe and his brave followers scrambled to victory; and the sacred spot, too, on the Plains, where this short-lived hero breathed his last, when the shouts of triumph from the bosom of Cape Diamond, were heard amidst the cheers of his gallant men as they struck the death-blow of the French power in Canada. The workings of Providence are inscrutable, and we are allowed to peer but a little way into her mysteries. The all-ruling power, in this instance, seemed unwilling that either hero should feel more than a momentary triumph or defeat. For the one—while he listened to his victorious men shouting in ecstasy, “They run! they run!”—had received in his breast the avenging wound that opened a passage for the entrance of death; and the expiring Montcalm

thanked God that he would not live long enough to see the banners of England waving over the walls, where the standard of France had so proudly claimed the sovereignty.

Like Montreal, Quebec differs little in character and appearance from our own cities. Substantiality, a qualification first in importance to a Scotsman's eye, is not wanting. Stone and lime are, as with us, the soul and body of every edifice ; and comfort seems to direct the labours of the architect and the mason. The upper town appears to be the headquarters of Canadian aristocracy, and the lower town, which runs along the base of the rock at the water's edge, is a fruitful paradise to the trafficking gentry. The former is clean, orderly, silent—like the different divisions of an army under view of the commanding officer ; the latter, though it lacks not regularity of construction, may be likened to the awkward squad—accurate in position, but wanting the *je ne sçais quoi* of thoroughly trained soldiers. It is withal a complete puddle, noisy, and bustling ; filled with people of every shade and shape, tribe and tongue, from the fair-haired, blue-eyed northern to the woolly-headed, ebony African—the solemn Indian, silent and sententious, to the gay-hearted French *habitant*, whose industrious tongue is only equalled by the activity of his limbs. The difference between a palace and a poultry-yard could hardly be more complete, than that which exists between the two natural divisions of the city ; a *preux cavalier* in the lower town, and a French mar-



keteer in the upper one, are equally fish out of the water.

It would be vain to give here a full and satisfactory view of Quebec, seeing that the history and contents of this interesting city already form the subject of a goodly volume of nearly five hundred pages,\* and to it we refer the reader who may be curious concerning its merits, civil, military, historical, and natural. A short sketch of its history, and a notice of what seemed most remarkable during a limited visit, is all we can venture to give.

“ On the 9th July, 1534, Jacques Cartier landed in Canada, which seems to have been the earliest discovery of that part of the continent by an European. Having planted a cross, thirty feet high, at the Baye des Chaleurs, and taking possession of the country in the name of Francis I. of France, he returned home, carrying with him, with their own consent, two Indians of those who had witnessed his landing, and the ceremony of taking possession of the country. Having received a new commission, containing more extensive powers, he again set out with three vessels for the west, on Wednesday the 19th May, 1535, the French court having been encouraged from his accounts to plant a colony in New France. About the beginning of July, he arrived at Newfoundland, where he waited for the other vessels that

\* “ Hawkins’s Picture of Quebec;” and to it we are indebted for the historical sketch which follows, and the other notices given as quotations.

had set out along with him ; and which were appointed to accompany him in his voyage of discovery.

“ On the 26th July, the ships were reunited, and having laid in a store of wood and water, proceeded together into the gulf of St Lawrence—which name was given by Cartier himself. After traversing the vast estuary, and making himself acquainted with its shores, he proceeded up the river, which became as he ascended it, more and more interesting. He soon reached an island, which, from its beauty and fertility, as well as from the number of wild vines that grew on it, he called the Isle of Bacchus. It is now the Island of Orleans, and greatly enhances the beauty of the prospect from the high grounds of Quebec.

“ Here, on the 7th September, he opened a friendly communication with the natives ; and on the following day ‘the Lord of Canada, whose name was Donnacona,’ came with twelve canoes full of his people—eight being in each—to visit the strangers as they lay at anchor between the island and the north shore. Commanding the attendant canoes to remain at a little distance, Donnacona, with two canoes only, approached close to the smallest of the three vessels. He then commenced the usual oration, accompanying it with strange and uncouth action, and after conversing with the interpreters, who informed him of their wonderful visit to France, and the kindness with which they had been treated by the white men, penetrated apparently with awe and respect, he took the arm of Cartier, kissed it, and placed it upon his neck, an expression of feeling, eloquent of amity and con-

fidence. Cartier was not backward in exchanging friendly salutations with him. He went into the chief's canoe, and presented him and his people with bread and wine, of which they partook together, and 'whereby the Indians were greatly content and satisfied.' He then parted with them on the most satisfactory terms. At this distance of time, it is impossible not to feel great interest in Cartier's first interview with the chief of a country, discovered by his perseverance and skill, and destined afterwards to be so celebrated in the annals, both of France and England.

"Desirous of finding a safe harbour for his vessels, then at anchor at the east end of the Isle of Orleans, he manned his boats and went along the north shore against the stream, until he came to 'a goodly and pleasant sound,' and a 'little river and haven' admirably adapted for his purpose. In this spot, after some necessary preparations, he safely moored his vessels on the 16th September; and according to his devout and grateful custom, he named the place the Port of St Croix, in honour of the day on which he entered it; and here Donnacona, with about 500 of his people, hastened to pay him another friendly visit to welcome his arrival in the territory.

"There can be no doubt that the 'goodly and pleasant sound,' was the beautiful basin of Quebec; and that the place selected by Cartier for laying up his vessels, to which he gave the name of *Port de St Croix*, and where he afterwards wintered, was in the little river St Charles, to the north of the city."

Such appears to have been the first discovery by Europeans of that part of Canada which formed the site of the future city of Quebec.

Cartier, after his first landing, made several voyages to and from the new discovered territory. He was followed by fresh adventurers, actuated by various objects, but it was not for many years that the colonization of the country was carried into execution.

We pass over the relation of all the intermediate voyages that were made, and hasten to notice the important period that witnessed the foundation of the present city of Quebec.

“ On the 13th April, 1608, Pontgravé (a considerable merchant of St Malo) having been already despatched in a vessel to Tadoussac, Champlain (a captain in the navy), who had obtained the commission of lieutenant under De Monts, in New France, set sail from Honfleur, with the express intention of establishing a settlement on the St Lawrence, above Tadoussac, at which post he arrived on the 3d June. After a short stay, he ascended the river, carefully examining the shores; and on the 3d July, reached the spot called Stadacona, now Quebec, rendered so remarkable by the first visit of Jacques Cartier in 1535. Champlain, whose ambition was not limited to mere commercial speculations—actuated by the patriotism and pride of a French gentleman, a faithful servant of his King, and warmly attached to the glory of his country,—thought more of founding a future empire than of a trading post for peltry. After examining the position, he selected the elevated pro-

montory, which commands the narrowest part of the great river of Canada, the extensive basin between it and the Isle of Orleans, together with the mouth of the little river St Charles, as a fit and proper seat for the future metropolis of New France, and there laid the foundation of Quebec, on the 3d July, 1608. His judgment has never been called in question, or his taste disputed in this selection. Its commanding position, natural strength, and aptitude both for purposes of offence and defence, are evident on the first view—while the unequalled beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of the scene, mark it as worthy of extended empire.

“ Here, on the point immediately overlooking the basin, and on the site reaching from the grand battery to the castle of St Lewis, he commenced his labours by felling the walnut-trees, and rooting up the wild vines with which the virgin soil was covered, in order to make room for the projected settlement. Huts were erected, some lands were cleared, and a few gardens made for the purpose of proving the soil, which was found to be excellent. The first permanent building which the French erected was a store-house, or magazine for the security of their provisions.

“ At the time Champlain first landed, the tide usually rose nearly to the base of the rock, and the first buildings were of necessity on the high grounds—afterwards, and during his time, a space was redeemed from the water, and elevated above the inundation of the tide, on which store-houses and also a battery, level with the water, were erected, having a

passage of steps between it and the port on the site of the present Mountain Street, which was first used in 1623.

“ The summer was passed in finishing the necessary buildings, when clearances were made round them, and the ground prepared for sowing wheat and rye, which was accomplished by the 15th October. Hoar frosts commenced about the 3d October, and on the 15th the trees shed their leafy honours. The first snow fell on the 18th November, but disappeared after two days. Champlain describes the snow as lying on the ground from December till near the end of April. From several facts it might be shown that the wintry climate was not more inhospitable in the early days of Jacques Cartier and Champlain than in the present. The winter of 1611 and 1612 was extremely mild, and the river was not frozen before Quebec.”

The farther proceedings of Champlain belong to the history of Canada generally, rather than to that of Quebec.

Such was the origin of the present city. Well we may say with Pindar,—

“ Oft great effects do spring from little things.”

It is now in its full and lusty manhood with all the appurtenances needful for the offensive, defensive, and domestic wants of its inhabitants.

As the military history of Quebec is intimately interwoven with the archives of the mother country, we will leave it as there recorded.

Whether it springs from association, caprice, pre-

judice, or instinct, cannot perhaps be well defined, but there is generally more interest felt and displayed by one in the examination of some relic of the time-buried past than in the contemplation of the most superb specimens of natural beauty. An ancient tomb-stone, a solitary arch, the skeleton fragments of an oriel window, rivet the mind and call up the sleeping sympathies of men, who yet may be deaf to the rolling thunder, blind to the forked fire from heaven, or unawed by the sublime spectacle of a flaming mountain!

It is not to be wondered then, if visitors to Quebec look with more interest upon the smoked ruins of the castle of St Lewis, than they do perhaps upon many of the natural wonders to be seen over the face of the continent. It was accidentally consumed by fire in January, 1834, and bare and blackened walls were all I saw of this venerable pile.

“ The castle St Lewis was for above two centuries the seat of government, and during the infancy of the colony, the hall itself of the old fort was often the theatre of terror-awakened scenes, on account of the inroads of the hostile Indians, who at times overthrew the French outposts and assailed the castle itself. At a later era, when, under the protection of the French kings, the province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the castle of St Lewis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French governor exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the gulf of St Lawrence along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes,

and down the course of the Mississippi to its outlet below New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec was displayed from a chain of forts, which protected the settlements throughout this vast extent of country ; keeping the English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period the council-chamber of the castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil—many a long deliberation and deep-laid project to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France, and assert throughout the supremacy of the Gallic lily.

“ The castle of St Lewis was in early times rather a stronghold of defence, than an embellished ornament of royalty. Seated over a tremendous precipice,

“ On a rock whose haughty brow  
Frowned o'er St Lawrence's foaming tide,”

and looking defiance to the utmost boldness of the assailant, Nature lent her aid to the security of the position. The cliff on which it stood rises nearly two hundred feet in perpendicular height above the river. The castle thus commanded on every side a most extensive view, and, until the occupation of the higher ground to the south-west, afterwards called Cape Diamond, must have been the principal object among the buildings of the city.”

Charlevoix, who arrived in Quebec in 1720, furnishes an account of the castle. He says, “ The fort or citadel is a fine building, with two pavilions by way of wings ; you enter it through a spacious and regular



court, but it has no garden belonging to it, the fort being built on the brink of the rock. This defect is supplied in some measure by a beautiful gallery, with a balcony, which reaches the whole length of the building; it commands the basin, to the middle of which one may be easily heard by means of a speaking-trumpet; and hence too you see the whole lower town under your feet. On leaving the fort and turning to the left, you enter a pretty large esplanade, and by a gentle declivity you reach the summit of Cape Diamond, which makes a very fine platform."

Such was the state of the castle of St Lewis, with occasional reparations and additions, until near the close of the last century, when from its tendency to decay, it was deemed necessary to erect a new building for the residence of the governor, on the opposite side of the square. "In 1809, however, during the administration of General Sir James Henry Craig, the old edifice was put into complete repair, and again became the residence of the governor-in-chief of Lower Canada."

"We have now to record the destruction of this edifice, over whose historical glories we have dwelt with so much pleasure. About noon on Thursday the 23d January, 1834, an alarm of fire was given—the tocsin sounded—and to the eager and anxious enquiries of the citizens, running to and fro, the appalling answer was given—'To the castle—the castle!' On hurrying to the scene, volumes of black smoke rolling from the roof told the fearful truth. The fire was first discovered in a room on the

upper story, and having spread through its whole extent, and taken hold of the rafters that supported the massive roof, it burned downwards with irrepressible fury, until it triumphed over the entire building. As no flame was apparent from the outside for a considerable space of time, it was scarcely believed by the anxious spectators that the whole pile was endangered. Vain hopes were even entertained that the lower ranges of apartments might be saved. At last the devouring element burst its way through the strong tinned roof with tremendous force, and the flames thus finding a vent, spread with dreadful rapidity through every part of the building. Every exertion was made by the fire companies to stop the conflagration. The soldiers of the garrison and the citizens too lent their aid, but all without effect; gentlemen of every profession were seen busily engaged in removing the valuable furniture and effects; and others assisted in conveying to a place of safety some of the ornaments of the dinner-table which was laid, and at which by invitation, they were to have been partakers that very day of the governor's hospitality. On a pedestal, which stood at the head of the principal staircase, close to the entrance of the first drawing-room, was placed a bust of the immortal Wolfe, bearing the following elegant inscription:—

“ Let no vain tear upon this tomb be shed,  
A common tribute to the common dead.  
But let the good, the generous, and the brave,  
With godlike envy sigh for such a grave.”

This invaluable bust was saved by a gentleman who

made it his first care to rescue and convey it to a place of safety.

“ The intense frost of the day greatly impeded the exertions made to subdue the flames, the engines were choked with ice, and it soon became apparent that all efforts to save even a portion were wholly vain; and the morning disclosed to the view of the inhabitants a mass of smoking ruins.

“ The extent of the structure, the numerous windows and openings, its great elevation and peculiar position to the Lower Town, actually over-hanging its streets, so that the burning flakes fell on the roofs of the houses below, combined to make this mastery of the flames almost an object to be admired. The scene from the Lower Town was truly picturesque, and at a distance the view of the fire and its reflection on the ice and snow have been described as singularly beautiful.

“ It is now a heap of blackened ruins. Relics like these, however, at once engage the attention by recalling images of past grandeur, of names once illustrious, and of deeds that still adorn the historic page. Nor is there any mental association, productive of so much melancholy pleasure, as that which unites the idea of those who tenanted an ancient edifice in its prosperous day, with the contemplation of the solitude and ruin to which the pile has since been doomed.

“ On the extreme left of the city, or farther up the river is Cape Diamond, rising 350 feet above the level of the St Lawrence, and terminating towards the east

in a round tower, whence is displayed the national standard of England."

Unversed in the description of such master-pieces of defensive ingenuity, suffice it to say that it presents a formidable combination of powerful works; and while there is no fort to be compared to it on the western continent, it is second to few of the most vaunted ones in Europe, and has been well styled the Gibraltar of America.

The only other erection we shall notice before taking leave of the city, from whence a favouring breeze soon wafted us home—is the pillar raised to the memory of the rival heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm.

It seems unaccountable, how such a term of years should have been allowed to elapse between the period of the memorable battle of the Plains, and the erection of a memorial to at least one of the two engaged in a conflict of such an imposing nature. Seventy years, however, did not serve to wash away all recollection of those master-spirits of the past, the tardy honour has at last been paid them, in the erection of an obelisk, that we trust will tell to each succeeding generation the story of their fame; and continue through future ages to stand like an emblematical finger of time, pointing upwards to the resting-place of the parted great.

"Thanks to the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-in-Chief of the Provinces, the propriety of erecting some fit monument, sacred to the memory of the contend-

ing generals, was brought before the public. Under his honourable patronage, a subscription-list was circulated in Quebec, and the call was quickly responded to by all classes of the inhabitants.

“ A meeting of the subscribers was held at the castle of St Lewis on the 1st November, 1827, at which his Excellency presided. He addressed the meeting on the subject with eloquence and feeling; explaining his own views, and suggesting the mode in which he thought their mutual wishes could be carried into execution. “ My only object,” he observed, “ is to remove a subject of general regret, that in Quebec nothing is found to honour the memory of Wolfe, nothing more than if his great achievements had been effected in other countries distant or unknown to us.”

“ His Excellency concluded by proposing a committee of management; and matters were gone into so successfully, that on the 15th of the same month, in presence of crowds of the inhabitants, the imposing masonic ceremony of laying the first stone of the monument was accomplished.

“ The masonic procession, with Claud Denechaw, Esq. Right Worshipful Grand Master, at their head, the officers composing the Grand Lodge in full masonic costume, the merchants and *Frères du Canada*, the Sussex and St Andrew's lodges, reached the castle of St Lewis, preceded by the band of the 66th regiment, and entering the lower garden through the castle-yard, lined each side of the principal walk, through which the Countess of Dalhousie and a

party of ladies reached the spot where the ceremony was to be performed. In the mean time his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, attended by the Chief Justice, the Lord Bishop, his staff and the committee, passed through the avenue of troops from the castle, receiving the usual honours. His Excellency having first conducted the Countess and the other ladies to a station most convenient for witnessing the ceremony, placed himself in front of the stone, and spoke as follows :—

“ Gentlemen of the Committee—We are assembled upon an occasion most interesting to this country—if possible, more so to this city. We are met to lay the foundation of a column in honour of two illustrious men, whose deeds and whose fall have immortalized their own names, and placed Quebec in the rank of cities famous in the history of the world.

“ Before, however, we touch the first stone, let us implore the blessing of Almighty God upon our intended work.”

The Rev. Dr Mills, chaplain to the forces, then offered up an appropriate and emphatic prayer, and when it was concluded his Lordship addressed the Masonic brethren.

“ Right Worshipful Grand Master and Worshipful Brethren of the Grand Lodge, I crave your assistance in performing masonic ceremonies and honours on this occasion.”

The R. W. Grand Master, supported by the R. W. Deputy Grand Master Mr Olivia, on his right, and

Deputy Grand Master Mr Thompson on his left, with two Grand Deacons, took his station on the east side of the foundation. The R. W. the Grand Masters and the R. W. the Grand Chaplain placed themselves on the opposite side, when the corner-stone was lowered and laid with the usual masonic ceremony. The Grand Master, supported as above described, then advanced towards his Lordship to give the three mystic strokes on the stone. During this part of the ceremony the Grand Master repeated the following short prayer:—  
“ May this undertaking prosper with the blessing of Almighty God.”

The presence of Mr James Thompson, then in his 95th year, added to the deep interest felt in the scene. The venerable companion in arms of Wolfe was a connecting link between the age that witnessed his glory and that about to erect a monument to his fame. While one remained who conquered with him, the age of his glory was not quite extinct:—the present took charge of the deposit, and pledged itself to its sacred keeping by the ceremony we are now describing.

His Excellency, turning to Mr Thompson, requested him to assist in the ceremony in these words:—

“ Mr Thompson—We honour you here as the companion in arms, and a venerable living witness of the fall of Wolfe, do us also the favour to bear witness on this occasion by the mallet in your hand.”

Mr Thompson then, with a firm hand, gave the three mystic strokes with the mallet on the stone.

An appropriate prayer was then offered up by the Rev. Dr Harkness, the provincial Grand Chaplain.

Gold and silver coins were deposited in a cavity prepared in the foundation stone, over which a plate with a commemorative Latin inscription by the Rev. Dr Mills was firmly riveted.

The plan and elevation of the intended monument was then presented to the Countess of Dalhousie, who accepted of it with marked satisfaction.

The day's work was ended with a *feu de joie* from the garrison, after which the regiments presented arms, the bands playing the national air. Three British cheers then rent the air, given by the troops and spectators to the memory of British valour and French gallantry.

The troops, on their return to their barracks, passed the Governor-in-chief in review order, which terminated the ceremonies.

The memorial in honour of the two military chiefs who fell at the head of the opposing armies in that decisive battle which made the province of Canada a portion of the British empire, is now completed, and is a conspicuous, as it is the only classical, ornament of the city. It was originally designed by Captain, now Major Young, of the 79th or Cameron Highlanders (then on the personal staff of his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie), an officer whose taste had been greatly cultivated by foreign travel. It is a combination of various beautiful proportions to be found in some of the celebrated models of antiquity. It stands on the west side of *Des Carrieres Street*,



leading from the *Place d'Armes* to the glacis of Cape Diamond, within an area taken from the upper garden belonging to Government. In front is a broad walk, which has become a public promenade, overlooking the castle garden, and commanding a fine view of the harbour and the beautiful scenery beyond it.

The monument presents the following inscription on the sarcophagus or cenotaph of the heroes, on the front in large letters :—

Mortem, Vertos, Commvnm,  
Famam, Historia,  
Monvmentvm, Posteritas  
Dedit.

On the rear is the following, altered from that which was inscribed upon the plate deposited with the foundation stone :—

Hujusce  
Monumenti in Virorum illustrium Memoriam,  
WOLFE ET MONTCALM,  
FUNDAMENTUM, P. C.  
Georgius Comes de Dalhousie,  
in Septentrionalis Americæ Partibus  
Ad Britannos Pertinentibus  
Summam Rerum Administrans ;  
Opus per Multos Annos Proætermissum,  
Quid Duci Egregio Convenientius ?  
Auctoritate Promovens, Exemplo Stimulans  
Munificentia Fovens.  
A.S. MDCCCXXVII.  
Georgio IV. Britanniarum Rege.

On the north side of the sarcophagus, looking to the country, is simply the word "Montcalm," in large characters; and on the opposite, that towards the river, by which he reached the scene of his victory and death, is inscribed the name of "Wolfe."

Owing to some inadvertent delays in forwarding the inscriptions from England, it was not till September 1834, the time of my visit, that they were affixed to the monument; and as that also chanced to be the anniversary of the Battle of the Plains, the circumstance was rendered more notable and interesting. I had the satisfaction of seeing the last chisel stroke given in the completion of this well-merited token of national affection and respect.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ Here he embarked, and with a flowing sail,  
 Went bounding for the island of the free ;  
 Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale :  
 High dashed the spray, the bows dipped in the sea.”

ON Friday forenoon, 3d October, while we were on the eve of departure, an awkward occurrence took place, which caused a delay of two whole days, and a good deal of grumbling on our part, fearing that we might find ourselves erelong in a mess of bad weather, the season being well advanced. We lay at anchor in the middle of the stream, a short way down the river from the wharfs, and there was little more to do than trip up the anchor, and set sail. As luck would have it, however, the ship *Science*, lying a little above us in the same condition, slipped her cable for home ; but in doing so, performed, to our apprehension, a very unscientific movement, by coming lumbering down with the tide broadside on, and running foul of our starboard bow, and, from the action of the water, continued to grind away on our quarter like an ox scratching itself against a wall. It

was altogether a very ugly affair. The captain and pilot of the *Science* gaped in consternation at the fruits of their stupidity or neglect, or whatever it might be, and appeared quite unable to give suitable orders. Our own captain—the only person who seemed to know what he was about—was unable from a cold to raise his voice above a whisper, and our pilot—somewhat of a ninny—seemed to know as much about his business as the ship herself. The upper works of the offending vessel were gradually giving way, from pressure against the more obdurate parts of ours; but she paid us back the compliment by entangling our jib-boom under her mainstay, which made our bowsprit nod and bend like an angling rod, as the vessels were slewed round from each other by the contrary actions of wind and tide. After numerous orders were given, countermanded, and half drowned by volleys of oaths, both loud and deep, as a last resource, our cable chain was allowed to drop into the stream, and being thus loosed from our moorings, our vessel dropped down the river with the tide, and when fairly clear of our intrusive neighbour, hoisted a sail, and ran in alongside the wharf to repair the damage received.

On Sunday morning we were again in fit trim to walk the waters; but it seemed that the spirit of bad luck was determined that we should not leave port without a parting compliment; but in this second instance, we gave one, instead of receiving it. A delightful breeze was rippling the surface of the stream in the proper direction, and our fastenings were soon

disengaged from the wharf; but before we were hove round, the wind took us sharply, and ran the vessel on board a small schooner lying near. She was forced half under water before our men were aware of the accident. When she was discovered, one of our crew leapt upon her deck, and ran down to the cabin to apprise all on board of their danger. There was only a single man below, who, at the time, was asleep in his berth; and as circumstances could not wait the delay of a single preliminary yawn, he was actually on deck before both eyes were open, or his senses called back from the land of forgetfulness; and he presented us with a delightful specimen of a startled dreamer. The sight was irresistible; it was the very flesh and blood embodiment of a compound caricature, setting forth the various passions and feelings of uncertainty, fear, consternation, anger, stupidity, and a dire expectancy of he knew not what. But like one who inhales a quart of laughing gas, the novel sensations were no sooner excited than they faded away; Jack soon came to himself, and jumped on board of us, and we continued on our course; but before we were many hundred yards down the stream, he had the melancholy satisfaction of witnessing the fate of his little vessel—it drifted across the stream, and tumbled broadside over on a sand-bank.

As we proceeded, the river from hour to hour became more extended—several of the islands presented a considerable breadth of surface—the heights were more wild and uninhabitable, and some of them—snow-crested—appeared, from their rugged grandeur, worthy

to rank with those of Scotland. Every thing betokened that we were approaching a less genial climate, and less fertile soil.

Several miles below the city we had a fair view of the Fall of the Montmorency river at its confluence with the St Lawrence. The rock is nearly 300 feet in height, but the quantity of water is very limited, and perhaps at the distance we were—about two miles—we saw the full effect without being near enough to discover the unsubstantiality of the falling volume of fluid, which, after viewing Niagara, could hardly fail to impart the idea of littleness or insignificance.

A fine breeze down the river, and a sufficiency of canvas soon brought us up with eight or nine sail that had started before us; and ere we were out of sight of land, we were fast leaving them all behind; and we can hardly give a fox-hunter credit for more keen excitement than we felt when thus bounding along, under a cloud of snowy canvas, and distancing a whole fleet of three-masters, that were at the same time giving to the breeze every inch of canvas they were able to hoist.

We enjoyed steady weather till Thursday the 9th, when the atmosphere began to scowl, and at night we were restless enough under the ceaseless efforts of a short and angry sea, which continued till Friday morning. During the night we shipped more water than was either convenient or pleasant—the cabin got well drenched through the sky-light—and more than half its inhabitants were on the sick list. A sea nearly

carried the cookhouse overboard. This caused the culinary deities keep their weather eyes open, and make use of more secure fastenings. We passed St Paul's isle during the night—a most villainous place for old vessels—so we were wonderfully relieved in the morning, when told that we were sheering clear of this dangerous rock, and riding safe and sound in the Gulf of St Lawrence, with every prospect of a pleasant voyage across.

The St Lawrence is certainly one of the noblest rivers on the globe. It is stamped with grandeur from its fountain-head. Its highest source, instead of being perhaps wrapped in uncertainty, or rising from some inconsiderable spring, is the vast bosom of the largest fresh water lake in the world; and in its glorious course it rolls through a mighty chain of inland seas, each of which are ever receiving tributary streams, that would hold a high rank amongst the rivers of Europe. Islands displaying every aspect of natural beauty, give variety to its way; and at those parts where the narrowness of the course confines its waters, it plunges headlong down in the form of foaming rapids; and in its transit between two of the fairest of its most expansive resting-places—Erie and Ontario—it seems bent upon giving to the world a token of its might; for at one fell leap it clears the rocky barrier that obstructs it, and plunges down into an unfathomable abyss. Some idea of this falling ocean may be formed from the fact that 80,000,000 tons of water are poured from Erie into

Ontario every hour ; but such a fact is perhaps rather more apt to confuse our ideas on the subject than to render them clearer.

At the part of the river where we now were, it expands into an estuary of a hundred miles broad—thus forming a striking contrast to its mighty sister, the Mississippi, in her confluence with the Gulf of Mexico—for she seems to creep into it by a number of comparatively insignificant outlets that have little grandeur, and still less beauty.

Into whatever company one may chance to find himself thrown, even under the most commonplace circumstances—it seldom happens that there exists a perfect barrenness, and absence of all peculiarity of character and history connected with every one of the individuals that compose the group around. Having little time and less inclination, in the bustle of preparation and embarkation, to make observations or inquiries concerning my shipmates, I took little notice of those who formed the steerage population till we were fairly on the “vasty deep,” and at full leisure, wind and weather permitting, to make a general survey, or as humour might dictate, an individual inspection of the motley group that nestled under the main hatchway. My inquiries were productive of several tales of interest, and none more so than the simple melancholy history of a young female, who attracted attention several days after we had left port. Hers, it is true, was an often told tale—but no less interesting on that account.

She was from Green Erin ; and in the countenance



of the mortal wreck that now paced our deck in listless inanity, we could trace the faded lines of feminine beauty, and the soft blue eye that now rolled and gazed in vacancy of soul over the rippling waters, had once been the fond outlet to the refined passions of the heart. She had, in truth, been a fair-haired, bright-eyed daughter of the Emerald Isle, ardent, confiding, and sincere.

Her heart and hand had been pledged to a young countryman of her own, two years before I saw her thus in a state of mental prostration. Fondly had she loved. They parted—he to seek the smiles of fortune in America, and she to wait the while, in solitary expectation of bright days to come; and it was agreed between them, that she should follow him so soon as she got intelligence that his wishes were realized.

Many months passed away without her hearing from him, and her heart in vain endeavoured to suppress the forebodings which rose like fearful visions to damp her spirits and whisper of danger and distress. A vessel at last arrived, bearing home several of her countrymen, and them she besought to tell her if they knew aught of her betrothed. To her joy she was told that one of them had seen him shortly before embarking for home, and that he was living in a hut by the side of the St Lawrence, and employed in cutting wood for the steamers that daily swept past his door. This was enough for her; few days elapsed ere she found herself borne on the bounding bosom of the Atlantic, hastening westward to join

him in his woodland cottage. Her dreams were far from the unstable couch on which she rested. Often, in her sleep, she would picture to herself the lovely rustic dwelling, overhanging the stream, while her *husband* was at a little distance, on the verge of the wood, wielding the ponderous axe, and felling the monarchs of the forest to supply food for the monarch of the tide. The noise of the watchful mariners blended with, and formed part of her too fond imaginings. Often, when their cries rose above the night storms, as they hurried aloft to trim the canvas to the gale, she fancied she heard the men from the steamers calling for a supply of fuel, and in raising her voice to bring her husband from the wood, her energy would dissipate the mimic scene, and awake her to drop a tear amid the colder reality around.

She arrived at Montreal in the course of a few weeks, and without the delay of a moment, proceeded along the banks of the river towards the spot which formed the resting-place of her thoughts by day, and dreams by night. It was towards twilight, about the middle of autumn, the sun had become in a great measure subdued, and the falling leaves lent a pleasing sadness to the dark woodland scenery through which she had to trace her way. Not a breath of air stirred, and the only sounds she heard were the low *chick! chick!* of the ground squirrel—the retreating rustle of the garter snake as it started from her path—or the almost silent fall of the sered and sapless foliage to the ground as she accidentally ruffled the branches at her side. She was naturally sensitive, and now

rendered nervous by prolonged anxiety, she felt overcome by the sad sublimity of expiring nature, and more than once sat down on some fallen trunk, and relieved her beating heart in a shower of tears.

It was some time after sunset when she discovered, through the stems of the trees, a reddened light that seemed to proceed from a small window, and occasioned by a fire blazing within. Her heart leapt with joy at the sight—here at last, she thought, I will rest from my wanderings. She ran on with eagerness, deeming—poor girl!—that the rustic hut before her contained a treasure which queens might envy. The light still guided her uncertain footsteps amongst the burned stumps that studded the open ground. When she reached the house, her first impulse was to open the door and rush in, but she found that there was no opening on the side at which she had arrived, and she hastened to the window to assure herself that the hut was indeed the one she sought.

Why did not some good angel snatch her from witnessing the withering reality! Beside the blazing embers sat, with his profile towards hers, the object of her anxious search. Her heart rose to her lips, and she was about to utter a cry of delighted recognition, when the gurgling smoke, which was rolling towards the roof in dusky festoons, cleared for a moment away, and disclosed to her a lovely young female with a child resting in her lap; and as she caressed the smiling innocent, her sparkling black eyes were ever and anon directed over the hearth to catch a glance of reciprocal fondness in those of the smiling *father!*

This was enough—ay, more than can be deemed enough—the shock was fatal!—One long shriek of despair, and the forlorn wanderer fell a blighted wreck amongst the withered leaves of the Canadian forest. And well it had been had she remained as lifeless and unconscious as they, and her torch of existence extinguished on earth for ever!—Life returned to a shattered yet lovely frame, but its fairest occupant had left it—Reason was shaken from his throne; and as pure a soul as ever strove for the crown of immortality, was robbed in a moment of tranquillity, and condemned still to linger on earth without a ray of hope to cheer, or the power to feel it, were one in mercy granted.

The guilty and foresworn man conveyed her on the morrow to the Nunnery of Montreal, concealing in his own hardened bosom the solution of the piteous tale;—and he returned to his woodland hut with a mind which might not be envied even by the bereft victim of his villany.

Cholera had at this time fanned the devoted land with its poisonous breath—and, when he reached his hut, instead of clasping to his breast the wife and child of his love, he beheld the blood-tinged flame of the expiring fire lighting up the stony features of the mother and her lifeless babe. This added new fuel to his burning passions. His rifle stood near—and in a moment more he was numbered with the dead!

The only time when the poor girl's eye beamed forth with what I deemed to be its wonted fire was when we swept past the green hills of Ireland. Then

her pale countenance cast for a few moments aside the lethargy that had usurped or chained down the faculties of her soul, and she seemed to live over anew the glorious days of happy childhood. But, alas! it was only momentary—a more recent but darker chapter swept away all the glowing remembrances of youth, and she shrunk back into a more abject state of mental prostration than before.

To return from this sad digression. We soon got over the Newfoundland Banks, not, however, without encountering a reasonable share of rough weather, which had the effect of driving several, more sensitive than their fellows, to take refuge in their sleeping berths.

Like the less elevated and gloomy personæ of a tragedy, there is generally, during a gale, something pleasingly calculated to relieve the mind from brooding over the howling monotony of wind and wave—such as watching the wet jackets caught by dreaming lubbers in an inadvertent moment, and all the list of awkward mistakes that incessantly happen in the futile attempts to preserve equilibrium amid the lurching and pitching of the vessel; and also the reckless turmoil that sometimes fills the cabin at the interesting hour of dinner. We enjoyed several animated scenes of this sort; and it was amusing and instructive that, even under this eccentric effect of the warring elements, there lurks a lesson. The peculiar bent of character is sometimes beautifully illustrated by the parts that are unpremeditatingly taken on the spur of the moment.

I am not inclined to present many individual illustrations from what was observed, lest we should hurt the feelings of some, and the delicacy of others. Only one I will venture to mention, principally because it is a strong one, and partly because delicacy, feeling, and my quondam shipmate, were but slightly acquainted, and little risk will be run of breaking the laws of good manners.

While at dinner, in those days when wind and wave conspired to render our unstable home more restless than usual, we could not help remarking the decided and unvarying part which our said shipmate took. His seat was half way down the board, and right opposite the headquarters of the wine decanters. No sooner did he feel the overturning motion of a heaving sea, than his hands were on the alert, one grasped a bottle of port, and the other his own plate; his countenance and attitude displaying a vivid picture of selfish security and contentment. The rest of the main-borne world and all their concerns might dance to death for any thing that he cared, so long as the neck of the bottle remained true to the body, and the curried fowls, ham, and pickles reposed in the platter, which like a hero he had snatched from amid the general wreck of matter. As he unfortunately, however, did not possess much physical intrepidity, his firm deportment, though at first it seemed to have reached the sticking point, in part gave way as he watched the dire confusion that prevailed. Though no one paid addresses to the good things at dinner with half the gloating fondness of our hero, he felt it rather too

much of a good thing, when one day he observed a huge turkey bear away from its honourable quarters at the head of the table, and come scudding along under bare poles, with the determination of making a point-blank charge against the outer walls of his stomach. A twitch of horror made his whole frame quiver, and both arms started out horizontally before him, while his head was thrown as far back as his apology for a neck would allow it to go. The bottom of his hard-grasped bottle was sometimes lucky enough to arrest the career of the featherless assailant; but this only effected for him an exchange of evils, for the same jerk that sent the bird across the table again, ejected the blood of the grape with an angry splutter upon the whole outworks of the overwhelmed hero.

As the feelings of delicacy or honour did not claim kin with this gentleman, so his fate it was to act the indispensable part of butt to the wit and satire of the whole cabin, and these weapons were generally levelled at the foibles which he hourly displayed, viz., large speaking, large eating, and large drinking.

We had on the whole so much rough weather, that it was next to impossible to bring the mind to a placid or composed state, and to mix in those affairs which engaged the majority was often a matter of self-defence, on the part of those who might otherwise have preferred silence or retirement.

Our party was composed of various materials. We had representatives of the three black graces—a sprinkling of literature; and skill in the person of our captain, who did his duty both on deck and at table

much to our security and enjoyment, during the time we were imprisoned under his keeping. It is with much pleasure that this tribute of respect and friendship is paid, when numberless teasing matters are brought back to recollection, that might well have called forth symptoms of irritation from his well-trying temper, but which always retained its gentlemanly tone towards us. We have good reasons to suspect that whether for good or for evil, Captain Neill of the good ship Robertson will not soon forget the cabin cargo he brought over the *Big Dub* in the autumn of 1834.

While the weather permitted, to sit on the top of the main-hatch, or on one of the water casks on deck, and enjoy a sage commune with any of the ladies or gents. from the steerage, formed an agreeable interlude to our more active life in the cabin. Before laying down my perhaps too profuse quill, I will give the fruits of a converse held with a shipmate, whom the reader will be content to know under the name of Sweeny, a native of the green isle.

When we had got within four hundred miles of Ireland we were visited with a dead calm, which lasted several days. One quiet moonlight night, as we thus lay, Sweeny was brought to our notice by his ejaculations of impatience at being obliged to come to a dead halt, "and be dhrove aground afore we hiv a spark iv land to cheer the eyes iv us." I had hardly begun my conversation with him when a freshening breeze rose and fanned the canvas with its cheering breath. The spirits of all on board na-



turally rose along with it. Sweeny became communicative, and I listened to several of the most extravagant traditions that ever entered into the noddle of an Irishman to conceive. Then came a recital about the ghost of an old dame, which he related on the faith of a fellow-countryman, and which worthy lady, he himself had often run after when scarcely big enough to cock his nose over the door of a pigstye. When he finished this also, he continued, "Shure now, your honour's glory, you'd think me frightened when Mike tould me iv his grandmother's ghost? Whew! botheration, sis I, what 'spose your grandmother's blesshed speerit kem back to yees and laid the bones of the thremblin hand iv her on the swate little childer, by rasin iv her forgettin in the hurry that tuck the darlin ould woman from the land iv the livin, whin she would have axed down blessins on the hairs iv the hids of them, and so she would! Mike, sis I, I never seen a ghost, but I draemed a draem; and behould I was taken out of the warm bed iv me, and carried over the big hill of Howth, Saint Patrick knows how far, till I found mysilf landed in the hould of a grate ship. By rasin of the instinct that was in me, I knowd that the crathur was in the handsim hogshids that lay all so nate with the round doors of them lookin up, and the inds of them all agin the side of the grate ship. Mike, sis I, I jist thought—(no, I didn't think at all, by rasin that in draemin we know without thinkin)—well and now I'm off to Ameriky, and done for for ever, amin; and the praties and the pigs and the childer

and the mother iv them left a dissolute widdy, sis I to mysilf, for none were wid me to spake to, and me mysilf, sis I, on the top of the oecant in the bottom of a grate ship, and nothing tween 'ternity and the shoul of my misfartinate body thin the rottin timmers, and no ither figur of mortal to spake wid but the crathur in the hoghids. Here I im all alone by mysilf like a bird in the wilderness, for I was always sentimental, Mike, sis I. And I repeated my words, and I begin to rasin.—What'll kem of the widdy of my deserted bosom when the childer of my love wake in the mornin and find *that I am here and not there*. Oh, blessed St Pat, sis I, for I tuck to religeon by rasin of the thremblin that kem over my limbs, and I prayed that he would go to the widdy in her 'reavment, and the pigs and the childer of my 'fection till I went home. I mane no disrespeck, St Pat, sis I, but who'll dig the taties for the darlins, och, they'l lose the life of them! and the round big tares kem from the eyes of me, and I lifted up my vice and wipt; and then I was relaved, and I tuck to my legs, and I wint, quite natral, to the casks wid the crathur for a drop to cool my tongue. Oh for a screw, sis I (for I had grate sinse, tho' it wor all a vision); but none kem, and how should it? So I lays mysilf down, and put my nose to the cask for a seint of the speerit, and oh, Mike, sis I, it was like wather to the thirsty land; and I tuck my tongue and licked the dhrops that straemed over the sides of the hogshids; but botheration, it was only the wather of the sae! The thafe catch ye, sis I, whoever ye are, little is the crathur confined that ye hiv, and not a dhrop

can get its way to the handsim mouth of me. Oh for the beard iv yees, and the ould black gintleman at the end iv it! And may be, Mike, sis I, you'd like to hear how I roared whin I thought there was nothing in the whole world of water but the sae and mysilf, and the grate ship. But it's not all gold that glitters, Mike, sis I. In the blink of a blind pig the lid of the hould opined, and the face iv him stud over, but it was not the ould Hornie—(a hot hole to him any how, Mike, sis I.) It was a man wid a big hid, as round as the ind of a large sow, and a beard like the tail of an ould mare, and wid eyes like the stars of hivin, and as big as two murphies. Hillo! sis he, and it's a grate noise you're makin down there, sis he, wid a vice like a handsaw agin the back of a poker. Oh, sis I (for I was relaved when I saw that it was flesh and blood and not the devil); oh, sis I, and its may be you've kim to lift a poor crathur from the sheddy of death, and diserted by the childer and the mother of them, St Pat bless ye for that same, for I am in grate affliction and hiv a troubled speerit. Sind us down the fingers of yees, and the blessin of the widdy folly the sheddy iv ye, sis I; and he put down his hand and I grupped it, and afore I cud say save yer presince, I was on the deck of the grate ship, and my body standin on the legs of me handsim! By yer lave, sis I, I'spose you be the captin iv the grate ship, and I bint my hid and then tuck it up again. Bauh! sis he, wid a tongue like the thunder and the lightenin, ax no questions; you be Sweeny of the Hill, sis he. Threw for

you, sis I, for no ither body would claim the soul iv me any how; and it's you, you wagabone, that hiv riv me from my widdy, and the praties, and the childer, and the pigs, and Ould Irelint too, sis I; and shure if your heart wont relint, you're a limb of Satin, sis I, quite bould, and you are a counterband villin too, sis I, and ye chate man and baste, for ye've riv me from my widdy and sould me to the devil, and nothin to be had but a dhrop of salt wather by rasin iv the bungs, bad cess to them, sis I, and I looked as fierce as a shark when hungry it is. Ho! ho! sis he, and you're preachin a sarmint, Sweeny darlint; lave it to the praist, jewel, sis he, jeerin, and belay the jaw iv ye, and he raxed up mighty 'portent. Blow fresh, sis he agin, or the sae 'ill swallie ye up, by the 'ollie St Pat! Hould yer dhurty tongue, and reverince his name, sis I; wid that the eyes iv him burned blew jist like a dhrop of crathur in an ould dish, and they grew as big, ay, as big as any thing, and then he roared like a lion; and a regimint of counterbands, I knowd by the face of them, kem like the pigs wid the evil sperits, and they tuck me up by the hid and the tail—not the tail, for that is like the brute bastes—but the *thereabouts*, Mike, sis I (for I like delicat language, your honour's glory). As I was sayin, they tuck me up. Sweeny, sis the ould fellow wid the eyes and the beard, you must walk the plank, Sweeny, sis he; and he shoved a big stick over the side of the grate ship. Sin and misery to the whole iv ye, thinks I, but I didn't say

it. Oh, the blessings of the widdy on ye, sis I, mighty civil, shure ye wont deprive me of the life, by rasin of the childer and a great dale more I min-tioned to ye? Over wid him, sis he, and the heart of me died within my bosom; and then it was I found my soul creepin to my mouth, and it choked me entirely, and I cudn't spake. St Pat, keep my widdy and childer, for the sae 'll swallie me up! and I was a prophet for that same thought, for they dhruve me on to the stick, till I had nothing else twin the sae and the shouls of my feet, and then it was that they giv it a kick, and down I wint wid my face to the hivins, and my back to the sae. You're a did man, Sweeny, sis I, and your wife is a widdy, and the pigs are fatherless, and the pitaties will never get another pair iv throuzers, ohon, sis I, for my sines left me, and I didn't know what I was sayin. No sooner was the words out of my mouth than the salt wather kem in, and I thought I wor dhrowned, but I wasint; for I ris up on the wather, and I turned on my face, for in my youth, Mike, sis I, you knowd I cud swim iligant. Oh, sis I agin, it is worse this than being in the grate ship, and I looked for her that I might intrate the ould chap wid the beard to take me on board, and I keep a civil tongue in my hid foriver, amin. Oh, cried I, and I lept clane out iv the sae (but I kem down agin!) yonder she goes from me as if the devil wor at her ind wid a rid poker, and I mysilf landed in the middle iv the mitey Athlantic, wid not a tatie to comfort my stomach, nor a shillin in my

britches pocket, that my poor widdy often tould me wouldn't hould the hid iv a pin, by reasin iv a hole at the wrong ind! Oh, says I agin, and not a dhrop of the crathur to drink at my burl, nor any ould women to howl at the wake iv me, and I was sore vexed anint it; but there was no help, and I cudn't be waked like a Christian—the curse of the widdy on the ould smuggler!

“The thought is in yer hid—Mike! sis I, that the sae 'ud swallie me, but it didn't! and the waves kim and bure me on the tops of them, and my soul wint down agin to my bosom, and I was as strong as an aegel, and as light as a cork. And when I was ris up by rasin of the wather, I saw the grate ship, and when I kim down agin, I didn't! And then it was that the wind began to blow mighty hard, and the sae begin to rowl mighty fierce, and the hert in me thrembled, and I seed the thunder and the lightenin, and bad luck to my silly hid, I thought it 'ud set fire to the broad Atlantic. Then agin there kim a wave as big as the Hill of Howth, and as black as a church-yard, and I thought it 'ud sind me to Abrahaam's bosom, in a hurry—Sweeny, honey, sis I, yer wife is a widdy—but I was mistook, for it bure me up and at the fut I saw the grate ship far down in a vally. As far, Mike, sis I, as the Pope's mouth from the fasting of Lent, and I seed the lightenin bizzin round the masts of im. Oh, ho! sis I, the ould one has catched ye now, sis I, wid the rid poker and all the wather in the sae can't put it out neather, sis I. Then agin the wave wint from under me,

Oh, mercy, I am goin to shake hands wid Davie Jones in less than no time! And I tuck a thought of the widdy of my bosom, and iv the prophet Jona, quite sincible as if it wor rale airnist and no draemin. Then I begin to hear a rush, rushin, as if the sae wor rinnin through a grate hole, and a blow, blowin, like the wind of a furnace; and I tuck a look round when the wather bore me up. Mercy, sis I, there is the fish that swallo'd the holie Profit; and too threw for my misfortunate self a grate whale looked at me from the bottom of the vally, wid the eyes iv it! Then I wint down into the vally and the grate whale wint up; and it stared down at me as if I wor a herrin or an ould prophet. Your glory, sis I, it is the prophet may be that yer lookin for, and it is only me, and my wife is a widdy, savin yer presince, sis I, mighty saivil. But shure he didn't heer me, for I cud'nt see the ears iv him; but he opened his blow-wathers, and set up a grate catirack. Misery, for you, sis I, and yer sick by rasin of the rolin iv the sae; oh, for a can of the crathur to heat the stomach iv ye! and he looked as if he heard the tongue of me, and shook his hid and tail and kim down, as if he'd thank me for the thought iv my hid, and 'ud be peacable by rasin iv the widdy and childer; and I was bould. Sure now! sis I, and you 'ont swallie me entirely, on the faith of St Pat, sis I, it is me and not Jona, and I'll sing you a song, sis I, in the language of ould Erin—for the prophet was a Haybrew—then I twiged him the 'Sprig of Shelala,' and he looked quare, but it convinced him that it was me, and

not Jona, that had the widdy, by rasin iv his learnin, for he knowd that it warrint Haybrew! But the cretur deceived the hert iv me, for he ups wid his tail, and he downs wid his nose, and gave a grate wheel round like a top and wint down into the oceant, and the wather turned round iligant like a whirlwind; and it dhrew me in, and I wint round, and round, and round, and round, bloody murther, will I niver stop at all, at all, sis I; and the force iv it set me on my ind, and I wint round on my own feet, and round the whirlwind of wather, till I got deeper and deeper, first over the knees, then over the throusers, then the body of me, then the neck of me; and when it kem to my mouth I blowed it all out again. The curse iv the widdy, sis I, on the ould whale; and I raiched out my hand, and hit the wather like a ragin lion; then I heard a voice (but it warrint the whale), and it cried, Sweeny! Sweeny! get up for the soul iv ye, ye dhrunkin baste, for its brackin the tub ye are in yer slape, and dhirtyin all the wather that I iv brought to clane the bodies iv the childer, darlints. Thin it was Mike, sis I, that I knowd it wor all a vision. I opened the eyes iv me, and I was lyin like a salted pig in the washin tub of the widdy of me, and she wid a stick, and she hit me on the sate of honir and all that, to bring me to my sines. Oh, lave alone the misfortunate body of me, sis I, and I'll niver more dhrink a dhrop of the crathir, nor draem any more of the grate ship."

"Well," said I, "Sweeny, I do not wonder that during such a spirit-stirring dream you imagined



yourself in *rale arnist* ; and it appears that though you were not Jona, your dream seems to have had something prophetic in it, for you have just been in America, and I presume a ship must have brought you west, or you could not be in your present situation."

" Threw for your honour," answered Sweeny ; " and it's as sure as the moon is now lookin down on us with the silver face of her, that same that ye is sayin. For it was but a few nights afther the draemin had tuck possession iv me, that my ould girl, while we sat round the dish of pitaties that comforts the heart iv us afther the day's work has left us. Sweeny, jewl, sis she—for she was as civil as a moonseer—I've bin thinkin iv the draem and the terpertation thereof, as the Testimint says, and I am not the gummock to forget what we are tould. Ae ! sis I, and what is't, sis I, that you've been after thinkin ?—for I saw there wor an oceant of thought in the hid iv her—Sweeny, sis she, in the ear iv me (for all the childer stud wid the mouths of them open, and the pitaties held up in their hands, ready to hear what the mother iv them was after saying), Sweeny, sis she, you must lift yourself off to Ameriky, for they say it is the rale Land of Promise, and if there be milk and honey, wid grate roasted pigs swimin about like pitaties in the pot, *it is more nor we hiv in Ould Ireland—blessings on her !* Mercy, sis I, wid a howl, for I thought iv the grate fish. Oh the hard hert iv ye, and would ye send me from ye, and the childer, off to Ameriky in an ould smuggler, the

curse iv the crose on the likes iv it. Tut, tut, Sweeny, darlint, sis she—for she had a winning way wid her—don't be after seein ghosts where there be none, sis she; and I said nought, for the grey mare, as the neighbours told me, was the better horse. And yer honour" (added Sweeny), "it just kem to this—we wrought night and day till we got the money that bure me off; and blessins on the hand that helps the widdy and her childer, and tuck me to the rale Land iv Promise, flowin wid milk and honey; for I've a cow in the field, and a hive in the garden; and the pigs (good luck to them) swim about the woods on their own legs eligant; and if hivin spares me to bring away the childer and the mother of them too, they'll bliss the day I slipped into the tub, and draemed a draem iv the grate ship."

After our dose of calm, we were again visited by unpropitious weather; the sun refused to shine for days together, and we had a reasonable chance of running bump upon the west coast of Ireland. But, kind reader, we will now part company, and bear away on our different courses; for I am unwilling to bring forward fresh and disagreeable pictures to displace the pleasing feelings which the contemplation of friend Sweeny's conduct cannot fail to inspire; and in this mood I take a kindly farewell of all who have exercised patience enough to accompany me thus far.

THE END.

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