

WINTER STUDIES
AND
SUMMER RAMBLES
IN CANADA.

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"CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," "FEMALE SOVEREIGNS,"
&c. &c.

Leid, und Kunst, und Scherz. RAHEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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SUMMER RAMBLES
IN CANADA.

. You dwell alone ;
You walk, you read, you speculate alone ;
Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince,
For you a stately gallery maintain
Of gay or tragic pictures.

Wordsworth.

Vergnügen sitzt in Blumen-kelchen, und kommt
alle Jahr einmal als Geruch heraus.

Rahel.

June 8.

WE have already exchanged “the bloom and
ravishment of spring” for all the glowing ma-
turity of summer ; we gasp with heat, we long

for ices, and are planning venetian blinds; and three weeks ago there was snow lying beneath our garden fences, and not a leaf on the trees! In England, when Nature wakes up from her long winter, it is like a sluggard in the morning,—she opens one eye and then another, and shivers and draws her snow coverlet over her face again, and turns round to slumber more than once, before she emerges at last, lazily and slowly, from her winter chamber; but here, no sooner has the sun peeped through her curtains, than up she springs, like a huntress for the chase, and dons her kirtle of green, and walks abroad in full-blown life and beauty. I am basking in her smile like an insect or a bird!—Apropos to birds, we have, alas! no singing birds in Canada. There is, indeed, a little creature of the ouzel kind, which haunts my garden, and has a low, sweet warble, to which I listen with pleasure; but we have nothing like the rich, continuous song of the nightingale or lark, or even the linnet. We have no music in our groves but that of the frogs, which set up such

a shrill and perpetual chorus every evening, that we can scarce hear each other speak. The regular manner in which the bass and treble voices respond to each other is perfectly ludicrous, so that in the midst of my impatience I have caught myself laughing. Then we have every possible variety of note, from the piping squeak of the tree-frog, to the deep, guttural croak, almost roar, of the bull-frog.

The other day, while walking near a piece of water, I was startled by a very loud deep croak, as like the croak of an ordinary frog, as the bellow of a bull is like the bleat of a calf; and looking round, perceived one of those enormous bull-frogs of the country seated with great dignity on the end of a plank, and staring at me. The monster was at least a foot in length, with a pair of eyes like spectacles; on shaking my parasol at him, he plunged to the bottom in a moment. They are quite harmless, I believe, though slander accuses them of attacking the young ducks and chickens.

It would be pleasant, verily, if, after all my

ill-humoured and impertinent *tirades* against Toronto, I were doomed to leave it with regret; yet such is likely to be the case. There are some most kind-hearted and agreeable people here, who look upon me with more friendliness than at first, and are winning fast upon my feelings, if not on my sympathies. There is considerable beauty too around me—not that I am going to give you descriptions of scenery, which are always, however eloquent, in some respect failures. Words can no more give you a definite idea of the combination of forms and colours in scenery, than so many musical notes: music were, indeed, the better vehicle of the two. Felix Mendelsohn, when a child, used to say, “I cannot tell you how such or such a thing was—I cannot speak it—I will play it to you!”—and run to his piano: sound was then to him a more perfect vehicle than words;—so, if I were a musician, I would *play* you Lake Ontario, rather than describe it. Ontario means *the beautiful*, and the word is worthy of its signification, and the lake is worthy of its beautiful

name; yet I can hardly tell you in what this fascination consists: there is no scenery around it, no high lands, no bold shores, no picture to be taken in at once by the eye; the swamp and the forest enclose it, and it is so wide and so vast that it presents all the monotony without the majesty of the ocean. Yet, like that great ocean, when I lived beside it, the expanse of this lake has become to me like the face of a friend. I have all its various *expressions* by heart. I go down upon the green bank, or along the King's Pier, which projects about two hundred yards into the bay. I sit there with my book, reading sometimes, but oftener watching untired the changeful colours as they flit over the bosom of the lake. Sometimes a thunder-squall from the west sends the little sloops and schooners sweeping and scudding into the harbour for shelter. Sometimes the sunset converts its surface into a sea of molten gold, and sometimes the young moon walks trembling in a path of silver; sometimes a purple haze floats over its bosom like a veil; sometimes the wind blows strong,

and the wild turbid waves come rolling in like breakers, flinging themselves over the pier in wrath and foam; or dancing like spirits in their glee. Nor is the land without some charm. About four miles from Toronto the river Humber comes down between high wood-covered banks, and rushes into the lake: a more charming situation for villas and garden-houses could hardly be desired than the vicinity of this beautiful little river, and such no doubt we shall see in time.

The opposite side of the bay is formed by a long sand-bank, called "the Island," though, in fact, no island, but a very narrow promontory, about three miles in length, and forming a rampart against the main waters of the lake. At the extremity is a light-house, and a few stunted trees and underwood. This marsh, intersected by inlets and covered with reeds, is the haunt of thousands of wild fowl, and of the terapin, or small turtle of the lake; and as evening comes on, we see long rows of red lights from the fishing-boats gleaming along the surface of the water,

for thus they spear the lake salmon, the bass, and the pickereen.

The only road on which it is possible to take a drive with comfort is Young-street, which is macadamised for the first twelve miles. This road leads from Toronto northwards to Lake Simcoe, through a well-settled and fertile country. There are some commodious, and even elegant houses in this neighbourhood. Dundas-street, leading west to the London district and Lake Huron, is a very rough road for a carriage, but a most delightful ride. On this side of Toronto you are immediately in the pine forest, which extends with little interruption (except a new settlement rising here and there) for about fifty miles to Hamilton, which is the next important town. The wooded shores of the lake are very beautiful, and abounding in game. In short, a reasonable person might make himself very happy here, if it were not for some few things, among which, those Egyptian plagues, the flies and frogs in summer, and the relentless iron winter, are not the most in-

tolerable: add, perhaps, the prevalence of sickness at certain seasons. At present many families are flying off to Niagara, for two or three days together, for change of air; and I am meditating a flight myself, of such serious extent, that some of my friends here laugh outright; others look kindly alarmed, and others civilly incredulous. Bad roads, bad inns—or rather *no* roads, no inns;—wild Indians, and white men more savage far than they;—dangers and difficulties of every kind are threatened and prognosticated, enough to make one's hair stand on end. To undertake such a journey *alone* is rash perhaps—yet alone it must be achieved, I find, or not at all; I shall have neither companion nor man-servant, nor *femme de chambre*, nor even a “little foot-page” to give notice of my fate, should I be swamped in a bog, or eaten up by a bear, or scalped, or disposed of in some strange way; but shall I leave this fine country without seeing anything of its great characteristic features?—and, above all, of its aboriginal inhabitants? Moral courage will not be

wanting, but physical strength may fail, and obstacles, which I cannot anticipate or overcome, may turn me back; yet the more I consider my project—wild though it be—the more I feel determined to persist. The French have a proverb which does honour to their gallantry, and to which, from experience, I am inclined to give full credence—“*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut.*” We shall see.

June 10.

Mr. Hepburne brought me yesterday the number of the Foreign Review for February last, which contains, among other things, a notice of Baron Sternberg's popular and eloquent novels. It is not very well done. It is true, as far as it goes; but it gives no sufficient idea of the general character of his works, some of which display the wildest and most playful fancy, and others again, pictures, not very attractive ones, of every day social life.

Sternberg, whom I knew in Germany, is a

young nobleman of Livonia, handsome in person, and of quiet, elegant manners. Yet I remember that in our first interview, even while he interested and fixed my attention, he did not quite please me; there was in his conversation something cold, guarded, not flowing; and in the expression of his dark, handsome features, something too invariable and cynical; but all this thawed or brightened away, and I became much interested in him and his works.

Sternberg, as an author, may be classed, I think, with many other accomplished and popular authors of the day, flourishing here, in France, and in England, simultaneously—signs of the times in which we live, taking the form and pressure of the age, not informing it with their own spirit. They are a set of men who have drunk deep, even to license, of the follies, the pleasures, and the indulgences of society, even while they struggled (some of them at least) with its most bitter, most vulgar cares. From this gulf the intellect rises, perhaps, in all its primeval strength, the imagination in all

its brilliance, the product of both as luxuriant as ever ; but we are told,

“ That every gift of noble origin,
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath !”

And a breath of a different kind has gone over the works of these writers—a breath as from a lazar-house. A power is gone from them which nothing can restore,—the healthy, the clear vision, with which a fresh, pure mind looks round upon the social and the natural world, perceiving the due relations of all things one with another, and beholding the “soul of goodness in things evil:” these authors, if we are to believe their own account of themselves, given in broad hints, and very intelligible *mysterious* allusions, have suffered horribly from the dominion of the passions, from the mortifications of wounded self-love, betrayed confidence, ruined hopes, ill-directed and ill-requited affections, and a long *etcetera* of miseries. They wish us to believe, that in order to produce anything true and great in art, it is necessary to

have known and gone through all this, to have been dragged through this sink of dissipation, or this fiery furnace of suffering and passion. I don't know. Goethe, at least, did not think so, when he spoke of the "sort of anticipation" through which he produced his *Götz von Berlichingen* and his *Werther*. I hope it is not so. I hope that a knowledge of our human and immortal nature, and the due exercise of our faculties, does not depend on this sort of limited, unhealthy, artificial experience. It is as if a man or woman either, in order to learn the free, natural, graceful use of the limbs, were to take lessons of a rope-dancer; but waving this, we see in these writers, that what they call truth and experience has at least been bought rather dear; they can never again, by all the perfumes of Arabia, sweeten what has been once polluted, nor take the blistering scar from their brow. From their works we rise with admiration, with delight, with astonishment at the talent displayed; with the most excited feelings, but never with that blameless as well as vivid

sense of pleasure, that unreprieved delight, that grateful sense of a healing, holy influence, with which we lay down Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Goethe. Yet what was hidden from these men? Did they not know all that the world, and man, and nature could unfold? They knew it by "anticipation," by soaring on the wings of untrammelled thought, far, far above the turmoil, and looking superior down, and with the ample ken of genius embraced a universe. These modern novel writers appear to me in comparison like children, whose imperfect faculties and experience induce them to touch everything they see; so they burn or soil their fingers, and the blister and the stain sticks perpetual to their pages—those pages which yet can melt or dazzle, or charm. Nothing that is, or has been, or may be, can they see but through some personal medium. What they have themselves felt, suffered, seen, is always before them, is mixed up with their fancy, is the material of their existence, and this gives certainly a degree

of vigour, a palpable reality, a life, to all they do, which carries us away; but a man might as well think to view the face of universal nature, to catch the pure, unmixed, all-embracing light of day through one of the gorgeous painted windows of Westminster Abbey, as to perceive abstract moral truth through the minds of these writers; but they have their use, ay, and their beauty—like all things in the world—only I would not be one of such. I do not think them enviable either in themselves as individuals, or in the immediate effect they produce, and the sort of applause they excite; but they have their praise, their merit, their *use*,—they have their *day*—hereafter, perhaps, to be remembered as we remember the school of writers before the French revolution; as we think of the wretched slave, or the rash diver, who from the pit or from the whirlpool has snatched some gems worthy to be gathered into Truth's immortal treasury, or wreathed into her diadem of light.

They have their day—how long it will last how long *they* will last, is another thing.

To this school of fiction-writing belong many authors of great and various merit, and of very different character and tendencies. Some, by true but partial portraiture of social evils, boldly aiming at the overthrow of institutions from which they have as individuals suffered; others, through this medium, publicly professing opinions they would hardly dare to promulgate in a drawing-room, and discussing questions of a doubtful or perilous tendency; others, only throwing off, in a manner, the impressions of their own minds, developed in beautiful fictions, without any ultimate object beyond that of being read with sympathy and applause—especially by women.

I think Sternberg belongs to the latter class. He has written some most charming things. I should not exactly know where to find his prototype: he reminds me of Bulwer sometimes, and one or two of his tales are in Barry St. Leger's best manner,—the eloquence, the depth of tragic and passionate interest, are just his; then, again, others remind me of Wilson, when

he is fanciful and unearthly ; but, on the whole, his genius differs essentially from all these.

His comic and fantastic tales are exquisite. The fancy and the humour run into pathos and poetry, and never into caricature, like some of Hoffmann's.

One of the first things I fell upon was his "Herr von Mondschein," (Master Moonshine,) a little *jeu d'esprit*, on which it seems he sets small value himself, but which is an exquisite thing for all that—so wildly, yet so playfully, so gracefully grotesque ! The effect of the whole is really like that of moonlight on a rippled stream, now seen, now lost, now here, now there—it is the moon we see—and then it is not ; and yet it is again ! and it smiles, and it shines, and it simpers, and it glitters, and it is at once in heaven and on the earth, near and distant, by our side, or peeped at through an astronomer's telescope ; now helping off a pair of lovers—then yonder among the stars—and in the end we rub our eyes, and find it is just what it ought to be—*all moonshine !*

Superior and altogether different is the tale of "Molière,"—the leading idea of which appears to me beautiful.

A physician of celebrity at Paris, the inventor of some famous elixir—half quack, half enthusiast, and something too of a philosopher—finds himself, by some chance, in the parterre at the representation of one of Molière's comedies, in which the whole learned faculty are so exquisitely ridiculed; the player who represents the principal character, in order to make the satire more poignant, arrays himself in the habitual dress of Tristan Dieudonné; the unfortunate doctor sees himself reproduced on the stage with every circumstance of ignominious ridicule, hears around him the loud applause, the laugh of derision—meets in every eye the mocking glance of recognition; his brain turns, and he leaves the theatre a raving maniac. (So far the tale is an "o'er true tale.") By degrees this frenzy subsides into a calmer but more hopeless, more melancholy madness; he shuts himself up from mankind, at one time sinking into a gloomy despondency, at another revelling in projects of

vengeance against Molière, his enemy and destroyer. One only consolation remains to him : in this miserable, abject state, a charitable neighbour comes to visit him daily ; by degrees wins upon the affections, and gains the confidence of the poor madman—soothes him, cheers him, and performs for him all tender offices of filial love ; and this good Samaritan is of course the heart-stricken, remorseful poet, Molière himself.

There is a love-story interwoven of no great interest, and many discussions between the poet and the madman, on morals, medicine, philosophy : that in which the insane doctor endeavours to prove that many of his patients who appear to be living are in reality *dead*, is very striking and very true to nature : it shows how ingenious metaphysical madness can sometimes be.

Other known personages, as Boileau, Chapelain, Racine, are introduced in person, and give us their opinions on poetry, acting, the fine arts, with considerable discrimination in the characters of the speakers.

The scenes of Parisian society in this novel

are not so good; rather heavy and Germanesque—certainly not French.

“Lessing” is another tale in which Sternberg has taken a real personage for his hero. He says that he has endeavoured, in these two tales, to delineate the strife which a man whose genius is in advance of the age in which he lives, must carry on with all around him. They may be called biographical novels.

* * * *

“Galathée,” Sternberg’s last novel, had just made its appearance when I was at Weimar; all the women were reading it and commenting on it—some in anger, some in sorrow, almost all in admiration. It is allowed to be the finest thing he has done in point of style. To me it is a painful book. It is the history of the intrigues of a beautiful coquette and a Jesuit priest to gain over a young Protestant nobleman from his faith and his betrothed love. They prove but too successful. In the end he turns Roman Catholic, and forsakes his bride. The heroine, Galathée, dies quietly of a broken heart. “The

more fool she !” I thought, as I closed the book, “to die for the sake of a man who was not worth living for !” but “ ’tis a way we have.”

Sternberg’s women—his virtuous women especially, (to be sure he is rather sparing of them,)—have always individual character, and are touched with a firm, a delicate, a graceful pencil; but his men are almost without exception vile, or insipid, or eccentric—and his heroes (where could he find them ?) are absolutely *characterless*—as weak as they are detestable.

Sternberg possesses, with many other talents, that of being an accomplished amateur artist. He sketches charmingly, and with enviable facility and truth catches the characteristic forms both of persons and things. Then he has all the arcana of a lady’s toilette at the end of his pencil, and his glance is as fastidious as it is rapid in detecting any peculiarity of dress or manner. Whenever he came to us he used to ask for some white paper, which, while he talked or listened, he covered with the prettiest sketches and fancies imaginable; but whether this was to

employ his fingers, or to prevent me from looking into his eyes while he spoke, I was never quite sure.

This talent for drawing—this lively sense of the picturesque in form and colour, we trace through all his works. Some of the most striking passages—those which dwell most strongly on the memory—are pictures. Thus, the meeting of Molière and the Doctor in the churchyard at dusk of evening, the maniac seated on the grave, the other standing by, wrapped in his flowing mantle, with his hat and feather pulled over his brow, and bending over his victim with benevolent expression, is what painters call a fine “bit of effect.” The scene in the half-lighted chapel, where the beautiful Countess Melicerte is doing penance, and receiving on her naked shoulders the scourge from the hand of her confessor, is a very powerful but also a very disagreeable piece of painting. The lady in crimson velvet seated on the ground *en Madelene*, with her silver crucifix on her knees and her long dark jewelled tresses flowing dishevelled,

is a fine bit of colour, and the court ballet in the gardens of the Favorita Palace a perfect Watteau. Reading very fine, eloquent, and vivid descriptions of nature and natural scenery, by writers who give us licentious pictures of social life in a narrow, depraved, and satirical spirit, is very disagreeable—it always leaves on the mind an impression of discord and unfitness. And this discrepancy is of perpetual recurrence in Sternberg, and in other writers of his class.

But it is in the tale entitled *Die Gebrüder Breughel* (the Two Breughels) that Sternberg has abandoned himself *con amore* to all his artist-like feelings and predilections. The younger Breughel (known by the names of *Höllens Breughel* and the “Mad Painter,” on account of the diabolical subjects in which his pencil revelled,) is the hero of this remarkable tale: forsaking the worship of beauty, he paid a kind of crazed adoration to deformity, and painted his fantastic and extravagant creations with truly demoniac skill and power. Sternberg makes the cause of this eccentric

perversion of genius a love-affair, which has turned the poor painter's wits "the seamy side without," and rendered him the apostate to all that is beautiful in nature and art. This love-tale, however, occupies little of the interest. The charm of the whole consists in the lively sketches of Flemish art, and the characteristic portraits of different well-known artists: we have the gay, vivacious Teniers—the elegant and somewhat affected Poelenberg, the coarse, good-humoured Jordaens—Peter Laers, the tavern-keeper,—the grave yet splendid coxcombry of the Velvet Breughel—his eccentric, half-crazed brother, the Hero—old Peter Kock, with his colour mania, (the Turner of his day,) and presiding over all, the noble, the magnificent Peter Paul Rubens, and the dignified, benevolent Burgomaster Hubert, the patron of art: all these are brought together in groups, and admirably discriminated. In this tale Sternberg has most ingeniously transferred to his pages some celebrated and well-known pictures as actual scenes; and thus Painting pays back part of

her debt to Poetry and Fiction. The Alchymist in his laboratory—the Gambling Soldiers—the Boors and Beggars at cards—the Incantation in the Witch's Tower—the Burning Mill—the Page asleep in the Ante-chamber—and the country Merrymaking—are each a Rembrandt, a Jordaens, an Ostade, a Peter Laers, a Breughel, or a Teniers, transferred from the canvass to the page, and painted in words almost as brilliant and lively as the original colours.

I doubt whether a translation of this clever tale would please generally in England; it is too discursive and argumentative. It requires a familiar knowledge of art and artists, as well as a feeling for art, to enter into it, for it is almost entirely devoid of any interest arising from incident or passion. Yet I sat up till after two o'clock this morning to finish it—wasting my eyes over the small type, like a most foolish improvident woman.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.

I have met with certain minds which seem never to be themselves penetrated by truth, yet have the power to demonstrate it clearly and beautifully to other minds, as there are certain substances which most brightly reflect, and only partially absorb, the rays of light.

Reading what Charles Lamb says on the "sanity of true genius," it appears to me that genius and sanity have nothing (necessarily) to do with each other. Genius may be combined with a healthy or a morbid organisation. Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Goethe, are examples of the former: Byron, Collins, Kirke White, are examples of the latter.

A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense.

How admirable what Sir James Mackintosh says of Madame de Maintenon!—that “she was as virtuous as the fear of hell and the fear of shame could make her.” The same might be said of the virtue of many women I know, and of these, I believe that more are virtuous from the fear of shame than the fear of hell.—Shame is the woman’s hell.

Rahel * said once of an acquaintance, “Such a one is an ignorant man. He knows nothing but what he has learned, and that is little, for a man can only learn that which man already knows.”—Well, and truly, and profoundly said!

Every faculty, ever impulse of our human

* Madame Varnhagen von Ense, whose remains were published a few years ago. The book of “Rahel” is famous from one end of Germany to the other, but remains, I believe, a sealed fountain still for English readers.

nature, is useful, available, in proportion as it is dangerous. The greatest blessings are those which may be perverted to most pain : as fire and water are the two most murderous agents in nature, and the two things in which we can least endure to be stinted.

Who that has lived in the world, in society, and looked on both with observing eye, but has often been astonished at the fearlessness of women, and the cowardice of men, with regard to public opinion? The reverse would seem to be the natural, the necessary result of the existing order of things, but it is not always so. Exceptions occur so often, and so immediately within my own province of observation, that they have made me reflect a good deal. Perhaps this seeming discrepancy might be thus explained.

Women are brought up in the fear of opinion, but, from their ignorance of the world, they are in fact ignorant of that which they fear. They

fear opinion as a child fears a spectre, as something shadowy and horrible, not defined or palpable. It is a fear based on habit, on feeling, not on principle or reason. When their passions are strongly excited, or when reason becomes matured, this exaggerated fear vanishes, and the probability is, that they are immediately thrown into the opposite extreme of incredulity, defiance, and rashness : but a man, even while courage is preached to him, learns from habitual intercourse with the world the immense, the terrible power of opinion. It wraps him round like despotism ; it is a reality to him ; to a woman a shadow, and if she can overcome the fear in her own person, all is overcome. A man fears opinion for himself, his wife, his daughter ; and if the fear of opinion be brought into conflict with primary sentiments and principles, it is ten to one but the habit of fear prevails, and opinion triumphs over reason and feeling too.

The new law passed during the last session of our provincial parliament, "to render the

remedy in cases of seduction more effectual," has just come into operation. What were the circumstances which gave rise to this law, and to its peculiar provisions, I cannot learn. Here it is touching on delicate and even forbidden ground to ask any questions. One person said that it was to guard against infanticide; and I recollect hearing the same sort of argument used in London against one particular clause of the new Poor Law Act, viz. that it would *encourage* infanticide. This is the most gross and unpardonable libel on our sex ever uttered. Women do not murder their children from the fear of want, but from the fear of shame. In this fear, substituted for the light and the strength of virtue and genuine self-respect, are women trained, till it becomes a second nature—not indeed stronger than the natural instincts and the passions which God gave us, but strong enough to drive to madness and delirious outrage the wretched victim who finds the struggle between these contradictory feelings too great for her conscience, her reason, her strength.

Nothing, as it seems to me, but throwing the woman upon her own self-respect and added responsibility, can bring a remedy to this fearful state of things. To say that the punishment of the fault, already too great, is thereby increased, is not true; it admitted of no real increase. In entailing irremediable disgrace, and death of name and fame, upon the frail woman, the law of society had done its utmost; and to let it be supposed that the man had power to make amends by paying a nominal tax for indulgence bought at such a tremendous price, what was it but to flatter and delude both the vanity of lordly, sensual man, and the weakness of wretched, ignorant, trusting woman? As long as treachery to woman is honourable in man; as long as men *do* not, or *will* not protect us; as long as we women *cannot* protect ourselves, their protecting laws are a farce and a mockery. Opinion has ever been stronger than law. Luckily there is something stronger than either.

It was not for the forms, though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare,—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrain'd to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
 By day or night
 Her home, and far
 Wander'd by light
 Of sun or star—
It was to feel her fancy free,
 Free in a world without an end :
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
 And heart to apprehend.

TAYLOR'S *Philip Van Artevelde*.

June 13.

IN these latter days I have lived in friendly
communion with so many excellent people, that

my departure from Toronto was not what I anticipated—an escape on one side, or a riddance on the other. My projected tour to the west excited not only some interest, but much kind solicitude; and aid and counsel were tendered with a feeling which touched me deeply. The chief justice, in particular, sent me a whole sheet of instructions, and several letters of introduction to settlers along my line of route. Fitzgibbon, always benevolent, gave me sensible and cheerful encouragement as we walked leisurely down to the pier, to embark in the steam-boat which was to carry me across the lake to Niagara.

And here I might moralise on the good effects of being *too* early instead of too late on a journey: on the present occasion, having a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to spare proved the most important and most fortunate circumstance which could have occurred at my outset.

The first bell of the steam-boat had not yet rung, when my good friend Dr. Rees came run-

ning up to tell me that the missionary from the Sault St. Marie, and his Indian wife, had arrived at Toronto, and were then at the inn, and that there was just time to introduce me to them. No sooner thought than done: in another moment we were in the hotel, and I was introduced to Mrs. MacMurray, otherwise O-ge-ne-bu-go-quay, (i. e. *the wild rose*.)

I must confess that the specimens of Indian squaws and half-cast women I had met with, had in no wise prepared me for what I found in Mrs. MacMurray. The first glance, the first sound of her voice, struck me with a pleased surprise. Her figure is tall—at least it is rather above than below the middle size, with that indescribable grace and undulation of movement which speaks the perfection of form. Her features are distinctly Indian, but softened and refined, and their expression at once bright and kindly. Her dark eyes have a sort of fawn-like shyness in their glance, but her manner, though timid, was quite free from embarrassment or restraint. She speaks English well, with a slightly foreign in-

tonation, not the less pleasing to my ear that it reminded me of the voice and accent of some of my German friends. In two minutes I was seated by her—my hand kindly folded in hers—and we were talking over the possibility of my plans. It seems that there is some chance of my reaching the Island of Michillimackinac, but of the Sault St. Marie I dare hardly think as yet—it looms in my imagination dimly descried in far space, a kind of Ultima Thule; yet the sight of Mrs. Mac-Murray seemed to give something definite to the vague hope which had been floating in my mind. Her sister, she said, was married to the Indian agent at Michillimackinac,* a man celebrated in the United States for his scientific researches; and from both she promised me a welcome, should I reach their island. To her own far off home at the Sault St. Marie, between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, she warmly invited me—without, however, being able to point out any conveyance or mode of travel thither that could be depended on—only a possible chance of

* Henry Schoolcraft, Esq.

such. Meantime there was *some* hope of our meeting *somewhere* on the road, but it was of the faintest. She thanked me feelingly for the interest I took in her own fated race, and gave me excellent hints as to my manner of proceeding. We were in the full tide of conversation when the bell of the steam-boat rang for the last time, and I was hurried off. On the deck of the vessel I found her husband, Mr. MacMurray, who had only time to say, in fewest words, all that was proper, polite, and hospitable. This rencontre, which some would call accidental, and some providential, pleased and encouraged me, and I felt very grateful to Dr. Rees.

Then came blessings, good wishes, kind pressures of the hand, and last adieus, and waving of handkerchiefs from the shore, as the paddles were set in motion, and we glided swiftly over the mirror-like bay, while "there was a breath the blue waves to curl."

I had not been happy enough in Toronto to regret it as a place; and if touched, as I truly was, by the kind solicitude of those friends who

but a few weeks ago were entire strangers to me, I yet felt no sorrow. Though no longer young, I am quite young enough to feel all the excitement of plunging into scenes so entirely new as were now opening before me; and this, too, with a specific object far beyond mere amusement and excitement—an object not unworthy.

But though the spirit was willing and cheerful, I was under the necessity of remembering that I was not all spirit, but clogged with a material frame which required some looking after. My general health had suffered during the long trying winter, and it was judiciously suggested that I should spend a fortnight at the falls of Niagara to recruit, previous to my journey. The good sense of this advice I could not appreciate at the time, any more than I could anticipate the fatigues and difficulties which awaited me; but my good angel, in the shape of a certain languid inclination for silence and repose, whispered me to listen and obey—fortunately, or providentially. Meantime I was alone—alone—and on my way to that ulti-

mate somewhere of which I knew nothing, with forests, and plains, and successive seas intervening. The day was sultry, the air heavy and still, and a strange fog, or rather a series of dark clouds, hung resting on the bosom of the lake, which in some places was smooth and transparent as glass—in others, little eddies of wind had ruffled it into tiny waves, or welts rather—so that it presented the appearance of patchwork. The boatmen looked up, and foretold a storm; but when we came within three or four miles from the mouth of the river Niagara, the fog drew off like a curtain, and the interminable line of the dark forest came into view, stretching right and left along the whole horizon; then the white buildings of the American fort, and the spires of the town of Niagara, became visible against the rich purple-green background, and we landed after a four hours' voyage. The threatened storm came on that night. The summer storms of Canada are like those of the tropics: not in Italy, not among the Apennines, where I have in my time heard

the "live thunder leaping from crag to crag," did I ever hear such terrific explosions of sound as burst over our heads this night. The silence and the darkness lent an added horror to the elemental tumult—and for the first time in my life I felt sickened and unpleasantly affected in the intervals between the thunder-claps, though I cannot say I felt fear. Meantime the rain fell as in a deluge, threatening to wash us into the lake, which reared itself up, and roared—like a monster for its prey.

Yet, the next morning, when I went down upon the shore, how beautiful it looked—the hypocrite!—there it lay rocking and sleeping in the sunshine, quiet as a cradled infant. Niagara, in its girdle of verdure and foliage, glowing with fresh life, and breathing perfume, appeared to me a far different place from what I had seen in winter. Yet I recollect, as I stood on the shore, the effect produced on my mind by the sound of the death-bell, pealing along the sunny blue waters. They said it was tolled for a young man of respectable family, who, at

the age of three or four and twenty, had died from habitual drinking; his elder brother having a year or two before fallen from his horse in a state of intoxication, and perished in consequence. Yes, everything I see and hear on this subject convinces me that it should be one of the first objects of the government to put down, by all and every means, a vice which is rotting at the core of this infant society—poisoning the very sources of existence. But all their taxes, and prohibitions, and excise laws, will do little good, unless they facilitate the means of education. In society, the same evening, the appearance of a very young, very pretty, sad looking creature, with her first baby at her bosom, whose husband was staggering and talking drunken gibberish at her side, completed the impression of disgust and affright with which the continual spectacle of this vile habit strikes me since I have been in this country.

In the dockyard here, I was glad to find all in movement; a steamer was on the stocks,

measuring one hundred and twenty-nine feet in length, and twenty in the beam; also a large schooner; and all the brass-work and casting is now done here, which was formerly executed at Montreal, to the manifest advantage of the province, as well as the town. And I have been assured, not only here but elsewhere, that the work turned out is excellent—of the first order.

In the jail here, a wretched maniac is confined in chains for murdering his wife. He was convicted, condemned to death, and on the point of being hung; for though the physician believed the man mad, he could not prove it in evidence: he appeared rational on every subject. At length, after his condemnation, the physician, holding his wrist, repeated the religious Orange toast—something about the Pope and the devil; and instantly, as he expressed it, the man's pulse bounded like a shot under his fingers, and he was seized with a fit of frenzy. He said that his wife had been possessed by the seven deadly sins, and he had merely given her seven kicks to exorcise her

—and thus he murdered the poor woman. He has been in the jail four years, and is now more mad, more furious, than when first confined. This I had from the physician himself.

Before quitting the subject of Niagara, I may as well mention an incident which occurred shortly afterwards, on my last visit to the town, which interested me much at the time, and threw the whole of this little community into a wonderful ferment.

A black man, a slave somewhere in Kentucky, having been sent on a message, mounted on a very valuable horse, seized the opportunity of escaping. He reached Buffalo after many days of hard riding, sold the horse, and escaped beyond the lines into Canada. Here, as in all the British dominions, God be praised! the slave is slave no more, but free, and protected in his freedom.* This man acknowledged that he

* Among the addresses presented to Sir Francis Head in 1836, was one from the coloured inhabitants of this part of the province, signed by four hundred and thirty-one individuals, most of them refugees from the United States, or their descendants.

had not been ill treated; he had received some education, and had been a favourite with his master. He gave as a reason for his flight, that he had long wished to marry, but was resolved that his children should not be born slaves. In Canada, a runaway slave is assured of legal protection; but, by an international compact between the United States and our provinces, all felons are mutually surrendered. Against this young man the jury in Kentucky had found a true bill for horse-stealing; as a felon, therefore, he was pursued, and, on the proper legal requisition, arrested; and then lodged in the jail of Niagara, to be given up to his master, who, with an American constable, was in readiness to take him into custody, as soon as the government order should arrive. His case excited a strong interest among the whites, while the coloured population, consisting of many hundreds in the districts of Gore and Niagara, chiefly refugees from the States, were half frantic with excitement. They loudly and openly declared that they would peril their lives to pre-

vent his being carried again across the frontiers, and surrendered to the vengeance of his angry master. Meantime there was some delay about legal forms, and the mayor and several of the inhabitants of the town united in a petition to the governor in his favour. In this petition it was expressly mentioned, that the master of the slave had been heard to avow that his intention was not to give the culprit up to justice, but to make what he called an *example* of him. Now there had been lately some frightful instances of what the slave proprietors of the south called "making an example;" and the petitioners entreated the governor to interpose, and save the man from a torturing death "under the lash or at the stake." Probably the governor's own humane feelings pleaded even more strongly in behalf of the poor fellow. But it was a case in which he could not act from feeling, or, "to do a great right, do a little wrong." The law was too expressly and distinctly laid down, and his duty as governor was clear and imperative — to give up the

felon, although, to have protected the slave, he would, if necessary, have armed the province.

In the mean time the coloured people assembled from the adjacent villages, and among them a great number of their women. The conduct of this black mob, animated and even directed by the females, was really admirable for its good sense, forbearance, and resolution. They were quite unarmed, and declared their intention not to commit any violence against the English law. The culprit, they said, might lie in the jail, till they could raise among them the price of the horse; but if any attempt were made to take him from the prison, and send him across to Lewiston, they would resist it at the hazard of their lives.

The fatal order *did* at length come; the sheriff with a party of constables prepared to enforce it. The blacks, still unarmed, assembled round the jail, and waited till their comrade, or their brother as they called him, was brought out and placed handcuffed in a cart. They then threw themselves simultaneously on

the sheriff's party, and a dreadful scuffle ensued; the artillery men from the little fort, our only military, were called in aid of the civil authority, and orderéd to fire on the assailants. Two blacks were killed, and two or three wounded. In the melée the poor slave escaped, and has not since been retaken, neither was he, I believe, pursued.

But it was the conduct of the women which, on this occasion, excited the strongest surprise and interest. By all those passionate and persuasive arguments that a woman knows so well how to use, whatever be her colour, country, or class, they had prevailed on their husbands, brothers, and lovers, to use no arms, to do no illegal violence, but to lose their lives rather than see their comrade taken by force across the lines. They had been most active in the fray, throwing themselves fearlessly between the black men and the whites, who, of course, shrank from injuring them. One woman had seized the sheriff, and held him pinioned in her arms; another, on one of the artillery-men presenting his piece,

and swearing that he would shoot her if she did not get out of his way, gave him only one glance of unutterable contempt, and with one hand knocking up his piece, and collaring him with the other, held him in such a manner as to prevent his firing. I was curious to see a mulatto woman who had been foremost in the fray, and whose intelligence and influence had mainly contributed to the success of her people; and young Mr. M——, under pretence of inquiring after a sick child, drove me round to the hovel in which she lived, outside the town. She came out to speak to us. She was a fine creature, apparently about five-and-twenty, with a kindly animated countenance; but the feelings of exasperation and indignation had evidently not yet subsided. She told us, in answer to my close questioning, that she had formerly been a slave in Virginia; that, so far from being ill treated, she had been regarded with especial kindness by the family on whose estate she was born. When she was about sixteen her master died, and it was said that all the slaves on the

estate would be sold, and therefore she ran away. "Were you not attached to your mistress?" I asked. "Yes," said she, "I liked my mistress, but I did not like to be sold." I asked her if she was happy here in Canada? She hesitated a moment, and then replied, on my repeating the question, "Yes—that is, I *was* happy here—but now—I don't know—I thought we were safe *here*—I thought nothing could touch us *here*, on your British ground, but it seems I was mistaken, and if so, I won't stay here—I won't—I won't! I'll go and find some country where they cannot reach us! I'll go to the end of the world, I will!" And as she spoke, her black eyes flashing, she extended her arms, and folded them across her bosom, with an attitude and expression of resolute dignity, which a painter might have studied; and truly the fairest white face I ever looked on never beamed with more of soul and high resolve than hers at that moment.

BETWEEN the town of Queenston and the cataract of Niagara lies the pretty village of Stamford, (close to Lundy Lane, the site of a famous battle in the last war,) and celebrated for its fine air. Near it is a beautiful house with its domain, called Stamford Park, built and laid out by a former governor (Sir Peregrine Maitland.) It is the only place I saw in Upper Canada combining our ideas of an elegant, well-furnished English villa and ornamented grounds, with some of the grandest and wildest features of the forest scene. It enchanted me altogether. From the lawn before the house, an open glade, commanding a park-like range of broken and undulating ground and wooded valleys, displayed beyond them the wide expanse of Lake Ontario,

even the Toronto light-house, at a distance of thirty miles, being frequently visible to the naked eye. By the hostess of this charming seat I was conveyed in a light pony carriage to the hotel at the Falls, and left, with real kindness, to follow my own devices. The moment I was alone, I hurried down to the Table-rock. The body of water was more full and tremendous than in the winter. The spray rose, densely falling again in thick showers, and behind those rolling volumes of vapour the last gleams of the evening light shone in lurid brightness, amid amber and crimson clouds; on the other side, night was rapidly coming on, and all was black, impenetrable gloom, and "boundless contiguity of shade." It was very, very beautiful, and strangely awful too! For now it was late, and as I stood there, lost in a thousand reveries, there was no human being near, no light but that reflected from the leaping, whirling foam; and in spite of the deep-voiced continuous thunder of the cataract, there was such a stillness that I could hear my own heart's

pulse throb—or did I mistake feeling for hearing?—so I strayed homewards, or housewards I should say, through the leafy, gloomy, pathways — wet with the spray, and fairly tired out.

Two or three of my Toronto friends are here, and declare against my projects of solitude. To-day we had a beautiful drive to Colonel Delatre's. We drove along the road *above* the Falls. There was the wide river spreading like a vast lake, then narrowing, then boiling, foaming along in a current of eighteen miles an hour, till it swept over the Crescent rock in a sheet of emerald green, and threw up the silver clouds of spray into the clear blue sky. The fresh luxurious verdure of the woods, relieved against the dark pine forest, added to the beauty of the scene. I wished more than ever for those I love most!—for some one who would share all this rapture of admiration and delight, without the necessity of speaking—for, after all, what

are words? They express nothing, reveal nothing, avail nothing. So it all sinks back into my own heart, there to be kept quiet. After a pleasant dinner and music, I returned to the hotel by the light of a full moon, beneath which the Falls looked magnificently mysterious, part glancing silver light, and part dark shadow, mingled with fleecy folds of spray, over which floated a soft, sleepy gleam; and in the midst of this tremendous velocity of motion and eternity of sound, there was a deep, deep repose, as in a dream. It impressed me for the time like something supernatural—a vision, not a reality.

The good people, travellers, describers, poets, and others, who seem to have hunted through the dictionary for words in which to depict these cataracts under every aspect, have never said enough of the rapids above—even for which reason, perhaps, they have struck me the more; not that any words in any language would have

prepared me for what I now feel in this wondrous scene. Standing to-day on the banks above the Crescent Fall, near Mr. Street's mill, gazing on the rapids, they left in my fancy two impressions which seldom meet together—that of the sublime and terrible, and that of the elegant and graceful—like a tiger at play. I could not withdraw my eyes; it was like a fascination.

The verge of the rapids is considerably above the eye; the whole mighty river comes rushing over the brow of a hill, and as you look up, it seems coming down to overwhelm you. Then meeting with the rocks, as it pours down the declivity, it boils and frets like the breakers of the ocean. Huge mounds of water, smooth, transparent, and gleaming like the emerald, or rather like the more delicate hue of the chrysopaz, rise up and bound over some unseen impediment, then break into silver foam, which leaps into the air in the most graceful fantastic forms; and so it rushes on, whirling, boiling, dancing, sparkling along, with a playful impatience, rather than overwhelming fury, re-

joicing as if escaped from bondage, rather than raging in angry might—wildly, magnificently beautiful! The idea, too, of the immediate danger, the consciousness that anything caught within their verge is inevitably hurried to a swift destination, swallowed up, annihilated, thrills the blood; the immensity of the picture, spreading a mile at least each way, and framed in by the interminable forests, adds to the feeling of grandeur: while the giddy, infinite motion of the headlong waters, dancing and leaping, and revelling and roaring, in their mad glee, gave me a sensation of rapturous terror, and at last caused a tension of the nerves in my head, which obliged me to turn away.

The great ocean, when thus agitated by conflicting winds or opposing rocks, is a more tremendous thing, but it is merely tremendous—it makes us think of our prayers; whereas, while I was looking on these rapids, beauty and terror, and power and joy, were blended, and so thoroughly, that even while I trembled and admired, I could have burst into a wild laugh, and

joined the dancing billows in their glorious, fearful mirth—

Leaping like Bacchanals from rock to rock,
Flinging the frantic Thyrsus wild and high!

I shall never see again, or feel again, aught like it—never! I did not think there was an object in nature, animate or inanimate, that could thus upset me *now*!

I HAVE only three books with me here, besides the *one* book needful, and find them sufficient for all purposes,—Shakspeare, Schiller, Wordsworth. One morning, being utterly disinclined for all effort, either of conversation or movement, I wandered down to a little wild bosquet beyond the Table Rock, not very accessible to dilettante hunters after the picturesque, and just where the waters, rendered smooth by their own infiniti velocity, were sweeping by, before they take their leap into the gulf below ;—there I sat all the sultry noontide,—quiet, among the birds and the thick foilage, and read through Don Carlos,—one of the finest dramas in the world, I should think.

It is a proof of the profound humanity of

Schiller, that in this play one must needs pity King Philip, though it is in truth the sort of pity which Saint Theresa felt for the devil,—one pities him because he is *the devil*. The pitiable-ness and the misery of wickedness were never so truly and so pathetically demonstrated. The unfathomable abyss of egotism in the character turns one giddy to look into.

With regard to Posa, it has been objected, I believe—for I never read any criticism on this play—that he is a mere abstraction, or rather the embodied mouthpiece of certain abstract ideas of policy and religion and morals—those of Schiller himself—and not an individual human being—in short, an impossibility. Yet why so? Perhaps such a man as Posa never did exist;—but why impossible? Can a man conceive that which a man could not by possibility be? If Schiller were great enough to invent such a character, is not humanity great enough to realise it? My belief is, that it is only a glorious anticipation—that poets, in some sort, are the prophets of perfection—that Schiller himself might have

been a Posa, and, had he lived a century or two hence, would have been a Posa. Is that a mere abstraction which, while I read, makes me thrill, tremble, exult, and burn, and on the stage filled my eyes with most delicious tears? Is that a mere abstraction which excites our human sympathies in the strongest, highest degree? Every woman, methinks, would like a Posa for a lover—at least, if I could love, it would be such a man. The notion that Posa could not by possibility exist in the court of Philip II. appears to me unfounded, for such a court would be just the place where such a character would be needed, and by reaction produced: extremes meet. Has not the Austrian court, in these days, produced Count Auersperg, the poet of freedom, who has devoted his whole soul, his genius, and his gift of song, to the cause of humanity and liberty? Francis the First and Metternich, and the dungeons of the Spielberg, have as naturally produced an Auersperg, as Philip and the Autos-da-Fé in Flanders might have produced a Posa.

It may be said that the moral unity and consistency of the character of Posa is violated by that lie which he tells to save the life of Carlos. Posa is living in an atmosphere of falsehood; the existence and honour of Carlos are about to be sacrificed by a lie, and Posa, by another lie, draws the vengeance of the king upon himself;

Magnanima menzogna! or quando è il vero

Si bello, che si possa a te preporre?

—But the effect of this “magnanimous” falsehood is like that of *all* falsehood, evil. This one deviation from the clear straight line of truth not only fails of its purpose, but plunges Carlos, the queen, and Posa himself, in the same abyss of destruction.

It was the opinion of ———, with whom I read this play in Germany, that the queen (Elizabeth of France, Philip’s second wife) is a character not defined, not easily understood—that there is a mystery about her intended by the author. I do not see the character in this point of view. It does not seem to me that Schiller meant her to be anything but what she

appears. There is no mask here, conscious or unconscious ; in such a mind her love for Don Carlos is not a feeling combated, struggled with, but put out of her mind altogether, as a thing which ought not to be thought of, ought not to exist, and therefore ceases to exist;—a tender, perfectly pure interest in the happiness and the fate of Don Carlos remains ; but this is all ; she does not cheat herself nor us with verbal virtue. The cloudless, transparent, crystalline purity of the character is its greatest charm, it will be said, perhaps, that if we see *the whole*—if there be indeed nothing veiled, beyond or beneath what is visible and spoken, then it is *shallow*. Not so—but, like perfectly limpid water, it seems shallower than it is. The mind of a woman, which should be wholly pure, simple, and true, would produce this illusion : we see at once to the bottom, whether it be shining pebble or golden sands, and do not perceive the true depth till we try, and are made to feel and know it by getting beyond our own depth before we are aware. Such a character is

that of Elizabeth of France. The manner in which she rebukes the passionate ravings of Carlos,—the self-confiding simplicity,—the dignity without assumption,—the virtue, so clothed in innocence as to be almost unconscious,—all is most beautiful, and would certainly lose its charm the moment we doubted its *truth*—the moment we suspected that the queen was acting a forced or a conscious part, however virtuous. The scene in which Elizabeth repels the temptation of the Duke of Alva and the monk might be well contrasted with the similar scene between Catherine of Arragon and the two cardinals in Shakspeare. Elizabeth has a passive, graceful, uncontending pride of virtue, which does not assert itself, only guards itself. Her genuine admiration of Posa, and the manner in which, in the last scene, you see the whole soft, feminine being, made up of affections, tears, and devotion, develope itself to be caught and crushed as in an iron vice, renders this delineation, delicate as it is in the conception, and subordinate in in-

terest, one of the finest I have met with out of Shakspeare, and comparable only to his Hermione in the beauty and singleness of the conception.

When I saw Don Carlos performed at Vienna, with a perfection and *ensemble* of which our stage affords few examples, it left, as a work of art, an impression of a moral kind, at once delightful and elevating, which I cannot easily forget. I was never more touched, more excited, by any dramatic representation that I can remember. Korn, allowed to be one of their finest actors, played Posa magnificently; and it seemed to be no slight privilege to tread the stage but for three hours, clothed in such god-like attributes—to utter, in words eloquent as music, the sentiments of a MAN—sentiments and aspirations that, in every thrilling heart, found at least a silent echo—sentiments which, if uttered or written off the stage, would have brought down upon him the surveillance of the secret police, or the ban of the censor.

Fichtner played Don Carlos with impassioned youthful sensibility; and though I heard it ob-

jected by the Princess H—— that he had not sufficiently *l'air noble*, it did not strike me. Karl La Roche, an actor formed under Goethe's tuition, in the golden age of the Weimar theatre, played Philip II., and looked, and dressed, and acted the character with terrible and artist-like fidelity. Mademoiselle Fournier, one of the most beautiful women I ever beheld, and a clever actress, was admirable in the Princess Eboli. Mademoiselle Peche, also a good actress, failed in the queen, as at the time I felt rather than thought, for I had not well considered the character. She embodied too formally, perhaps intentionally, the idea of something repressed and concealed with effort, which I do not find in Schiller's Elizabeth. On this representation occurred an incident worth noting. The old Emperor Francis was present in his box, looking, as usual, very heavy-headed and attentive; it was about a month or six weeks before his death. In the scene where Posa expostulates with King Philip, pleads eloquently for toleration and liberty, and at length,

throwing himself at his feet, exclaims, "Geben Sie uns Gedankenfreiheit!" the audience, that is, the parterre, applauded; and there were around me cries, not loud but deep, of "Bravo, Schiller!" After this the performance of Don Carlos was forbidden, and it was not given again while I was at Vienna.

* * * * *

This I write for your edification before I go to rest, after a day of much quiet enjoyment and luxurious indolence. The orb of the moon new risen is now suspended upon the very verge of the American fall, just opposite to my balcony; the foam of the rapids shines beneath her in dazzling, shifting, fantastic figures of frosted silver, while the downward perpendicular leap of the waters is almost lost to view—all mysterious tumult and shadow.

Accompanied the family of Colonel Delatre to the American side, and dined on Goat Island.

Though the various views of the two cataracts be here wonderfully grand and beautiful, and the bridge across the rapids a sort of miracle, as they say, still it is not altogether to be compared to the Canadian shore for picturesque scenery. The Americans have disfigured their share of the rapids with mills and manufactories, and horrid red brick houses, and other unacceptable, unseasonable sights and signs of sordid industry. Worse than all is the round tower, which some profane wretch has erected on the Crescent Fall; it stands there so detestably impudent and *mal-à-propos*—it is such a signal yet puny monument of bad taste—so miserably *mesquin*, and so presumptuous, that I do hope the violated majesty of nature will take the matter in hand, and overwhelm or cast it down the precipice one of these fine days, though indeed a barrel of gunpowder were a shorter if not a surer method. Can you not send us out some Guy Faux, heroically ready to be victimised in the great cause of insulted nature, and no less insulted art?—But not to tire you with descrip-

tions of precipices, caves, rocks, woods, and rushing waters, which I can buy here ready made for sixpence, I will only tell you that our party was very pleasant.

Colonel Delatre is a veteran officer, who has purchased a fine lot of land in the neighbourhood, has settled on it with a very interesting family, and is cultivating it with great enthusiasm and success. He served for twenty years in India, chiefly in the island of Ceylon, and was present at the capture of that amiable despot, the king of Candy—he who had such a penchant for pounding his subjects in a mortar. He gave me some anecdotes of this savage war, and of Oriental life, which were very amusing. After answering some questions relative to the condition of the European women in Ceylon, and the manners and morals of the native women, Colonel Delatre said, with unaffected warmth, “I have seen much hard service in different climates, much of human nature in savage and civilised life, in the east and in the west, and all I have seen has raised your sex generally in

my estimation. It is no idle compliment—I speak from my heart. I have the very highest idea of the worth and capabilities of women, founded on experience, but, I must say, the highest pity too! You are all in a false position; in England, in Ceylon, in America—everywhere I have found women alike in essentials, and alike ill treated, in one way or in another!”

The people who have spoken or written of these Falls of Niagara, have surely never done justice to their loveliness, their inexpressible, inconceivable beauty. The feeling of their beauty has become with me a deeper feeling than that of their sublimity. What a scene this evening! What splendour of colour! The emerald and chrysopaz of the transparent waters, the dazzling gleam of the foam, and the snow-white vapour on which was displayed the most perfect and gigantic iris I ever beheld—forming not a half, but at least two-thirds of an entire circle, one extremity resting on the lesser (or American) Fall, the other in the very lap of the

Crescent Fall, spanning perhaps half a mile, perfectly resplendent in hue—so gorgeous, so vivid, and yet so ethereally delicate, and apparently within a few feet of the eye; the vapours rising into the blue heavens at least four hundred feet, three times the height of the Falls, and tinted rose and amber with the evening sun; and over the woods around every possible variety of the richest foliage—no, nothing was ever so transcendently lovely! The effect, too, was so grandly uniform in its eternal sound and movement, it was quite different from that of those wild, impatient, tumultuous rapids. It soothed, it melted, it composed, rather than excited.

There are no water-fowl now as in the winter—when driven from the ice-bound shores and shallows of the lake, they came up here to seek their food, and sported and wheeled amid the showers of spray. They have returned to their old quiet haunts; sometimes I miss them: they were a beautiful variety in the picture.

How I wish for those I love to enjoy all this with me! I am not enough in myself to feel it

all. I cannot suffice for it all, without some sympathy to carry off this “superflu d’ame et de vie;” it overwhelms, it pains me. Why should I not go down *now* to the Table Rock or to the river’s brink below the Falls—now when all is still and solitary, and the rich moonlight is blending heaven and earth, and vapours, and woods, and waters, in shadowy splendour? All else in nature sleeps—all but these ever-bounding and rejoicing waters, still holding on their way, ceaseless, exhaustless, without pause or rest. I look out with longing and wakeful eye, but it is midnight, and I am alone; and if I do not feel fear, I feel at least the want of a supporting arm, the want of a sustaining heart. So to bed, to be hushed to slumber by that tremendous lullaby.

A DREAM.

Very significant, poetical, allegorical dreams have often been invented or dreamt with open eyes; but once I had a singular dream, which

was a real dream of sleep—such a one as, if I had lived in the days of Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar, I should have sent for the nearest magician or prophet to interpret. I remember no vision of the night which ever left on my waking fancy so strong, so vivid an impression; but unfortunately the beginning and the end of the vision faded before I could collect the whole in my remembrance.

I had been reading over, late in the evening, Sternberg's *Herr von Mondschein*, and in sleep the impression continued. I dreamed I was reading a volume of German tales, and as I read, it seemed as if, by a strange, dream-like, double power of perception, not only the words before me, but the forms and feelings they expressed, became visible and palpable to sense. What I read seemed to act itself before my eyes. It was a long history, full of fantastic shapes and perplexing changes, and things that seemed and were not; but, finally, one image predominated and dwelt on my memory clearly and distinctly, even long

after I waked. It was that of a Being, I know not of what nature or sex, which went up and down upon our world lamenting,—for it loved all things, suffered with all things, sympathised with all things; and a crowd of all sentient creatures followed—men, women, and children, and animals—a mournful throng.

And the Being I have mentioned looked round upon them, and feeling in itself all their miseries, desire, and wants, wept and wrung its hands.

And at length a wish arose in the heart of that Being to escape from the sight of sorrow and suffering which it could share and not alleviate; and with this wish it looked up for a moment towards heaven, and a cup was held forth by a heavenly hand—a charmed cup, by which the secret wish was fulfilled, and the Being drank of this cup.

And then, I know not how, all things changed. And I saw the same Being standing upon a high altar, in an illuminated temple. The garments were floating in light. The arms were extended towards heaven; the eyes ever upwards turned; but there was no hope or rapture in

those eyes; on the contrary, they were melancholy, and swimming in tears. And around the altar was the same crowd of all human and sentient beings, and they looked up constantly with clasped hands, and with a sad and anxious gaze, imploring one of those looks of sympathy and tenderness to which they had been accustomed—but in vain.

And I looked into the heart of that Being which stood alone upon the altar, and it was also sad, and full of regret and love towards the earth, and vain longing to look down once more on those creatures: but the consecrating spell was too strong; the eyes remained ever directed towards heaven, and the arms were extended upwards; and the bond which had united the sympathising with the suffering heart was broken for ever.

I do not mean to tell you that I dreamed all this to the sound of the Falls of Niagara; but I do aver that it was a real *bonâ fide* dream. Send me now the interpretation thereof—or look to be sphinx-devoured.

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June 18.

Returned from Stamford Park, where I spent a few days rather agreeably, for there were books, music and mirth within, though a perpetual storm raged without.

* * * *

The distance from the Falls is four miles, and the hollow roar of the cataract not only sounded all night in my ears, but violently shook doors and windows. The very walls seemed to vibrate to the sound.

I came back to the Clifton Hotel, to find my beautiful Falls quite spoiled and discoloured. Instead of the soft aquamarine hue, relieved with purest white, a dull dirty brown now imbued the waters. This is owing to the shallowness of Lake Erie, where every storm turns up

the muddy bed from the bottom, and discolours the whole river. The spray, instead of hovering in light clouds round and above the cataracts, was beaten down, and rolled in volumes round their base; then by the gusty winds driven along the surface of the river hither and thither, covering everything in the neighbourhood with a small rain. I sat down to draw, and in a moment the paper was wet through. It is as if all had been metamorphosed during my absence—and I feel very disconsolate.

There are, certainly, two ways of contemplating the sublime and beautiful. I remember one day as I was standing on the Table Rock, feeling very poetical, an Irishman behind me suddenly exclaimed, in a most cordial brogue, and an accent of genuine admiration—"Faith, then, that's a pretty dacent dhrop o' water that's coming over there!"

June 19.

THAT you may have some understanding of my whereabouts, my outgoings, and my incomings, I intend this to be a chapter on localities; and putting poetry and description far from me, I now write you a common sensible lecture on topography and geography. It is no unpardonable offence, I hope, to suppose you as ignorant as I was myself, till I came here.

Perhaps even for my sake you may now and then look upon a map of Canada, and there, as in the maps of Russia in Catherine the Second's time, you will find not a few towns and cities laid down by name which you might in vain look for within the precincts of the province, seeing that they are non-extant, as yet at least, though

full surely *to be*, some time or other, somewhere or other, when this fair country shall have fair play, and its fair quota of population. But from this anticipation I would willingly except a certain CITY OF THE FALLS which I have seen marked on so many maps, and mentioned in so many books, as already laid out and commenced, that I had no doubt of its existence till I came here for the first time last winter. But here it is not—*Grazie a Dio!*—nor likely to be, as far as I can judge, for a century to come. Were a city to rise here, it would necessarily become a manufacturing place, because of the “water powers and privileges,” below and above the cataract, which would then be turned to account. Fancy, if you can, a range of cotton factories, iron foundries, grist mills, saw mills, where now the mighty waters rush along in glee and liberty—where the maple and the pine woods now bend and wave along the heights. Surely they have done enough already with their wooden hotels, museums, and curiosity stalls: neither in such a case were red brick tenements, gas-lights,

and smoky chimneys, the worst abomination to be feared. There would be a moral pollution brought into this majestic scene, far more degrading;—more than all those rushing waters, with their “thirteen millions of tons per minute,” could wash away.

Let us pray against such a desecration. In the mean time can you tell me who was the first white man whose eyes beheld this wonder of the earth? He was a Frenchman, but nowhere do I find record of his name, nor of the impressions which such a discovery would make on any, even the most vulgar and insensible nature.

In former seasons, the two hotels have been full to overflowing. They tell me here that last summer one hundred and fifty persons sat down almost daily to dinner; the far greater number were travellers and visitors from the United States. This year, owing to the commercial embarrassments of that country, there are so few visitors, that one hotel (Forsyth's) is closed, and the other (Clifton House) is nearly empty, to the serious loss, I fear, of the poor people, but to

myself individually an unspeakable comfort – for thus I wander about and drive about in full liberty and loneliness.

The whole of this district between the two great lakes is superlatively beautiful, and was the first settled district in Upper Canada; it is now the best cultivated. The population is larger in proportion to its extent than that of any other district. In Niagara, and in the neighbouring district of Gore, many fruits come to perfection, which are not found to thrive in other parts of the province, and cargoes of fruit are sent yearly to the cities of Lower Canada, where the climate is much more severe and the winter longer than with us.

On the other side the country is far less beautiful, and they say less fertile, but rich in activity and in population; and there are within the same space at least half a dozen flourishing towns. Our speculating energetic Yankee neighbours, not satisfied with their Manchester, their manufactories, and their furnaces, and their mill “privileges,” have opened a railroad from

Lewiston to Buffalo, thus connecting Lake Erie with the Erie Canal. On our side, we have the Welland Canal, a magnificent work, of which the province is justly proud; it unites Lake Erie with Lake Ontario.

Yet from the Falls all along the shores of the Lake Erie to the Grand River and far beyond it, the only place we have approaching to a town is Chippewa, just above the rapids, as yet a small village, but lying immediately in the road from the Western States to the Falls. From Buffalo to this place the Americans run a steamboat daily; they have also planned a suspension bridge across the Niagara river, between Lewiston and Queenston. Another village, Dunnville, on the Grand River, is likely to be the commercial depôt of that part of the province; it is situated where the Welland Canal joins Lake Erie.

As the weather continued damp and gloomy, without hope of change, a sudden whim seized me to go to Buffalo for a day or two; so I crossed the turbulent ferry to Manchester, and

thence an engine, snorting, shrieking like fifty tortured animals, conveyed us to Tonawando,* once a little village of Seneca Indians, now rising into a town of some size and importance; and there to my great delight I encountered once more my new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Murray, who were on their return from Toronto to the Sault St. Marie. We proceeded on to Buffalo together, and during the rest of the day had some pleasant opportunities of improving our acquaintance.

Buffalo, as all travel-books will tell you, is a very fine young city, about ten years old, and containing already about twenty thousand inhabitants. There is here the largest and most splendid hotel I have ever seen, except at Frankfort. Long rows of magnificent houses—not of painted wood, but of brick and stone—are rising on every side.

The season is unusually dull and dead, and I

* Near this place lived and died the chief Red-jacket, one of the last and greatest specimens of the Indian patriot and warrior.

hear nothing but complaints around me; but compared to our sleepy Canadian shore, where a lethargic spell seems to bind up the energies of the people, all here is bustle, animation, activity. In the port I counted about fifty vessels, sloops, schooners and steam-boats; the crowds of people buying, selling, talking, bawling; the Indians lounging by in their blankets, the men looking so dark, and indifferent, and lazy; the women so busy, care-worn, and eager; and the quantities of sturdy children, squalling, frisking among the feet of busy sailors,—formed altogether a strange and amusing scene.

On board the Michigan steamer, then lying ready for her voyage up the lakes to Chicago, I found all the arrangements magnificent to a degree I could not have anticipated. This is one of three great steam-boats navigating the Upper Lakes, which are from five to seven hundred tons burthen, and there are nearly forty smaller ones coasting Lake Erie, between Buffalo and Detroit, besides schooners. We have (in 1837) on this lake two little ill-constructed

steamers, which go puffing up and down like two little tea-kettles, in proportion to the gigantic American boats; and unfortunately, till our side of the lake is better peopled and cultivated, we have no want of them. When they are required, they will exist, as on Lake Ontario, where we have, I believe, eight or ten steamers.

I found here several good booksellers' shops, the counters and shelves loaded with cheap American editions of English publications, generally of a trashy kind, but some good ones; and it is not a pleasing fact that our two booksellers at Toronto are principally supplied from this place. When I wanted a book at Toronto which was not forthcoming, the usual answer was, "that it would be sent for from Buffalo." The clothing and millinery shops were the best and gayest in appearance. In the window of one of the largest of these I saw written up in large letters, "Walk in, and name your price!" Over the door of another was inscribed, "Book and bandbox store." I marvelled what could bring these apparently heterogeneous articles

into such close emulation and juxtaposition, till I remembered—that both are made of paper.

The MacMurrays, with their beautiful infant and his Indian nurse, embarked on board the Michigan, and I parted from them with regret, for Mrs. MacMurray had won upon me more and more with her soft voice and her benign eyes, and her maternal anxieties.

I was now again alone, in a vast inn swarming with dirty, lazy, smoking men—the rain was falling in a deluge, and no books—no companions. As I walked disconsolately up and down a great room they call in American hotels the ladies' parlour, a young girl, very pretty and well dressed, who was swinging herself in a rocking-chair and reading Mrs. Hemans, rose from her seat, left the room without saying a word, and returned with a handful of books and several numbers of an excellent literary periodical, "The Knickerbocker of New York," which she most courteously placed before me. A cup of water in a desert could hardly have been more welcome, or excited warmer thanks and

gratitude. Thus charitably furnished with amusement, the gloomy wet morning did at last glide away, for time and the hour will creep through the dullest, as they "run through" the roughest day." In the evening I went to the theatre, to a private box, a luxury which I had not expected to find in this most democratical of cities. The theatre is small of course, but very neat and prettily decorated. They had an actress from New York *starring* it here for a few nights—the tallest, handsomest woman I ever saw on the stage, who looked over the head of her diminutive Romeo, or down upon him—the said Romeo being dressed in the costume of Othello, turban and all. When in the balcony, the rail did not reach up to Juliet's knees, and I was in perpetual horror lest she should topple down headlong. This would have been the more fatal, as she was the only one who knew anything of her part. The other actors and actresses favoured us with a sort of gabble, in which not only Shakspeare, but numbers, sense, and grammar, were equally

put to confusion. Mercutio was an enormously corpulent man with a red nose, who swaggered about and filled up every hiatus of memory with a good round oath. The whole exhibition was so inexpressibly ludicrous, that I was forced to give way to fits of uncontrollable laughter—whereat my companions looked not well pleased. Nor was the audience less amusing than the dramatis personæ: the pit was filled by artisans of the lowest grade, and lake mariners sitting in their straw hats and shirt-sleeves—for few had either coats or waistcoats. They were most devoutly attentive to the story in their own way, eating cakes and drinking whisky between the acts, and whenever anything especially pleased them, they uttered a loud whoop and halloo, which reverberated through the theatre, at the same time slapping their thighs and snapping their fingers. In their eyes, Peter and the nurse were evidently the hero and heroine of the piece, and never appeared without calling forth the most boisterous applause. The actor and actress had enriched the humour of Shakspeare

by adding several Yankee witticisms and allusions, the exact import of which I could not comprehend; but they gave unqualified delight to the merry parterre. I did not wait for the second entertainment, having some fear that as the tragedy had proved a farce, the farce might prove a tragedy.

The next morning I returned to the Falls, which are still sullen and turbid, owing to the stormy weather on Lake Erie.

How divine

The liberty for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopl'd glens ;
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps—regions consecrate
To oldest time!

WORDSWORTH.

June 27.

IN a strange country much is to be learned by travelling in the public carriages: in Germany and elsewhere I have preferred this mode of conveyance, even when the alternative lay within my choice, and I never had reason to regret it.

The Canadian stage-coaches* are like those

* That is, the better class of them. In some parts of Upper Canada, the stage-coaches conveying the mail were large oblong wooden boxes, formed of a few planks nailed together and placed on wheels, into which you

of the United States, heavy lumbering vehicles, well calculated to live in roads where any decent carriage must needs founder. In one of these I embarked to return to the town of Niagara, thence to pursue my journey westward: a much easier and shorter course had been by the lake steamers; but my object was not haste, nor to see merely sky and water, but to see the country.

In the stage-coach two persons were already seated—an English emigrant and his wife, with whom I quickly made acquaintance after my usual fashion. The circumstances and the story of this man I thought worth noting—not because there was anything uncommon or peculiarly interesting in his case, but simply because his case is that of so many others; while the direct good sense, honesty, and intelligence of the man pleased me exceedingly.

entered by the windows, there being no doors to open and shut, and no springs. Two or three seats were suspended inside on leather straps. The travellers provided their own buffalo-skins or cushions to sit on.

He told me that he had come to America in his own behalf and that of several others of his own class—men who had each a large family and a small capital, who found it difficult to *get on* and settle their children in England. In his own case, he had been some years ago the only one of his trade in a flourishing country town, where he had now fourteen competitors. Six families, in a similar position, had delegated him on a voyage of discovery : it was left to him to decide whether they should settle in the United States or in the Canadas ; so leaving his children at school in Long Island, “he was just,” to use his own phrase, “taking a turn through the two countries, to look about him and gather information before he decided, and had brought his little wife to see the grand Falls of Niagara, of which he had heard so much in the old country.”

As we proceeded, my companion mingled with his acute questions, and his learned calculations on crops and prices of land, certain observations on the beauty of the scenery, and talked of

lights and shades, and foregrounds, and effects, in very homely, plebeian English, but with so much of real taste and feeling that I was rather astonished, till I found he had been a print-seller and frame-maker, which last branch of trade had brought him into contact with artists and amateurs; and he told me, with no little exultation, that among his stock of movables he had brought out with him several fine drawings of Prout, Hunt, and even Turner, acquired in his business. He said he had no wish at present to part with these, for it was his intention, wherever he settled, to hang them up in his house, though that house were a log-hut, that his children might have the pleasure of looking at them, and learn to distinguish what is excellent in its kind.

The next day, on going on from Niagara to Hamilton in a storm of rain, I found, to my no small gratification, the English emigrant and his quiet, silent little wife, already seated in the stage, and my only *compagnons de voyage*. In the deportment of this man there was that de-

ferential courtesy which you see in the manners of respectable tradesmen, who are brought much into intercourse with their superiors in rank, without, however, a tinge of servility; and his conversation amused and interested me more and more. He told me he had been born on a farm, and had first worked as a farmer's boy, then as a house-carpenter, lastly, as a decorative carver and gilder, so that there was no kind of business to which he could not readily turn his hand. His wife was a good sempstress, and he had brought up all his six children to be useful, giving them such opportunities of acquiring knowledge as he could. He regretted his own ignorance, but, as he said, he had been all his life too busy to find time for reading much. He was, however, resolved that his boys and girls should read, because, as he well observed, "every sort of knowledge, be it much or little, was sure to turn to account some time or other." His notions on education, his objections to the common routine of common schools, and his views for his children, were all marked by the same

originality and good sense. Altogether he appeared to be, in every respect, just the kind of settler we want in Upper Canada. I was therefore pleased to hear that hitherto he was better satisfied with the little he had seen of this province than with those States of the Union through which he had journeyed; he said, truly, it was more "home-like, more English-like." I did my best to encourage him in this favourable opinion, promising myself that the little I might be able to do to promote his views, that I *would* do.*

While the conversation was thus kept up with wonderful pertinacity, considering that our ve-

* And I *did* my best, in referring him by letter to Dr. Dunlop; for, though personally unknown to him, I knew that my emigrant was exactly the man to deserve and obtain his notice. I also wrote to Chief-Justice Robinson in his favour, and invited him to come to us on his arrival in Toronto, promising him the Chancellor's good-will and assistance. But I never heard of the man again, nor could I find, before I left Canada, that his name was registered as a purchaser of land.

hicle was reeling and tumbling along the detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers in a lake-storm, our driver stopped before a vile little log-but, over the door of which hung crooked-wise a board, setting forth that "wiskey and tabacky" were to be had there. The windows were broken, and the loud voice of some intoxicated wretch was heard from within, in one uninterrupted torrent of oaths and blasphemies, so shocking in their variety, and so new to my ears, that I was really horror-struck.

After leaving the hut, the coach stopped again. I called to the driver in some terror, "You are not surely going to admit that drunken man into the coach?" He replied, coolly, "O no, I an't; don't you be afeard!" In the next moment he opened the door, and the very wretch I stood in fear of was tumbled in head foremost, smelling of spirits, and looking—O most horrible! Expostulation was in vain. Without even listening, the driver shut the door, and drove on at a gallop. The rain was at this

time falling in torrents, the road knee-deep in mud, the wild forest on either side of us dark, grim, impenetrable. Help there was none, nor remedy, nor redress, nor hope, but in patience. Here then was one of those inflictions to which speculative travellers are exposed now and then, appearing, *for the time*, to outweigh all the possible advantages of experience or knowledge bought at such a price.

I had never before in my whole life been obliged to endure the presence or proximity of such an object for two minutes together, and the astonishment, horror, disgust, even to sickness and loathing, which it now inspired, are really unspeakable. The Englishman, placing himself in the middle seat, in front of his wife and myself, did his best to protect us from all possibility of contact with the object of our abomination; while the wretched being, aware of our adverse feeling, put on at one moment an air of chuckling self-complacency, and the next glared on us with ferocious defiance. When I had recovered myself sufficiently to observe, I

saw, with added horror, that he was not more than five-and-twenty, probably much younger, with a face and figure which must have been by nature not only fine, but uncommonly fine, though now deformed, degraded, haggard and inflamed with filth and inebriety—a dreadful and humiliating spectacle. Some glimmering remains of sense and decency prevented him from swearing and blaspheming when once in the coach; but he abused us horribly: his nasal accent, and his drunken objurgations against the old country, and all who came from it, betrayed his own birth and breeding to have been on the other side of the Niagara, or “down east.” Once he addressed some words to me, and, offended by my resolute silence, he exclaimed, with a scowl, and a hiccup of abomination at every word, “I should like—to know—madam—how—I came under your diabolical influence?” Here my friend the emigrant, seeing my alarm, interposed, and a scene ensued, which, in spite of the horrors of this horrible propinquity, was irresistibly comic, and not without its pathetic

significance too, now I come to think of it. The Englishman, forgetting that the condition of the man placed him for the time beyond the influence of reasoning or sympathy, began with grave and benevolent earnestness to lecture him on his profligate habits, expressing his amazement and his pity at seeing such a fine young man fallen into such evil ways, and exhorting him to amend,—the fellow, meanwhile, rolling himself from side to side with laughter. But suddenly his countenance changed, and he said, with a wistful expression, and the tears in his eyes, “Friend, do you believe in the devil?”

“Yes, I do,” replied the Englishman with solemnity.

“Then it’s your opinion, I guess, that a man may be tempted by the devil?”

“Yes, and I should suppose as how that has been your case, friend; though,” added he, looking at him from head to foot with no equivocal expression, “I think the devil himself might have more charity than to put a man in such a pickle.”

“What do you mean by that?” exclaimed the wretch fiercely, and for the first time uttering a horrid oath. The emigrant only replied by shaking his head significantly; and the other, after pouring forth a volley of abuse against the insolence of the “old country folk,” stretched himself on his back, and kicking up his legs on high, and setting his feet against the roof of the coach, fell asleep in this attitude, and snored, till, at the end of a long hour, he was tumbled out at the door of another drinking hovel as he had tumbled in, and we saw him no more.

The distance from the town of Niagara to Hamilton is about forty miles. We had left the former place at ten in the morning, yet it was nearly midnight before we arrived, having had no refreshment during the whole day. It was market-day, and the time of the assizes, and not a bed to be had at the only tolerable hotel, which, I should add, is large and commodious. The people were civil beyond measure, and a bed was made up for me in a back parlour, into which I sank half starved, and very completely tired.

The next day rose bright and beautiful, and I amused myself walking up and down the pretty town for two or three hours.

Hamilton is the capital of the Gore district, and one of the most flourishing places in Upper Canada. It is situated at the extreme point of Burlington Bay, at the head of Lake Ontario, with a population, annually increasing, of about three thousand. The town is about a mile from the lake shore, a space which, in the course of time, will probably be covered with buildings. I understand that seventeen thousand bushels of wheat were shipped here in one month. There is a bank here; a court-house and jail looking unfinished, and the commencement of a public reading-room and literary society, of which I cannot speak from my own knowledge, and which appears as yet in embryo. Some of the linendrapers' shops, called here clothing stores, and the grocery stores, or shops for all descriptions of imported merchandise, made a very good appearance; and there was an air of business, and bustle, and animation about the

place which pleased me. I saw no bookseller's shop, but a few books on the shelves of a grocery store, of the most common and coarse description.

Allan M'Nab, the present speaker of the house of assembly, has a very beautiful house here, and is a principal merchant and proprietor in the town ; but he was at this time absent. I had heard much of Mr. Cattermole, the author of a very clever little book addressed to emigrants, and also a distinguished inhabitant of the place. I wished to see this gentleman, but there were some difficulties in finding him, and, after waiting some time, I was obliged to take my departure, a long day's journey being before me.

I hope you have a map of Canada before you, or at hand, that what I am now going to tell you may be intelligible.

They have projected a railroad from Hamilton westward through the London and Western districts—certainly one of the grandest and most useful undertakings in the world, — in *this*

world, I mean. The want of a line of road, of an accessible market for agricultural produce, keeps this magnificent country poor and ignorant in the midst of unequalled capabilities. If the formation of the Rideau Canal, in the eastern districts, (connecting Lake Ontario with the Ottawa river,) has, in spite of many disadvantages in the soil and locality, brought that part of the province so far in advance of the rest in population, wealth, and intelligence—what would not a railroad do for them here, where the need is at least as great—the resources, natural and *accidental*, much superior—and the prospect of advantage, in every point of view, infinitely more promising?

Under all disadvantages, this part of the province has been the usual route of emigrants to the Western States of the Union; for, as you will perceive by a glance at the map, it is the shortest road to Michigan and the Illinois by some hundreds of miles. If there were but a railroad, opening a direct communication through the principal settlements between Ha-

milton on Lake Ontario, and Sandwich at the head of Lake Erie, there is no calculating the advantages that must arise from it—even immediate advantage; but “want of capital,” as I hear all around me—and they might add want of energy, want of enterprise, want of everything needful, besides money—the one thing most needful—are likely to defer the completion of this magnificent plan for many years. I wonder some of our great speculators and monied men in England do not speculate here, instead of sending their money to the United States;—or rather I do *not* wonder, seeing what I see. But I wish that the government would do something to remove the almost universal impression, that this province is regarded by the powers at home with distrust and indifference—something to produce more confidence in public men and public measures, without which there can be no enterprise, no prosperity, no railroads. What that something is, being no politician nor political economist like Harriet Martineau, I cannot point out, nor even conjecture. I have just

sense enough to see, to feel, that something *must* be done—that the necessity speaks in every form all around me.

I should not forget to mention, that in the Niagara and Gore districts there is a vast number of Dutch and German settlers, favourably distinguished by their industrious, sober, and thriving habits. They are always to be distinguished in person and dress from the British settlers; and their houses and churches, and, above all, their burial-places, have a distinct and characteristic look. At Berlin, the Germans have a printing-press, and publish a newspaper in their own language, which is circulated among their countrymen through the whole province.

At Hamilton I hired a light *wagon*, as they call it, a sort of gig perched in the middle of a wooden tray, wherein my baggage was stowed; and a man to drive me over to Brandtford, the distance being about five-and-twenty miles, and the charge five dollars. The country all the way was rich, and beautiful, and fertile beyond description—the roads abominable as could be

imagined to exist. So I then thought, but have learned since that there are degrees of badness in this respect, to which the human imagination has not yet descended. I remember a space of about three miles on this road, bordered entirely on each side by dead trees, which had been artificially blasted by fire, or by girdling. It was a ghastly forest of tall white spectres, strangely contrasting with the glowing luxurious foliage all around.

The pity I have for the trees in Canada, shows how far I am yet from being a true Canadian. How do we know that trees do not feel their downfall? We know nothing about it. The line which divides animal from vegetable sensibility is as undefined as the line which divides animal from human intelligence. And if it be true "that nothing dies on earth but nature mourns," how must she mourn for these the mighty children of her bosom—her pride, her glory, her garment? Without exactly believing the assertion of the old philosopher,*

* Quoted by Evelyn.

that a tree *feels* the first stroke of the axe, I know I never witness nor hear that first stroke without a shudder ; and as yet I cannot look on with indifference, far less share the Canadian's exultation, when these huge oaks, these umbrageous elms and stately pines, are lying prostrate, lopped of all their honours, and piled in heaps with the brushwood, to be fired,—or burned down to a charred and blackened fragment,—or standing, leafless, sapless, seared, ghastly, having been “girdled,” and left to perish. The “Fool i' the Forest,”* moralised not more quaintly over the wounded deer, than I could sometimes over those prostrate and mangled trees. I remember, in one of the clearings to-day, one particular tree which had been burned and blasted ; only a blackened stump of mouldering bark—a mere shell remained ; and from the centre of this, as from some hidden source of vitality, sprang up a young green shoot, tall and flourishing, and fresh and leafy. I looked and thought

* As You like It.

of hope ! Why, indeed, should we ever despair ? Can Heaven do for the blasted tree what it cannot do for the human heart ?

The largest place we passed was Ancaster, very prettily situated among pastures and rich woods, and rapidly improving.

Before sunset I arrived at Brandtford, and took a walk about the town and its environs. The situation of this place is most beautiful—on a hill above the left bank of the Grand River. And as I stood and traced this noble stream, winding through richly-wooded flats, with green meadows and cultivated fields, I was involuntarily reminded of the Thames near Richmond ; the scenery has the same character of tranquil and luxuriant beauty.

In Canada the traveller can enjoy little of the interest derived from association, either historical or poetical. Yet the memory of General Brock, and some anecdotes of the last war, lend something of this kind of interest to the Niagara frontier ; and this place, or rather the name of this place, has certain recollections connected

with it, which might well make an idle contemplative wayfarer a little pensive.

Brandt was the chief of that band of Mohawk warriors which served on the British side during the American War of Independence. After the termination of the contest, the "Six Nations" left their ancient seats to the south of Lake Ontario, and having received from the English government a grant of land along the banks of the Grand River, and the adjacent shore of Lake Erie, they settled here under their chief, Brandt, in 1783. Great part of this land, some of the finest in the province, has lately been purchased back from them by the government, and settled by thriving English farmers.

Brandt, who had intelligence enough to perceive and acknowledge the superiority of the whites in all the arts of life, was at first anxious for the conversion and civilisation of his nation ; but I was told by a gentleman who had known him, that after a visit he paid to England, this wish no longer existed. He returned

to his own people with no very sublime idea either of our morals or manners, and died in 1807.

He is the Brandt whom Campbell has handed down to most undeserved execration as the leader in the massacre at Wyoming. The poet indeed tells us, in the notes to Gertrude of Wyoming, that all he has said against Brandt must be considered as pure fiction, "for that he was remarkable for his humanity, and not even present at the massacre;" but the name stands in the text as heretofore, apostrophised as the "accursed Brandt," the "monster Brandt;" and is not this most unfair, to be hitched into elegant and popular rhyme as an assassin by wholesale, and justice done in a little fag-end of prose?

His son, John Brandt, received a good education, and was member of the house of assembly for his district. He too died in a short time before my arrival in this country; and the son of his sister, Mrs. Kerr, is at present the hereditary chief of the Six Nations.

They consist at present of two thousand five

hundred, out of the seven or eight thousand who first settled here. Here, as everywhere else, the decrease of the Indian population settled on the reserved lands is uniform. The white population throughout America is supposed to double itself on an average in twenty-three years; in about the same proportion do the Indians perish before them.

The interests and property of these Indians are at present managed by the government. The revenue arising from the sale of their lands is in the hands of commissioners, and much is done for their conversion and civilisation. It will, however, be the affair of two, or three, or more generations; and by that time not many, I am afraid, will be left. Consumption makes dreadful havoc among them. At present they have churches, schools, and an able missionary who has studied their language, besides several resident Methodist preachers. Of the two thousand five hundred already mentioned, the far greater part retain their old faith and customs, having borrowed from the whites

only those habits which certainly "were more honoured in the breach than in the observance." I saw many of these people, and spoke to some, who replied with a quiet, self-possessed courtesy, and in very intelligible English. One group which I met outside the town, consisting of two young men in blanket coats and leggings, one haggard old woman, with a man's hat on her head, a blue blanket and deer-skin moccasins, and a very beautiful girl, apparently not more than fifteen, similarly dressed, with long black hair hanging loose over her face and shoulders, and a little baby, many shades fairer than herself, peeping from the folds of her blanket behind,—altogether reminded me of a group of gipsies, such as I have seen on the borders of Sherwood Forest many years ago.

The Grand River is navigable for steam-boats from Lake Erie up to the landing-place, about two miles below Brandtford, and from thence a canal is to be cut, some time or other, to the town. The present site of Brandtford was chosen on account of those very rapids which

do indeed obstruct the navigation, but turn a number of mills, here of the first importance. The usual progress of a Canadian village is this : first, on some running stream, the erection of a saw-mill and grist-mill for the convenience of the neighbouring scattered settlers ; then a few shanties or log-houses for the workpeople ; then a grocery-store ; then a tavern—a chapel—perchance a school-house—*und so weiter*, as the Germans say.*

* The erection of a church or chapel generally precedes that of a school-house in Upper Canada, but the mill and the tavern invariably precede both. “ In the United States,” says Mr. Schoolcraft, “ the first public edifice is a court-house ; then a jail ; then a school-house—perhaps an academy, where religious exercises may be occasionally held ; but a house of public worship is the result of a more mature state of the settlement. If,” he adds, “ we have sometimes been branded as litigious, it is not altogether without foundation ; and, notwithstanding the very humble estimate which foreign reviewers have been pleased to make of our literary character and attainments, there is more likelihood of our obtaining the reputation of

Not having been properly forewarned, I unfortunately allowed the driver to take me to a wrong inn. I ought to have put up at the Mansion-house, well kept by a retired half-pay British officer; instead of which I was brought to the Commercial Hotel, newly undertaken by an American. I sent to the landlord to say I wished to speak to him about proceeding on my journey next day. The next moment the man walked into my bed-room without hesitation or apology. I was too much accustomed to foreign manners to be greatly discomfited; but when he proceeded to fling his hat down on my bed, and throw himself into the only arm-chair in the room, while I was standing, I must own I did look at him with some surprise. To those who have been accustomed to the servile courtesy of English innkeepers, the manners of the innkeepers in the United States are not pleasant. I cannot say they ever discomposed me: I always met with civility and attention; but *“I learned than a pious people.”—Schoolcraft’s Travels.*

the manners of the country innkeepers in Canada are worse than anything you can meet with in the United States, being generally kept by refugee Americans of the lowest class, or by Canadians who, in affecting American manners and phraseology, grossly exaggerate both.

In the present case I saw at once that no incivility was intended; my landlord was ready at a fair price to drive me over himself, in his own "wagon," to Woodstock; and after this was settled, finding, after a few questions, that the man was really a most stupid, ignorant fellow, I turned to the window, and took up a book, as a hint for him to be gone. He continued, however to lounge in the chair, rocking himself in silence to and fro, till at last he *did* condescend to take my hint, and to take his departure.

Though tired beyond expression, I was for some time prevented from going to rest by one of those disgraceful scenes which meet me at every turn. A man in the dress of a gentle-

man, but in a state of brutal intoxication, was staggering, swearing, vociferating, beneath my window, while a party of men, also respectably dressed, who were smoking and drinking before the door, regarded him with amusement or indifference; some children and a few Indians were looking on. This person, as the maid-servant informed me, was by birth a gentleman, and had good practice in the law. "Three years ago there wasn't a smarter (cleverer) man in the district:" now he was ruined utterly in health, fortune, and character. His wife's relations had taken her and her children away, and had since clothed him, and allowed him something for a subsistence. He continued to disturb the whole neighbourhood for two hours, and I was really surprised by the forbearance with which he was treated.

Next morning I took another walk. There are several good shops and many houses in progress, some of them of brick and stone. I met two or three well-dressed women walking down Colborne-street; and the people were bustling

about with animated faces—a strong contrast to the melancholy, indolent-looking Indians. I understand that there are now about twelve hundred inhabitants, the population having tripled in three years: and they have a newspaper, an agricultural society, a post-office; a Congregational, a Baptist, and Methodist church, a large chair manufactory, and other mills and manufactories which I had no time to visit.

At ten o'clock, a little vehicle, like that which brought me from Hamilton, was at the door; and I set off for Woodstock, driven by my American landlord, who showed himself as good-natured and civil as he was impenetrably stupid.

No one who has a single atom of imagination, can travel through these forest roads of Canada without being strongly impressed and excited. The seemingly interminable line of trees before you; the boundless wilderness around; the mysterious depths amid the multitudinous foliage,

where foot of man hath never penetrated,—and which partial gleams of the noontide sun, now seen, now lost, lit up with a changeful, magical beauty—the wondrous splendour and novelty of the flowers,—the silence, unbroken but by the low cry of a bird, or hum of insect, or the splash and croak of some huge bull-frog,—the solitude in which we proceeded mile after mile, no human being, no human dwelling within sight,—are all either exciting to the fancy, or oppressive to the spirits, according to the mood one may be in. Their effect on myself I can hardly describe in words.

* * * * *

I observed some birds of a species new to me; there was the lovely blue-bird, with its brilliant violet plumage; and a most gorgeous species of woodpecker, with a black head, white breast, and back and wings of the brightest scarlet; hence it is called by some the field-officer, and more generally the cock of the woods. I should have called it the coxcomb of the woods, for it came fitting across our road, clinging to the trees

before us, and remaining pertinaciously in sight, as if conscious of its own splendid array, and pleased to be admired.

There was also the Canadian robin, a bird as large as a thrush, but in plumage and shape resembling the sweet bird at home "that wears the scarlet stomacher." There were great numbers of small birds of a bright yellow, like canaries, and I believe of the same genus. Sometimes, when I looked up from the depth of foliage to the blue firmament above, I saw an eagle sailing through the air on apparently motionless wings. Nor let me forget the splendour of the flowers which carpeted the woods on either side. I might have exclaimed with Eichendorff,

“O Welt! Du schöne welt, Du!

Mann sieht Dich vor Blumen kaum!”

for thus in some places did a rich embroidered pall of flowers literally *hide* the earth. There those beautiful plants, which we cultivate with such care in our gardens, azalias, rhododendrons,

all the gorgeous family of the lobelia, were flourishing in wild luxuriance. Festoons of creeping and parasitical plants hung from branch to branch. The purple and scarlet iris, blue larkspur, and the elegant Canadian columbine with its bright pink flowers ; the scarlet lychnis, a species of orchis of the most dazzling geranium-colour, and the white and yellow and purple cypripedium,* bordered the path, and a thousand others of most resplendent hues, for which I knew no names. I could not pass them with forbearance, and my Yankee driver, alighting, gathered for me a superb bouquet from the swampy margin of the forest. I contrived to fasten my flowers in a wreath along the front of the wagon, that I might enjoy at leisure their novelty and beauty. How lavish, how carelessly profuse, is Nature in her handiwork ! In the interior of the cypripedium, which I tore open, there was variety

* From its resemblance in form to a shoe, this splendid flower bears everywhere the same name. The English call it lady's-slipper ; the Indians know it as the moccasin flower.

of configuration, and colour, and gem-like richness of ornament, enough to fashion twenty different flowers; and for the little fly, in jewelled cuirass, which I found couched within its recesses, what a palace! that of Aladdin could not have been more splendid!

But I spare you these fantastic speculations and cogitations, and many more that came flitting across my fancy. I am afraid that, old as I am, my youth has been yokefellow with my years, and that I am yet a child in some things.

From Brandtford we came to Paris, a new settlement, beautifully situated, and thence to Woodstock, a distance of eighteen miles. There is no village, only isolated inns, far removed from each other. In one of these, kept by a Frenchman, I dined on milk and eggs and excellent bread. Here I found every appearance of prosperity and plenty. The landlady, an American woman, told me they had come into this wilderness twenty years ago, when there was not another farmhouse within fifty miles. She had brought up and settled in comfort se-

veral sons and daughters. An Irish farmer came in, who had refreshments spread for him in the porch, and with whom I had some amusing conversation. He, too, was prospering with a large farm and a large family—here a blessing and a means of wealth, too often in the old country a curse and a burthen. The good-natured fellow was extremely scandalised by my homely and temperate fare, which he besought me to mend by accepting a glass of whisky out of his own travelling-store, genuine potheen, which he swore deeply, and not unpoetically, “had never seen God’s beautiful world, nor the blessed light of day, since it had been bottled in ould Ireland.” He told me, boastingly, that at Hamilton he had made eight hundred dollars by the present extraordinary rise in the price of wheat. In the early part of the year wheat had been selling for three or four dollars a bushel, and rose this summer to twelve and fourteen dollars a bushel, owing to the immense quantities exported during the winter to the back settlements of Michigan and the Illinois.

The whole drive would have been productive of unmixed enjoyment, but for one almost intolerable drawback. The roads were throughout so execrably bad, that no words can give you an idea of them. We often sank into mud-holes above the axletree; then over trunks of trees laid across swamps, called here corduroy roads, were my poor bones dislocated. A wheel here and there, or broken shaft lying by the wayside, told of former wrecks and disasters. In some places they had, in desperation, flung huge boughs of oak into the mud abyss, and covered them with clay and sod, the rich green foliage projecting on either side. This sort of illusive contrivance would sometimes give way, and we were nearly precipitated in the midst. By the time we arrived at Blandford, my hands were swelled and blistered by continually grasping with all my strength an iron bar in front of my vehicle, to prevent myself from being flung out, and my limbs ached wofully. I never beheld or imagined such roads. It is clear that the people do not apply any, even the commonest,

principles of roadmaking; no drains are cut, no attempt is made at levelling or preparing a foundation. The settlers around are too much engrossed by the necessary toil for a daily subsistence to give a moment of their time to roadmaking, without compulsion or good payment. The statute labour does not appear to be duly enforced by the commissioners and magistrates, and there are no labourers, and no spare money; specie, never very plentiful in these parts, is not to be had at present, and the 500,000*l.* voted during the last session of the provincial parliament for the repair of the roads is not yet even raised, I believe.

Nor is this all: the vile state of the roads, the very little communication between places not far distant from each other, leave it in the power of ill-disposed persons to sow mischief among the ignorant, isolated people.

On emerging from a forest road seven miles in length, we stopped at a little inn to refresh the poor jaded horses. Several labourers were lounging about the door, and I spoke to them of

the horrible state of the roads. They agreed, one and all, that it was entirely the fault of the government; that their welfare was not cared for; that it was true that money had been voted for the roads, but that before anything could be done, or a shilling of it expended, it was always necessary to write to the old country to ask the king's permission—which might be sent or not—who could tell? And meantime they were ruined for want of roads, which it was nobody's business to reclaim.

It was in vain that I attempted to point out to the orator of the party the falsehood and absurdity of this notion. He only shook his head, and said he knew better.

One man observed, that as the team of Admiral V—— (one of the largest proprietors in the district) had lately broken down in a mud-hole there was some hope that the roads about here might be looked to.

About sunset I arrived at Blandford, dreadfully weary, and fevered, and bruised, having been more than nine hours travelling twenty-five

miles; and I must needs own that not all my *savoir faire* could prevent me from feeling rather dejected and shy, as I drove up to the residence of a gentleman, to whom, indeed, I had not a letter, but whose family, as I had been assured, were prepared to receive me. It was rather formidable to arrive thus, at fall of night, a wayfaring lonely woman, spiritless, half-dead with fatigue, among entire strangers; but my reception set me at ease in a moment. The words "We have been long expecting you!" uttered in a kind, cordial voice, sounded "like sweetest music to attending ears." A handsome, elegant-looking woman, blending French ease and politeness with English cordiality, and a whole brood of lively children of all sizes and ages, stood beneath the porch to welcome me with smiles and outstretched hands. Can you imagine my bliss, my gratitude?—no!—impossible, unless you had travelled for three days through the wilds of Canada. In a few hours I felt quite at home, and my day of rest was insensibly prolonged to a week, spent with this amiable and

interesting family—a week, ever while I live, to be remembered with pleasurable and grateful feelings.

The region of Canada in which I now find myself, is called the London District; you will see its situation at once by a glance on the map. It lies between the Gore District and the Western District, having to the south a large extent of the coast of Lake Erie; and on the north the Indian territories, and part of the southern shore of Lake Huron. It is watered by rivers flowing into both lakes, but chiefly by the river Thames, which is here (about one hundred miles from its mouth) a small but most beautiful stream, winding like the Isis at Oxford. Woodstock, the nearest *village*, as I suppose I must in modesty call it, is fast rising into an important town, and the whole district is, for its scenery, fertility, and advantages

of every kind, perhaps the finest in Upper Canada.*

The society in this immediate neighbourhood is particularly good ; several gentlemen of family, superior education, and large capital, (among whom is the brother of an English and the son of an Irish peer, a colonel and a major in the army,) have made very extensive purchases of land, and their estates are in flourishing progress.

One day we drove over to the settlement of one of these magnificos, Admiral V——, who has already expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds in purchases and improvements. His house is really a curiosity, and at the first glance reminded me of an African village—a sort of Timbuctoo set down in the woods ; it is two or three miles from the high road, in the midst of the forest, and looked as if a number of log-huts had jostled against each other by accident, and there stuck fast.

* The average produce of an acre of land is greater throughout Canada than in England ; in these western districts greater than in the rest of Canada.

The admiral had begun, I imagine, by erecting, as is usual, a log-house, while the woods were clearing; then, being in want of space, he added another, then another and another, and so on, all of different shapes and sizes, and full of a seaman's contrivances—odd galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins and cupboards; so that if the outside reminded me of an African village, the interior was no less like that of a man-of-war.

The drawing-room, which occupies an entire building, is really a noble room, with a chimney in which they pile twenty oak logs at once. Around this room runs a gallery, well lighted with windows from without, through which there is a constant circulation of air, keeping the room warm in winter and cool in summer. The admiral has, besides, so many ingenious and inexplicable contrivances for warming and airing his house, that no insurance office will insure him upon any terms. Altogether it was the most strangely picturesque sort of dwelling I ever beheld, and could boast not only of

luxuries and comforts, such as are seldom found so far inland, but “*cosa altra più cara,*” or at least “*più rara.*” The admiral’s sister, an accomplished woman of independent fortune, has lately arrived from Europe, to take up her residence in the wilds. Having recently spent some years in Italy, she has brought out with her all those pretty objects of virtù, with which English travellers load themselves in that country. Here, ranged round the room, I found views of Rome and Naples; tazzi, and marbles, and sculpture in lava, or alabaster; miniature copies of the eternal Sibyl and Cenci, Raffaelle’s Vatican, &c.—things not wonderful nor rare in themselves—the wonder was to see them here.

The woods are yet close up to the house; but there is a fine well-cultivated garden, and the process of clearing and log-burning proceeds all around with great animation.

The good admiral, who is no longer young—*au contraire*—has recently astonished the whole neighbourhood—nay, the whole province—by taking to himself a young, very young wife, of a

station very inferior to his own. There have been considerable doubts in the neighbourhood as to the propriety of visiting the young lady—doubts which appear to me neither reasonable nor good-natured, and which will, no doubt, give way before the common sense and kind feeling of the people. Selden might well say, that of all the actions of a man's life his marriage was that in which others had the least concern, and were sure to meddle the most! If this gentleman be unhappy, he has committed a folly, and will be punished for it sufficiently, without the interference of his friends and neighbours. If he be happy, and they say he is, then he has committed no folly, and may laugh at them all round. His good sister has come out to countenance him and his ménage—a proof equally of her affection and her understanding. I can now only wish her a continuance of the same cheerfulness, fortitude, and perseverance she has hitherto shown—virtues very necessary in this new province.

On Sunday we attended the pretty little church

at Woodstock, which was filled by the neighbouring settlers of all classes : the service was well read, and the hymns were sung by the ladies of the congregation. The sermon, which treated of some abstract and speculative point of theology, seemed to me not well adapted to the sort of congregation assembled. The situation of those who had here met together to seek a new existence in a new world, might have afforded topics of instruction, praise, and gratitude, far more practical, more congenial, more intelligible, than a mere controversial essay on a disputed text, which elicited no remark nor sympathy that I could perceive. After the service, the congregation remained some time assembled before the church-door, in various and interesting groups—the well-dressed families of settlers who had come from many miles' distance in vehicles well suited to the roads—that is to say, carts, or, as they call them here, teams or wagons ; the belles and the beaux of “the Bush,” in Sunday trim—and innumerable children. Many were the greetings and in-

quiries; the news and gossip of all the neighbourhood had to be exchanged. The conversation among the ladies was of marriages and births—lamentations on the want of servants, and the state of the roads—the last arrival of letters from England—and speculations upon the character of a new neighbour come to settle in the Bush: among the gentlemen, it was of crops and clearings, lumber, price of wheat, road-mending, deer-shooting, log-burning, and so forth—subjects in which I felt a lively interest and curiosity; and if I could not take a very brilliant and prominent part in the discourse, I could at least listen, like the Irish corn-field, “with all my ears.”

I think it was this day at dinner that a gentleman described to me a family of Mohawk Indians, consisting of seven individuals, who had encamped upon some of his uncleared land in two wigwams. They had made their first appearance in the early spring, and had since subsisted by hunting, selling their venison for whisky or tobacco; their appearance and situation were, he said, most wretched, and their

indolence extreme. Within three months, five out of the seven were dead of consumption; two only were left—languid, squalid, helpless, hopeless, heartless.

AFTER several pleasant and interesting visits to the neighbouring settlers, I took leave of my hospitable friends at Blandford with deep and real regret; and, in the best and only vehicle which could be procured—videlicet, a baker's cart—set out for London, the chief town of the district; the distance being about thirty miles—a long day's journey; the cost seven dollars.

The man who drove me proved a very intelligent and civilised person. He had come out to Canada in the capacity of a gentleman's servant; he now owned some land—I forget how many acres—and was besides baker-general for a large neighbourhood, rarely receiving money in pay, but wheat and other farm produce. He had served as constable of the district for two years,

and gave me some interesting accounts of his thief-taking expeditions through the wild forests in the deep winter nights. He considered himself, on the whole, a prosperous man. He said he should be quite happy here, were it not for his wife, who fretted and pined continually after her "home."

"But," said I, "surely wherever you are is her *home*, and she ought to be happy where she sees you getting on better, and enjoying more of comfort and independence than you could have hoped to obtain in the old country."

"Well, yes," said he hesitatingly; "and I can't say but that my wife is a good woman: I've no particular fault to find with her; and it's very natural she should mope, for she has no friend or acquaintance, you see, and she doesn't take to the people and the ways here; and at home she had her mother and her sister to talk to; they lived with us, you see. Then, I'm out all day long, looking after my business, and she feels quite lonely like, and she's a crying when I come back—and I'm sure I don't know what to do!"

The case of this poor fellow with his discontented wife is of no unfrequent occurrence in Canada ; and among the better class of settlers the matter is worse still, the suffering more acute, and of graver consequences.

I have not often in my life met with contented and cheerful-minded women, but I never met with so many repining and discontented women as in Canada. I never met with *one* woman recently settled here, who considered herself happy in her new home and country : I *heard* of one, and doubtless there are others, but they are exceptions to the general rule. Those born here, or brought here early by their parents and relations, seemed to me very happy, and many of them had adopted a sort of pride in their new country, which I liked much. There was always a great desire to visit England, and some little airs of self-complacency and superiority in those who had been there, though for a few months only ; but all, without a single exception, returned with pleasure, unable to fórego the early habitual influences of their native land.

I like patriotism and nationality in women. Among the German women both these feelings give a strong tincture to the character, and, seldom disunited, they blend with peculiar grace in our sex; but with a great statesman they should stand well distinguished. Nationality is not always patriotism, and patriotism is not, necessarily, nationality. The English are more patriotic than national; the Americans generally more national than patriotic; the Germans both national and patriotic.

I have observed that really accomplished women, accustomed to what is called the best society, have more resources here, and manage better, than some women who have no pretensions of any kind, and whose claims to social distinction could not have been great anywhere, but whom I found lamenting over themselves, as if they had been so many exiled princesses.

Can you imagine the position of a fretful, frivolous woman, strong neither in mind nor frame, abandoned to her own resources in the

wilds of Upper Canada? I do not believe you *can* imagine anything so pitiable, so ridiculous, and, to borrow the Canadian word, “so shiftless.”

My new friend and kind hostess was a being of quite a different stamp; and though I believe she was far from thinking that she had found in Canada a terrestrial paradise, and the want of servants, and the difficulty of educating her family as she wished, were subjects of great annoyance to her, yet these and other evils she had met with a cheerful spirit. Here, amid these forest wilds, she had recently given birth to a lovely baby, the tenth, or indeed I believe the twelfth, of a flock of manly boys and blooming girls. Her eldest daughter meantime, a fair and elegant girl, was acquiring, at the age of fifteen, qualities and habits which might well make ample amends for the possession of mere accomplishments. She acted as manager in chief, and glided about in her household avocations with a serene and quiet grace which was quite charming.

The road, after leaving Woodstock, pursued

the course of the winding Thames. We passed by the house of Colonel Light, in a situation of superlative natural beauty, on a rising-ground above the river. A lawn, tolerably cleared, sloped down to the margin, while the opposite shore rose clothed in varied woods which had been managed with great taste, and a feeling for the picturesque not common here; but the colonel being himself an accomplished artist accounts for this. We also passed Beechville, a small but beautiful village, round which the soil is reckoned very fine and fertile; a number of most respectable settlers have recently bought land and erected houses here. The next place we came to was Oxford, or rather Ingersol, where we stopped to dine and rest previous to plunging into an extensive forest, called the Pine Woods.

Oxford is a little village, presenting the usual saw-mill, grocery-store, and tavern, with a dozen shanties congregated on the bank of the stream, which is here rapid and confined by high banks. Two back-woodsmen were in deep consultation over a wagon which had broken down in the

midst of that very forest road we were about to traverse, and which they described as most execrable—in some parts even dangerous. As it was necessary to gird up my strength for the undertaking, I laid in a good dinner, consisting of slices of dried venison, broiled; hot cakes of Indian corn, eggs, butter, and a bowl of milk. Of this good fare I partook in company with the two back-woodsmen, who appeared to me perfect specimens of their class—tall and strong, and bronzed and brawny, and shaggy and unshaven—very much like two bears set on their hind legs; rude but not uncivil, and spare of speech, as men who had lived long at a distance from their kind. They were too busy, however, and so was I, to feel or express any mutual curiosity; time was valuable, appetite urgent—so we discussed our venison steaks in silence, and after dinner I proceeded.

The forest land through which I had lately passed, was principally covered with *hard timber*, as oak, walnut, elm, basswood. We were now in a forest of pines, rising tall and dark,

and monotonous on either side. The road, worse certainly "than fancy ever feigned or fear conceived," put my neck in perpetual jeopardy. The driver had often to dismount, and partly fill up some tremendous hole with boughs before we could pass—or drag or lift the wagon over trunks of trees—or we sometimes sank into abysses, from which it is a wonder to me that we *ever* emerged. A natural question were—why did you not get out and walk?—Yes indeed! I only wish it had been possible. Immediately on the border of the road so called was the wild, tangled, untrodden thicket, as impervious to the foot as the road was impassable, rich with vegetation, variegated verdure, and flowers of loveliest dye, but the haunt of the rattlesnake and all manner of creeping and living things not pleasant to encounter, or even to think of.

The mosquitos, too, began to be troublesome; but not being yet in full force, I contrived to defend myself pretty well by waving a green branch before me whenever my two hands were not employed in forcible endeavours to keep my seat.

These seven miles of pine forest we traversed in three hours and a half, and then succeeded some miles of open flat country, called the Oak Plains, and so called because covered with thickets and groups of oak, dispersed with a park-like and beautiful effect; and still flowers, flowers everywhere. The soil appeared sandy, and not so rich as in other parts.* The road was comparatively good, and as we approached London, clearings and new settlements appeared on every side.

The sun had set amid a tumultuous mass of lurid threatening clouds, and a tempest was brooding in the air, when I reached the town, and found very tolerable accommodations in the principal inn. I was so terribly bruised and

* It is not the most open land which is most desirable for a settler. "The land," says Dr. Dunlop in his admirable little book, "is rich and lasting, just in proportion to the size and quantity of the timber which it bears, and therefore the more trouble he is put to in clearing his land, the better will it repay him the labour he has expended on it."

beaten with fatigue, that to move was impossible, and even to speak, too great an effort. I cast my weary aching limbs upon the bed, and requested of the very civil and obliging young lady who attended, to bring me some books and newspapers. She brought me thereupon an old compendium of geography, published at Philadelphia forty years ago, and three newspapers. Two of these, the London Gazette and the Freeman's Journal, are printed and published within the district; the third, the New York Albion, I have already mentioned to you as having been my delight and consolation at Toronto. This paper, an extensive double folio, is compiled for the use of the British settlers in the United States, and also in Canada, where it is widely circulated. It contains all the interesting public news in extracts from the leading English journals, with tales, essays, reviews, &c., from the best periodicals. Think, now, if I had not reason to bless newspapers and civilisation! Imagine me alone in the very centre of this vast wild country, a storm raging without,

as if heaven and earth had come in collision—lodged and cared for, reclining on a neat comfortable bed, and reading by the light of one tallow candle, (for there was a scarcity either of candles or of candlesticks,) Serjeant Talfourd's speech in the Commons for the alteration of the law of copyright, given at full length; and if I had been worse than "kilt entirely," his noble eulogy of Wordsworth, responded to by the cheers of the whole house, would have brought me to life; so did it make my very heart glow with approving sympathy.

In the same paper, and in the two provincial papers, I found whole columns extracted from Miss Martineau's long-expected book on America. What I now read, fulfilled the highest expectations I had previously formed. There will, of course, be diversity of opinion on many points; but one thing is clear, that she is a good woman, and a lover of truth for truth's sake; and that she has written in a good and womanly spirit, candid and kind;—stern sometimes, never sharp, never satirical. There is, in these passages at

least, an even tone of good-nature and good temper—of high principle and high feeling of every kind, which has added to my admiration of her, and makes me long more than ever to see the book itself. There are things in it, apparently, which will not yet be appreciated—but all in good time.

With regard to the law of copyright, I see in another part of the paper that the publishers have taken the alarm, and are beginning to bestir themselves against it. We shall have them crying out like the French actresses, “C'est une chose étonnante qu'on ne trouve pas un moyen de se passer d'auteurs !” Perhaps the best thing at this moment for all parties would be an international law, which should protect both authors and publishers; for if they have no respect for the property which is the mere produce of the brain, perhaps they will respect and acknowledge the existence of property for which a man can prove he has paid hard money.

July 5.

THE next morning the weather continued very lowering and stormy. I wrote out my little journal for you carefully thus far, and then I received several visitors, who, hearing of my arrival, had come with kind offers of hospitality and attention, such as are most grateful to a solitary stranger. I had also much conversation relative to the place and people, and the settlements around, and then I took a long walk about the town, of which I here give you the results.

When Governor Simcoe was planning the foundation of a capital for the whole province, he fixed at first upon the present site of London, struck by its many and obvious advantages. Its central position, in the midst of these great lakes,

being at an equal distance from Huron, Erie, and Ontario, in the finest and most fertile district of the whole province, on the bank of a beautiful stream, and at a safe distance from the frontier, all pointed it out as the most eligible site for a metropolis; but there was the want of land and water communication—a want which still remains the only drawback to its rising prosperity. A canal or railroad, running from Toronto and Hamilton to London, then branching off on the right to the harbour of Goderich on Lake Huron, and to Sandwich on Lake Erie, were a glorious thing!—the one thing needful to make this fine country the granary and storehouse of the west; for here all grain, all fruits which flourish in the south of Europe, might be cultivated with success—the finest wheat and rice, and hemp and flax, and tobacco. Yet, in spite of this want, soon, I trust, to be supplied, the town of London has sprung up and become within ten years a place of great importance. In size and population it exceeds every town I have yet visited, except

Toronto and Hamilton. The first house was erected in 1827; it now contains more than two hundred frame or brick houses, and there are many more building. The population may be about thirteen hundred people. The jail and court-house, comprised in one large and stately edifice, seemed the glory of the townspeople. As for the style of architecture, I may not attempt to name or describe it; but a gentleman informed me, in rather equivocal phrase, that it was "*somewhat gothic.*" There are five places of worship, for the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Baptists. The church is handsome. There are also three or four schools, and seven taverns. The Thames is very beautiful here, and navigable for boats and barges. I saw to-day a large timber raft floating down the stream, containing many thousand feet of timber. On the whole, I have nowhere seen such evident signs of progress and prosperity.

The population consists principally of artisans—as blacksmiths, carpenters, builders, all

flourishing. There is, I fear, a good deal of drunkenness and profligacy; for though the people have work and wealth, they have neither education nor amusements.* Besides the seven taverns, there is a number of little grocery stores, which are, in fact, drinking-houses. And though a law exists which forbids the sale

* Hear Dr. Channing, the wise and the good:—“People,” he says, “should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal.—Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.”—“Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.”

When I was in Upper Canada, I found no means whatever of social amusement for any class, except that which the tavern afforded: taverns consequently abounded everywhere.

of spirituous liquors in small quantities by any but licensed publicans, they easily contrive to elude the law; as thus:—a customer enters the shop, and asks for two or three pennyworth of nuts, or cakes, and he receives a few nuts, and a large glass of whisky. The whisky, you observe, is given, not sold, and no one can swear to the contrary. In the same manner the severe law against selling intoxicating liquors to the poor Indians, is continually eluded or violated, and there is no redress for the injured, no punishment to reach the guilty. It appears to me that the government should be more careful in the choice of the district magistrates. While I was in London, a person who had acted in this capacity was carried from the pavement dead drunk.

Here, as everywhere else, I find the women of the better class lamenting over the want of all society, except of the lowest grade in manners and morals. For those who have recently emigrated, and are settled more in the interior, there is absolutely no social intercourse

whatever; it is quite out of the question. They seem to me perishing of ennui, or from the want of sympathy which they cannot obtain, and, what is worse, which they cannot feel: for being in general unfitted for out-door occupations, unable to comprehend or enter into the interests around them, and all their earliest prejudices and ideas of the fitness of things continually outraged in a manner exceedingly unpleasant, they may be said to live in a perpetual state of inward passive discord and fretful endurance—

“ All too timid and reserved

For onset, for resistance too inert—

Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame.”

[A gentleman well known to me by name, who was not a resident in London, but passing through it on his way from a far western settlement up by Lake Huron, was one of my morning visitors. He had been settled in the bush for five years, had a beautiful farm, well cleared, well stocked. He was pleased with his prospects, his existence, his occupations: all he

wanted was a wife, and on this subject he poured forth a most eloquent appeal.

“Where,” said he, “shall I find such a wife as I could, with a safe conscience, bring into these wilds, to share a settler’s fate, a settler’s home? You, who know your own sex so well, point me out such a one, or tell me at least where to seek her. I am perishing and deteriorating, head and heart, for want of a companion—a wife, in short. I am becoming as rude and coarse as my own labourers, and as hard as my own axe. If I wait five years longer, no woman will be able to endure such a fellow as I shall be by that time—no woman, I mean, whom I could marry—for in this lies my utter unreasonableness. Habituated to seek in woman those graces and refinements which I have always associated with her idea, I must have them here in the forest, or dispense with all female society whatever. With some one to sympathise with me—to talk to—to embellish the home I return to at night—such a life as I now lead, with all the cares and frivolities of a too artificial society cast behind us, security and

plenty all around us, and nothing but hope before us, a life of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows"—were it not delicious? I want for myself nothing more, nothing better; but—perhaps it is a weakness, an inconsistency!—I could not love a woman who was inferior to all my preconceived notions of feminine elegance and refinement—inferior to my own mother and sisters. You know I was in England two years ago;—well, I have a vision of a beautiful creature, with the figure of a sylph and the head of a sibyl, bending over her harp, and singing "*A te, O cara*;" and when I am logging in the woods with my men, I catch myself meditating on that vision, and humming *A te, O cara*, which somehow or other runs strangely in my head. Now, what is to be done? What could I do with that fair vision here? Without coxcombry may I not say, that I need not entirely despair of winning the affections of an amiable, elegant woman, and might even persuade her to confront, for my sake, worse than all this? For what will not your sex do and dare for the sake of

us men creatures, savages that we are? But even for that reason shall I take advantage of such sentiments? You know what this life is—this isolated life in the bush—and so do I; but by what words could I make it comprehensible to a fine lady? Certainly I might draw such a picture of it as should delight by its novelty and romance, and deceive even while it does not deviate from the truth. A cottage in the wild woods—solitude and love—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—the deer come skipping by—the red Indian brings game, and lays it at her feet—how pretty and how romantic! And for the first few months, perhaps the first year, all goes well; but how goes it the next, and the next? I have observed with regard to the women who come out, that they do well enough the first year, and some even the second; but the third is generally fatal: and the worst with you women—or the best shall I not say?—is, that you cannot, and do not, forget domestic ties left behind. We men go out upon our land, or to the chase, and the women, poor souls, sit,

and sew, and *think*. You have seen Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., who came out here, as I well remember, full of health and bloom—what are they now? premature old women, sickly, care-worn, without nerve or cheerfulness:—and as for C——, who brought his wife to his place by Lake Simcoe only three years ago, I hear the poor fellow must sell all off, or see his wife perish before his eyes. Would you have me risk the alternative? Or perhaps you will say, marry one of the women of the country—one of the daughters *of the bush*. No, I cannot; I must have something different. I may not have been particularly fortunate, but the women I have seen are in general coarse and narrow-minded, with no education whatever, or with an education which apes all I most dislike, and omits all I could admire in the fashionable education of the old country. What could I do with such women? In the former I might find an upper servant, but no companion—in the other, neither companionship nor help!”

To this discontented and fastidious gentle-

man I ventured to recommend two or three very amiable girls I had known at Toronto and Niagara ; and I told him, too, that among the beautiful and spirited girls of New England he might also find what would answer his purpose. But with regard to Englishwomen of that grade in station and education, and personal attraction, which would content him, I could not well speak ; not because I knew of none who united grace of person and lively talents with capabilities of strong affection, ay, and sufficient energy of character to meet trials and endure privations ; but in women, as now educated, there is a strength of local habits and attachments, a want of cheerful self-dependence, a cherished physical delicacy, a weakness of temperament, — deemed, and falsely deemed, in deference to the pride of man, essential to feminine grace and refinement, — altogether unfitting them for a life which were otherwise delightful : — the active out-of-door life in which she must share and sympathise, and the in-door occupations which in England are considered servile ; for a woman who cannot per-

form for herself and others all household offices, has no business here. But when I hear some men declare that they cannot endure to see women eat, and others speak of brilliant health and strength in young girls as being rude and vulgar, with various notions of the same kind too grossly absurd and perverted even for ridicule, I cannot wonder at any nonsensical affectations I meet with in my own sex; nor do otherwise than pity the mistakes and deficiencies of those who are sagely brought up with the one end and aim—to get married. As you always used to say, “Let there be a demand for a better article, and a better article will be supplied.”

A woman blessed with good health, a cheerful spirit, larger sympathies, larger capabilities of reflection and action, some knowledge of herself, her own nature, and the common lot of humanity, with a plain understanding, which has been allowed to throw itself out unwarped by sickly fancies and prejudices,—such a woman would be as happy in Canada as anywhere in the world. A weak, frivolous,

half-educated, or ill-educated woman may be as miserable in the heart of London as in the heart of the forest. But there her deficiencies are not so injurious, and are supplied to herself and others by the circumstances and advantages around her.

I have heard (and seen) it laid down as a principle, that the purpose—one purpose at least—of education is to fit us for the circumstances in which we are likely to be placed. I deny it absolutely. Even if it could be exactly known (which it cannot) what those circumstances may be, I should still deny it. Education has a far higher object. I remember to have read of some Russian prince (was it not Potemkin?) who, when he travelled, was preceded by a gardener, who around his marquee scattered an artificial soil, and stuck into it shrubs and bouquets of flowers, which, while assiduously watered, looked pretty for twenty-four hours perhaps, then withered or were plucked up. What shallow barbarism to take pleasure in such a mockery of a garden! Better the wilderness,

better the waste ! that forest, that rock yonder, with creeping weeds around it ! An education that is to fit us for circumstances, seems to me like that Russian garden. No ; the true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us ; to develope, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us. Then we shall be fitted for all circumstances, or know how to fit circumstances to ourselves. Fit us for circumstances ! Base and mechanical ! Why not set up at once a "*fabrique d'education,*" and educate us by steam ? The human soul, be it man's or woman's, is not, I suppose, an empty bottle, into which you shall pour and cram just what you like, and as you like ; nor a plot of waste soil, in which you shall sow what you like ; but a divine, a living germ planted by an almighty hand, which you may indeed render more or less productive, or train to this or that form—no more. And when you have taken the oak sapling, and dwarfed it, and pruned it, and

twisted it, into an ornament for the jardinière in your drawing-room, much have you gained truly; and a pretty figure your specimen is like to make in the broad plain, and under the free air of heaven !

THE plan of travel I had laid down for myself did not permit of my making any long stay in London. I was anxious to push on to the Talbot Settlement, or, as it is called here, the Talbot *Country*—a name not ill applied to a vast tract of land stretching from east to west along the shore of Lake Erie, and of which Colonel Talbot is the sovereign *de facto*, if not *de jure*—be it spoken without any derogation to the rights of our lord the king. This immense settlement, the circumstances to which it owed its existence, and the character of the eccentric man who founded it on such principles as have insured its success and prosperity, altogether inspired me with the strongest interest and curiosity.

To the residence of this “big chief,” as an

Indian styled him—a solitary mansion on a cliff above Lake Erie, where he lived alone in his glory—was I now bound, without exactly knowing what reception I was to meet there; for that was a point which the despotic habits and eccentricities of this hermit-lord of the forest rendered a little doubtful. The reports I had heard of his singular manners, of his being a sort of woman-hater, who had not for thirty years allowed a female to appear in his sight, I had partly discredited, yet enough remained to make me feel a little nervous. However, my resolution was taken, and the colonel had been apprised of my intended visit, though of his gracious acquiescence I was yet to learn; so, putting my trust in Providence as heretofore, I prepared to encounter the old buffalo in his lair.

From the master of the inn at London I hired a vehicle and a driver for eight dollars. The distance was about thirty miles; the road, as my Irish informant assured me, was quite “iligan!” but hilly, and so broken by the recent storms, that

it was thought I could not reach my destination before nightfall, and I was advised to sleep at the little town of St. Thomas, about twelve or fifteen miles on this side of Port Talbot. However, I was resolute to try, and, with a pair of stout horses and a willing driver, did not despair. My conveyance from Blandford had been a baker's cart on springs; but springs were a luxury I was in future to dispense with. My present vehicle, the best to be procured, was a common cart, with straw at the bottom; in the midst a seat was suspended on straps, and furnished with a cushion, not of the softest. A board nailed across the front served for the driver, a quiet, demure-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen, with a round straw hat and a fustian jacket. Such was the elegant and appropriate equipage in which the "chancellor's lady," as they call me here, paid her first visit of state to the "great Colonel Talbot."

On leaving the town, we crossed the Thames on a wooden bridge, and turned to the south through a very beautiful valley, with cultivated

farms and extensive clearings on every side. I was now in the Talbot country, and had the advantage of travelling on part of the road constructed under the colonel's direction, which, compared with those I had recently travelled, was better than tolerable. While we were slowly ascending an eminence, I took the opportunity of entering into some discourse with my driver, whose very demure and thoughtful though boyish face, and very brief but pithy and intelligent replies to some of my questions on the road, had excited my attention. Though perfectly civil, and remarkably self-possessed, he was not communicative or talkative; I had to pluck out the information blade by blade, as it were. And here you have my catechism, with question and response, word for word, as nearly as possible.

“ Were you born in this country ?”

“ No; I'm from the old country.”

“ From what part of it ?”

“ From about Glasgow.”

“ What is your name ?”

“ Sholto ——.”

“ Sholto!—that is rather an uncommon name, is it not?”

“ I was called Sholto after a son of Lord Douglas. My father was Lord Douglas’s gardener.”

“ How long have you been here?”

“ I came over with my father about five years ago.” (In 1832.)

“ How came your father to emigrate?”

“ My father was one of the commuted pensioners, as they call them.* He was an old soldier in the veteran battalion, and he sold his pension of fivepence a day for four years and a grant of land, and came out here. Many did the like.”

“ But if he was gardener to Lord Douglas, he could not have suffered from want?”

“ Why, he was not a gardener *then*; he was a weaver; he worked hard enough for us. I remember often waking in the middle of the

* Of the commuted pensioners, and their fate in Canada, more will be said hereafter.

night, and seeing my father working still at his loom, as if he would never give over, while my mother and all of us were asleep."

"All of us!—how many of you?"

"There were six of us; but my eldest brother and myself could do something."

"And you all emigrated with your father?"

"Why, you see, at last he couldn't get no work, and trade was dull, and we were nigh starving. I remember I was always hungry then—always."

"And you all came out?"

"All but my eldest brother. When we were on the way to the ship, he got frightened and turned back, and wouldn't come. My poor mother cried very much, and begged him hard. Now the last we hear of him is, that he is very badly off, and can't get no work at all."

"Is your father yet alive?"

"Yes, he has land up in Adelaide."

"Is your mother alive?"

"No; she died of the cholera, coming over. You see the cholera broke out in the ship, and

fifty-three people died, one after t'other, and were thrown into the sea. My mother died, and they threw her into the sea. And then my little sister, only nine months old, died, because there was nobody to take care of her, and they threw *her* into the sea—poor little thing !”

“ Was it not dreadful to see the people dying around you? Did you not feel frightened for yourself?”

“ Well—I don't know—one got used to it—it was nothing but splash, splash, all day long—first one, then another. There was one Martin on board, I remember, with a wife and nine children—one of those as sold his pension: he had fought in Spain with the Duke of Wellington. Well, first his wife died, and they threw her into the sea; and then *he* died, and they threw *him* into the sea; and then the children, one after t'other, till only two were left alive; the eldest, a girl about thirteen, who had nursed them all, one after another, and seen them die—well, *she* died, and then there was only the little fellow left.”

“ And what became of him ? ”

“ He went back, as I heard, in the same ship with the captain.”

“ And did you not think sometimes it might be your turn next ? ”

“ No—I didn’t; and then I was down with the fever.”

“ What do you mean by *the fever* ? ”

“ Why, you see, I was looking at some fish that was going by the ship in shoals, as they call it. It was very pretty, and I never saw anything like it, and I stood watching over the ship’s side all day long. It poured rain, and I was wet through and through, and felt very cold, and I went into my berth and pulled the blanket round me, and fell asleep. After that I had the fever very bad. I didn’t know when we landed at Quebec, and after that I didn’t know where we were for five weeks, nor nothing.”

I assured him that this was only a natural and necessary consequence of his own conduct,

and took the opportunity to explain to him some of those simple laws by which he held both health and existence, to all which he listened with an intelligent look, and thanked me cordially, adding,—

“ Then I wonder I didn't die ! and it was a great mercy I didn't.”

“ I hope you will live to think so, and be thankful to Heaven. And so you were detained at Quebec ?”

“ Yes ; my father had some money to receive of his pension, but what with my illness and the expense of living, it soon went ; and then he sold his silver watch, and that brought us on to York—that's Toronto now. And then there was a schooner provided by government to take us on board, and we had rations provided, and that brought us on to Port Stanley, far below Port Talbot ; and then they put us ashore, and we had to find our way, and pay our way, to Delaware, where our lot of land was ; that cost eight dollars ; and then we had

nothing left—nothing at all. There were nine hundred emigrants encamped about Delaware, no better off than ourselves.”

“What did you do then? Had you not to build a house?”

“No; the government built each family a house, that is to say, a log-hut, eighteen feet long, with a hole for the chimney; no glass in the windows, and empty of course; not a bit of furniture—not even a table or a chair.”

“And how did you live?”

“Why, the first year, my father and us, we cleared a couple of acres, and sowed wheat enough for next year.”

“But meantime you must have existed—and without food or money—?”

“O, why we worked meantime on the roads, and got half a dollar a day and rations.”

“It must have been rather a hard life?”

“*Hard!* yes, I believe it was; why, many of them couldn’t stand it no ways. Some died; and then there were the poor children and the women—it was very bad for them. Some

wouldn't sit down on their land at all; they lost all heart to see everywhere trees, and trees, and nothing beside. And then they didn't know nothing of farming—how should they, being soldiers by trade? There was one Jim Grey, of father's regiment—he didn't know how to handle his axe, but he could handle his gun well; so he went and shot deer, and sold them to the others; but one day we missed him, and he never came back; and we thought the bears had got him, or maybe he cleared off to Michigan—there's no knowing."

"And your father?"

"O, *he* stuck to his land, and he has now five acres cleared: and he's planted a bit of a garden, and he has two cows and a calf, and two pigs; and he's got his house comfortable—and stopped up the holes, and built himself a chimney."

"That's well; but why are you not with him?"

"O, he married again, and he's got two children, and I didn't like my stepmother, because

she didn't use my sisters well, and so I came away."

"Where are your sisters now?"

"Both out at service, and they get good wages; one gets four, and the other gets five dollars a month. Then I've a brother younger than myself, and he's gone to work with a shoemaker at London. But the man drinks hard, like a great many here—and I'm afeard my brother will learn to drink, and that frets me; and he won't come away, though I could get him a good place any day—no want of places here, and good wages too."

"What wages do you receive?"

"Seven dollars a month and my board. Next month I shall have eight."

"I hope you put by some of your wages?"

"Why, I bought a yoke of steers for my father last fall, as cost me thirty dollars, but they wont be fit for ploughing these two years."

(I should inform you, perhaps, that a yoke of oxen fit for ploughing costs about eighty dollars.)

I pointed out to him the advantages of his present situation, compared with what might have been his fate in the old country, and urged him to avoid all temptations to drink, which he promised.

“ You can read, I suppose ? ”

He hesitated, and looked down. “ I can read in the Testament a little. I never had no other book. But this winter,” looking up brightly, “ I intend to give myself some schooling. A man who has reading and writing, and a pair of hands, and keeps sober, may make a fortune here—and so will I, with God’s blessing ! ”

Here he gave his whip a very expressive flourish. We were now near the summit of a hill, which he called Bear Hill; the people, he said, gave it that name because of the number of bears which used to be found here. Nothing could exceed the beauty and variety of the timber trees, intermingled with most luxuriant underwood, and festooned with the wild grape and flowering creepers. It was some time, he said,

since a bear had been shot in these woods; but only last spring one of his comrades had found a bear's cub, which he had fed and taken care of, and had sold within the last few weeks to a travelling menagerie of wild beasts for five dollars.

On reaching the summit of this hill, I found myself on the highest land I had yet stood upon in Canada, with the exception of Queenston heights. I stopped the horses and looked around, and on every side, far and near—east, west, north, and south, it was all forest—a boundless sea of forest, within whose leafy recesses lay hidden as infinite a variety of life and movement as within the depths of the ocean; and it reposed in the noontide so still and so vast! *Here* the bright sunshine rested on it in floods of golden light; *there* cloud-shadows sped over its bosom, just like the effects I remember to have seen on the Atlantic; and here and there rose wreaths of white smoke from the new clearings, which collected

into little silver clouds, and hung suspended in the quiet air.

I gazed and meditated till, by a process like that of the Arabian sorcerer of old, the present fell like a film from my eyes: the future was before me, with its towns and cities, fields of waving grain, green lawns and villas, and churches and temples turret-crowned; and meadows tracked by the frequent footpath; and railroads, with trains of rich merchandise steaming along:—for all this *will* be! Will be? *It is* already in the sight of Him who hath ordained it, and for whom there is no past nor future: though I cannot behold it with my bodily vision, even *now* it is.

But is *that* now better than *this* present now? When these forests, with all their solemn depth of shade and multitudinous life, have fallen beneath the axe—when the wolf, and bear, and deer are driven from their native coverts, and all this infinitude of animal and vegetable being has made way for restless, erring, suffering humanity,—will it

then be better? *Better*—I know not; but surely it will be *well* and right in His eyes who has ordained that thus the course of things shall run. Those who see nothing in civilised life but its complicated cares, mistakes, vanities, and miseries, may doubt this—or despair. For myself and you too, my friend, we are of those who believe and hope; who behold in progressive civilisation progressive happiness, progressive approximation to nature and to nature's God; for are we not in his hands?—and all that He does is good.

Contemplations such as these were in my mind as we descended the Hill of Bears, and proceeded through a beautiful plain, sometimes richly wooded, sometimes opening into clearings and cultivated farms, on which were usually compact farm-houses, each flanked by a barn three times as large as the house, till we came to a place called Five Stakes, where I found two or three tidy cottages, and procured some bread and milk. The road here was no longer so good, and we travelled slowly and with difficulty for

some miles. About five o'clock we reached St. Thomas, one of the prettiest places I had yet seen. Here I found two or three inns, and at one of them, styled the "Mansion House Hotel," I ordered tea for myself and good entertainment for my young driver and his horses, and then walked out.

St. Thomas is situated on a high eminence, to which the ascent is rather abrupt. The view from it, over a fertile, well-settled country, is very beautiful and cheering. The place bears the christian name of Colonel Talbot, who styles it his capital, and, from a combination of advantages, it is rising fast into importance. The climate, from its high position, is delicious and healthful; and the winters in this part of the province are milder by several degrees than elsewhere. At the foot of the cliff or eminence runs a deep rapid stream, called the Kettle Creek,* (I wish

* When I remonstrated against this name for so beautiful a stream, Colonel Talbot told me that his first settlers had found a kettle on the bank, left by some Indians, and had given the river, from this slight

they had given it a prettier name,) which, after a course of eight miles, and turning a variety of saw-mills, grist-mills, &c., flows into Lake Erie at Port Stanley, one of the best harbours on this side of the lake. Here steam-boats and schooners land passengers and merchandise, or load with grain, flour, lumber. The roads are good all round; and the Talbot road, carried directly through the town, is the finest in the province. This road runs nearly parallel with Lake Erie, from thirty miles below Port Stanley, westward as far as Delaware. The population of St. Thomas is at present rated at seven hundred, and it has doubled within two years. There are three churches, one of which is very neat; and three taverns. Two newspapers are published here, one violently tory, the other as violently radical. I found several houses building, and, in those I entered, a general air of cheerfulness and well-being very pleasing to contemplate. There is here an excellent manufacture of ca-

circumstance, a name which he had not thought it worth while to alter.

binet ware and furniture: some articles of the black walnut, a tree abounding here, appeared to me more beautiful in colour and grain than the finest mahogany; and the elegant veining of the maplewood cannot be surpassed. I wish they were sufficiently the fashion in England to make the transport worth while. Here I have seen whole piles, nay, whole forests of such trees, burning together.

I was very much struck with this beautiful and cheerful little town, more, I think, than with any place I have yet seen.

By the time my horses were refreshed, it was near seven o'clock. The distance from Port Talbot is about twelve miles, but hearing the road was good, I resolved to venture. The sky looked turbulent and stormy, but luckily the storm was moving one way while I was moving another; and, except a little sprinkling from the tail of a cloud, we escaped very well.

The road presented on either side a succession of farm-houses and well-cultivated farms. Near the houses there was generally a patch of

ground planted with Indian corn and pumpkins, and sometimes a few cabbages and potatoes. I do not recollect to have seen one garden, or the least attempt to cultivate flowers.

The goodness of the road is owing to the systematic regulations of Colonel Talbot. Throughout the whole "country" none can obtain land without first applying to him, and the price and conditions are uniform and absolute. The lands are divided into lots of two hundred acres, and to each settler fifty acres are given gratis, and one hundred and fifty at three dollars an acre. Each settler must clear and sow ten acres of land, build a house, (a log-hut of eighteen feet in length,) and construct one chain of road in front of his house, within three years; failing in this, he forfeits his deed.

Colonel Talbot does not like gentlemen settlers, nor will he have any settlements within a certain distance of his own domain. He never associates with the people except on one grand occasion, the anniversary of the foundation of his settlement. This is celebrated at St. Tho-

mas by a festive meeting of the most respectable settlers, and the colonel himself opens the ball with one of the ladies, generally showing his taste by selecting the youngest and prettiest.

The evening now began to close in; night came on, with the stars and the fair young moon in her train. I felt much fatigued, and my young driver appeared to be out in his reckoning—that is, with regard to distance—for luckily he could not miss the *way*, there being but one. I stopped a man who was trudging along with an axe on his shoulder, “How far to Colonel Talbot’s?” “About three miles and a half.” This was encouraging; but a quarter of an hour afterwards, on asking the same question of another, he replied, “About seven miles.” A third informed me that it was about three miles beyond Major Burwell’s. The next person I met advised me to put up at “Waters’s,” and not think of going any farther to-night; however, on arriving at Mr. Waters’s hotel, I was not particularly charmed with the prospect of a night’s rest within its precincts. It was a long-shaped

wooden house, comfortless in appearance; a number of men were drinking at the bar, and sounds of revelry issued from the open door. I requested my driver to proceed, which he did with all willingness.

We had travelled nearly the whole day through open well-cleared land, more densely peopled than any part of the province I had seen since I left the Niagara district. Suddenly we came upon a thick wood, through which the road ran due west, in a straight line. The shadows fell deeper and deeper from the depth of foliage on either side, and I could not see a yard around, but exactly before me the last gleams of twilight lingered where the moon was setting. Once or twice I was startled by seeing a deer bound across the path, his large antlers being for one instant defined, *pencilled*, as it were, against the sky, then lost. The darkness fell deeper every moment, the silence more solemn. The whip-poor-will began his melancholy cry, and an owl sent forth a prolonged shriek, which, if I had not heard it before, would have frightened me.

After a while my driver stopped and listened, and I could plainly hear the tinkling of cow-bells. I thought this a good sign, till the boy reminded me that it was the custom of the settlers to turn their cattle loose in the summer to seek their own food, and that they often strayed miles from the clearing.

We were proceeding along our dark path very slowly, for fear of accidents, when I heard the approaching tread of a horse, and the welcome sound of a man whistling. The boy hailed him with some impatience in his voice,—“I say, mister ! whereabouts *is* Colonel Talbot’s?”

“The Colonel’s? why, straight afore you ;— follow your nose, you buzzard !”

Here I interposed. “Be so good, friend, as to inform me how far we are yet from Colonel Talbot’s house.”

“Who have you got here?” cried the man in surprise.

“A lady, comed over the sea to visit the Colonel.”

“Then,” said the man, approaching my car-

riage—my cart, I should say,—with much respect, “I guess you’re the lady that the Colonel has been looking out for this week past. Why, I’ve been three times to St. Thomas’s with the team after you !”

“I’m very sorry you’ve had that trouble.”

“O no trouble at all—shall I ride back and tell him you’re coming?”

This I declined, for the poor man was evidently going home to his supper.

To hear that the formidable Colonel was anxiously expecting me was very encouraging, and, from the man’s description, I supposed that we were close to the house. Not so; the road, mocking my impatience, took so many bends, and sweeps, and windings, up hill and down hill, that it was an eternity before we arrived. The Colonel piques himself exceedingly on this graceful and picturesque approach to his residence, and not without reason; but on the present occasion I could have preferred a line more direct to the line of beauty. The

darkness, which concealed its charms, left me sensible only to its length.

On ascending some high ground, a group of buildings was dimly descried; and after oversetting part of a snake-fence before we found an entrance, we drove up to the door. Lights were gleaming in the windows, and the Colonel sallied forth with prompt gallantry to receive me.

My welcome was not only cordial, but courtly. The Colonel, taking me under his arm, and ordering the boy and his horses to be well taken care of, handed me into the hall or vestibule, where sacks of wheat and piles of sheepskins lay heaped in primitive fashion; thence into a room, the walls of which were formed of naked logs. Here no fauteuil, spring-cushioned, extended its comfortable arms—no sofa here “insidiously stretched out its lazy length;” Colonel Talbot held all such luxuries in sovereign contempt. In front of a capacious chimney stood a long wooden table, flanked with two

wooden chairs, cut from the forest in the midst of which they now stood. To one of these the Colonel handed me with the air of a courtier, and took the other himself. Like all men who live out of the world, he retained a lively curiosity as to what was passing in it, and I was pressed with a profusion of questions as well as hospitable attentions; but wearied, exhausted, aching in every nerve, the spirit with which I had at first met him in his own style was fast ebbing. I could neither speak nor eat, and was soon dismissed to repose.

With courteous solicitude he ushered me himself to the door of a comfortable, well furnished bed room, where a fire blazed cheerfully, where female hands had evidently presided to arrange my toilet, and where female aid awaited me;—so much had the good Colonel been calumniated!

————— You shall

Go forth upon your arduous task alone,
None shall assist you, none partake your toil,
None share your triumph! still you must retain
Some one to trust your glory to—to share
Your rapture with.

PARACELSUS.

Port Talbot, July 10.

“MAN is, properly speaking, based upon hope. He has no other possession but hope. This world of his is emphatically the place of hope:”* and more emphatically than of any other spot on the face of the globe it is true of this new world of ours, in which I am now a traveller and a sojourner. This is the land of hope, of faith, ay, and of charity, for a man who hath not all

* Vide Sartor Resartus.

three had better not come here; with them he may, by strength of his own right hand and trusting heart, achieve miracles: witness Colonel Talbot.

Of the four days in which I have gone wandering and wondering up and down, let me now tell you something—*all* I cannot tell you; for the information I have gained, and the reflections and feelings which have passed through my mind would fill a volume—and I have little time for scribbling.

And first of Colonel Talbot himself. This remarkable man is now about sixty-five, perhaps more, but he does not look so much. In spite of his rustic dress, his good-humoured, jovial, weather-beaten face, and the primitive simplicity, not to say rudeness, of his dwelling, he has in his features, air, and deportment, that *something* which stamps him gentleman. And that *something* which thirty-four years of solitude has not effaced, he derives, I suppose, from blood and birth—things of more consequence, when philosophically and philantropi-

cally considered, than we are apt to allow. He must have been very handsome when young ; his resemblance now to our royal family, particularly to the King, (William the Fourth,) is so very striking as to be something next to identity. Good-natured people have set themselves to account for this wonderful likeness in various ways, possible and impossible ; but after a rigid comparison of dates and ages, and assuming all that latitude which scandal usually allows herself in these matters, it remains unaccountable, unless we suppose that the Talbots have, *par la grâce de Dieu*, a family knack at resembling kings. You may remember that the extraordinary resemblance which his ancestor Dick Talbot (Duke of Tyrconnel) bore to Louis the Fourteenth, gave occasion to the happiest and most memorable repartee ever recorded in the chronicle of wit.*

* As it is just possible that the reader may not have met with this anecdote, it is here repeated—perhaps for the thousandth time.

When Richard Talbot was sent ambassador to

Colonel Talbot came out to Upper Canada as aide-de-camp to Governor Simcoe in 1793, and accompanied the governor on the first expedition he made to survey the western district, in search (as it was said) of an eligible site for the new capital he was then projecting. At this time the whole of the beautiful and fertile region situated between the lakes was a vast wilderness. It contained not one white settler, except along the borders, and on the coast opposite to Detroit: a few wandering tribes of Hurons and Chippewas, and the Six Nations settled on Grand River, were its only inhabitants.

It was then that the idea of founding a colony took possession of Colonel Talbot's mind, and became the ruling passion and sole interest of his future life. For this *singular* project, wise people have set themselves to account much in France, the king, struck by that likeness to himself which had excited the attention of his courtiers, addressed him on some occasion, "M. l'Ambassadeur, est-ce que madame votre mère a jamais été dans la cour du Roi mon père?" Talbot replied with a low bow, "Non, sire—mais mon père y était!"

the same manner as for his likeness to William the Fourth. That a man of noble birth, high in the army, young and handsome, and eminently qualified to shine in society, should voluntarily banish himself from all intercourse with the civilised world, and submit, not for a temporary frolic, but for long tedious years, to the most horrible privations of every kind, appeared too incomprehensible to be attributed to any of the ordinary motives and feelings of a reasonable human being; so they charitably set it down to motives and feelings very extraordinary indeed,—and then “they looked the lie they dared not speak.” Others went no farther than to insinuate or assert that early in life he had met with a disappointment in love, which had turned his brain. I had always heard and read of him as the “eccentric” Colonel Talbot. Of his eccentricity I heard much more than of his benevolence, his invincible courage, his enthusiasm, his perseverance; but perhaps, according to the worldly nomenclature, these qualities come under the general head of “eccentricity,” when

devotion to a favourite object cannot possibly be referred to self-interest.

On his return to England, he asked and obtained a grant of 100,000 acres of land along the shores of Lake Erie, on condition of placing a settler on every two hundred acres. He came out again in 1802, and took possession of his domain, in the heart of the wilderness. Of the life he led for the first sixteen years, and the difficulties and obstacles he encountered, he drew, in his discourse with me, a strong, I might say a *terrible* picture: and observe that it was not a life of wild wandering freedom—the life of an Indian hunter, which is said to be so fascinating that “no man who has ever followed it for any length of time, *ever* voluntarily returns to civilised society!”* Colonel Talbot’s life has been one of persevering, heroic self-devotion to the completion of a magnificent plan, laid down in the first instance, and followed up with unflinching tenacity of purpose. For sixteen years he saw scarce a human being, except the few boors

* Dr. Dunlop.

and blacks employed in clearing and logging his land: he himself assumed the blanket-coat and axe, slept upon the bare earth, cooked three meals a day for twenty woodsmen, cleaned his own boots, washed his own linen, milked his cows, churned the butter, and made and baked the bread. In this latter branch of household economy he became very expert, and still piques himself on it.

To all these heterogeneous functions of sowing and reaping, felling and planting, frying, boiling, washing, wringing, brewing, and baking, he added another even more extraordinary;—for many years he solemnised all the marriages in his district!

While Europe was converted into a vast battle-field, an arena

“ Where distract ambition compassed
And was encompass’d,”

and his brothers in arms, the young men who had begun the career of life with him, were reaping bloody laurels, to be gazetted in the

list of killed and wounded, as heroes—then forgotten;—Colonel Talbot, a true hero after another fashion, was encountering, amid the forest solitude, uncheered by sympathy, unbribed by fame, enemies far more formidable, and earning a far purer as well as a more real and lasting immortality.

Besides natural obstacles, he met with others far more trying to his temper and patience. His continual quarrels with the successive governors, who were jealous of the independent power he exercised in his own territory, are humorously alluded to by Dr. Dunlop.

“After fifteen years of unremitting labour and privation,” says the Doctor, “it became so notorious in the province, that even the executive government at Toronto became aware that there was such a place as the Talbot Settlement, where roads were cut and farms in progress; and hereupon they rejoiced, for it held out to them just what they had long felt the want of—a well-settled, opened, and cultivated country, wherein to obtain estates for themselves, their

children, born and unborn, and their whole kith, kin, and allies. When this idea, so creditable to the paternal feelings of these worthy gentlemen, was intimated to the Colonel, he could not be brought to see the fitness of things in an arrangement which would confer on the next generation, or the next again, the fruits of the labour of the present; and accordingly, though his answer to the proposal was not couched in terms quite so diplomatic as might have been wished, it was brief, soldier-like, and not easily capable of misconstruction; it was in these words—‘I’ll be be d—d if you get one foot of land here;’ and thereupon the parties joined issue.”

“On this, war was declared against him by his Excellency in council, and every means were used to annoy him here, and misrepresent his proceedings at home; but he stood firm, and by an occasional visit to the colonial office in England, he opened the eyes of ministers to the proceedings of both parties, and for a while averted the danger. At length, some five years ago, finding the enemy was getting too strong

for him, he repaired once more to England, and returned in triumph with an order from the Colonial Office, that nobody was in any way to interfere with his proceedings; and he has now the pleasure of contemplating some hundreds of miles of the best roads in the province, closely settled on each side by the most prosperous farmers within its bounds, who owe all they possess to his judgment, enthusiasm, and perseverance, and who are grateful to him in proportion to the benefits he has bestowed upon them, though in many instances sorely against their will at the time.”

The original grant must have been much extended, for the territory now under Colonel Talbot's management, and bearing the general name of the Talbot Country, contains, according to the list I have in his own handwriting, twenty-eight townships, and about 650,000 acres of land, of which 98,700 are cleared and cultivated. The inhabitants, including the population of the towns, amount to about 50,000. “You

see," said he gaily, "I may boast, like the Irishman in the farce, of having peopled a whole country with my own hands."

He has built his house, like the eagle his eyry, on a bold high cliff overhanging the lake. On the east there is a precipitous descent into a wild woody ravine, along the bottom of which winds a gentle stream, till it steals into the lake: this stream is in winter a raging torrent. The storms and the gradual action of the waves have detached large portions of the cliff in front of the house, and with them huge trees. Along the lake-shore I found trunks and roots of trees half buried in the sand, or half overflowed with water, which I often mistook for rocks. I remember one large tree, which, in falling headlong, still remained suspended by its long and strong fibres to the cliff above; its position was now reversed—the top hung downwards, shivered and denuded: the large spread root, upturned, formed a platform, on which new earth had accumulated, and a new vegetation sprung forth,

of flowers, and bushes, and sucklings. Altogether it was a most picturesque and curious object.

Lake Erie, as the geography book says, is two hundred and eighty miles long, and here, at Port Talbot, which is near the centre, about seventy miles across. The Colonel tells me that it has been more than once frozen over from side to side, but I do not see how this fact could be ascertained, as no one has been known to cross to the opposite shore on the ice. It is true that more ice accumulates in this lake than in any other of the great lakes, by reason of its shallowness; it can be sounded through its whole extent, while the other lakes are found in some parts unfathomable.

But to return to the château: It is a long wooden building, chiefly of rough logs, with a covered porch running along the south side. Here I found suspended, among sundry implements of husbandry, one of those ferocious animals of the feline kind, called here the cat-a-mountain, and by some the American tiger, or

panther, which it more resembles. This one, which had been killed in its attack on the fold or poultry-yard, was at least four feet in length, and glared on me from the rafters above, ghastly and horrible. The interior of the house contains several comfortable lodging-rooms; and one really handsome one, the dining-room. There is a large kitchen with a tremendously hospitable chimney, and underground are cellars for storing wine, milk, and provisions. Around the house stands a vast variety of out-buildings, of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and disposed without the slightest regard to order or symmetry. One of these is the very log-hut which the Colonel erected for shelter when he first "sat down in the bush," four-and-thirty years ago, and which he is naturally unwilling to remove. Many of these outbuildings are to shelter the geese and poultry, of which he rears an innumerable quantity. Beyond these is the cliff, looking over the wide blue lake, on which I have counted six schooners at a time with their white sails; on the left is Port Stanley. Behind

the house lies an open tract of land, prettily broken and varied, where large flocks of sheep and cattle were feeding—the whole enclosed by beautiful and luxuriant woods, through which runs the little creek or river above mentioned.

The farm consists of six hundred acres: but as the Colonel is not quite so active as he used to be, and does not employ a bailiff or overseer, the management is said to be slovenly, and not so productive as it might be.

He has sixteen acres of orchard-ground, in which he has planted and reared with success all the common European fruits, as apples, pears, plums, cherries, in abundance; but what delighted me beyond everything else, was a garden of more than two acres, very neatly laid out and enclosed, and in which he evidently took exceeding pride and pleasure; it was the first thing he showed me after my arrival. It abounds in roses of different kinds, the cuttings of which he had brought himself from England in the few visits he had made there. Of these he gathered the most beautiful buds, and presented them to me with such an air as might have be-

come Dick Talbot presenting a bouquet to Miss Jennings.* We then sat down on a pretty seat under a tree, where he told me he often came to meditate. He described the appearance of the spot when he first came here, as contrasted with its present appearance, or we discussed the exploits of some of his celebrated and gallant ancestors, with whom my acquaintance was (luckily) almost as intimate as his own. Family and aristocratic pride I found a prominent feature in the character of this remarkable man. A Talbot of Malahide, of a family representing the same barony from father to son for six hundred years, he set, not unreasonably, a high value on his noble and unstained lineage; and, in his lonely position, the simplicity of his life and manners lent to these lofty and not unreal pretensions a kind of poetical dignity.

I told him of the surmises of the people re-

* Dick Talbot married Frances Jennings—la belle Jennings of De Grammont's Memoirs, and elder sister of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough.

lative to his early life and his motives for emigrating, at which he laughed.

“Charlevoix,” said he, “was, I believe, the true cause of my coming to this place. You know he calls this the ‘Paradise of the Hurons.’ Now I was resolved to get to paradise by hook or by crook, and so I came here.”

He added more seriously, “I have accomplished what I resolved to do—it is done. But I would not, if any one was to offer me the universe, go through again the *horrors* I have undergone in forming this settlement. But do not imagine I repent it; I like my retirement.”

He then broke out against the follies and falsehoods and restrictions of artificial life, in bitter and scornful terms; no ascetic monk or *radical* philosopher could have been more eloquently indignant.

I said it was granted to few to live a life of such complete retirement, and at the same time such general utility; in flying from the world

he had benefited it: and I added, that I was glad to see him so happy.

“ Why, yes, I’m very happy here”—and then the old man sighed.

I understood that sigh, and in my heart echoed it. No, “it is not good for man to be alone;” and this law, which the Father of all life pronounced himself at man’s creation, was never yet violated with impunity. Never yet was the human being withdrawn from, or elevated above, the social wants and sympathies of his human nature, without paying a tremendous price for such isolated independence.

With all my admiration for what this extraordinary man has achieved, and the means, the powers, through which he has achieved it, there mingles a feeling of commiseration, which has more than once brought the tears to my eyes while listening to him. He has passed his life in worse than solitude. He will admit no equal in his vicinity. His only intercourse has been with inferiors and dependents, whose servility he despised, and whose resistance enraged him—

men whose interests rested on his favour—on his will, from which there was no appeal. Hence despotic habits, and contempt even for those whom he benefited: hence, with much natural benevolence and generosity, a total disregard, or rather total ignorance, of the feelings of others;—all the disadvantages, in short, of royalty, only on a smaller scale. Now, in his old age, where is to him the solace of age? He has honour, power, obedience; but where are the love, the troops of friends, which also should accompany old age? He is alone—a lonely man. His constitution has suffered by the dreadful toils and privations of his earlier life. His sympathies have had no natural outlet, his affections have wanted their natural food. He suffers, I think; and not being given to general or philosophical reasoning, causes and effects are felt, not known. But he is a great man who has done great things, and the good which he has done will live after him. He has planted, at a terrible sacrifice, an enduring name and fame, and will be commemorated in this “brave new world,” this

land of hope, as Triptolemus among the Greeks.

For his indifference or dislike to female society, and his determination to have no settler within a certain distance of his own residence, I could easily account when I knew the man; both seemed to me the natural result of certain habits of life acting upon a certain organisation. He has a favourite servant, Jeffrey by name, who has served him faithfully for more than five-and-twenty years, ever since he left off cleaning his own shoes and mending his own coat. This honest fellow, not having forsworn female companionship, began to sigh after a wife—

“ A wife ! ah ! Saint Marie Benedicté,
How might a man have any adversité
That hath a wife ? ”

And, like the good knight in Chaucer, he did

“ Upon his bare knees pray God him to send
A wife to last unto his life's end.”

So one morning he went and took unto himself the woman nearest at hand—one, of whom we must needs suppose that he chose her for her virtues, for most certainly it was not for her attractions. The Colonel swore at him for a fool; but, after a while, Jeffrey, who is a favourite, smuggled his wife into the house; and the Colonel, whose increasing age renders him rather more dependent on household help, seems to endure very patiently this addition to his family, and even the presence of a white-headed chubby little thing, which I found running about without let or hindrance.

The room into which I first introduced you, with its rough log-walls, is Colonel Talbot's library and hall of audience. On leaving my apartment in the morning, I used to find groups of strange figures lounging round the door, ragged, black-bearded, gaunt, travel-worn and toil-worn emigrants, Irish, Scotch, and American, come to offer themselves as settlers. These he used to call his land-pirates; and curious, and characteristic, and dramatic beyond description,

were the scenes which used to take place between this grand bashaw of the wilderness and his hungry, importunate clients and petitioners.

Another thing which gave a singular interest to my conversations with Colonel Talbot, was the sort of indifference with which he regarded all the stirring events of the last thirty years. Dynasties rose and disappeared ; kingdoms were passed from hand to hand like wine decanters ; battles were lost and won ;—he neither knew, nor heard, nor cared. No post, no newspaper brought to his forest-hut the tidings of victory and defeat, of revolutions of empires, “ or rumours of unsuccessful and successful war.”

When he first took to the bush, Napoleon was consul ; when he emerged from his solitude, the tremendous game of ambition had been played out, and Napoleon and his deeds and his dynasty were numbered with the things o'erpast. With the stream of events had flowed by equally unmarked the stream of mind, thought, literature—the progress of social improvement—the changes in public opinion. Conceive what a

gulf between us ! but though I could go to him, he could not come to me—my sympathies had the wider range of the two.

The principal foreign and domestic events of his *reign* are the last American war, in which he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by a detachment of the enemy, who ransacked his house, and drove off his horses and cattle ; and a visit which he received some years ago from three young Englishmen of rank and fortune, Lord Stanley, Mr. Stuart Wortley, and Mr. Labouchere, who spent some weeks with him. These events, and his voyages to England, seemed to be the epochs from which he dated. His last trip to England was about three years ago. From these occasional flights he returns like an old eagle to his perch on the cliff, whence he looks down upon the world he has quitted with supreme contempt and indifference, and around on that which he has created, with much self-applause and self-gratulation.

“Alles was Du siehst und so wie Du's siehst,—
was Dir das Liebste, das Schrecklichste, das Pein-
lichste, das Heimlichste, das Verführerischeste ist,
das kehre hervor—”

RAHEL.

It was not till the sixth day of my sojourn at Port Talbot that the good colonel could be persuaded to allow of my departure.

He told me, with good-humoured peremptoriness, that he was the grand autocrat of the forest, and that to presume to order horses, or take any step towards departing, without his express permission, was against “his laws.” At last he was so good as to issue his commands—with flattering reluctance, however—that a vehicle should be prepared, and a trusty guide provided; and I

bade farewell to this extraordinary man with a mixture of delighted, and grateful, and melancholy feelings not easily to be described, nor ever forgotten.

My next journey was from Port Talbot to Chatham on the river Thames, whence it was my intention to cross Lake St. Clair to Detroit, and there take my chance of a vessel going up Lake Huron to Michillinachinac. I should, however, advise any future traveller, not limited to any particular time or plan of observation, to take the road along the shore of the Lake to Amherstberg and Sandwich, instead of turning off to Chatham. During the first day's journey I was promised a good road, as it lay through the Talbot settlements; what was to become of me the second day seemed a very doubtful matter.

The best vehicle which the hospitality and influence of Colonel Talbot could provide was a farmer's cart, or team, with two stout horses. The bottom of the cart was well filled with clean soft straw, on which my luggage was deposited. A seat was slung for me on straps, and

another in front for the driver, who had been selected from among the most respectable settlers in the neighbourhood as a fit guide and protector for a lone woman. The charge for the two days' journey was to be twelve dollars.

As soon as I had a little recovered from the many thoughts and feelings which came over me as we drove down the path from Colonel Talbot's house, I turned to take a survey of my driver, and from his physiognomy, his deportment, and the tone of his voice, to divine, if I could, what chance I had of comfort during the next two days. The survey was on the whole encouraging, though presenting some inconsistencies I could by no means reconcile. His dress and figure were remarkably neat, though plain and homely; his broad-brimmed straw hat, encircled with a green ribbon, was pulled over his brow, and from beneath it peered two sparkling, intelligent eyes. His accent was decidedly Irish. It was indeed a brogue as "nate and complate" as ever was sent forth from Cork or Kerry; but then his face was not an Irish face; its expres-

sion had nothing of the Irish character; the cut of his features and his manner and figure altogether in no respect harmonised with his voice and accent.

After proceeding about three miles, we stopped in front of a neat farmhouse, surrounded with a garden and spacious outbuildings, and forth came a very pretty and modest-looking young woman, with a lovely child in her arms, and leading another by the hand. It was the wife of my driver; and I must confess she did not seem well pleased to have him taken away from her. They evidently parted with reluctance. She gave him many special charges to take care of himself, and commissions to execute by the way. The children were then held up to be kissed heartily by their father, and we drove off. This little family scene interested me, and augured well, I thought, for my own chances of comfort and protection.

When we had jogged and jolted on at a reasonable pace for some time, and I had felt my way sufficiently, I began to make some inquiries

into the position and circumstances of my companion. The first few words explained those discrepancies in his features, voice, and appearance, which had struck me.

His grandfather was a Frenchman. His father had married an Irishwoman, and settled in consequence in the south of Ireland. He became, after some changes of fortune, a grazier and cattle-dealer; and having realised a small capital which could not be safely or easily invested in the old country, he had brought out his whole family, and settled his sons on farms in this neighbourhood. Many of the first settlers about this place, generally emigrants of the poorest and lowest description, after clearing a certain portion of the land, gladly disposed of their farms at an advanced price; and thus it is that a considerable improvement has taken place within these few years by the introduction of settlers of a higher grade, who have purchased half-cleared farms, rather than waste toil and time on the wild land.

My new friend, John B——, had a farm of

one hundred and sixty acres, for which, with a log-house and barn upon it, he had paid 800 dollars, (about 200*l.*); he has now one hundred acres of land cleared and laid down in pasture. This is the first instance I have met with in these parts of a grazing farm, the land being almost uniformly arable, and the staple produce of the country, wheat. He told me that he and his brother had applied most advantageously their knowledge of the management and rearing of live stock; he had now thirty cows and eighty sheep. His wife being clever in the dairy, he was enabled to sell a good deal of butter and cheese off his farm, which the neighbourhood of Port Stanley enabled him to ship with advantage. The wolves, he said, were his greatest annoyance; during the last winter they had carried off eight of his sheep and thirteen of his brother's flock, in spite of all their precautions.

The Canadian wolf is about the size of a mastiff, in colour of a dirty yellowish brown, with a black stripe along his back, and a bushy

tail of about a foot in length. His habits are those of the European wolf; they are equally bold, "hungry, and gaunt, and grim," equally destructive, ferocious, and troublesome to the farmer. The Canadian wolves hunt in packs, and their perpetual howling during the winter nights has often been described to me as frightful. The reward given by the magistracy for their destruction (six dollars for each wolf's head) is not enough. In the United States the reward is fifteen and twenty dollars a head, and from their new settlements the wolves are quickly extirpated. *Here*, if they would extend the reward to the Indians, it would be of some advantage; for at present they never think it worth while to expend their powder and shot on an animal whose flesh is uneatable, and the skin of little value; and there can be no doubt that it is the interest of the settlers to get rid of the wolves by all and any means. I have never heard of their destroying a man, but they are the terror of the sheepfold—as the wild cats are of the poultry yard. Bears become scarcer in proportion as the

country is cleared, but there are still a great number in the vast tracts of forest land which afford them shelter. These, in the severe winters, advance to the borders of the settlements, and carry off the pigs and young cattle. Deer still abound, and venison is common food in the cottages and farmhouses.

My guide concluded his account of himself by an eloquent and heartfelt eulogium on his wife, to whom, as he assured me, "he owed all his *peace of mind* from the hour he was married!" Few men, I thought, could say the same. *She*, at least, is not to be numbered among the drooping and repining women of Upper Canada; but then she has left no family—no home on the other side of the Atlantic—all her near relations are settled here in the neighbourhood.

The road continued very tolerable during the greater part of this day, running due west, at a distance of about six or ten miles from the shore of Lake Erie. On either side I met a constant succession of farms partially cleared, and in cul-

tivation, but no village, town, or hamlet. One part of the country through which I passed to-day is settled chiefly by Highlanders, who bring hither all their clannish attachments, and their thrifty, dirty habits—add also their pride and their honesty. We stopped about noon at one of these Highland settlements, to rest the horses and procure refreshments. The house was called Campbell's Inn, and consisted of a log-hut and a cattle-shed. A long pole, stuck into the decayed stump of a tree in front of the hut, served for a sign. The family spoke nothing but Gaelic; a brood of children, ragged, dirty, and without shoes or stockings, (which latter I found hanging against the wall of the best room, as if for a show,) were running about—and all stared upon me with a sort of half-scared, uncouth curiosity, which was quite savage. With some difficulty I made my wants understood, and procured some milk and Indian corn cakes. This family, notwithstanding their wretched appearance, might be considered prosperous. They have a property of two hundred

acres of excellent land, of which sixty acres are cleared, and in cultivation: five cows and forty sheep. They have been settled here sixteen years,—had come out destitute, and obtained their land gratis. For them, what a change from abject poverty and want to independence and plenty! But the advantages are all outward; if there be any inward change, it is apparently retrogradation, not advancement.

I know it has been laid down as a principle, that the more and the closer men are congregated together, the more prevalent is vice of every kind; and that an isolated or scattered population is favourable to virtue and simplicity. It may be so, if you are satisfied with negative virtues and the simplicity of ignorance. But here, where a small population is scattered over a wide extent of fruitful country, where there is not a village or a hamlet for twenty or thirty or forty miles together—where there are no manufactories—where there is almost entire equality of condition—where the means of subsistence are abundant—where there is no

landed aristocracy — no poor laws, nor poor rates, to grind the souls and the substance of the people between them, till nothing remains but chaff, — to what shall we attribute the gross vices, the profligacy, the stupidity, and basely vulgar habits of a great part of the people, who know not even how to enjoy or to turn to profit the inestimable advantages around them?— And, alas for them ! there seems to be no one as yet to take an interest about them, or at least infuse a new spirit into the next generation. In one log-hut in the very heart of the wilderness, where I might well have expected primitive manners and simplicity, I found vulgar finery, vanity, affectation, under the most absurd and disgusting forms, combined with a want of the commonest physical comforts of life, and the total absence of even elementary knowledge. In another I have seen drunkenness, profligacy, stolid indifference to all religion; and in another, the most senseless fanaticism. There are people, I know, who think—who fear, that the advancement of knowledge and civili-

sation must be the increase of vice and insubordination; who deem that a scattered agricultural population, where there is a sufficiency of daily food for the body; where no schoolmaster interferes to infuse ambition and discontent into the abject, self-satisfied mind; where the labourer reads not, writes not, thinks not—only loves, hates, prays, and toils—that such a state must be a sort of Arcadia. Let them come here!—there is no march of intellect here!—there is no “schoolmaster abroad” here! And what are the consequences? Not the most agreeable to contemplate, believe me.

I passed in these journeys some school-houses built by the wayside: of these several were shut up for want of schoolmasters; and who that could earn a subsistence in any other way, would be a schoolmaster in the wilds of Upper Canada? Ill fed, ill clothed, ill paid, or not paid at all—boarded at the houses of the different farmers in turn, I found indeed some few men, poor creatures! always either Scotch or Americans, and totally unfit for the office they had under-

taken. Of female teachers I found none whatever, except in the towns. Among all the excellent societies in London for the advancement of religion and education, are there none to send missionaries here?—such missionaries as we want, be it understood—not sectarian fanatics. Here, without means of instruction, of social amusement, of healthy and innocent excitements—can we wonder that whisky and camp-meetings assume their place, and “season toil” which is unseasoned by anything better?

Nothing, believe me, that you may have heard or read of the frantic disorders of these Methodist love-feasts and camp-meetings in Upper Canada can exceed the truth; and yet it is no less a truth that the Methodists are in most parts the only religious teachers, and that without them the people were utterly abandoned. What then are our church and our government about?*

* “When we consider the prevalent want of a missionary spirit in that branch of the Church of England which has been transplanted to this colony, we doubt whether its members will not be regarded

Here, as in the old country, they are quarrelling about the tenets to be inculcated, the means to be used : and so, while the shepherds are disputing whether the sheep are to be fed on old hay or fresh grass—out of the fold or in the fold—the poor sheep starve, or go astray.

This night I met with a bed and supper at the house of Mrs. Wheatly, the widow of an officer in the commissariat. She keeps the post-office of the Howard township. She told me, as a proof of the increasing population of the district, that the receipts of the post-office, which six years ago had been below ten dollars a quarter, now exceed forty dollars.

rather as novices in their holy religion, mistrustful of their qualifications to become the instructors of the ignorant ; or, which is worse, *in the light of men half persuaded themselves, and therefore hesitating to attempt the conversion of others.*”—Vide Report of the Church Society for converting and civilising the Indians, and propagating the gospel among destitute settlers.

The poor emigrants who have not been long from the old country, round whose hearts tender remembrances of parents, and home, and home friends, yet cling in all the strength of fresh regret and unsubdued longing, sometimes present themselves at the post-offices, and on finding that their letters cost three shillings and four pence, or perhaps five or six shillings, turn away in despair. I have seen such letters not here only, but often and in greater numbers at the larger post-offices;* and have thought with pain how many fond, longing hearts must have bled over

* At Brandtford I saw forty-eight such letters, and an advertisement from the postmaster, setting forth that these letters, if not claimed and paid for by such a time, would be sent to the dead-letter office.

The management of the post-office in Upper Canada will be found among the "grievances" enumerated by the discontented party; and without meaning to attach any blame to the functionaries, I have said enough to show that the letter-post of Canada does not fulfil its purpose of contributing to the solace and advantage of the people, whatever profit it may bring to the revenue.

them. The torture of Tantalus was surely nothing to this.

I supped here on eggs and radishes, and milk and bread. On going to my room, (Mrs. Wheatly had given me up her own,) I found that the door, which had merely a latch, opened into the road. I expressed a wish to fasten it, on which the good lady brought a long nail, and thrust it lengthways over the latch, saying, "That's the way we lock doors in Canada!" The want of a more secure defence did not trouble my rest, for I slept well till morning. After breakfast, my guide, who had found what he called "a shake-down" at a neighbouring farm, made his appearance, and we proceeded.

For the first five or six miles the road continued good, but at length we reached a point where we had to diverge from the Talbot road, and turn into what they call a "town line," a road dividing the Howard from the Harwich township. My companion stopped the team to speak to a young man who was mixing lime, and as he stood talking to us, I thought I had

never seen a better figure and countenance : his accent was Irish ; his language and manner infinitely superior to his dress, which was that of a common workman. I soon understood that he was a member of one of the richest and most respectable families in the whole district, connected by marriage with my driver, who had been boasting to me of their station, education, and various attainments. There were many and kind greetings and inquiries after wives, sisters, brothers, and children. Towards the conclusion of this family conference, the following dialogue ensued.

“ I say, how are the roads before us ? ”

“ Pretty bad ! ” (with an ominous shake of the head.)

“ Would we get on at all, do you think ? ”

“ Well, I don't know but you may. ”

“ If only we a'n't *mired down* in that big hole up by Harris's, plaze God, we'll do finely ! Have they done anything up there ? ”

“ No, I don't know that they have ; but (with a glance and a good-humoured smile at me)

don't be frightened! you have a good stout team there. I dare say you'll get along—first or last!”

“How are the mosquitos?”

“Pretty bad too; it is cloudy, and then they are always worse; but there is some wind, and that's in your favour again. However, you've a long and a hard day's work, and I wish you well through it; if you cannot manage, come back to *us*—that's all! Good-bye!” And lifting the gay handkerchief knotted round his head, he bowed us off with the air of a nobleman.

Thus encouraged, we proceeded; and though I was not *mired down*, nor yet absolutely eaten up, I suffered from both the threatened plagues, and that most severely. The road was scarcely passable; there were no longer cheerful farms and clearings, but the dark pine forest, and the rank swamp, crossed by those terrific corduroy paths, (my bones ache at the mere recollection!) and deep holes and pools of rotted vegetable matter, mixed with water, black, bottomless

sloughs of despond! The very horses paused on the brink of some of these mud-gulfs, and trembled ere they made the plunge downwards. I set my teeth, screwed myself to my seat, and commended myself to Heaven—but I was well nigh dislocated! At length I abandoned my seat altogether, and made an attempt to recline on the straw at the bottom of the cart, disposing my cloaks, carpet-bags, and pillow, so as to afford some support—but all in vain; myself and all my well-contrived edifice of comfort were pitched hither and thither, and I expected at every moment to be thrown over headlong; while to walk, or to escape by any means from my disagreeable situation, was as impossible as if I had been in a ship's cabin in the midst of a rolling sea.

But the worst was yet to come. At the entrance of a road through the woods,

If road that might be called where road was none
Distinguishable,

we stopped a short time to gain breath and courage, and refresh the poor horses before

plunging into a forest of about twenty miles in extent.

The inn—the only one within a circuit of more than five-and-thirty miles, presented the usual aspect of these forest inns; that is, a rude log-hut, with one window and one room, answering all purposes, a lodging or sleeping place being divided off at one end by a few planks; outside, a shed of bark and boughs for the horses, and a hollow trunk of a tree disposed as a trough. Some of the trees around it were in full and luxuriant foliage; others, which had been girdled, stood bare and ghastly in the sunshine. To understand the full force of the scripture phrase, “desolate as a lodge in a wilderness,” you should come here! The inmates, from whom I could not obtain a direct or intelligible answer to any question, continued during the whole time to stare upon me with stupid wonder. I took out a card to make a sketch of the place. A man stood near me, looking on, whose appearance was revolting beyond description—hideous, haggard, and worn,

sinewy, and fierce, and squalid. He led in one hand a wild-looking urchin of three or four years old; in the other he was crushing a beautiful young pigeon, which panted and struggled within his bony grasp in agony and terror. I looked on it, pitying.

“Don’t hurt it!”

He replied with a grin, and giving the wretched bird another squeeze, “No, no, I won’t hurt it.”

“Do you live here?”

“Yes, I have a farm hard by—in the bush here.”

“How large is it?”

“One hundred and forty acres.”

“How much cleared?”

“Five or six acres—thereabout.”

“How long have you been on it?”

“Five years.”

“And only five acres cleared? That is very little in five years. I have seen people who had cleared twice that quantity of land in half the time.”

He replied, almost with fierceness, "Then they had money, or friends, or hands to help them; I have neither. I have in this wide world only myself! and set a man with only a pair of hands at one of them big trees there!—see what he'll make of it! You may swing the axe here from morning to night for a week before you let the daylight in upon you."

"You are right!" I said, in compassion and self-reproach, "and I was wrong! pray excuse me!"

"No offence."

"Are you from the old country?"

"No, I was *raised* here."

"What will you do with your pigeon there?"

"O, it will do for the boy's supper, or may be he may like it best to play with."

I offered to redeem its life at the price of a shilling, which I held out. He stretched forth immediately one of his huge hands and eagerly clutched the shilling, at the same moment opening the other, and releasing his captive; it fluttered for a moment helplessly, but soon re-

covering its wings, wheeled round our heads, and then settled in the topmost boughs of a sugar-maple. The man turned away with an exulting laugh, thinking, no doubt, that he had the best of the bargain—but upon this point we differed.

Turning the horses' heads again westward, we plunged at once into the deep forest, where there was absolutely no road, no path, except that which is called a *blazed* path, where the trees marked on either side are the only direction to the traveller. How savagely, how solemnly wild it was! So thick was the overhanging foliage, that it not only shut out the sunshine, but almost the daylight; and we travelled on through a perpetual gloom of vaulted boughs and intermingled shade. There were no flowers here—no herbage. The earth beneath us was a black, rich vegetable mould, into which the cart-wheels sank a foot deep; a rank, reedy grass grew round the roots of the

trees, and sheltered rattlesnakes and reptiles. The timber was all hard timber, walnut, beech, and bass-wood, and oak and maple of most luxuriant growth; here and there the lightning had struck and shivered one of the loftiest of these trees, riving the great trunk in two, and flinging it horizontally upon its companions. There it lay, in strangely picturesque fashion, clasping with its huge boughs their outstretched arms as if for support. Those which had been hewn to open a path lay where they fell, and over their stumps and roots the cart had to be lifted or dragged. Sometimes a swamp or morass lay in our road, partly filled up or laid over with trunks of fallen trees, by way of bridge.

As we neared the limits of the forest, some new clearings broke in upon the solemn twilight monotony of our path: the aspect of these was almost uniform, presenting an opening of felled trees of about an acre or two; the commencement of a log-house; a patch of ground surrounded by a snake-fence, enclosing the first crop of wheat, and perhaps a little Indian corn;

great heaps of timber-trees and brushwood laid together and burning; a couple of oxen, dragging along another enormous trunk to add to the pile. These were the general features of the picture, framed in, as it were, by the dark mysterious woods. Here and there I saw a few cows, but no sheep. I remember particularly one of these clearings, which looked more desolate than the rest; there was an unfinished log-house, only one half roofed in and habitable, and this presented some attempt at taste, having a small rustic porch or portico, and the windows on either side framed. No ground was fenced in, and the newly-felled timber lay piled in heaps ready to burn; around lay the forest, its shadows darkening, deepening as the day declined. But what rivetted my attention was the light figure of a female, arrayed in a silk gown and a handsome shawl, who was pacing up and down in front of the house, with a slow step and pensive air. She had an infant lying on her arm, and in the other hand she waved a green bough, to keep off the mosquitos. I

wished to stop—to speak, though at the hazard of appearing impertinent; but my driver represented so strongly the danger of being benighted within the verge of the forest, that I reluctantly suffered him to proceed,

“And oft look’d back upon that vision fair,
And wondering ask’d, whence and how came it there?”

At length we emerged from the forest-path into a plain, through which ran a beautiful river (my old acquaintance the Thames,) “winding at his own sweet will,” and farmhouses with white walls and green shutters were scattered along its banks, and cheerful voices were heard, shouts of boys at play, sounds of labour and of life; and over all lay the last glow of the sinking sun. How I blessed the whole scene in my heart! Yes, I can well conceive what the exulting and joyous life of the hunter may be, roaming at large and independent through these boundless forests; but, believe me, that to be dragged along in a heavy cart through their impervious shades, tormented by mosquitos, shut

in on every side from the light and from the free air of heaven, is quite another thing; and its effect upon me, at least, was to bring down the tone of the mind and reflections to a gloomy, inert, vague resignation, or rather dejection, which made it difficult at last to speak. The first view of the beautiful little town of Chatham made my sinking spirits bound like the sight of a friend. There was, besides, the hope of a good inn; for my driver had cheered me on during the last few miles by a description of "Freeman's Hotel," which he said was one of the best in the whole district. Judge then of my disappointment to learn that Mr. Freeman, in consequence of the "high price of wheat," could no longer afford to take in hungry travellers, and had "no accommodation." I was driven to take refuge in a miserable little place, where I fared as ill as possible. I was shown to a bedroom without chair or table; but I was too utterly beaten down by fatigue and dejection, too sore in body and spirit, to remonstrate, or even to stir hand or foot. Wrapping

my cloak round me, I flung myself on the bed, and was soon in a state of forgetfulness of all discomforts and miseries. Next morning I rose refreshed and able to bestir myself; and by dint of bribing, and bawling, and scolding, and cajoling, I at length procured plenty of hot and cold water, and then a good breakfast of eggs, tea, and corn-cakes;—and then I set forth to reconnoitre.

So westward tow'r'd the unviolated woods
I bent my way—
But that pure archetype of human greatness
I found him not. There in his stead appeared
A creature squalid, vengeful, and impure,
Remorseless, and submissive to no law,
But superstitious fear or abject sloth.

WORDSWORTH.

At Chatham, in the Western District, and on
board the steam-boat, between Chatham and
Detroit. July 12, 13.

I CAN hardly imagine a more beautiful or more
fortunate position for a new city than this of
Chatham; (you will find it on the map just
upon that neck of land between Lake St. Clair
and Lake Erie.) It is sufficiently inland to be
safe, or easily secured against the sudden attacks
of a foreign enemy; the river Thames is navi-

gable from the mouth up to the town, a distance of sixteen miles, for all kinds of lake craft, including steamers and schooners of the largest class. Lake St. Clair, into which the Thames discharges itself, is between Lake Erie and Lake Huron; the banks are formed of extensive prairies of exhaustless fertility, where thousands of cattle might roam and feed at will. As a port and depôt for commerce, its position and capabilities can hardly be surpassed, while as an agricultural country it may be said literally to flow with milk and honey. A rich soil, abundant pasture, no rent, no taxes—what here is wanting but more intelligence and a better employment of capital to prevent the people from sinking into brutified laziness, and stimulate to something like mental activity and improvement? The profuse gifts of nature are here running to waste, while hundreds and thousands in the old country are trampling over each other in the eager, hungry conflict for daily food.

This land of Upper Canada is in truth the very paradise of hope. In spite of all I see and

hear, which might well move to censure, to regret, to pity,—how much there is in which the trustful spirit may reasonably rejoice! It would be possible, looking at things under one aspect, to draw such a picture of the mistakes of the government, the corruption of its petty agents, the social backwardness and moral destitution of the people, as would shock you, and tempt you to regard Canada as a place of exile for convicts. On the other hand, I could, without deviating from the sober and literal truth, give you such vivid pictures of the beauty and fertility of this land of the west, of its glorious capabilities for agriculture and commerce, of the goodness and kindness and resources of poor, much-abused human nature, as developed amid all the crushing influences of oppression, ignorance, and prejudice; and of the gratitude and self-complacency of those who have exchanged want, servitude, and hopeless toil at home, for plenty and independence and liberty here,—as would transport you in fancy into an earthly elysium. Thus, as I travel on, I am

disgusted, or I am enchanted; I despair or I exult by turns; and these inconsistent and apparently contradictory emotions and impressions I set down as they arise, leaving you to reconcile them as well as you can, and make out the result for yourself.

It is seldom that in this country the mind is ever carried backward by associations or recollections of any kind. Horace Walpole said of Italy, that it was "a land in which the memory saw more than the eye," and in Canada hope must play the part of memory. It is all the difference between seed-time and harvest. We are rich in anticipation, but poor in possession—more poor in memorials. Some vague and general traditions, of no interest whatever to the ignorant settlers, do indeed exist, of horrid conflicts between the Hurons and the Iroquois, all along these shores, in the time and before the time of the French dominion; of the enterprise and daring of the early fur traders; above all, of the unrequited labours and sacrifices of the missionaries, whether Jesuits or Moravians, or Methodists, some of whom perished in tor-

tures; others devoted themselves to the most horrible privations—each for what he believed to be the cause of truth, and for the diffusion of the light of salvation; none near to applaud the fortitude with which they died, or to gain hope and courage from their example. During the last war between Great Britain and the United States*—that war, in its commencement dishonourable to the Americans, in its conclusion shameful to the British, and in its progress disgraceful and demoralising to both;—that war, which began and was continued in the worst passions of our nature, cupidity and vengeance;—which brought no advantage to any one human being—not even the foolish noise and empty glory which wait oftentimes on human conflicts; a war scarce heard of in Europe, even by the mother country, who paid its cost in millions, and in the blood of some of her best subjects; a war obscure, fratricidal, and barbarous, which has left behind no effect but a mutual exasperation and distress along the frontiers of both

* In 1813.

nations ; and a hatred which, like hatred between near kinsmen, is more bitter and irreconcilable than any hostility between the mercenary armies of rival nations ; for here, not only the two governments quarrelled—but the people, their institutions, feelings, opinions, prejudices, local and personal interests, were brought into collision ;—during this vile, profitless, and unnatural war, a battle was fought near Chatham, called by some the battle of the Thames, and by others the battle of the Moravian towns, in which the Americans, under General Harrison, beat General Proctor with considerable loss. But it is chiefly worthy of notice, as the last scene of the life of T cumseh, a Shawanee chief, of whom it is possible you may not have heard, but who is the historical hero of these wild regions. Some American writers call him the “Indian Napoleon ;” both began their plans of policy and conquest about the same time, and both about the same time terminated their career, the one by captivity, the other by death. But the genius of the Indian warrior

and his exploits were limited to a narrow field along the confines of civilisation, and their record is necessarily imperfect. It is clear that he had entertained the daring and really magnificent plan formerly embraced by Pontiac—that of uniting all the Indian tribes and nations in a league against the whites. That he became the ally of the British was not from friendship to us, but hatred to the Americans, whom it was his first object to repel from any further encroachments on the rights and territories of the Red men—in vain! These attempts of a noble and a fated race, to oppose, or even to delay for a time, the rolling westward of the great tide of civilisation, are like efforts to dam up the rapids of Niagara. The moral world has its laws, fixed as those of physical nature. The hunter must make way before the agriculturist, and the Indian must learn to take the bit between his teeth, and set his hand to the ploughshare, or *perish*. As yet I am inclined to think that the idea of the Indians becoming what *we* call a civilised people seems quite hopeless; those who enter-

tain such benevolent anticipations should come here, and behold the effect which three centuries of contact with the whites have produced on the nature and habits of the Indian. The benevolent theorists in England should come and see with their own eyes that there is a bar to the civilisation of the Indians, and the increase or even preservation of their numbers, which no power can overleap. Their own principle, that "the Great Spirit did indeed create both the red man and the white man, but created them essentially different in nature and manners," is not perhaps far from the truth.

There is a large settlement of Moravian Indians located above Chatham, on the river Thames. They are a tribe of Delawares, and have been for a number of years congregated under the care of Moravian Missionaries, and living on the lands reserved for them by the British government; a fertile and beautiful region, comprehending about one hundred thousand acres of the richest soil of the province. Part of this district has been purchased from

them by the present Lieutenant-governor; a measure for which he has been severely censured, for the tribe were by no means unanimous in consenting to part with their possessions. About one hundred and fifty refused to agree, but they were in the minority, and twenty-five thousand acres of rich land have been ceded to the government, and are already lotted out in townships.*

The Moravian missionary from whom I had these particulars, seemed an honest, commonplace man, pious, conscientious, but very simple, and very ignorant on every subject but that of his mission. He told me further, that the Moravians had resided among these Delawares from generation to generation, since the first establishment of the mission in the Southern States, in

* The terms are 150*l.* a year for ever—a sum which the governor truly calls “trifling.” The “for ever” is like to be of short duration, for the tribe will soon be lost beyond the Missouri, or extinct, or amalgamated: these pensions also are seldom paid in dollars, but in goods, on which there is always a profit.

1735; from that period to 1772, seven hundred and twenty Indians had been baptized. The War of the Revolution, in all its results, had fallen heavily on them; they had been driven northwards from one settlement to another, from the banks of the Delaware to that of the Ohio—from the Ohio beyond the lakes—and now they were driven from this last refuge. His assistant, Brother Vogler, was about to emigrate west with the one hundred and fifty families who objected to the sale of their lands. They were going to join a remnant of their nation beyond the Missouri, and he added that he himself would probably soon follow with the rest, for he did not expect that they would be able to retain the residue of their lands; no doubt they would be required for the use of the white settlers, and if government urged on the purchase, they had no means of resisting. He admitted that only a small portion of the tribe under his care and tuition could be called Christians; there were about two hundred and thirty baptized out of seven hundred, principally women and children, and yet the mis-

sion has been established and supported for more than a century. Their only chance, he said, was with the children; and on my putting the question to him in a direct form, he replied decidedly, that he considered the civilisation and conversion of the Indians, *to any great extent*, a hopeless task.

He admitted the reasonableness and the truth of those motives and facts, which had induced the Lieutenant-governor to purchase so large a portion of the Delaware hunting-grounds: that they lay in the midst of the white settlements, and were continually exposed to the illegal encroachments as well as the contagious example of the whites: that numbers of the tribe were half-cast—that nearly the whole were in a frightful state of degeneration, addicted to the use of ardent spirits, which they found it easy to procure; and, from the gradual diminution of the wild animals, and their own depravity and indolence, miserably poor and wretched; and that such was the diminution of their numbers from year to year, there seemed no hope for

them but in removing them as far as possible from the influence of the whites. All this he allowed, and it certainly excuses the Governor, if you consider only the expediency and the benevolence, independent of the justice, of the measure.

God forbid that I should attempt to make light of the zeal and the labours of the missionaries in this land. *They* only stand between the Indian and his oppressors, and by their generous self-devotion in some measure atone for the injuries and soften the mischiefs which have been inflicted by their countrymen and fellow Christians; but while speaking with this worthy, simple-minded man, I could not help wishing that he had united more knowledge and judgment with his conscientious piety—more ability with good-will—more discretion with faith and zeal. The spirit was willing, but it was weak. The ignorance and intolerance of some of these enthusiastic, well-meaning men, have done as much injury to the good cause for which they suffered and preached, as their

devotion and self-sacrifices have done honour to the same cause and to human nature. Take, for instance, the following scene, as described with great naïveté by one of these very Moravians. After a conference with some of the Delaware chief men, in which they were informed that the missionaries had come to teach them a better and purer religion, of which the one fundamental principle, leading to eternal salvation, was belief in the Redeemer, and atonement through his blood for the sins of all mankind — all which was contained in the book which he held in his hand,—“Wangoman, a great chief and medicine-man among them, rose to reply. He began by tracing two lines on the ground, and endeavoured to explain that there were two ways which led alike to God and to happiness, the way of the Red man, and the way of the White man, but the way of the Red man, he said, was the straighter and the shorter of the two.”

The missionary here interposed, and represented that God himself had descended on earth

to teach men the *true* way. Wangoman declared that “ he had been intimately acquainted with God for many years, and had never heard that God became a man and shed his blood, and therefore the God of whom Brother Zeisberger preached could not be the true God, or he, Wangoman, would have been made acquainted with the circumstance.”

The missionary then declared, “in the power of the spirit, that the God in whom Wangoman and his Indians believed was no other than the devil, the father of lies.” Wangoman replied in a very moderate tone, “ I cannot understand your doctrine ; it is quite new and strange to me. If it be true,” he added, “ that the Great Spirit came down into the world, became a man and suffered so much, I assure you the Indians are not in fault, but the white men alone. God has given us the beasts of the forest for food, and our employment is to hunt them. We know nothing of your book—we cannot learn it ; it is much too difficult for an Indian to comprehend.”

Brother Zeisberger replied, “ I will tell you

the reason of it. Satan is the prince of darkness : where he reigns all is dark, and he dwells in you—therefore you can comprehend nothing of God and his word; but when you return from the evil of your ways, and come as a wretched lost sinner to Jesus Christ, it may be that he will have mercy upon you. Do not delay therefore; make haste and save your poor souls !” &c.*

I forbear to repeat the rest, because it would seem as if I intended to turn it into ridicule, which Heaven knows I do not ; for it is of far too serious import. But if it be in this style that the simple and sublime precepts of Christianity are first presented to the understanding of the Indians, can we wonder at the little progress hitherto made in converting them to the truth? And with regard to all attempts to civilise them, what should the red man see in the civilisation of the white man which should move

* History of the Missions of the United Brethren among the Indians of North America, translated from the German.

him to envy or emulation, or raise in his mind a wish to exchange his "own unshackled life, and his innate capacities of soul," for our artificial social habits, our morals, which are contradicted by our opinions, and our religion, which is violated both in our laws and our lives? When the good missionary said, with emphasis, that there was no hope for the conversion of the Indians but in removing them as far as possible from all intercourse with Europeans, he spoke a terrible truth, confirmed by all I see and hear—by the opinion of every one I have spoken to, who has ever had any intercourse with these people. It will be said, as it has often been said, that *here* it is the selfishness of the white man which speaks; that it is for his interest, and for his worldly advantage, that the red man should be removed out of his way, and be thrust back from the extending limits of civilisation—even like these forests, which fall before us, and vanish from the earth, leaving for a while some decaying stumps and roots over which the plough goes in time, and no vestige remains

to say that here they *have been*. True; it is for the advantage of the European agriculturist or artisan, that the hunter of the woods, who requires the range of many hundred square miles of land for the adequate support of a single family, should make way for populous towns, and fields teeming with the means of subsistence for thousands. There is no denying this; and if there be those who think that in the present state of things the interests of the red man and the white man can ever be blended, and their natures and habits brought to harmonise, then I repeat, let them come here, and behold and see the heathen and the so-called Christian placed in near neighbourhood and comparison; and judge what are the chances for both! Wherever the Christian comes, he brings the Bible in one hand, disease, corruption, and the accursed fire-water, in the other; or flinging down the book of peace, he boldly and openly proclaims that might gives right, and substitutes the sabre and the rifle for the slower desolation of starvation and whisky.

Every means hitherto provided by the Canadian government for the protection of the Indians against the whites has failed. Every prohibition of the use or sale of ardent spirits among them has proved a mere mockery. The refusal of the white population along the back settlements have no perception of the genuine virtues of the Indian character. They see only their inferiority in the commonest arts of life ; their subjection to our power ; they contemn them, oppress them, cheat them, corrupt their women, and deprave them by the means and example of drunkenness. The missionaries alone have occasionally succeeded in averting or alleviating these evils, at least in some degree ; but their influence is very, very limited. The chiefs and warriors of the different tribes are perfectly aware of the monstrous evils introduced by the use of ardent spirits. They have held councils, and made resolutions for themselves and their people to abstain from their use ; but the very first temptation generally oversets all these good resolves. My Moravian friend described

this intense passion for intoxicating liquors with a sort of awe and affright, and attributed it to the direct agency of the devil. Another missionary relates that soon after the Delaware Indians had agreed among themselves to reject every temptation of the kind, and punish those who yielded to it, a white dealer in rum came among them, and placing himself in the midst of one of their villages, with a barrel of spirits beside him, he introduced a straw into it, and with many professions of civility and friendship to his Indian friends, he invited every one to come and take a suck through the straw *gratis*. A young Indian approached with a grave and pensive air and slow step, but suddenly turning round, he ran off precipitately as one terrified. Soon after he returned, he approached yet nearer, but again ran off in the same manner as before. The third time he suffered himself to be persuaded by the white man to put his lips to the straw. No sooner had he tasted of the fiery drink, than he offered all his wampum for a dram; and subsequently parted with everything

he possessed, even his rifle and his blanket, for more.

I have another illustrative anecdote for you, which I found among a number of documents, submitted to the society established at Toronto, for converting and civilising the Indians. There can be no doubt of its truth, and it is very graphically told. The narrator is a travelling schoolmaster, who has since been taken into the service of the society, but whose name I have forgotten.

“ In the winter of 1832, I was led, partly by business and partly by the novelty of the enterprise, to walk from the Indian Establishment of Coldwater, to the Sault St. Marie, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

“ The lake was well frozen, and the ice moderately covered with snow; with the assistance of snow-shoes, we were enabled to travel a distance

of fifty miles in a day; but my business not requiring any expedition, I was tempted to linger among the thousand isles of Lake Huron. I hoped to ascertain some facts with regard to the real mode of life of the Indians frequenting the north side of the lake. With this view, I made a point of visiting every wigwam that we approached, and could, if it were my present purpose, detail many interesting pictures of extreme misery and destitution. Hunger, filth, and ignorance, with an entire absence of all knowledge of a Supreme Being, here reign triumphant.*

“Near the close of a long and fatiguing day, my Indian guide came on the recent track of a single Indian, and, anxious to please me, pursued it to the head of a very deep bay. We passed two of those holes in the ice which the

* We should perhaps read, “An entire absence of all knowledge of a Supreme Being, as revealed to us in the gospel of Christ;” for I never heard of any tribe of north-west Indians, however barbarous, who had not the notion of a God, (the Great Spirit,) and of a future life.

Indians use for fishing, and at one of them noticed, from the quantity of blood on the snow, that the spear had lately done considerable execution. At a very short distance from the shore, the track led us past the remains of a wigwam, adjoining to which we observed a large canoe and a small hunting canoe, both carefully laid up for the winter. After a considerable ascent, a narrow winding path brought us into a deep hollow, about four hundred yards from the bay. Here, surrounded on every side by hills, on the margin of one of the smallest inland lakes, we came to a wigwam, the smoke from which showed us that it was occupied. The path for a considerable distance was lined on both sides by billets of firewood, and a blanket cleaner than usual, suspended before the entrance, gave me at the very first a favourable opinion of the inmates. I noticed on the right hand a dog-train, and on the left, two pair of snow-shoes, and two barrels of salt-fish. The wigwam was of the square form, and so large, that I was surprised to find it occu-

pied by two Indians only—a young man and his wife.

“ We were soon made welcome, and I had leisure to look round me in admiration of the comfort displayed in the arrangement of the interior. A covering of fresh branches of the young hemlock-pine was neatly spread all round. In the centre of the right hand side, as we entered, the master of the lodge was seated on a large mat; his wife occupied the station at his left hand; good and clean mats were spread for myself and my guide—my own being opposite the entrance, and my guide occupying the remaining side of the wigwam. Three dogs, well conditioned, and of a large breed, lay before the fire.—So much for the live stock. At the back of the wife, I saw, suspended near the door, a tin can full of water, with a small tin cup; next to it, a mat bag filled with tin dishes, and wooden spoons of Indian manufacture; above that were several portions of female dress—ornamented leggings, two showy shawls, &c. A small chest and bag were behind her

on the ground. At the back of the Indian were suspended two spear heads, of three prongs each; an American rifle, an English fowling-piece, and an Indian chief piece, with shot and bullet pouches, and two powder horns; there were also a highly ornamented capuchin, and a pair of new blanket leggings. The corner was occupied by a small red-painted chest; a morkkuk of sugar was placed in the corner on my right hand, and a barrel of flour, half empty, on the right hand of my Indian; and between that and the door were hanging three large salmon trout, and several pieces of dried deer flesh. In the centre, as usual, we had a bright blazing fire, over which three kettles gave promise of one of the comforts of weary travellers. Our host had arrived but a few minutes before us, and was busied in pulling off his moccasins and blankets when we entered. We had scarcely time to remove our leggings and change our moccasins, preparatory to a full enjoyment of the fire, when the Indian's wife

was prepared to set before us a plentiful mess of boiled fish; this was followed in a short space by soup made of deer flesh and Indian corn, and our repast terminated with hot cakes baked in the ashes, in addition to the tea supplied from my own stores.

“Before daylight on the following morning we were about to set out, but could not be allowed to depart without again partaking of refreshment. Boiled and broiled fish were set before us, and to my surprise, the young Indian, before partaking of it, knelt to pray aloud. His prayer was short and fervent, and without that whining tone in which I had been accustomed to hear the Indians address the Deity. It appeared to combine the manliness and humility which one would naturally expect to find in an address spoken from the heart, and not got up for theatrical effect.

“On taking our departure, I tried to scan the countenance of our host, and I flatter myself I could not mistake the marks of unfeigned plea-

sure at having exercised the feelings of hospitality, mixed with a little pride in the display of the riches of his wigwam.

“You may be sure I did not omit the opportunity of diving into the secret of all his comfort and prosperity. It could not escape observation that here was real civilisation, and I anxiously sought for some explanation of the difference between the habits of this Indian and his neighbours. The story was soon told:—He had been brought up at the British Settlement on Drummond Island, where, when a child, he had, in frequent conversations, but in no studied form, heard the principles of religion explained, and he had been told to observe the sabbath, and to pray to the Almighty. Industry and prudence had been frequently enjoined, and, above all things, an abhorrence of ardent spirits. Under the influence of this wholesome advice, his hunting, fishing, and sugar-making had succeeded to such an extent, as to provide him with every necessary and many luxuries. He already had abundance, and still retained some few skins,

which he hoped, during the winter, to increase to an amount sufficient to purchase him the indulgence of a barrel of pork, and additional clothing for himself and his wife.

“Further explanation was unnecessary, and the wearisomeness of this day’s journey was pleasantly beguiled by reflections on the simple means by which a mind, yet in a state of nature, may be saved from degradation, and elevated to the best feelings of humanity.

“Shall I lift the same blanket after the lapse of eighteen months?—The second summer has arrived since my last visit; the wigwam on the Lake shore, the fit residence of summer, is unoccupied—the fire is still burning in the wigwam of winter: but the situation, which has warmth and quiet to recommend it at that season when cold is our greatest enemy, is now gloomy and dark.—Wondering what could have induced my friends to put up with the melancholy of the deep forest, instead of the sparkling of the sun-lit wave, I hastened to enter. How dreadful the change! There was, indeed, the

same Indian girl that I had left healthy, cheerful, contented, and happy; but whisky, hunger, and distress of mind had marked her countenance with the furrows of premature old age. An infant, whose aspect was little better than its mother's, was hanging at her breast, half dressed and filthy. Every part of the wigwam was ruinous and dirty, and, with the exception of one kettle, entirely empty. Not one single article of furniture, clothing, or provision remained. Her husband had left in the morning to go out to fish, and she had not moved from the spot; this I thought strange, as his canoe and spear were on the beach. In a short time he returned, but without any food. He had, indeed, set out to fish, but had lain down to sleep in the bush, and had been awakened by his dog barking on our arrival. He appeared worn down and helpless both in body and mind, and seated himself in listless silence in his place in the wigwam.

“Producing pork and flour from my travelling stores, I requested his wife to cook them. They

were prepared, and I looked anxiously at the Indian, expecting to hear his accustomed prayer. He did not move. I therefore commenced asking a blessing, and was astonished to observe him immediately rise and walk out of the wigwam.

“However, his wife and child joined us in partaking of the food, which they ate voraciously. In a little time the Indian returned and lay down. My curiosity was excited, and although anxious not to distress his feelings, I could not avoid seeking some explanation of the change I observed. It was with difficulty I ascertained the following facts:—

“On the opening of the spring of 1833, the Indian having got a sufficiency of furs for his purpose, set off to a distant trading post to make his purchase. The trader presented him with a plug of tobacco and a pipe on his entrance, and offered him a glass of whisky, which he declined; the trader was then occupied with other customers, but soon noticed the respectable collection of furs in the pack of the poor

Indian. He was marked as his victim, and not expecting to be able to impose upon him unless he made him drunk, he determined to accomplish this by indirect means.

“As soon as the store was clear of other customers, he entered into conversation with the Indian, and invited him to join him in drinking a glass of cider, which he unhesitatingly accepted; the cider was mixed with brandy, and soon began to affect the mind of the Indian; a second and a third glass were taken, and he became completely intoxicated. In this state the trader dealt with him; but it was not at first that even the draught he had taken could overcome his lessons of prudence. He parted with only one skin; the trader was, therefore, obliged to continue his contrivances, which he did with such effect, that for three weeks the Indian remained eating, drinking, and sleeping in his store. At length all the fur was sold, and the Indian returned home with only a few ribbons and beads, and a bottle of whisky. The evil example of the husband, added to vexation

of mind, broke the resolution of the wife, and she, too, partook of the accursed liquor. From this time there was no change. The resolution of the Indian once broken, his pride of spirit, and consequently his firmness, were gone; he became a confirmed drinker—his wife's and his own ornamented dresses, and at length all the furniture of his wigwam, even the guns and traps on which his hunting depended, were all sold to the store for whisky. When I arrived, they had been two days without food, and the Indian had not energy to save himself and his family from starvation.

“All the arguments that occurred to me I made use of to convince the Indian of his folly, and to induce him even now to begin life again, and redeem his character. He heard me in silence. I felt that I should be distressing them by remaining all night, and prepared to set out again, first giving to the Indian a dollar, desiring him to purchase food with it at the nearest store, and promising shortly to see him again.

“I had not proceeded far on my journey, when

it appeared to me, that by remaining with them for the night, and in the morning renewing my solicitations to them, I might assist still more to effect a change. I therefore turned back, and in about two hours arrived again at the wigwam. The Indian had set off for the store, but had not returned. His wife still remained seated where I left her, and during the whole night (the Indian never coming back) neither moved nor raised her head. Morning came; I quickly despatched breakfast, and leaving my baggage, with the assistance of my guide set out for the trader's store. It was distant about two miles. I inquired for the Indian. He came there the evening before with a dollar: he purchased a pint of whisky, for which he paid half a dollar, and with the remainder bought six pounds of flour. He remained until he had drunk the whisky, and then requested to have the flour exchanged for another pint of whisky. This was done, and having consumed that also, he was so "stupidly drunk," (to use the words of the trader,) that it was necessary to shut him

out of the store on closing it for the night. Search was immediately made for him, and at the distance of a few yards he was found lying on his face dead.”

THAT the poor Indians to whom reserved lands have been granted, and who, on the faith of treaties, have made their homes and gathered themselves into villages on such lands, should, whenever it is deemed expedient, be driven out of their possessions, either by purchase, or by persuasion, or by force, or by measures which include all three, and sent to seek a livelihood in distant and strange regions—as in the case of these Delawares—is horrible, and bears cruelty and injustice on the face of it. To say that they cannot exist in amicable relation with the whites, without depravation of their morals, is a fearful imputation on us as Christians;—but thus it is. And I do wish that those excellent and benevolent people who have taken the cause of the aborigines to heart, and are making ap-

peals in their behalf to the justice of the government and the compassion of the public, would, instead of theorising in England, come out here and behold the actual state of things with their own eyes—and having seen all, let them say *what* is to be done, and what chances exist, for the independence, and happiness, and morality of a small remnant of Indians residing on a block of land, six miles square, surrounded on every side by a white population. To insure the accomplishment of those benevolent and earnest aspirations, in which so many good people indulge, what is required? what is expected? Of the white men such a pitch of lofty and self-sacrificing virtue, of humane philosophy and christian benevolence, that the future welfare of the wronged people they have supplanted shall be preferred above their own immediate interest—nay, their own immediate existence: of the red man, that he shall forget the wild hunter blood flowing through his veins, and take the plough in hand, and wield the axe and the spade instead of the rifle and the fish-

spear ! Truly they know not what they ask, who ask this ; and among all those with whom I have conversed—persons familiar from thirty to forty years together with the Indians and their mode of life—I never heard but one opinion on the subject. Without casting the slightest imputation on the general honesty of intention of the missionaries and others delegated and well paid by various societies to teach and protect the Indians, still I will say that the enthusiasm of some, the self-interest of others, and an unconscious mixture of pious enthusiasm and self-interest in many more, render it necessary to take their testimony with some reservation ; for often with them “the wish is father to the thought” set down ; and feeling no lack of faith in their cause or in themselves, they look for miracles, such as waited on the missions of the apostles of old. But in the mean time, and by human agency, what is to be done ? Nothing so easy as to point out evils and injuries, resulting from foregone events, or deep-seated in natural and necessary causes, and lament over them with

resistless eloquence in verse and prose, or hold them up to the sympathy and indignation of the universe; but let the real friends of religion, humanity, and the poor Indians, set down a probable and feasible remedy for their wrongs and miseries; and follow it up, as the advocates for the abolition of the slave-trade followed up their just and glorious purpose. With a definite object and plan, much might be done; but mere declamation against the evil does little good. The people who propose remedies, forget that there are two parties concerned. I remember to have read in some of the early missionary histories, that one of the Jesuit fathers, (Father le Jeune,) full of sympathy and admiration for the noble qualities and lofty independence of the converted Indians, who could not and would not work, suggested the propriety of sending out some of the French peasantry to work and till the ground for them, as the only means of keeping them from running off to the woods. A doubtful sort of philanthropy, methinks! but it shows how *one-sided* a life's devotion to one

particular object will make even a benevolent and a just man.

Higher up, on the river Thames, and above the Moravian settlements, a small tribe of the Chippewa nation has been for some time located. They have apparently attained a certain degree of civilisation, live in log-huts instead of bark wigwams, and have, from necessity, turned their attention to agriculture. I have now in my pocket-book an original document sent up from these Indians to the Indian agency at Toronto. It runs thus :

“ We, the undersigned chiefs of the Chippewa Indians of Colborne on the Thames, hereby request Mr. Superintendent Clench to procure for us—

“ One yoke of working oxen.

“ Six ploughs.

“ Thirty-three tons of hay.

“ One hundred bushels of oats.

“ The price of the above to be deducted from our land-payments.”

Signed by ten chiefs, or, more properly, chief

men, of the tribe, of whom one, the Beaver, signs his name in legible characters; the others, as is usual with the Indians, affix each their *totem*, (crest or sign-manual,) being a rude scratch of a bird, fish, deer, &c. Another of these papers, similarly signed, contains a requisition for working tools and mechanical instruments of various kinds. This looks well, and it *is* well; but what are the present state and probable progress of this Chippewa settlement? Why, one half the number at least are half cast, and as the whole population closes and thickens around them, we shall see in another generation or two none of entire Indian blood; they will become, at length, almost wholly amalgamated with the white people. Is this *civilising the Indians*?*

* The Indian village of Lorette, near Quebec, which I visited subsequently, is a case in point. Seven hundred Indians, a wretched remnant of the Huron tribe, had once been congregated here under the protection of the Jesuits, and had always been cited as examples of what might be accomplished in the task of conversion and civilisation. When I was there, the number

I should observe, that when an Indian woman gives herself to a white man, she considers herself as his wife to all intents and purposes. If forsaken by him, she considers herself as injured, not disgraced. There are great numbers of white settlers and traders along the borders living thus with Indian women. Some of these have been persuaded by the missionaries or magistrates to go through the ceremony of marriage; but the number is few in proportion.

You must not imagine, after all I have said, that I consider the Indians as an inferior race, merely because they have no literature, no luxuries, no steam-engines; nor yet, because they regard our superiority in the arts with a sort of lofty indifference, which is neither contempt nor stupidity, look upon them as cast beyond the pale of our sympathies. It is possible I may, on a nearer acquaintance, change my opinion, but

was under two hundred; many of the huts deserted, the inhabitants having fled to the woods and taken up the hunter's life again; in those who remained, there was scarce a trace of native Indian blood.

they do strike me as an *untamable* race. I can no more conceive a city filled with industrious Mohawks and Chippewas, than I can imagine a flock of panthers browsing in a penfold.

The dirty, careless habits of the Indians, while sheltered only by the bark-covered wigwam, matter very little. Living almost constantly in the open air, and moving their dwellings perpetually from place to place, the worst effects of dirt and negligence are neither perceived nor experienced. But I have never heard of any attempt to make them stationary and congregate in houses, that has not been followed by disease and mortality, particularly among the children; a natural result of close air, confinement, heat, and filth. In our endeavours to civilise the Indians, we have not only to convince the mind and change the habits, but to overcome a certain physical organisation to which labour and constraint and confinement appear to be fatal. This cannot be done in less than three generations, if at all, in the unmixed race; and meantime—they perish!

It is time, however, that I should introduce you to our party on board the little steam-boat, which is now puffing, and snorting, and gliding at no rapid rate over the blue tranquil waters of Lake St. Clair.* First, then, there are the captain, and his mate or steersman, two young men of good manners and appearance; one English—the other Irish; one a military, the other a naval officer: both have land, and are near neighbours up somewhere by Lake Simcoe; but both being wearied out by three years solitary life in the bush, they have taken the

* Most of the small steam-boats on the American lakes have high-pressure engines, which make a horrible and perpetual snorting like the engine on a rail-road.

steam-boat for this season on speculation, and it seems likely to answer. The boat was built to navigate the ports of Lake Huron from Penetanguishine, to Goderich and St. Joseph's Island, but there it utterly failed. It is a wretched little boat, dirty and ill contrived. The upper deck, to which I have fled from the close hot cabin, is an open platform, with no defence or railing around it, and I have here my establishment—a chair, a little table, with pencil and paper, and a great umbrella; a gust of wind or a pitch of the vessel would inevitably send me sliding overboard. The passengers consist of my acquaintance, the Moravian missionary, with a family of women and children, (his own wife and the relatives of his assistant Vogler,) who are about to emigrate with the Indians beyond the Missouri. These people speak a dialect of German among themselves, being descended from the early German Moravians. I find them civil, but neither prepossessing nor intelligent; in short, I can make nothing of them; I cannot extract an idea beyond eating, drinking, dress-

ing, and praying; nor can I make out with what feelings, whether of regret, or hope, or indifference, they contemplate their intended exile to the far, far west. Meantime the children squeal, and the women chatter incessantly.

We took in at Chatham a large cargo of the usual articles of exportation from Canada to the United States, viz. barrels of flour, sacks of grain, and emigrants proceeding to Michigan and the Illinois. There are on board, in the steerage, a great number of poor Scotch and Irish of the lowest grade, and also one large family of American emigrants, who have taken up their station on the deck, and whose operations amuse me exceedingly. I wish I could place before you this very original ménage, even as it is before me now while I write. Such a group could be encountered nowhere on earth, methinks, but here in the west, or among the migratory Tartar hordes of the east.

They are from Vermont, and on their way to the Illinois, having been already eleven weeks travelling through New York and Upper Ca-

nada. They have two wagons covered in with canvass, a yoke of oxen, and a pair of horses. The chief or patriarch of the set is an old Vermont farmer, upwards of sixty at least, whose thin shrewd face has been burnt to a deep brickdust colour by the sun and travel, and wrinkled by age or care into a texture like that of tanned sail-canvass,—(the simile nearest to me at this moment.) The sinews of his neck and hands are like knotted whipcord; his turned-up nose, with large nostrils, snuffs the wind, and his small light blue eyes have a most keen, cunning expression. He wears a smock-frock over a flannel shirt, blue woollen stockings, and a broken pipe stuck in his straw hat, and all day long he smokes or chews tobacco. He has with him fifteen children of different ages by three wives. The present wife, a delicate, intelligent, care-worn looking woman; seems about thirty years younger than her helpmate. She sits on the shaft of one of the wagons I have mentioned, a baby in her lap, and two of the three younger children crawling about

her feet. Her time and attention are completely taken up in dispensing to the whole brood, young and old, rations of food, consisting of lard, bread of Indian corn, and pieces of sassafras root. The appearance of all (except of the poor anxious mother) is equally robust and cheerful, half-civilised, coarse, and by no means clean; all are barefooted except the two eldest girls, who are uncommonly handsome, with fine dark eyes. The eldest son, a very young man, has been recently married to a very young wife, and these two recline together all day, hand in hand, under the shade of a sail, neither noticing the rest nor conversing with each other, but, as it seems to me, in silent contentment with their lot. I found these people, most unlike others of their class I have met with before, neither curious nor communicative, answering to all my questions and advances with cautious monosyllables, and the old man with even laconic rudeness. The contrast which the gentle anxious wife and her baby presented to all the others, interested me; but she looked so overpowered by fatigue,

and so disinclined to converse, that I found no opportunity to satisfy my curiosity without being impertinently intrusive; so, after one or two ineffectual advances to the shy, wild children, I withdrew, and contented myself with observing the group at a distance.

The banks of the Thames are studded with a succession of farms, cultivated by the descendants of the early French settlers—precisely the same class of people as the *Habitans* in Lower Canada. They go on exactly as their ancestors did a century ago, raising on their rich fertile lands just sufficient for a subsistence, wholly uneducated, speaking only a French patois, without an idea of advance or improvement of any kind; submissive to their priests, gay, contented, courteous, and apparently retaining their ancestral tastes for dancing, singing, and flowers.

In the midst of half-dilapidated, old-fashioned farm-houses, you could always distinguish the priest's dwelling, with a flower-garden in front, and the little chapel or church surmounted by a cross,—both being generally neat, clean, fresh-

painted, and forming a strange contrast with the neglect and slovenliness around.

Ague prevails very much at certain seasons along the banks of the river, and I could see by the manner in which the houses are built, that it overflows its banks annually; it abounds in the small fresh-water turtle (the Terrapin :) every log floating on the water, or muddy islet, was covered with them.

We stopped half way down the river to take in wood. Opposite to the landing-place stood an extensive farmhouse, in better condition than any I had yet seen: and under the boughs of an enormous tree, which threw an ample and grateful shade around, our boat was moored. Two Indian boys, about seven or eight years old, were shooting with bow and arrows at a mark stuck up against the huge trunk of the tree. They wore cotton shirts, with a crimson belt round the waist ornamented with beads, such as is commonly worn by the Canadian Indians; one had a gay handkerchief knotted round his head, from beneath which his long black hair hung in

matted elf locks on his shoulders. The elegant forms, free movements, and haughty indifference of these Indian boys, were contrasted with the figures of some little dirty, ragged Canadians, who stood staring upon us with their hands in their pockets, or importunately begging for cents. An Indian hunter and his wife, the father and mother of the boys, were standing by, and at the feet of the man a dead deer lay on the grass. The steward of the boat was bargaining with the squaw for some venison, while the hunter stood leaning on his rifle, haughty and silent. At the window of the farmhouse sat a well-dressed female, engaged in needlework. After looking up at me once or twice as I stood upon the deck gazing on this picture—just such a one as Edwin Landseer would have delighted to paint—the lady invited me into her house; an invitation I most gladly accepted. Everything within it and around it spoke riches and substantial plenty; she showed me her garden, abounding in roses, and an extensive orchard, in which stood two Indian wig-

wams. She told me that every year families of Chippewa hunters came down from the shore of Lake Huron, and encamped in her orchard, and those of her neighbours, without asking permission. They were perfectly inoffensive, and had never been known to meddle with her poultry, or injure her trees. "They are," said she, "an honest, excellent people; but I must shut the gates of my orchard upon them to-night—for this bargain with your steward will not conclude without whisky, and I shall have them all *ivres mort* before to-morrow morning."

Detroit, at night.

I passed half an hour in pleasant conversation with this lady, who had been born, educated, and married in the very house in which she now resided. She spoke English well and fluently, but with a foreign accent, and her deportment was frank and easy, with that sort of graceful

courtesy which seems inherent in the French manner, or used to be so. On parting, she presented me with a large bouquet of roses, which has proved a great delight, and served all the purposes of a fan. Nor should I forget that in her garden I saw the only humming-birds I have yet seen in Canada: there were two lovely little gem-like creatures disporting among the blossoms of the scarlet-bean. They have been this year less numerous than usual, owing to the lateness and severity of the spring.

The day has been most intolerably hot; even on the lake there was not a breath of air. But as the sun went down in his glory, the breeze freshened, and the spires and towers of the city of Detroit were seen against the western sky. The schooners at anchor, or dropping into the river—the little canoes flitting across from side to side—the lofty buildings, —the enormous steamers—the noisy port, and busy streets, all bathed in the light of a sunset such as I had never seen, not even in Italy—almost turned me giddy with excitement. I have

emerged from the solitary forests of Canada to be thrown suddenly into the midst of crowded civilised life; and the effect for the present is a nervous flutter of the spirits which banishes sleep and rest; though I have got into a good hotel, (the American,) and have at last, after some trouble, obtained good accommodation.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done ;
A game where each man took his part—
A race where all must run—
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know ;
Content as men at arms to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Milnes.

Detroit, June —.

THE roads by which I have at length reached this beautiful little city were not certainly the smoothest and the easiest in the world ; nor can it be said of Upper Canada as of wisdom, “ that all her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are paths of peace.” On the contrary, one might have fancied oneself in the road to

paradise for that matter. It was difficult, and narrow, and foul, and steep enough to have led to the seventh heaven; but in heaven I am not yet—

* * * * *

Since my arrival at Detroit, some malignant planet reigns in place of that favourable and guiding star which has hitherto led me so deftly on my way,

“ Through brake, through brier,
Through mud, through mire.”

Here, where I expected all would go so well, everything goes wrong, and cross, and contrary.

A severe attack of illness, the combined effect of heat, fatigue, and some deleterious properties in the water at Detroit, against which travellers should be warned, has confined me to my room for the last three days. This *mal-à-propos* indisposition has prevented me from taking my passage in the great steamer which has just gone up Lake Huron; and I

must now wait here six days longer, till the next boat, bound for Mackinaw and Chicago, comes up Lake Erie from Buffalo. What is far worse, I have lost, for the time being, the advantage of seeing and knowing Daniel Webster, and of hearing a display of that wonderful eloquence which they say takes captive all ears, hearts, and souls. He has been making public speeches here, appealing to the people against the money transactions of the government; and the whole city has been in a ferment. He left Detroit two days after my arrival, to my no small mortification. I had letters for him; and it so happens that several others to whom I had also letters have fled from the city on summer tours, or to escape the heat. Some have gone east, some west, some up the lakes, some down the lakes; so I am abandoned to my own resources in a miserable state of languor, lassitude, and weakness.

It is not, however, the first time I have had to endure sickness and solitude together in a strange land; and the worst being over, we must

needs make the best of it, and send the time away as well as we can.

Of all the places I have yet seen in these far western regions, Detroit is the most interesting. It is, moreover, a most ancient and venerable place, dating back to the dark immemorial ages, *i. e.* almost a century and a quarter ago! and having its history and antiquities, and traditions and heroes, and epochs of peace and war. "No place in the United States presents such a series of events interesting in themselves, and permanently affecting, as they occurred, both its progress and prosperity. Five times its flag has changed; three different sovereignties have claimed its allegiance; and since it has been held by the United States, its government has been thrice transferred: twice it has been besieged by the Indians, once captured in war, and once burned to the ground:"—truly, a long list of events for a young city of a century old! Detroit may almost rival her old grandam Quebec, who sits bristling defiance on the sum-

mit of her rocky height, in warlike and tragic experience.

Can you tell me why we gave up this fine and important place to the Americans, without leaving ourselves even a fort on the opposite shore? Dolts and blockheads as we have been in all that concerns the partition and management of these magnificent regions, now that we have ignorantly and blindly ceded whole countries, and millions and millions of square miles of land and water to our neighbours, they say we are likely to quarrel and go to war about a partition line through the barren tracts of the east! Well, this is not your affair nor mine—let our legislators look to it. Colonel Talbot told me that when he took a map, and pointed out to one of the English commissioners the foolish bargain they had made, the real extent, value, and resources of the countries ceded to the United States, the man covered his eyes with his clenched hands, and burst into tears.

The position of Detroit is one of the finest imaginable. It is on a strait between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, commanding the whole internal commerce of these great "successive seas." Michigan, of which it is the capital, being now received into the Union, its importance, both as a frontier town and a place of trade, increases every day.

The origin of the city was a little palisadoed fort, erected here in 1702 by the French under La Motte Cadillac, to defend their fur-trade. It was then called Fort Portchartrain. From this time till 1760 it remained in possession of the French, and continued to increase slowly. So late as 1721, Charlevoix speaks of the vast herds of buffalos ranging the plains west of the city. Meantime, under the protection of the fort, the settlement and cultivation of the neighbouring districts went on in spite of the attacks of some of the neighbouring tribes of Indians, particularly the Ottagamies, who, with the Iroquois, seem to have been the only decided and irreconcilable enemies whom

the French found in this province. The capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe being followed by the cession of the whole of the French territory in North America to the power of Great Britain, Detroit, with all the other trading posts in the west, was given up to the English. It is curious that the French submitted to this change of masters more easily than the Indians, who were by no means inclined to exchange the French for the English alliance. "Whatever may have been the cause," says Governor Cass, "the fact is certain, that there is in the French character a peculiar adaptation to the habits and feelings of the Indians, and to this day the period of French domination is the era of all that is happy in Indian reminiscences."

The conciliating manners of the French towards the Indians, and the judgment with which they managed all their intercourse with them, has had a permanent effect on the minds of those tribes who were in friendship with them. At this day, if the British are generally pre-

ferred to the Americans, the French are always preferred to either. A Chippewa chief addressing the American agent, at the Sault Ste. Marie, so late as 1826, thus fondly referred to the period of the French dominion:—"When the Frenchmen arrived at these Falls, they came and kissed us. They called us children, and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge, and we had always wherewithal to clothe us. They never mocked at our ceremonies, and they never molested the places of our dead. Seven generations of men have passed away, but we have not forgotten it. Just, very just, were they towards us!"*

The discontent of the Indian tribes upon the transfer of the forts and trading posts into the possession of the British, showed itself early, and at length gave rise to one of the most prolonged and savage of all the Indian wars, that of Pontiac, in 1763.

Of this Pontiac you have read, no doubt, in various books of travels and anecdotes of Indian

* Vide Historical Sketches of Michigan.

chiefs.* But it is *one* thing to read of these events by an English fireside, where the features of the scene—the forest wilds echoing to the war-whoop—the painted warriors—the very words scalping, tomahawking, bring no definite meaning to the mind, only a vague horror ;—and quite *another* thing to recal them here on the spot, arrayed in all their dread yet picturesque reality. Pontiac is the hero *par excellence* of all these regions; and in all the histories of Detroit, when Detroit becomes a great capital of the west, he will figure like Caractacus or Arminius in the Roman history. The English contemporaries call him king and emperor of the Indians; but there is absolutely no sovereignty among these people. Pontiac was merely a war chief, chosen in the usual way, but exercising a more than usual influence, not by mere bravery—the universal savage virtue—but by talents of a rarer kind;* a power of reflection and combination rarely met with in the character

* There is a Life of Pontiac in Thatcher's Indian Biography.

of the red warrior. Pontiac was a man of genius, and would have ruled his fellow-men under any circumstances, and in any country. He formed a project similar to that which Tecumseh entertained fifty years later. He united all the north-western tribes of Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowattomies, in one great confederacy against the British, "the dogs in red coats;" and had very nearly caused the overthrow, at least the temporary overthrow, of our power. He had planned a simultaneous attack on all the trading posts in the possession of the English, and so far succeeded that ten of these forts were surprised about the same time, and all the English soldiers and traders massacred, while the French were spared. Before any tidings of these horrors and outrages could reach Detroit, Pontiac was here in friendly guise, and all his measures admirably arranged for taking this fort also by stratagem, and murdering every Englishman within it. All had been lost, if a poor Indian woman, who had received much kindness

from the family of the commandant, (Major Gladwyn,) had not revealed the danger. I do not yet quite understand why Major Gladwyn, on the discovery of Pontiac's treachery, and having him in his power, did not make him and his whole band prisoners; such a stroke would have ended, or rather it would have prevented, the war. But it must be remembered that Major Gladwyn was ignorant of the systematic plan of extermination adopted by Pontiac; the news of the massacres at the upper forts had not reached him; he knew of nothing but the attempt on himself, and from motives of humanity or magnanimity he suffered them to leave the fort and go free. No sooner were they on the outside of the palisades, than they set up the war-yell "like so many devils," as a bystander expressed it, and turned and discharged their rifles on the garrison. The war, thus savagely declared, was accompanied by all those atrocious barbarities, and turns of fate, and traits of heroism, and hair-breadth escapes, which render

these Indian conflicts so exciting, so terrific, so picturesque.*

Detroit was in a state of siege by the Indians for twelve months, and gallantly and successfully defended by Major Gladwyn, till relieved by General Bradstreet.

The first time I was able to go out, my good-natured landlord drove me himself in his wagon, (*Anglicè*, gig,) with as much attention and care

* The following extract from a contemporary letter given in the life of Pontiac is at least very graphic.

“ Detroit, July 9, 1763.

“ You have heard long ago of our pleasant situation, but the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling, and eating our companions? to see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay, to spite the rascals. They boiled and ate Sir Robert Devers, and we are informed by Mr. Pauly, who escaped the other day from one of the stations surprised at the breaking out of the war, and commanded by himself, that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson’s arm for a tobacco pouch.”

for my comfort, as if I had been his near relation. The evening was glorious; the sky perfectly Italian—a genuine Claude Lorraine sky, that beautiful intense amber light reaching to the very zenith, while the purity and transparent loveliness of the atmospheric effects carried me back to Italy and times long past. I felt it all, as people feel things after a sharp fit of indisposition, when the nervous system, languid at once and sensitive, thrills and trembles to every breath of air. As we drove slowly and silently along, we came to a sluggish, melancholy looking rivulet, to which the man pointed with his whip. “I expect,” said he, “you know all about the battle of Bloody Run?”

I was obliged to confess my ignorance, not without a slight shudder at the hateful, ominous name which sounded in my ear like an epitome of all imaginable horrors.

This was the scene of a night attack made by three hundred British upon the camp of the Indians, who were then besieging Detroit. The Indians had notice of their intention, and pre-

pared an ambush to receive them. They had just reached the bank of this rivulet, when the Indian foe fell upon them suddenly. They fought hand to hand, bayonet and tomahawk, in the darkness of the night. Before the English could extricate themselves, seventy men and most of the officers fell and were scalped on the spot. "Them Indians," said my informant, "fought like brutes and devils," (as most do, I thought, who fight for revenge and existence,) "and they say the creek here, when morning came, ran red with blood; and so they call it the Bloody Run."

There certainly *is* much in a name, whatever Juliet may say, and how much in fame! Do you remember the brook Sanguinetto, which flows into Lake Thrasymene? The meaning and the derivation are the same, but what a difference in sound! The Sanguinetto! 'tis a word one might set to music.—*The Bloody Run!* pah! the very utterance pollutes one's fancy!

And in associations, too, how different, though the circumstances were not unlike!

This Indian Fabius, this Pontiac, wary and brave, and unbroken by defeat, fighting for his own land against a swarm of invaders, has had no poet, no historian to immortalise him, else all this ground over which I now tread had been as *classical* as the shores of Thrasymene.

As they have called Tecumseh the Indian Napoleon, they might style Pontiac the Indian Alexander—I do not mean him of Russia, but the Greek. Here, for instance, is a touch of magnanimity quite in the *Alexander-the-great* style. Pontiac, before the commencement of the war, had provided for the safety of a British officer, Major Rogers by name, who was afterwards employed to relieve Detroit, when besieged by the Indians. On this occasion he sent Pontiac a present of a bottle of brandy, to show he had not forgotten his former obligations to him. Those who were around the Indian warrior when the present arrived, particularly some Frenchmen, warned him not to taste it, as it might be poisoned. Pontiac instantly took a draught from it, saying, as he put the bottle to his

lips, that “it was not *in the power* of Major Rogers to hurt him who had so lately saved his life.” I think this story is no unworthy pendant to that of Alexander and his physician.

But what avails it all! who knows or cares about Pontiac and his Ottowas?

“Vain was the chief’s, the warrior’s pride!
He had no poet—and he died!”

If I dwell on these horrid and obscure conflicts, it is partly to amuse the languid idle hours of convalescence, partly to inspire you with some interest for the localities around me:—and I may as well, while the pen is in my hand, give you the conclusion of the story.

Pontiac carried on the war with so much talent, courage, and resources, that the British government found it necessary to send a considerable force against him. General Bradstreet came up here with three thousand men, wasting the lands of the Miami and Wyandot Indians, “burning their villages, and destroying their corn-fields;” and I pray you to observe that in all the accounts of our expeditions against the

Indians, as well as those of the Americans under General Wayne and General Harrison, mention is made of the destruction of corn-fields (plantations of Indian corn) to a great extent, which show that *some* attention must have been paid to agriculture, even by these wild hunting tribes.* I find mention also of a very interesting and beautiful tradition connected with these

* I believe it is a prevalent notion, that the Indians of the north-west never cultivated grain to any extent until under the influence of the whites. This apparently is a mistake. When General Wayne (in 1794) destroyed the settlements of the Wyandots and Miamis along the Miami river, and on the south shores of Lake Erie, he wrote thus in his official despatch:—"The very extensive and cultivated *fields* and *gardens* show the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miami of the lake and Au Glaize, appear like one continued village for a number of miles, both above and below this place. *Nor have I ever beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida.*" And all this fair scene was devastated and laid waste! and we complain that the Indians make no advance in civilisation!

regions. To the east of the Detroit territory, there was settled from ancient times a band of Wyandots or Hurons, who were called the neutral nation; they never took part in the wars and conflicts of the other tribes. They had two principal villages, which were like the cities of refuge among the Israelites; whoever fled there from an enemy found a secure and inviolable sanctuary. If two enemies from tribes long at deadly variance met there, they were friends while standing on that consecrated ground. To what circumstances this extraordinary institution owed its existence is not known. It was destroyed after the arrival of the French in the country—not by them, but by some national and internal feud.

But to return to Pontiac. With all his talents, he could not maintain a standing or permanent army, such a thing being contrary to all the Indian usages, and quite incompatible with their mode of life. His warriors fell away from him every season, and departed to their hunting grounds to provide food for their families. The

British pressed forward, took possession of their whole country, and the tribes were obliged to beg for peace. Pontiac disdained to take any part in these negotiations, and retired to the Illinois, where he was murdered, from some motive of private animosity, by a Peoria Indian. The Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowattomies, who had been allied under his command, thought it incumbent on them to avenge his death, and nearly exterminated the whole nation of the Peorias—and this was the life and the fall of Pontiac.

The name of this great chief is commemorated in that of a flourishing village, or rising town, about twenty miles west of Detroit, which is called *Pontiac*, as one of the townships in Upper Canada is styled *Tecumseh*: thus literally illustrating those beautiful lines in Mrs. Sigourney's poem on Indian names:—

“ Their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore ;
Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore! ”

For rivers, bearing their old Indian names, we have here the Miami, (or Maumee,) the Huron, the Sandusky : but most of the points of land, rivers, islands, &c., bear the French appellations, as Point Pelée, River au Glaize, River des Canards, Gros-Isle, &c.

The *mélange* of proper names in this immediate neighbourhood is sufficiently curious. Here we have Pontiac, Romeo, Ypsilanti, and Byron, all within no great distance of each other.

Long after the time of Pontiac, Detroit and all the country round it became the scene of even more horrid and unnatural conflicts between the Americans and British, during the war of the revolution, in which the Indians were engaged against the Americans. When peace was proclaimed, and the independence of the United States recognised by Great Britain, this savage war on the frontiers still continued, and mutual aggressions and injuries have left bitter feelings rankling on both sides. Let us hope that in ano-

ther generation they may be effaced. For myself, I cannot contemplate the possibility of another war between the English and the Americans without a mingled disgust and terror, as something cruel, unnatural, fratricidal. Have we not the same ancestry, the same father-land, the same language? "Though to drain our blood from out their being were an aim," they cannot do it!

The ruffian refuse of the two nations—the most ignorant, common-minded, and vulgar among them, may hate each other, and give each other nicknames—but every year diminishes the number of such; and while the two governments are shaking hands across the Atlantic, it were indeed supremely ridiculous if they were to go to cuffs across the Detroit and Niagara!

“In vain sedate reflections we would make
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.”

POPE.

Detroit.

WHEN the intolerable heat of the day has subsided, I sometimes take a languid stroll through the streets of the city, not unamused, not altogether unobserving, though unable to profit much by what I see and hear. There are many new houses building, and many new streets laid out. In the principal street, called the Jefferson Avenue, there are rows of large and handsome brick houses; the others are generally of wood, painted white, with bright green doors and windows. The footway in many of the

streets is, like that of Toronto, of planks, which for my own part I like better than the burning brick or stone *pavé*. The crowd of emigrants constantly pouring through this little city on their way to the back settlements of the west, and the number of steamers, brigs, and schooners always passing up and down the lakes, occasion a perpetual bustle, variety, and animation on the shore and in the streets. Forty-two steamers touch at the port. In one of the Detroit papers (there are five or six published here either daily or weekly) I found a long column, headed MARINE INTELLIGENCE, giving an account of the arrival and departure of the shipping. Last year the profits of the steamboats averaged seventy or eighty per cent., one with another: this year it is supposed that many will lose. There are several boats which ply regularly between Detroit and some of the new-born cities on the south shore of Lake Erie—Sandusky, Cleveland, Port Clinton, Monroe, &c. The navigation of the Detroit river is generally open from the beginning of April to

the end of November. In the depth of winter they pass and repass from the British to the American shore on the ice.

There are some excellent shops in the town, a theatre, and a great number of taverns and gaming-houses. There is also a great number of booksellers' shops; and I read in the papers long lists of books, newly arrived and unpacked, which the public are invited to inspect.

Wishing to borrow some books, to while away the long solitary hours in which I am *obliged* to rest, I asked for a circulating library, and was directed to the only one in the place. I had to ascend a steep staircase—so disgustingly dirty, that it was necessary to draw my drapery carefully round me to escape pollution. On entering a large room, unfurnished except with bookshelves, I found several men sitting or rather sprawling upon chairs, and reading the newspapers. The collection of books was small; but they were not of a common or vulgar description. I found some of the best modern publications in French and English. The man—

gentleman I should say, for all are gentlemen here—who stood behind the counter, neither moved his hat from his head, nor bowed on my entrance, nor showed any officious anxiety to serve or oblige; but, with this want of what *we* English consider due courtesy, there was no deficiency of real civility—far from it. When I inquired on what terms I might have some books to read, this gentleman desired I would take any books I pleased, and not think about payment or deposit. I remonstrated, and represented that I was a stranger at an inn—that my stay was uncertain, &c.; and the reply was, that from a lady and a stranger he could not think of receiving remuneration: and then gave himself some trouble to look out the books I wished for, which I took away with me. He did not even ask the name of the hotel at which I was staying; and when I returned the books, persisted in declining all payment from “a lady and a stranger.”

Whatever attention and politeness may be tendered to me, in either character, as a lady

or as a stranger, I am always glad to receive from any one, in any shape. In the present instance, I could indeed have dispensed with the *form*: a pecuniary obligation, small or large, not being much to my taste; but what was meant for courtesy, I accepted courteously—and so the matter ended.

Nations differ in their idea of good manners, as they do on the subject of beauty—a far less conventional thing. But there exists luckily a standard for each, in reference to which we cannot err, and to which the progress of civilisation will, it is to be hoped, bring us all nearer and nearer still. For the type of perfection in physical beauty we go to Greece, and for that of politeness we go to the gospel. As it is written in a charming little book I have just bought here,—“He who should embody and manifest the virtues taught in Christ’s sermon on the Mount, would, though he had never seen a drawing-room, nor ever heard of the artificial usages of society, commend himself to all

nations, the most refined as well as the most simple.”*

If you look upon the map, you will find that the Detroit River, so called, is rather a strait or channel about thirty miles in length, and in breadth from one to two or three miles, dividing the British from the American shore. Through this channel all the waters of the upper lakes, Michigan, Superior, and Huron, come pouring down on their way to the ocean. Here, at Detroit, the breadth of the river does not exceed a mile. A pretty little steamer, gaily painted, with streamers flying, and shaded by an awning, is continually passing and re-passing from shore to shore. I have sometimes sat in this ferry-boat for a couple of hours together, pleased to remain still, and enjoy, without exertion, the cool air, the sparkling redundant waters, and green islands:—amused, meantime, by the variety and conversation of the passengers, English emigrants, and French Canadi-

* “HOME,” by Miss Sedgwick.

ans; brisk Americans; dark, sad-looking Indians folded in their blankets; farmers, storekeepers, speculators in wheat; artisans; trim girls with black eyes and short petticoats, speaking a Norman patois, and bringing baskets of fruit to the Detroit market; over-dressed, long-waisted, damsels of the city, attended by their beaux, going to make merry on the opposite shore. The passage is not of more than ten minutes duration, yet there is a tavern bar on the lower deck, and a constant demand for cigars, liquors, and mint julep—by the *men* only, I pray you to observe, and the Americans chiefly; I never saw the French peasants ask for drink.

Yesterday and to-day, feeling better, I have passed some hours straying or driving about on the British shore.

I hardly know how to convey to you an idea of the difference between the two shores; it will appear to you as incredible as it is to me incom-

prehensible. Our shore is said to be the most fertile, and has been the longest settled; but to float between them (as I did to-day in a little canoe made of a hollow tree, and paddled by a half-breed imp of a boy)—to behold on one side a city, with its towers and spires and animated population, with villas and handsome houses stretching along the shore, and a hundred vessels or more, gigantic steamers, brigs, schooners, crowding the port, loading and unloading; all the bustle, in short, of prosperity and commerce;—and, on the other side, a little straggling hamlet, one schooner, one little wretched steam-boat, some windmills, a catholic chapel or two, a supine ignorant peasantry, all the symptoms of apathy, indolence, mistrust, hopelessness!—can I, can any one, help wondering at the difference, and asking whence it arises? There must be a cause for it surely—but what is it? Does it lie in past or in present—in natural or accidental circumstances?—in the institutions of the government, or the character of the

people? Is it remediable? is it a necessity? is it a mystery? what and whence is it?—Can you tell? or can you send some of our colonial officials across the Atlantic to behold and solve the difficulty?

The little hamlet opposite to Detroit is called Richmond. I was sitting there to-day on the grassy bank above the river, resting in the shade of a tree, and speculating on all these things, when an old French Canadian stopped near me to arrange something about his cart. We entered forthwith into conversation; and though I had some difficulty in making out his *patois*, he understood my French, and we got on very well. If you would see the two extremes of manner brought into near comparison, you should turn from a Yankee storekeeper to a French Canadian! It was quite curious to find in this remote region such a perfect specimen of an old-fashioned Norman peasant—all bows, courtesy, and good-humour. He was carrying a cart-load of cherries to Sandwich, and when I begged for a ride, the little old man bowed and smiled,

and poured forth a voluble speech, in which the words *enchanté!* *honneur!* and *madame!* were all I could understand; but these were enough. I mounted the cart, seated myself in an old chair surrounded with baskets heaped with ripe cherries, lovely as those of Shenstone—

“Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
And must be bought, though penury betide!”

No occasion, however, to risk penury here; for after permission asked, and granted with a pleasant smile and a hundredth removal of the ragged hat, I failed not to profit by my situation, and dipped my hand pretty frequently into these tempting baskets. When the French penetrated into these regions a century ago, they brought with them not only their national courtesy, but some of their finest national fruits,—plums, cherries, apples, pears, of the best quality—excellent grapes, too, I am told—and all these are now grown in such abundance as to be almost valueless. For his cart-load of cherries my

old man expected a sum not exceeding two shillings.

Sandwich is about two miles below Detroit. It is the chief place in the Western District, the county town; yet the population does not much exceed four hundred.

I had to regret much the absence of Mr. Prince, the great proprietor of the place, and a distinguished member of our house of assembly, both for ability and eloquence; but I saw sufficient to convince me that Sandwich makes no progress. The appearance of the place and people, so different from all I had left on the opposite side of the river, made me melancholy, or rather thoughtful. What can be the reason that all flourishes *there*, and all languishes *here*?

Amherstberg, another village about ten miles farther, contains about six hundred inhabitants, has a good harbour, and all natural capabilities; but here also no progress is making. There is a wretched little useless fort, commanding, or rather *not* commanding, the entrance to the Detroit river on our side, and memorable in the

history of the last American war as Fort Malden. There are here a few idle soldiers, detached from the garrison at Toronto; and it is said that even these will be removed. In case of an attack or sudden outbreak, all this exposed and important line of shore is absolutely without defence.*

Near Amherstberg there is a block of reserved land, about seven miles square, the property of a tribe of Huron or Wyandot Indians: it extends along the banks of the Detroit river, and is one of the finest regions for climate, soil, and advantages of every kind, in the whole province; of great importance too, as lying opposite to the American shore, and literally a stumbling-*block* in the way of the white settlements, diminishing very considerably the value and eligibility of the lands around. Our government has been frequently in negotiation with these Indians to induce them to dispose of their lands, and I un-

* This was written on the spot. Since the late troubles in Upper Canada, it is understood to be the intention of Sir John Colborne to fortify this coast.

derstood that fifteen thousand acres have lately been purchased from them. It is most certain, however, that in all these transactions they consider themselves aggrieved.

I have in my possession an original petition of these Wyandot Indians, addressed to Sir John Colborne. It appears that in 1829, the other lake tribes, the Chippewas, Pottowattomies, and Ottawas, claimed an equal right to these lands, and offered to dispose of them to our government. The Hurons resisted this claim, and were most unwilling to relinquish their right to keep and reside on their "own little piece of land." The petition, which has been translated by one of their missionaries in a style rather too ambitious and flowery, contains some very touching and beautiful passages. They open their statement of grievances thus:—

“ FATHER !

“ Your Red children the Hurons approach
“ you under the gathering clouds of affliction.

“ Father, we visit you to tell you the sorrows of
“ our hearts. We have learned at a council
“ that the three nations of Ottawas, Chippewas,
“ and Pottowattomies, claim our lands. We
“ understand, with grief and surprise, that they
“ proposed at that council to traffic with you for
“ our Huron reserve.”

They then allude to their ancient contests with the Iroquois, by which they were driven up the lakes, as far as beyond Lake Michigan; and their return to their former hunting-grounds when these contests ceased.

“ Our fires were quenched, and their ashes
“ scattered; but, Father, we collected them
“ again, removed to our present homes, and
“ there rekindled the embers.”

They allude to their services in the late war, as giving them a peculiar claim to protection.

“ Father, when the war-hatchet was sent by
“ our great Father to the Americans, we too
“ raised it against them. Father, we fought
“ your enemies on the very spot we now inherit.

“ The pathway to our doors is red with our blood.
“ Every track to our homes reminds us, ‘ here
“ fell a brother ’—fell, Father ! in the hour of
“ strife for you. But, Father, we mourn not for
“ them. The memory of their exploits lives
“ sacred in our breasts. We mourn not for
“ them ; we mourn for ourselves and our chil-
“ dren. We would not recal them to the pains
“ and sufferings through which the steps of the
“ living Huron must pass. Theirs is the morn-
“ ing of stillness after the tempest : the day of
“ peace after the fury of the battle ! Father,
“ their brave spirits look down upon you. By
“ their blood we implore you to stretch your
“ protecting arm over us. The war-club has
“ been glutted with the havoc of our nation.
“ We look round for our young men, our war-
“ riors, our chiefs : where is now the Huron ?
“ gone, Father, laid low in the earth ; nerveless
“ are now the hands that grasped the Huron
“ tomahawk. Father, in our might we aided
“ you : let us not lament in our weakness that
“ our vigour has been wasted.”

They then attempt to substantiate their claim by pointing out the places which bear their name, as the ancient inhabitants of the soil; and it is certain that in the time of Charlevoix all these regions were in possession of the Huron tribes.

“ The great lake is called the *Huron* Lake.
“ There are no less than three rivers in our
“ vicinity which bear the name of the Huron :
“ the Huron river on the north side of Lake
“ St. Clair — the Huron river on the north
“ side of Lake Erie—and the Huron river on
“ the south side of Lake Erie. Upper and
“ Lower Sandusky* owe their names to our
“ language. Father, what is the soil in dispute
“ everywhere termed? The Ottawa or Chip-
“ pewa Reserve?—no, Father; but simply the
“ Huron Reserve. Thus your maps designate
“ it. We had a village at Big Rock, in the
“ entrance to the westerly channel of the river
“ Detroit, called Brown’s Town, from one of our

* Two rising towns on the American shore of Lake Erie.

“chiefs. Another at Maguaga, in the same
“channel. But Amherstberg now covers the
“space where were once our principal town and
“settlement, extending to the mouth of the
“river Des Canards, our present abode.”

“Yet, Father, the Ottawas ask our lands as
“their property; they offer to you the sale of
“crops they have not tilled—of barns they
“have not raised—of houses they have not built—
“of homes wherein they never slept. Father,
“they would reap where the ancient Huron only
“has sown.”

* * * * *

“Father, we have had the strongest declara-
“tions that we should not be molested, from
“Governor Simcoe, on the behalf of our great
“Father; also from the Governor-general, Lord
“Dorchester; from Governor Gore, and from
“every other Governor to the present day. The
“same has been repeated to us by your com-
“manding officers stationed at Amherstberg.
“Father, on the faith of these repeated pro-
“mises, we retained our habitations among you.

“ Deeming your protection certain, we have
“ cleared our fields and cultivated them, raised
“ barns for our grain, and houses for our families.
“ We have taught our children to smoke the
“ pipe of peace, and follow the precepts of the
“ gospel. Our feet are unaccustomed to the
“ chase—their swiftness is no more; our hands
“ unfamiliar with the bow, and the sureness of
“ the arrow is lost.”

They attribute these new claims to their lands to the devices of their white neighbours, and they allude to their fallen state and diminished numbers as pleas for the white man's forbearance.

“ We conjure you not to expel us from our
“ homes, rendered dear to us by many recollec-
“ tions. The morning and the noon-day of our
“ nation has passed away—the evening is fast set-
“ tling in darkness round us. It is hardly worth
“ an effort to hasten the close of night,” &c.

“ Father, the dejected Huron throws himself
“ upon your clemency and justice.”

This petition is signed by their principal

chief Split-Log, and nine other chiefs, of whom three sign their names in rude but legible manuscript; the others affix their mark only.

Is there not much reason as well as eloquence in this appeal? Apparently it was successful, as I find the Wyandots still on their land, and no question at present of the rights of the other tribes. Warrow and Split-Log, two of the chiefs who sign this petition, were distinguished in the last war; they were present at the council at Fort Malden, and fought in the battle in which Tecumseh was slain.

Split-Log is still living, and has been baptized a Christian, by the name of Thomas.

This same Huron reserve has been more lately (in 1836) the subject of dispute between the Lieutenant-governor and the house of assembly. The Indians petitioned the house against the encroachments of the whites and half-breeds, and the conduct of the superintendent; and complained that the territory of their fathers was taken from them without their acquiescence.

Hereupon the house of assembly sent up an address, requesting that the subject of this petition, and the proceedings of the government thereon, should be laid before the house. Sir Francis Head declined acceding to this request, and gave his reasons at length, arguing that the management of the Indian affairs belonged to the Executive alone, and that the interference of the provincial legislature was an undue invasion of the king's prerogative.*

* The following is part of his Excellency's answer to the address of the house of assembly.

“ Without reverting to the anomalous history of the aborigines of this land, I will merely observe that in Upper Canada the Indians have hitherto been under the exclusive care of his Majesty, the territories they inhabit being tracts of crown lands devoted to their sole use as his allies. Over these lands his Majesty has never exercised his paramount right, except at their request and for their *manifest advantage*,”—(this is doubtful, I presume.) “ Within their own communities they have hitherto governed themselves by their own unwritten laws and customs; their lands and properties have never been subjected to tax or assess-

I am hardly competent to give an opinion either way, but it seemeth to me, in my simple

ment, or themselves liable to personal service. As they are not subject to such liabilities, neither do they yet possess the political privileges of his Majesty's subjects generally. The superintendents, missionaries, schoolmasters and others who reside among them for their protection and civilisation, are appointed and paid by the King. To his representative all appeals have until now been made, and with him all responsibility has rested. In every respect they appear to be most constitutionally within the jurisdiction and prerogative of the Crown; and as I declare myself not only ready but desirous to attend to every complaint they may offer me, I consider it would be highly impolitic (especially for the object of redressing a trifling grievance) to sanction the adoption of a new course for their internal government."

I believe that Sir Francis Head entertained an enthusiastic admiration for the Indian character, and was sincerely interested in the welfare of this fated people. It was his deliberate conviction that there was no salvation for them but in their removal as far as possible from the influence and dominion of the white settlers; and in this I agree with his Excel-

wit, that this is a case in which the government of the Crown, always supposing it to be wisely

lency ; but seeing that the Indians are not virtually British subjects, no measure should be adopted, even for their supposed benefit, without their acquiescence. They are quite capable of judging for themselves in every case in which their interests are concerned. The fault of our executive is, that we acknowledge the Indians our *allies*, yet treat them, as well as call them, our *children*. They acknowledge in our government a *father*; they never acknowledged any master but the "Great Master of Life," and the rooted idea, or rather instinct of personal and political independence in which every Indian is born or reared, no earthly power can obliterate from his soul. One of the early missionaries expresses himself on this point with great *naïvete*. "The Indians," he says, "are convinced that every man is born free ; that no one has a right to make any attempt upon his personal liberty, and that nothing can make him amends for its loss." He proceeds—"We have even had much pains to undeceive those converted to Christianity on this head, and to make them understand that in consequence of the corruption of our nature, which is the effect of sin, an unrestrained liberty of doing evil differs little from the necessity of

and paternally administered, must be preferable to the interposition of the colonial legislature, seeing that the interests of the colonists and settlers, and those of the Indians, are brought into perpetual collision, and that the colonists can scarcely be trusted to decide in their own case. As it is, the poor Indian seems hardly destined to meet with *justice*, either from the legislative or executive power.

Of the number here I can form no exact idea ;

doing it, considering the strength of the inclination which carries us to it ; and that the law which restrains us brings us nearer to our first liberty in seeming to deprive us of it."

That a man, because he has the free use of his will and his limbs, must therefore necessarily do evil, is a doctrine which the Indian can never be brought to understand. He is too polite to contradict us, but he insists that it was made for the pale-faces, who, it may be, are naturally inclined to all evil ; but has nothing to do with the red skins, whom the Great Spirit created free. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty ;"—but about liberty there may be as many differing notions as about charity.

they say there are about two hundred. At present they are busied in preparations for their voyage up Lake Huron to the Great Manitoulin Island to receive their annual presents, and one fleet of canoes has already departed.

Fort Malden and the whole of this coast (on both sides of the river) were the scene of various vicissitudes during the last war of 1813. The shameful retreat of the American General Hull, and his surrender with his whole army to General Brock; the equally shameful retreat of the British General Proctor, and his defeat by General Harrison, are fresh in the recollection of all people; and these national disgraces, with mutual wrongs and injuries, have left, I fear, much mutual animosity along both shores. Here it was that Tecumseh attempted in vain to prevent the retreat or rather flight of General Proctor from Fort Malden. "We are astonished," exclaimed the Indian chief, "to see our Father tying up everything and preparing

to run away, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground. But now, Father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our Father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our Father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father! you have got the arms and ammunition which our great Father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and, if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

You may find the whole of this famous speech in Thatcher's Indian Biography. Neither Tecumseh's reasoning, nor his ludicrous and scornful simile of the fat dog, had any effect on General Proctor, who continued his retreat. It is not

generally known that Tecumseh, exasperated by the faint-heartedness of the British general, threatened (before the battle of the Moravian Towns) to tomahawk him if he would not fight. This fact I had from one who served most honourably in this very war—Colonel Fitzgibbon.

As yet, these bloody and obscure conflicts are little known beyond the locality, and excite but little interest when read cursorily in the dry chronicles of the time. But let some eloquent historian arise to throw over these events the light of a philosophical mind, and all the picturesque and romantic interest of which they are capable; to trace the results which have already arisen, and must in future arise, from this collision between two great nations, though fought out on a remote and half barbarous stage, with little sympathy and less applause:—we shall then have these far-off shores converted into classic ground, and the names of Pontiac, Tecumseh, Isaac Brock, become classic names familiar on all lips as

household words—such at least they will become *here*.*

* The events of our wars with America, both the war of independence and the last war of 1813, are not a popular study in England, and imperfectly known except to those who make this part of modern history a particular study for a particular object. We cannot be surprised that exactly the reverse is the case in America, where, I remember, I got myself into irretrievable disgrace by not recollecting the battle of New Orleans.

Sunday Evening.

My business here is to observe, as well as lassitude and sickness will let me ; but—I must needs confess it—I never spent six fine sunshiny summer days, though in solitude, with less of profit or of pleasure. Two summers ago I was lingering thus alone, and convalescent, on the banks of the Traun-See in Upper Austria. O that I could convey to you in intelligible words all the difference between *there* and *here*!—between *then* and *now*!—between *that* solitude and *this* solitude! There I was alone with nature and my own heart, bathed in mountain torrents, and floated for hours together on the bosom of that delicious lake, not thinking, not observing, only enjoying and dreaming! As on that lake I have seen a bird hang hovering, poised on

almost motionless wing, as if contemplating the reflection of its own form, suspended between two heavens, that above and that beneath it; so my mind seemed lost to earth and earth's objects, and beheld only itself and heaven! What a contrast between that still, sublime loneliness, that vague, tender, tranquil, blessed mood, and the noisy excitement of this restless yet idle existence, where attention is continually fatigued and never satisfied! and the nerves, unstrung and languid, are fretted out of all repose! What a contrast between my pretty Tyrolean *batelière* singing as she slowly pulled her oar, and my wild Indian boy flourishing his paddle!—between the cloud-capped Traunstein and gleaming glaciers, and these flat marshy shores—and *that* little cupful of water not twenty miles in circumference, and *these* inland oceans covering thousands of leagues!

But it is well to have known and seen both. Nothing so soon passes away from the mind as the recollection of physical inconvenience and pain—nothing is so permanent as the picture

once impressed on the fancy ; and *this* picture will be to me a pleasure and an inalienable property, like that of the Traun-See, when this irksome languor of the sinking spirit will be quite forgotten and effaced.

* * * *

So, as I have said, my business here being not to dream, but to observe, and this morning being Sunday morning, I crept forth to attend the different church services merely as a spectator. I went first to the Roman Catholic church, called the Cathedral, and the largest and oldest in the place. The catholic congregation is by far the most numerous here, and is composed chiefly of the lower classes and the descendants of the French settlers. On entering the porch, I found a board suspended with written regulations, to the effect that all Christians, of whatever denomination, were welcome to enter ; but it was requested that all would observe the outward ceremonial, and that all gentlemen (*tous les messieurs*) would lay aside their pipes and cigars, take off their hats,

and wipe their shoes. The interior of the church was similar to that of many other provincial Roman Catholic churches, exhibiting the usual assortment of wax tapers, gilding, artificial flowers, and daubed Madonnas. The music and singing were not good. In the course of the service, the officiating priest walked up and down the aisles, flinging about the holy water on either side with a silver-handled brush. I had my share, though unworthy, of this sprinkling, and then left the church, where the heat and the smell of incense *et cetera* were too overpowering. On the steps, and in the open space before the door, there was a crowd of peasants, all talking French—laughing, smoking, tobacco-chewing, *et cetera, et cetera*. One or two were kneeling in the porch. Thence I went to the Methodist chapel, where I found a small congregation of the lower classes. A very ill-looking man, in comparison to whom Liston's Mawworm were no caricature, was holding forth in a most whining and lugubrious tone; the poor people around joined

in sobs and ejaculations, which soon became howling, raving, and crying. In the midst of this woful assembly I observed a little boy who was grinning furtively, kicking his heels, and sliding bits of apple from his pocket into his mouth. Not being able to endure this long with proper seriousness, I left the place.

I then went into the Baptist church, on the opposite side of the road. It is one of the largest in the town, plain in appearance, but the interior handsome, and in good taste. The congregation was not crowded, but composed of most respectable, serious, well-dressed people. As I entered, the preacher was holding forth on the unpardonable sin, very incoherently and unintelligibly; but, on closing his sermon, he commenced a prayer, and I have seldom listened to one more eloquently fervent. Both the sermon and prayer were extemporaneous. He prayed for all people, nations, orders and conditions of men throughout the world, including the king of Great Britain: but the prayer for the president of the United States

seemed to me a little original, and admirably calculated to suit the two parties who are at present divided on the merits of that gentleman. The suppliant besought the Almighty, that "if Mr. Van Buren were a good man, he might be made better, and if a bad man, he might be speedily regenerated."

I was still in time for the Episcopal church, a very spacious and handsome building, though "somewhat Gothic." On entering, I perceived at one glance that the Episcopal church is here, as at New York, the *fashionable* church of the place. It was crowded in every part: the women well dressed—but, as at New York, too much dressed, too fine for good taste and real fashion. I was handed immediately to the "strangers' pew," a book put into my hand, and it was whispered to me that the bishop would preach. Our English idea of the exterior of a bishop is an old gentleman in a wig and lawn sleeves, both equally *de rigueur*; I was therefore childishly surprised to find in the Bishop of Michigan a young man of very elegant appearance, wearing his own fine hair, and in a plain

black silk gown. The sermon was on the well-worn subject of charity as it consists in *giving*—the least and lowest it may be of all the branches of charity, though indeed that depends on what we give, and how we give it. We may give our heart, our soul, our time, our health, our life, as well as our money; and the greatest of these, as well as the least, is still but charity. At home I have often thought that when people gave money they gave counters; here, when people give money they are really charitable—they give a portion of their time and their existence, both of which are devoted to money-making.

On closing his sermon, which was short and unexceptionable, the bishop leaned forward over the pulpit, and commenced an extemporaneous address to his congregation. I have often had occasion in the United States to admire the ready, graceful fluency of their extemporaneous speakers and preachers, and I have never heard anything more eloquent and more elegant than this address; it was in perfect good taste, besides being very much to the purpose. He

spoke in behalf of the domestic missions of his diocese. I understood that the missions hitherto supported in the back settlements are, in consequence of the extreme pressure of the times, likely to be withdrawn, and the new, thinly-peopled districts thus left without any ministry whatever. He called on the people to give their aid towards sustaining these domestic missionaries, at least for a time, and said, among other things, that if each individual of the Episcopal Church in the United States subscribed one cent per week for a year, it would amount to more than 300,000 dollars. This address was responded to by a subscription on the spot, of above 400 dollars—a large sum for a small town, suffering, like all other places, from the present commercial difficulties.

END OF VOL. II.

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