

THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1847.

No. 7.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

NO. IV.

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TOM WILSON'S EMIGRATION.*

CHAP. II.

"My dog! You would not rob me of my dog?"

It was late in the evening before M—— and his friend Tom Wilson returned from Y——. I had provided a nice hot supper and a cup of good coffee to refresh them after the fatigues of their long walk, and they both did ample justice to my care.

Tom was in unusually high spirits, and seemed wholly bent upon his Canadian expedition.

"Mr. C—— must have made use of very eloquent language, Mr. Wilson," said I, "to engage your attention for so many hours?"

"He did indeed," returned Tom, after a pause of some minutes, during which he seemed to be groping for words in the salt-cellar, having deliberately turned out its contents upon the table cloth. "We were hungry after our long walk, and he gave us an excellent dinner."

"But that had nothing to do with the substance of his lecture?"

"It was the substance after all," said M——, laughing, "and his audience seemed to think so, by the attention they paid to it during the discussion. But come, Wilson, give my wife some account of the intellectual part of the entertainment."

"What! I—I—I give Mrs. M—— an account of the lecture. Why, my dear fellow, I never listened to a word of it."

"I thought you went to Y—— on purpose to get information upon the subject of emigration to Canada?"

"Well—and so I did; but when the fellow pulled out his pamphlet and said that it contained the substance of his lecture, and would only cost a shilling, I thought that it was better to secure the substance than endeavor to catch the shadow. I bought the book and spared myself the trouble of listening to the bad oratory of the writer. Mrs. M—— (turning to me) he had a shocking delivery, a drawling vulgar voice, and was so ugly withal that I hated to listen to him or look at him. He made such ungrammatical blunders that my sides ached with laughing at him. Oh! I wish you could have seen the wretch. But here is the document; if it is written in the same style in which it was spoken, you have a rich treat in store."

"But how did you contrive to amuse yourself during his long address?" said I, highly entertained by his description of Mr. C——, against whom I had formed a very uncharitable prejudice.

"By thinking how many fools were collected together, to listen to one greater than themselves. By the way, M——, did you notice Farmer Flitch?"

"No. Where did he sit?"

"At the foot of the table. Oh! you must have seen him, he was too big to be overlooked.—What a delightful squint he had. What a ridi-

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