

able classes", he feels, at first, somewhat startled,—and if a man of sense, or man of the world, thinks nothing of it; but if not, he pockets the affront with a very ill grace, and a slight cloud rests upon his brow, until he has forgotten the affront to his dignity. This last sort of person will find but little pleasure in his intercourse with the Yankees of steamboats, and canal boats and taverns, generally. They are so entirely unconscious of any social superiority or inferiority; they laugh so heartily at the European distinctions of rank, and can so little understand why Kings and Queens and Earls and Countesses are entitled to any more deference than any other ladies or gentlemen, that they, inevitably, annoy, vex and irritate, your man or woman, or your lady or gentleman, who boast of their lineage, stand upon their gentility, and are remarkably touchy and sensitive upon the point of dignity. This sort of persons should not travel in the States, unless they can make up their minds to feel twenty times a day that, whether Prince, Peer or peasant,—nobleman or commoner or commonest,—whether a millionaire, or of ten thousand a year, or of nothing a year,—whether officer, or of the mere rank and file, "a man's a man for a' that". These people should bear in mind that Jonathan, when addressing them in the manner described, has not the slightest intention to offend, does not dream of such a thing, and would be to the last degree astonished to be told that he had done anything wrong: it is solely and simply because he "does not know any better", as the common phrase runs.

There are other British people, however, and they are not at all few and far between, who are pleased with that exhibition of conscious equality; who dislike to see, in their own country, such store set by the maintenance of social distinctions as is visible amongst us, and who, necessarily, are gratified to see another social system in full play and active working, where there are no broad red or black lines between rich and poor—between the titled and untitled—between those born with silver spoons in their mouths, and those accustomed to horn ones.

Leaving St. Johns at 4 o'clock, A. M., the traveller, if out of his berth at six, will see the fortifications of Isle-aux-Noix, and will there bid adieu for a while to the dear old Union Jack, and the uniform of the British soldier. Two or three hours after, he will see a vast, circular pile, of stone and mortar, rising from out the Lake at a projecting point, which is nothing less than a most formidable military work, destined at some day (not very likely ever to come) to keep the British from paying hostile visits to the pretty towns and villages further "South". The spot is called "Rouse's Point". It is a trifle north of the line 45°, and, therefore, was part of Canada, but that give-away-everything, peace-at-all-costs-negotiator, and merchant-nobleman, Lord Ashburton, agreed that it should be Jonathan's property, who, in order to shew how completely he entered into the spirit which had dictated its cession, namely—peace

above all things—immediately set engineers and masons and operatives to work to put up an impregnable and most offensive fortress, where in due time will appear one or two score of Paixhan and other cannon, all pointing towards the possessions of Great Britain.—Ah! there are many, very many, who seriously and soberly believe that England should have fought upon the North Western Boundary Question,—who strenuously uphold the Palmerston doctrine, and who, notwithstanding, are ardent lovers of peace, philanthropists, philosophers and all that. But all that is past,—and, having passed Rouse's Point, a few hours more will take the traveller to Plattsburg Bay, and whilst there, just as sure as he is observed surveying the scenery, some kind and friendly Jonathan will volunteer the information that there it was, in that very bay, that "we whipped the British",—in reference to the naval action fought in it between the British and United States Squadrons, in September, 1814: an action, in which, if we lost our vessels, we lost no honor. Braver men, or better sailors, or more excellently equipped ships, were never met than upon that occasion by our flotilla. We, English, have several substantial reasons, as we esteem them, why our vessels struck their flags; but there is no need of calling from their abode the memories of that disastrous day. Let us pass on. Soon the steamer traverses the Lake, in its widest part, and the beautiful little town of Burlington meets the eye, rising from the wharf to heights covered with foliage and verdure. They are full of good taste, these Yankees, in most things, altho' in some few matters, they have an abominably bad one; such as chewing tobacco and unmerciful expectoration,—bragging like Bobadils, altogether unnecessarily, for he must be a prejudiced fool who denies them the military virtue and intelligence—but in matters general, they exhibit an excellent taste. In none more than in the location of their towns, the laying them out, erecting handsome houses and outbuildings, and having fine steamboats. Burlington is an example of the former, and the "Burlington" steamer, of the latter; a cleaner, nicer, more pleasant or more orderly boat, to travel in, there cannot be, if, in fact, it and the Champlain steamers, generally, do not bear away the palm from all others. It is worth the while of one of us "Britishers" to take a trip to Whitehall, for the purpose of realising the excellence, in every respect, of the steamers. Our steamboat proprietors and captains might take a leaf out of the Champlain book, to very great advantage to the public and to their own credit. Even that great Canadian weakness—the sense of dignity—presents no impediment, rather invites, for it is certainly far worse to see so great a contrast between the St. Lawrence steamers and the Champlain, than to imitate those whom many of us are pleased to consider as "second chop British":—an opinion, by the way, not entertained by those who know most of our neighbours. Those who know much of them, cannot but respect them. In law, medicine, the mechanic arts, in navigation, they are equal to the first, whilst one may seek in vain for their