

regretted every puff of it which passed without propelling us on our route.

After a tedious hour dinner was produced—and despatched in less than half the time. Little conversation of importance occurred in the interval, before dinner, and still less during the repast—we may therefore be considered as reseated in the boat and again under way.

THE ARRIVAL AND SURPRISE.

It was in a beautiful evening in the month of September, that sweet season in the climate of Canada, when the scorching rays of the summer sun yield to the more refreshing but still genial temperature of the autumn, the following incident occurred. Three travellers fatigued, not with rough roads, nor the jolting of a crazy vehicle, but the dull monotony of a long voyage in an open boat upon one of those noble rivers with which the country abounds, arrived at an Inn in a newly formed village in the centre of the woods in Canada. Of the trio who composed this groupe, one was a little middle aged man whose acquaintance with the world had superinduced upon the habits of early green youth, a manner which bespoke him at home wherever he went. He had besides a fearless air which seem'd to say he had met with some hard rubs in the thorny path of life; and intimated with equal precision that he had borne them. In short he was one of those who would rather meet an enemy "in vengeful ire" than a friend to solicit a boon from.—Another of the travellers was a dark swarthy man whose visage had it received the stamp of prevalent violent passions would have marked decision firmness and even determined action at any moment: as it was, it showed he had floated down the stream of life to his present day (aged perhaps 50) in scenes of tranquillity and success.—His flat round contour manifested he had endured no vigils—and suffered no privations either for conscience sake, or in acquiescence with any prescribed formula. His laughing and pleased countenance evinced a heart at ease, a conscience at peace with his God, and a mind satisfied with what he had done in the scenes of life in which he had moved. The third and last of the party was a young girl not exceeding 18 years of age and of a highly interesting appearance, her countenance from the fatigue and tedious nature of their journey was pale, which when contrasted with the deep and broad flash of a full dark eye, was displayed with additional effect. Her form had that light and sylphlike air common to her age; her face was that fine oval, not so much elongated as the modern Italian beauties of the present day, but such as a painter would have at once set down as belonging to a Grecian class. The party now approached the banks of the lake, at the point where they designed to repose for the night. The village had been commenced only a year or two preceding the time they arrived; but still there were in it some of those marks of permanency and grandure already begun. The situation was chosen with all the attention to taste and prosperity which foresight could dictate. It was placed on the banks of one of the