

I belonged, had been ordered. He appeared at the time as anxious to engage with me as he was just now to get away from the Squatter's hut; this anxiety was so eagerly expressed that I hesitated to hire him, under the impression that he had been guilty of some crime by which he had rendered himself amenable to his country's laws. On referring, however, to some gentlemen in the place, I was satisfied, and a bargain was easily made, as his only object seemed to be to get to America, and I took it for granted he would leave me as soon as he did so. In this I was happily mistaken. He continued with me, as the most faithful servant I ever had, in all my wanderings through these Provinces, the West Indies and home again. And on my exchanging into another Regiment about to take the same tour of duty, he again accompanied me.

The occurrence to which I now allude took place on my second visit to Canada. I am thus particular for another reason beside the one I have mentioned, and that is to account for the familiarity with which, the intelligent reader will perceive, I treated him, more like a companion than a menial. I had indeed more causes to do so than I have mentioned. He had twice saved my life at the imminent risk of his own—he had served me when well, and nursed me when sick—he had shared in my captivity and participated in my amusements. He was a capital shot and an excellent cricketer. He had watched over me with parental kindness, (he was some ten years older than myself,) while I was suffering under the overwhelming weight of a domestic calamity. He was besides all this an intelligent and well educated man for his station in life, and I dwelt upon all these circumstances and mourned over his memory as if he'd been my brother. Poor fellow! sad and mysterious was his fate. But I must not anticipate.

I have said, I acceded to M'Phaul's urgent entreaties, and returned. We soon got back to the more beaten road, but my horse shewed evident marks of distress, and I was afraid he would not hold out to the next house which we had been given to understand, if we had interpreted our instructions right, could not be less than five miles further. We pushed on of course the best way we could. To favor the poor horse as much as possible we travelled on foot the whole way except down the hills where our weight did not require any exertions to hold back the sleigh, so heavy were the roads. After about two hours hard toiling, and up a steep ascent for the last mile or so, on reaching the top, we hailed with unspeakable pleasure, the sight of another human dwelling in that desolate and inhospitable region. We saw, at least, un-

equivocal signs of one. We could not see the house itself, but there was the thin blue column of silvery smoke, indicative of a good fire, rolling up above the tops of the trees,

"A moment seen then gone forever."

This sign of a human habitation was also in the bottom of a deep valley near the borders of a beautiful and romantic lake, it was in truth the twelfth we had just or seen since we left the settlement on the banks of the Ottawa. We soon reached an extensive clearing that surrounded the cottage, and as we drove up through it a most magnificent view opened out before us.

We were evidently approaching the foot of a very large lake, which we afterwards found was eighteen miles long, and varying from half a mile to two or three in width, dotted here and there with little islands of various elevations, some nearly on a level with the sleeping waters, while others were towering high above them. On the other side were lofty and precipitous rocks of different heights, which were ever and anon, as the eye attempted to trace the sinuosities of the uneven shore, tapered off into sharp and regularly defined pyramidal mountain peaks; and through between them here and there a long and level valley could be seen stretching out among the rugged hills further far than the eye could reach. This was on the left, while to the right the wide sloping base of some gigantic promontory jutted out as it were into the middle of the lake, with the aid of a small island a little beyond it, completely hid the residue of that immense expanse of water from our view.

The house looked out with its front upon the lake with a gentle slope down to the water's edge; we were approaching it from behind; not directly, however, but a little on one side, that is to say, the road brought us to the end of the cottage where a few steps led up into a little gallery in the front of it. On the rude trellis work on the outward side of this gallery might still be seen the serene and dry and withered remnants of the clematis and the wild and indigenous convolvulus. These and a thousand other little circumstances, coupled especially with evident marks, above the deep snow, of a flower garden in front, were striking indications that the inmates of this lonely cottage belonged to a class far superior to the settlers generally found in such locations. And when I stepped upon the gallery, if I had entertained a doubt upon the subject it would have instantly been removed by the strains which I heard, of unearthly music as I then thought it, so unexpectedly did it fall upon my ear. It was accompanied by a female voice. I stood for a moment or two, till the strain ceased, I could