

them, when they met by mutual consent on the field of battle. It is wise and rational to forget ages of wrong done by those whose duty it was to protect, but *unnatural* to forgive an occasional "turn up" between acknowledged competitors! Mick Murphy in Canada should not fraternize, be brotherly, with Jean Lewy, because Captain Bourbon and Colonel Guelph fought a duel at Salamanca. This is the cloven hoof palpably enough; and Paddy Bull must indeed have horns and hoofs if he swallows such logic. A clear stage and no favour, no knitting of clans, nor nurturing of prejudices, should be the motto in a free country, where none have rights superior to others, and where all are protected alike.

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TRAVELLERS' STORIES.—"Though the cold of a Canadian winter is great, it is neither distressing nor disagreeable. There is no day during winter, except a rainy one, in which a man need be kept from his work."—*Letter by a Backwoodsman.*

This scrap concerning winter in the North American Colonies, is from a book of considerable circulation and respectability. It is either mere "story telling," or, like witches' sayings, "hold the promise to the ear and break it to the heart." If it means that a man *need not be kept* from his work any day in our winter, in the same manner, as a man need not be kept from work, ten fathom deep under water, because he will be incapable of working, the sense is good though villainously expressed. But if it intend to assert, that there is no day during our winter, except a rainy one, in which a man cannot in the open air attend to *his work*—as that term is understood at home, for which meridian the book is intended—we would just ask leave to ejaculate "how the age is given to lying!" Cased in clothes, like the grave digger in Hamlet, with fur cap, ear pockets, snow boots, double mittens or doe-skin gloves, a man may take a stroll, or a sleigh drive, taking care that nothing more sensitive than the tip of his nose meets the razory air, and occasionally soothing that useful promontory by a benevolent grasp of the chamois; but as for out of door work, beside handling a whip, stirring one's straws, or similar movements, it is all moonshine.

The man who would undertake to walk ten miles—though well covered, and supplied with refreshments—on many days of our common winters, would do it at the risk of his life. His grog would crystalize, and his bread change to a stone consistence, in his pocket. and happy for him if his blood would not exhibit a tendency to petrify before the insidious enemy. Even at this commencement of December, during the first snow-storm of the winter, we hear of a female traveller being frozen to death in a snow bank at a short distance from town. Much, very much, may be said in apology for the peculiarities of our summers and winters, but *hyperbole*, is at least, in bad taste, on such subjects.

This proneness to run into extremes about matters at a distance, is perceivable in most of the tales of travellers, who desire to encourage emigration, out of sheer *philanthropy*, no doubt! Respectable modes of publicity at home, occasionally give pictures of comfortable settlements, high wages, demand for labour, &c. which make the teeth of the struggling natives, water, to partake of