

wild scenes and adventures, to which those of Robinson Crusoe are mere child's-play. There were young girls, the daughters of these men, who had received good educations in the Red River academy, and a certain degree of polish which education always gives—a very *different* polish, indeed, from that which the conventionalities and refinements of the old world bestow, but not the less agreeable on that account—nay, we might even venture to say, all the *more* agreeable on that account. There were Red Indians and clergymen; there were one or two ladies, of a doubtful age, who had come out from the old country to live there, having found it no easy matter, poor things, to live at home; there were matrons, whose absolute silence on every subject save “yes” or “no,” shewed that they had not been subjected to the refining influences of the academy, but whose hearty smiles, and laughs of genuine good-nature proved that the storing of the brain has, after all, *very* little to do with the best and deepest feelings of the heart. There were the tones of Scotch reels sounding,—tones that brought Scotland vividly before the very eyes; and there were Canadian hunters and half-breed *voyageurs*, whose moccasins were more accustomed to the turf of the woods than the boards of a drawing-room, and whose speech and accents made Scotland vanish away altogether from the memory. There were old people and young folk; there were fat and lean, short and long. There were songs too; ballads of England, pathetic songs of Scotland, alternating with the French ditties of Canada, and the sweet, inexpressibly plaintive canoe-songs of the *voyageur*. There were strong contrasts in dress also—some wore the home-spun trousers of the settlement, a few the ornamented leggins of the hunter.