

"A United States citizen," thought Robert Wynn. "What a peculiar accent he has! and the national swagger too." And Mr. Wynn, feeling intensely British, left his box, and walked into the midst of the room with his newspaper, wishing to suggest the presence of a third person. He glanced at the American, a middle-aged, stout-built man, with an intelligent and energetic countenance, who returned the glance keenly. There was something indescribably foreign about his dress, though in detail it was as usual; and his manner and air were those of one not accustomed to the conventional life of cities. His companion was a tall, pale, elderly person, who bore his piping voice in his appearance, and seemed an eager listener.

"And you say that I would make an independence if I emigrated?" asked the latter, fidgetting nervously with a piece of paper.

"Any man would who has pluck and perseverance. You would have to work hard, though;" and his eyes fell on the white irresolute hands, dubious as to the requisite qualities being there indicated. "You'd want a strong constitution if you're for the backwoods."

"The freedom of a settler's life, surrounded by all the beauties of nature, would have great charms for me," observed the other.

"Yes," replied the American, rather drily; "but I reckon you wouldn't see many beauties till you had a log shanty up, at all events. Now that young man"—he had caught Robert Wynn's eye on him again—"is the very build for emigration. Strong, active, healthy, wide awake: no offence, young gentleman, but such as you are badly wanted in Canada West."

From this began a conversation which need not be minutely detailed. It was curious to see what a change was produced in Robert's sentiments towards the settler, by learning that he was a Canadian, and not a United States man: "the national swagger"