

"Lake Huron is 240 miles long, 86 miles wide, 1,000 feet deep contains 20,000 square miles. It is 270 feet above the tide water." and

"Green Bay is 105 miles long, 20 miles wide, and contains 2,000 square miles.

"Lake Erie is 240 miles long, 40 miles wide, 810 feet deep, and contains 9,000 square miles. It is 595 feet above tide water.

"Lake Ontario is 108 miles long, 25 miles wide, 360 feet deep, and contains 600 square miles. It is 232 feet above tide water.

"Lake St. Clair is 20 miles long, 14 miles wide, 20 feet deep, and contains 600 square miles. It is 570 feet above tide water.

"The American Lakes are computed to contain 1,700 cubic miles of water—more than half the fresh water on the globe."

From the above, for which I am indebted to a recent American compilation, it will be seen that the whole of the vast bodies of water here described, are, with the exception of Lake Ontario, situated beyond the Falls of Niagara, and consequently form the enormous tide—renewed without cessation—which has continued to leap for time immemorial down the stupendous precipice. There are many other Canadian, or rather American, lakes, which are not included in the above statistics, and these, although not composing any part of the mass which feeds the torrent, contribute, by their evaporating power, to afford nourishment to the whole.

There is, to those who are fond of looking over albums and scrap-books, and tracing the characters of men through their writings, plenty of food for this amusement in the host of manuscripts which are "strowed thick as leaves in Vallembrasa" on the tables of the visitors' room, which overlooks the Fall. Here the sensible and the silly, the witty and the witless, the grave, the gay, the refined, the vulgar, the daring, the timid, the saint, the infidel, the young, the old, the black, the white—in fine, every description, age, and shade of the human family—are wont to pour forth their effusions, and to "hyrolyphic" their names, until in the end such a *galanatas* of absurdity is offered to the eye that it is difficult for the educated stranger not to fancy that he has at length stumbled upon the written language of Babel. Among the most *distingués* of the names inserted in this "pot pourri," were those of Hamilton, Hall, the Kembles, Miss Martineau; and these will naturally tend, intermixed as they are with those of the ignobler mass, to the preservation of records which else might, for the credit of those who chiefly contribute to their formation, be as well committed to the flames, or tumbled into the Fall itself.

At the period of my arrival in Canada, the people were in a state of feverish excitement. The conduct of those, who, for a long series of years, had been aiming at the overthrow of British connexion, making certain assumed local grievances a pretext for the accomplishment of their guilty object, had created a most powerful and resolute feeling in the minds of the loyal portion of the inhabitants; while, on the other hand, the utter discomfiture of their plans, in the dispersion of the rebels and the flight of their principal leaders, led the vanquished party to cherish in silence a stubborn vindictiveness of feeling against their conquerors, which, although not openly avowed, was manifested in the ulterior policy pursued by their party.

Sir Allan McNab—the gallant, gay, and generous leader who had headed the flower of Canadian loyalty against the brigands at Navy Island—had, since the dispersion of that force, and the signal destruction of the Caroline steamer over the Falls of Niagara, returned home; and several of the leaders, taken in arms, were at that moment in the course of being tried at Toronto, where the Assizes were sitting. Among these were Lount, Mathews, and Theller: the former, an ex-Member of the Upper Canadian Parliament; the latter, a generalissimo of the Sympathizers, who had been taken on board the schooner Anno while in the act of bombarding the small and defenceless town of Amherstburgh, in the Western District. Theller conducted his defence in such a manner as to show that, not being a Canadian subject, he could not with propriety be charged with treasonable practices against the state, and therefore his life was spared; but both Lount and Mathews were sentenced to perish on the scaffold. I was present at this execution, which was conducted without any of that excitement which might naturally have been looked for at such a crisis, and it occurred to me that I had never seen two men more mean, or less qualified, in personal appearance at least, either to take the initiative in party, or to be made the objects of selection for a politically criminal procedure.

While in Toronto, I of course made an especial point of waiting upon Sir George Arthur, for the purpose of delivering into his hands the letter of introduction from Lord Glenelg, and explaining to him the circumstances under which the seal had been broken. Sir George received me, as he always subsequently did, with much courtesy, and after a good deal of conversation on the subject of the disturbed state of the country, promised, on my departure, that he would not fail to comply with his Lordship's wishes the moment that a favourable opportunity should offer. I dined with him that day, and, there being only a small party assembled, I confess that I have seldom been more favorably impressed than I was with the utter unpretendingness that pervaded his family circle. Lady Arthur, the mother of a fine youth (Aid-de-Camp to Sir George, and now a Captain in the 4th or

King's Own) and several handsome and accomplished daughters, was still a remarkably good looking woman, and withal so seemingly exempt from that unhealthy vanity and pretension which is common to the wives of men clothed with authority, and so thoroughly and winningly amiable in her manner, that it was impossible not to feel regret when the hour for departure came. Of Sir George, I had, of course, previously heard much connected with his government of New South Wales; and although no one who understands anything of human society, and the paltry machinery by which it is regulated, can be ignorant that men of merit are sought to be abused in proportion to their worth, I was nevertheless desirous to observe if I could trace any evidence of that *hauteur* and unamiability of character, which they, who made so great an outcry against his tyranny, had ascribed to him. But, even while thoroughly persuaded that Sir George Arthur played the complete counter in regard to myself, and had given a promise he never subsequently cared to trouble himself to perform, I must confess that, not only in his outward manner he was polished and urbane, but in the course of our several conversations he ever gave indication of much sensitiveness and feeling, and always manifested a desire to extend every humanity, consistent with the exigencies of the times, and the high responsibility of his office, towards the numerous *soi-disant* Patriots and Sympathizers, with whom most of the chief prisons of the province were at that time filled.

But let me be just: while I attribute to Sir George Arthur in deference in regard to the fulfilment of the favourable views of Lord Glenelg, I must admit that an appointment in Upper Canada was, at that moment, a matter of equal indifference to myself. I did not court it, I did not even wish it then; and it was principally with a view to secure his ulterior favour, in the event of my taking up my residence in Upper Canada, that I had submitted to him what, it was but natural to suppose, could not have been without strong influence and weight. Moreover, when later carrying that design into execution, and "pitching my tent" for a season in Upper Canada, I seriously renewed the application, Sir George assured me that had I, in the first instance, decided on remaining in the Western Province, he would have found less difficulty in giving me an appointment; but as I had been absent for so great a length of time, it had now become almost a matter of impossibility, there being then a most extensive list of applicants to be provided for. This excuse I received without remonstrance or further allusion to the subject; yet I could not but feel sensible, that had the inclination to appoint me not been wanting, a means might, sooner or latter, have been found.

On the day following my first interview with Sir George, I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Robinson, the Chief Justice of the Upper Province—a man of high professional attainments and cultivated taste in literature—of great gentleness and urbanity of manner—of sound and penetrating judgment, and, last, but not least, of an unswerving loyalty to the Crown and love for British institutions, which are nowhere, in Canada, to be surpassed. In the earlier days of the present century this had been honorably tested. Mr. Robinson, then a student at law, was one of the small and gallant band of volunteers who, on the departure of General Brook for the theatre of war at the commencement of hostilities in 1812, had followed that daring leader in an enterprize which terminated in the capture of the American General Hull and his army, at Detroit. Our first acquaintance was formed on that occasion, when we both formed part of the guard of honor that took possession of the surrendered fort. But, *cedunt arma togæ*. Time had changed the youthful soldier into the grave and courteous judge, while I on the other hand, had altered in nothing but in years.

The Chief Justice, who has a large and accomplished family, is one of the few people in Canada who entertain liberally. With him may be classed the gallant Knight of Dundurn (Sir Allan MacNab), Colonel Jarvis, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, also a resident of Toronto, and J. B. Marks, Esquire, of Barriefield, near Kingston, whose house may be truly affirmed to be the home of hospitality.

The weather, throughout the whole of the month of April, had continued very cold, and the vegetation was indicated only in small thin patches, and at intervals. Travelling at such a season, even in a steamboat, was not the most luxurious amusement in the world; however as Lord Durham was almost daily expected at Quebec, and as I was anxious to be at the Seat of Government at the moment of his arrival, I left Niagara towards the close of April, and, after a short but necessary detention in Montreal, soon found myself once more, beneath the formidable walls of this second Gibraltar, or San Sebastian—Quebec.

I have elsewhere intimated that I had, on leaving England, been charged with a particular and confidential mission. It was that of furnishing political information to the "Times" newspaper. A short time previous to my departure from London, I had entered into arrangements with that influential journal, the proprietors of which had, through their professional agent, made me a most liberal offer. And this, even while apologizing for its smallness, both by reason of the fact that I was not coming to Canada expressly in their service, and because a correspondent was not of