

tioned place. Pleased with this prospect of getting on—for I like to “keep moving”—I threw myself into the arms of Morpheus—and met with no event worth relating till next morning, when I descended to the breakfast room. Here I found a new character and a shift of scene. The table was laid out (as the phrase is) with all the necessary breakfast implements, and the upper end of the apartment occupied by a Gentleman in an arm-chair, in the common-place attitude of reading a newspaper. His eyes, on my entrance, were raised from the paper, and the distant greeting of good morning, (usual among strangers on their first meeting,) passed between us. The breakfast making its appearance, we seated ourselves at the table; and although it is a general remark, that no organ of the body can perform two offices at the same time, every day's events prove the fallacy of the position; for I never yet remember sitting down to eat in which I did not find the same muscles employed for mastication and talking. My new acquaintance (for the sequel will prove we became acquainted) whom I shall designate by the name of Mr. Salmagundi, was a tall raw-boned hero, with a pair of light grey keen eyes. His nose (I like to describe noses, being the most prominent feature in the countenance) in shape approached to what is termed aquiline, sharp and drooping; with a brilliant red spot on the point of it, given by the sun as a mark of its favour. It had one peculiarity wherein it differed from the famous Bradolph, whose nose served as a poop lantern. The handle of Mr. Salmagundi's frontispiece was different; from the transparency of its covering, had a light been put in the interior, it would have been equally suitable for a lantern as the nose of Sir John Falstaff's worthy Lieutenant. But it had not that florid red, nor that hot and scintillating appearance which give the luminous quality to the latter. It would require to have been illuminated—and like many other appearances in this world could only shine by the aid of a horrowed light. His hair has been described by one of our Poets:—

“His few remaining hairs were silver grey,
And his old face had seen a better day.”

The description in the last line is equally applicable. The shortness of his face set off a feeling of peevish discontentedness with increased effect, which conveyed at once to the spectator an idea of dissatisfaction, produced by disappointed hopes. Had I measured his intellectual attainments by the havoc he committed upon the toast, sausages, &c. &c. I would have put him down as a man of the first rate abilities; but here (little to the credit of my discriminating powers) I was mistaken, Mr. S., as I afterwards found, had received a plain pen and ink education, sufficient to qualify him for a merchant in the home trade; and in this line in one of the second rate towns in England he had spent his former life, till an unlucky speculation at the close of the war, involved him, like many others, in inextricable ruin. In consequence of this he had emigrated to this country, in hopes to make his fortune, at that time of life others begin to spend theirs. Finding no employment, as a *dernier resort*, he had obtained a grant of land on the Ottawa River,