

HOCHELAGA;

OR,

ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

ABOUT the middle of July 1844, I found myself suddenly obliged to embark from Chatham, for Canada, on board an uncomfortable ship, very unwilling passenger. In a middle-aged man, of quiet bachelor habits, such a voyage to a strange country, at a few hours' notice, was a most disagreeable necessity. I soon, however, made up my mind and my packages, and, before the afternoon was much advanced, started from London.

It was dark when I arrived at Chatham, and went on board; there was a whistling wind and aizzling rain, the decks between the heaps of