

entered and took his seat in a lounging, heedless way, close by the stove, with his feet elevated upon the top thereof, and his cap—at one time supposed to be made of fur, but now might have been mistaken for wilted moss—very much inclined to one side of the head; the peak almost obliterating the adjacent eye. Extracting a short clay pipe from his vest pocket, he discovered to his disappointment, that it was minus the tobacco, which he next produced in the shape of a badly-lacerated fragment of a plug. Helping himself to a chew, he commenced to fire a well-directed volley of obnoxious spittle against the newly-papered wall and stove pipes, and opened a sort of social interview with Abbott by remarking that it was going to be a very severe fight, and that Canada was the finest country on the globe, but that the climate didn't suit many folks; whereupon Abbott readily admitted the truth of the assertion, and added, that from the specimen he had while in the country he was confident it would never suit him, that his constitution was not of the healthy standard, etc.

'Indeed,' remarked the gentleman with the quid, at the same time making a violent effort by screwing up his lips to fire at a spittoon in a far corner, 'A stranger here then? ain't long out, I guess? Going up the country?—a pedlar, or traveller for wholesaler?'

The interrogations of the chewing individual followed in quick succession, and were deemed by the Londoner of a most insulting character, especially the two last.

'Yes, I'm a stranger, comparatively speaking, to Canada,' replied Abbott; 'only out here a few months; but I'm neither going up nor down the country at present. This is my destination, at least for a time; nor am I a pedlar or a traveller, sir, I wish you to understand.'

'Oh, beg pardon, friend; didn't mean no insult, you know. Don't know who you are nor what you are; nor to be honest don't care a darn. But allow me to say that, if you are going to stop here among white folks, you must be a kind of civil, no odds who you are.'

'I don't wish to be otherwise,' observed Abbott. 'I've been well brought up, well educated too, and belong to a very high family, so it is not reasonable to suppose I should be anything but civil, sir.'

'Pshaw! Your high family to the dogs!' returned the stranger. 'We don't preach no such doctrine in this country; you can't come that game here. Money rules over all, and, if you've plenty of that on hand, you may brag a little perhaps 'bout your family and your larvin' and your this and that; but if you han't got much of the chink, take a friend's advice and dry up 'bout relations and qualifications in general. Money, stranger, is the grand recommendation, if a feller wants to cut a big figure.'

'Well,' said Abbott, 'I had money. I may say I was rich when I landed in Canada; but I was unfortunately robbed. Notwithstanding, I have a few friends even in this distant land, and am not destitute of recommendations equally as good as money,—honesty and integrity; and as we have happened to get into conversation about these matters, I will inform you that I have here a testimonial of character and written introduction to a gentleman of good standing, a leading man in this place. I intend to present it to him to-morrow. Perhaps you can tell me where he resides in the town. Christopher Frow, Esq., is the name to whom this letter is addressed.'

'What?' said the stranger, straightening his cap and starting to the floor; 'why, I am the man! That's my name, there ain't no other here of the same.'

Abbott, with greater astonishment than could be conceived, handed the letter to Mr. Frow, who, when he read the contents, informed him that he would meet him at the hotel the next day and speak confidentially.—So saying he left abruptly.

Christopher Frow was exalted many degrees, in his own estimation, above his mercantile brothers, after he discovered by Abbott's introductory letter that he