

pipe, he immediately breaks off the handle to within a few inches of the bowl, logically concluding, that it is not so liable to break in his pocket or hat—they often stick them in the bands of their hats—as if it was long; and accident might break it nearer the bowl than intention. Towels and hair-brushes are alien to his nature; one large piece of sail-cloth or old rag is made to serve for towel for the whole crew. Some voyageurs can shake the water from themselves, like a dog, and think that quite sufficient. Don't laugh; for I've repeatedly seen them do it. To give them some credit, however, they do not altogether exclude soap from their toilet; but that is a luxury to be used, perhaps, once a week. As to shaving, some of them do when they think about it, but the majority let their beards grow; or some one of the crew who boasts of a pair of scissors, clips them to a suitable size for *une pipe de tabac*, for the whiskers, and *deux pipes*, for the hair of the head. You seldom see a voyagour without a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and many of them keep it in while at meals. Their habits of life being unrestrained by etiquette or conscience are by no means exemplary. There is always a moral in the vilest of natures, but seldom a model. They are civil and complacent, and sometimes exceedingly obliging to strangers; but if you accept their invitations "to dine," you must expect to see appetites as voracious as that of a beast, and gormandizing that would put to shame that civilized beast of a man who won a prize by stuffing himself at one time with enough for a respectably large family.

The integrity of the voyageurs is not always as it should be; but voyageurs are not alone in this respect. Their hospitality is unbounded, and they always esteem themselves favored by the visit of a stranger when they are at meals. Their bump of combativeness is rather much developed; so much so, that they are sometimes obliged to "let it out" by fighting their friends as well as foes. Some of the most savage think nothing of gouging your eye out—an accomplishment introduced into Canada by our Southern neighbours. Their ideas of law and government were once merged in Judge Lynch, and "every man for himself," but since the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and the reception they gave him in canoes, they understand something about "the Sovereign," and respect to the throne. Summary punishment, though, is in accordance with their feelings. I knew a habitual thief, who had his legs and arms tied, and a rope passed around his body, and was then plunged in the river, from a raft, a dozen times. Their orisons are few and far between, and superstition replaces devotion. They neither care for man or the devil, and would eat even where Charon ferried. They have a strange way of calculating on their fingers, or with bits of wood or stone, and count by "threes"—those who can count. Very few of them can sign their own names; and a great many don't remember their surnames.—I seldom knew of any who could read. Some of them have extraordinary powers of imitation, and imitate birds and animals perfectly—a power very useful when hunting. They have no desire to be "famous," they are the most contented class in the world, and love life; but if they have to die, they will die with the stoicism of an Indian. They would be as content to sleep, like Diogenes, in a tub, as on their rafts, or in the woods. Their ideas of love I could never find out; it's a great blessing for woman if they have none. Their amusements consist of singing, dancing—wonderful dancing, too,—card playing, chequers, and dice—a peculiar game I never saw before—and whiskey drinking. The former are their *forte*, the latter their curse. They generally play cards, &c., on the top of a keg—the contents of which they have previously imbibed, and have consequently a sort of affection for it—and play far away into the morning. When they return on the steamers to their stations, after bringing the rafts down to their destined ports, they keep the whole boat awake with their noise.

They bear, and go through more severity, and change of climates than the ancient Britons, and many of them with nearly as little clothes as our forefathers wore. But I cannot note well the manners of these strange men, without going into details, which might be unwelcome.

I have come down the rapids with these fine fellows, with my pants rolled up, and boots and stockings off, when the water would splash and dash over the logs, when the waves would seem to suck the whole mass of lumber into their depths, and at times you could not see a bit of the timber you were standing on; while your hand grasped tightly the pole which was stuck between the logs for you to hold by, when you'd think the whole mass was going to pieces, when your very knees would be beneath the water—oh! it makes one hold his breath with terror!—I have been out in the woods with them, and notwithstanding their bad traits, and partiality to bad whiskey, I have been more amused in their company than

anywhere else. I spent the two months vacation which "our school" allowed.

Their passions are very fierce; they are often brutes in action, but there is a complaisance and kindness beneath all this, which is easily brought to the surface. The voyageurs of Canada are a class of men peculiar in everything, and differing from other men in everything relating to habits; but they are a wild and romantic class, who murmur not to toil far, far back in the thick dark woods in the cold winter, where the wild bears prowl, and all is desolate—who risk their lives on the raft of logs; who are content with their simple fare, and are happy in their hardships.—One cannot but pity them, but they are content, and "what's the odds?"—*The British American.*

Selling Old Things.

Sell that old table? No: I'll not sell it! It's only a pine table, that's true; and it cost but 18 shilling twenty-five years ago; but your \$10 bill is no temptation? and I'll not swap it, either for the prettiest mahogany or cherry table that you bring me. If it has plain turned legs, instead of a pillar in the middle, with a lions claws, and if the marble top is only varnished paper, still I will not sell or swap it. It has been to me a very profitable investment. From the day it came home it has been earning dividends and increasing its own capital.

My children made a play-house and drank tea in their toy cups under it, for which I thank the four legs, and when they got tired of it that way, they turned it upside down and made a four-post bedstead with curtains, or pulled it round the carpet for a sleigh. Then they climbed on it for an observatory; and I never counted the glorious romps they had round it. And also, all along, for twenty-five years, it has paid its dividends of happiness to my family circle. These dividends could never be separated from it, until its value is not told in money. It has had its quiet use, also; for no body could tell it from a round table of agate and cornelian, with its salmon-bordered green cover.

Nothing lasts forever. The top of the table was loosened by the hard use it got, so I took a punch, drove in the eight-penny nails below the surface, added a few screws, putted them over, and pasted marble-paper checkers over the top. Then it was a really handsome table. It has had hard usage since, but bears it all; and the checkers want renewing, which will make it worth more yet.

My watch is thirty years old. It is one of those thick silver levers which some poor wits call "turnips." It has been several times suggested to me that I might exchange it for a thin modern gold watch, which wears easier in the pocket. When I do, you may set me down for a barbarian! No, the best gold and jeweled "hunter" in existence would not tempt me to swap. The watch marked the time when my children were born, and the record is set down in the family Bible; it has ticked on their ears when they could only speak by laughing at it and kicking up their heels. It has marked the hours when the doctor's medicines were to be given, and counted their pulses when they beat low at midnight, and when the heart ached. It has made many records that are fast sealed up—to be opened only when another time comes.

Twenty-seven years have passed since my wife and I went out one evening and bought a tea-kettle. The fitting of the lid was a little imperfect, so that the escape of steam shook it, and caused a peculiar noise, nearly enough resembling the chirping of some insect to suggest the name by which it has now been known in the family for a long time—"our cricket on the hearth."

Like the table and the watch, the kettle has been adding dividends to its capital every day since its first purchase, and, though nothing but iron, it could not be bought for its weight in silver. It has sung so long and regularly and cheerfully, that not only the kitchen, but the whole house would be lonely without it. It has given us its fragrant blessings, morning and evening and come almost to be regarded as a living and talking creature.

It is never a good fortune that sells such old friends out of the family, and takes in new ones that have no history and no tongue. In all changes that have so far taken place, I have kept these silver bowls unbroken, and surely no change in the future shall break them.—*Century.*