

with his life—while crossing a river in a canoe and as it was afterwards related, when in the act of detailing a string of falsehoods blackening the character of his wife to vindicate his own conduct—and at the very moment when uttering a horrid imprecation against her, the canoe over-set and he sunk to rise no more. The others escaped, and afterwards related this circumstance. She found her way back to Canada—and thus left a widow at the age of 22, has by her honest industry, contrived to make a living. She has been two years in this house; and while others in the same line of life are the objects of dislike and envy—she is conspicuous for possessing the warmest wishes of all her acquaintances for her success. The house you will observe is small—there is only one spare bed-room and that but seldom occupied unless by some old friend or acquaintance like myself. She is not anxious to extend her business—having none to provide for but herself, and what she sells, aided by her skill in the needle produces sufficient to supply her moderate wants. On this account she cannot be served by recommending passengers to her house. “I perceive,” added he, “your glass is empty, let us replenish it!” I assented—and now saw clearly the reason my friend was desirous of indulging deeper than usual in the bottle. I have seen somewhere an enumeration of the reasons for drinking, but do not think the one which now actuated both myself and friend is mentioned. Let me assure the reader it is a very powerful one; for I felt during the above narration that every bumper I swallowed, I was contributing a mite to smooth the residuum of a life—whose hitherto short space had been chequered with misfortunes of a deep dye. And it is difficult to say how long we might have continued, in the performance of these mysteries, had not the captain of the boat abruptly arrived to inform us he was to sail immediately.

The settling of a bill at a tavern * is so much of an every day occurrence that it is hardly necessary to describe it. The waiter or landlord takes the money with a low bow, and with a profusion of thanks officiously interposes his help, to carry down and embark your baggage. He even sees the departure of what is called a good customer, without much sincere regret, in the hopes that the next hour may supply his place with another. The only predominant feeling which engrosses his attention, is a desire to wipe out from your mind any thing which you may have met with to render you dissatisfied with your fare, in the hopes of securing your custom when you again travel the same road. For never maiden aunt or bedridden uncle felt more dissatisfied at a gay and young nephew for omitting the customary new-years visit, than a land-

preventative laws, I have never understood—nor am I certain if the practice is universal in the States. That it is no unusual thing in the Northern States adjoining to Canada is a fact too palpable for denial. It ought to be mentioned that such instances of the above as I have seen were confined to the lower ranks of life—nor is it certain that they extend to others.

* There is one characteristic difference between the Inns in America and those in England. In the former the servants are all paid by the master—hence on a traveller leaving one of them, he is not beset with the importunities of the waiter, cook, chambermaid, boots &c. and all those harpies, who assail him for a douceur on leaving an Inn in England.