

THE ITINERANT.

(For the Canadian Magazine.)

Some pursue their studies in the closet, and by the midnight lamp prowl upon the labours of others; stealing their thoughts, words and opinions; and with an unblushing impudence which makes the scholar doubt, and "the vulgar stare," will varnish over their felony, while they retail these as their own. Others seek for knowledge in the giddy round of fashionable life, and study man through the (falsest of all mediums) the gayly circling glass. Not a few draw their knowledge from the softer part of the creation; and while among the female sex they sip the fragrant Chinese beverage, drink in large draughts of scandal—and in the ebullitions of their wit and fancy sacrifice the reputation of an acquaintance, perhaps that of a neighbour or a friend. All have the same end in view, "the proper study of mankind;" the error lies in the road they take to find it. I have always considered none of the above the proper method of study, and at an early period of life rejected them all to follow my own plan, becoming what my name designates, an *Itinerant*.

In the course of my peregrinations I have seen man in his true colours, acting his part upon the stage of life. Sometimes trembling under the fear of approaching danger—sometimes laughing with thoughtless glee, alike regardless of the past, the present, and the future. I have seen him indulging in all the fooleries which fortune could command; and again writhing under the iron gripe of disappointed hope and poverty. But a truce to moralizing, Doctors say it hurts digestion.

In pursuing my course of studies I have spared neither body nor mind. My road has not been chosen from any fastidiousness of taste, but as being the shortest by which I could reach the end of my journey. When at school I was marked as a fearless boy—would follow my play-fellows through a puddle, over a fence, a ditch, or any obstacle they could surmount, with much better will than go round it. This propensity has stuck to me through life; and in the course of thirty years' wandering, I cannot recollect one instance of deviation either to save my own trouble or that of others. I still follow the same course; and in pursuit of my journeys defy bad roads, comfortless inns, damp beds, wet weather, with the same regardless feeling the huntsman has for his neck, when all in view, he contends to be in at the death. I esteem the character of steadiness, and have long remarked no object can be attained without it, except exercise in a swing-ropé or on a spring-board. Besides steadiness in pursuit of his object gives a man *eclat* in the world's eye. How often have we seen the hurried step, bustling activity, and frequent searching for papers, &c. &c. gain a man credit for being an extensive merchant;—while the slow solemn gait, grave look, and formal cut, will bespeak the judge or man of the church. But it is a *sine qua non* for all these to persevere incessantly in these appearances. They must labour in their vocation—and so must I in mine. But I am digressing from the subject. Excuse me, Mr. Rea-