

or comfortable alone,—for ‘*the pleasures of imagination*’ they had not patience to peruse : contemplation was not tried, because it could not be understood : they were tired of each other’s company, having said, and heard all their pretty little nothings, a thousand times over, before reaching Quebec ; and the source being dried up, they sat in sulky state, hating each other for want of mind. That evening it had entered into their wise heads, that by coming aboard our ship, I would think them well-bred, learned, sensible young gentlemen,—even philosophers ; as I had not heard from them, what they had heard from others—something new might drop from my unlettered tongue—they were sure of a booze, and would take special care to retire, before their pack of *wonders, and unaccountable circumstances*, should be empty. Accordingly they came, and I heard no more music from the little warblers of the forest, who, if they could not chaunt European airs, had no deceit to each other, nor the slightest idea of calling one whom they hated or despised ‘my dear fellow,’ and ‘my dear friend.’

When some glasses had been swallowed, a due portion of blessings on Scotland were uttered, with many regrets that ever they had come to this country, at which they swore most heartily ; they asked my opinion. I only replied—‘that when a man went to a foreign Land, it was his duty not to disgrace the country he had left, by improper conduct ; and if ignorance prevailed in this country,—which I positively deny, for the cream of Britain is here, it is not the way to improve them, by practising the most ridiculous of all sins—profane swearing.’ This had the effect of stopping their interjections.

It so happened that one had a fine voice ; and after repeated signs and winks to his companion, which were at length understood, the other said, ‘gentlemen, there can be no singing in a country like this, where all the people are industrious ; but if my friend would favour us with a song, you will receive a treat which cannot be had in this vile region.’ ‘Me!’ interrupted the other.—‘I can’t sing a stave. I have a cold, and sore throat,—besides, I am timmer tuned, and never could sing.’ The other declared he had heard him sing like a nightingale, &c. After a deal of elegant argument, the one who wanted his companion to perform, said to me—‘ask him, Sir, upon my word it is quite a treat—nothing like it in nature ; he hangs back on purpose to astonish the company : but as he is anxious that you should think him clever and obliging, he’ll do it at once, if you’ll ask him.’ To which I replied—‘He has astonished me already, and I don’t like too much of any thing. It is impossible to ask, after he has repeatedly declared, that ‘he never sung in his life,’ without giving a gross insult, which of course will produce an invitation to walk in the fields before breakfast. I am now getting old ; such scenes with me are past ; my body’s not worth shooting at, and he requires life to repent of improper language ;—so, if you please, Sir, we shall change this jargon.’—Though I had spoken in a low tone, yet the purport was overheard by the musical genius, who really coloured ; but wanting to make a noise, said—‘Gentlemen, I really cannot sing ; but since you are all