

snow and gave us the whole road, otherwise it is frightful to think on what might have been the consequences. At last, at one of the turns of the road, my friend pulled the wrong rein, and both horses and sleigh were positively pitched into the ditch, and literally covered in the snow, out of sight. I must confess that when I felt myself jammed under the sleigh I gave up all for lost, and the thought of home and warm toddy rushed into my mind; and here was I, in the flower of my age, left to perish in a Canadian snow-drift. How long I lay I know not; but I at last found myself forcibly drawn upwards. Wonderful to relate, I found that I had only broken my watch-glass, or, more properly speaking, the crystal of my watch, together with the minute-hand; thus affording another example of the escapes which travellers sometimes experience when in the most dreadful danger. It is no less strange that the horses had escaped without any apparent bruises; and some slight repairs having been made to the harness, we proceeded, under the guidance of the driver, and within a half hour reached that curious specimen of Canadian ingenuity known as the "LaChapelle Bridge," doubtless from some chapel which must have stood near it in former days, although I could see no traces of the ruins. It was past three o'clock before we reached the home of the friend where we were to spend the evening, as Thomas was pleased to remark, "with a first-rate set of girls, and some capital fellows." The particular reason for our being so far in advance of the rest of the company expected from town, I cannot take upon myself precisely to determine, although I strongly suspect some particular attraction to have been the cause of it, more particularly when our host's youngest daughter, Mary Anne, (*I think* her name was Mary Anne,) had been introduced to me, and I noticed the apparent familiarity which existed between her and my young friend. Not that I would insinuate by the word familiarity anything not sanctioned by the strictest propriety. It is well known that Canadian custom, on New Year's day, does permit, in the country parts, some approaches to cordiality, even between persons of opposite sexes, perhaps a little too intimate to be very indiscriminately bestowed. Even the most fastidious will admit, that, in some instances, the custom is not unattended with pleasurable sensations. And I trust I may be permitted, without impropriety, to remark, that, on this occasion, I felt very much disposed to wish, when I observed the cordiality of the greeting between Mary Anne and my friend, that the custom could have sanctioned an attempt on my part to participate in such friendly

salutations. I hope, however, that my intimacy with society, and a proper refinement of feeling, will ever prevent me from taking undue liberties with persons to whose notice I may hereafter be, (as I was on this occasion,) for the first time introduced.

Verily, comfort is not wholly confined to cities. She resideth even in the cabins of Canadians, several leagues from any town, and spreads her cheering influence around a log fire, and nestleth even in chambers warmed by black box stoves, I must confess, however, I was not prepared for such an appearance of comfort, and even of elegance, as appeared in the house of my hospitable entertainer, Mr. S——, to whom I was introduced. Had it not been for the fact that I knew it was not so, I could have fancied myself in De Bleury street, in the residence of my respected uncle, whose business, before the late alarming decline in grocery sales, permitted him to indulge his tastes for the elegant and ornamental: I was surprised to find even a piano, and an appearance at least of modern music, with materials shewing an acquaintance with some branches of drawing, and even water colouring. There was a solar lamp in one corner of the room, on a table with well turned ornamental feet; the carpet seemed to me to be of more than average materials and value, and the papering of the room, except that it seemed of somewhat too dark a pattern, would not have disgraced St. Urbain, or perhaps Sherbrooke street itself.

I confess it was with a glow of satisfaction that I noticed, as I gradually thawed myself out, those signs of civilisation and refinement throughout the apartment. Man ever strives at advancement. He is too ambitious to rest content in inferiority. The influence of the refined society of the city extends far beyond LaChapelle's bridge; it crosses the parishes in every direction: it penetrates into the back-woods: it is seen and felt by, and reflected from, those who, by business or pleasure, are brought within its reach. It softens, it humanises, it purifies, and it appears to me that the merchants of Montreal would do well, at least on some occasions, to introduce into their family circles,—and I would even venture to add into their evening parties,—some of those very worthy individuals from the country parts, who may have occasion to come to their stores for their supply of groceries, or other necessities or luxuries of life. Let me not be called a leveller—one who would destroy all gradations in society; let it not be said that such a proceeding would shock the natural feelings of our aristocracy. I do not mean to say that discrimination should not be used in selecting individuals for the honor