

his dog safely on board. Odd as he is, I parted from him with a full heart—I felt as if we never should meet again. Poor Tom! he is the only brother left to me that I can love. Robert and I never agreed very well, and there is little chance of our meeting in this world. He is married and settled in that confounded New South Wales, and the rest, John, Richard, George, they are all gone—all.”

“Was Tom in good spirits when you parted?”

“Yes, in capital spirits. He is a perfect contradiction. He always laughs and cries in the wrong place. Charles,” says he, with a loud laugh, “tell the girls to get some new music against I return; and hark ye! if I never come back, I leave them my kangaroo waltz as a legacy.”

“He is a strange creature.”

“Strange indeed. You know, Mrs. M——, that he has very little money to take out with him, but he actually paid for two berths in the ship that he might not have a person who might chance to snore to sleep under him. Thirty pounds thrown away upon the mere chance of having a snoring companion. Besides,” quoth he, “Charles, I cannot endure to share my little cabin with others. They will use my towels and combs and brushes, like that confounded rascal who slept in the same berth with me coming from New South Wales, who had the impudence to clean his teeth with my tooth brush. Here I shall be all alone, happy and comfortable as a prince, and Duchess shall sleep in the other berth and be my queen,” and so we parted, said Captain Charles. “May God take care of him, for he never could take care of himself.”

“That puts me in mind of the reason he gave for not going with us,” said I. “He was afraid that my baby would keep him awake of a night with her squalling. He hates children, and says he never would marry for fear of having one.”

The brothers never met again. Captain Charles, a brave officer and a most accomplished man, died shortly after by his own hand.

But to return to our emigrant. We left the British shores on the first of July, and after a very disagreeable voyage cast anchor under the castle of St. Louis, at Quebec, on the second of September, 1832. Tom Wilson sailed in May, had a speedy passage, and was, as we heard from his friends, comfortably settled in the bush, had bought a farm and meant to commence operations in the fall. All this was good news, and as he was settled near my brother's location, we congratulated ourselves that our eccentric friend was in good hands, and that we should soon see him again.

On the ninth of September, the steamboat

William IV. landed us at the then small but rising town of C——. The night was dark and rainy. The boat was crowded with emigrants; I had suffered much from sickness during the voyage, and was ill and fatigued. When we arrived at the inn we had the satisfaction of learning that there was no room for us, not a bed to be had; nor was it likely, owing to the number of emigrants that had been poured in for several weeks, that we could obtain one by searching further. M—— requested the use of a sofa for me during the night, but even this produced a demur from our landlord. Whilst we stood in the passage crowded with strange faces, a pair of eyes glanced upon me through the throng. Was it possible! Could it be Tom Wilson? Did any other human creature possess such eyes, or use them in such an eccentric manner?

In another minute he had pushed his way to my side.

“Tom Wilson, is that you?”

“To be sure it is. I flatter myself there is no likeness of such a handsome fellow to be found in the world. It is I, I swear,—though very little of me is left to swear by. The best part of me I have left to fatten the rascally mosquitoes and black flies in that infernal bush. But where is M——?”

“There he is, trying to induce the landlord for love or money to let me have a bed for the night.”

“You shall have mine,” said Tom; “I can sleep upon the floor of the parlour in a blanket. It's a bargain. I'll go and settle it with the Yankee directly. In the meanwhile here is a little parlor, which belongs to some of us young hopefuls, for the time being. Step in here, and I will go for M——. Oh! I long to see him—to tell him what I think of this confounded country. But you will find it out all in good time—ha! ha! ha!” and rubbing his hands together with a most lively and mischievous expression, he shouldered his way through trunks and boxes and anxious faces, to communicate the arrangement he had very kindly made for us, to M——.

“Accept this gentleman's offer, sir, till to-morrow,” said mine host. “I can then make more comfortable arrangements for your family. But we are crowded, sir, crowded to excess. My wife and daughters are obliged to sleep in a little chamber over the stable to give our guests room. Hard that, I guess, for decent people like us to locate over the horses.”

These matters being settled, M—— returned with Tom Wilson to the little parlour in which I had already made myself at home.

“Well, now, is it not funny that I should be