

with by mere apprehensions of danger, or by brooding over past perils; and I therefore tried to banish the thoughts of the late disaster.

As we mounted the hill my mind was drawn to that peculiar ridge, which, commencing near Lachine and running back of the Tannery, skirts the town, passing along by Sherbrooke Street, almost parallel with the course of the St. Lawrence, and I was more than ever convinced of the truth of the theory, explanatory of that phenomenon, which I have transmitted to the Natural History Society, and which was read before our Club. I trust hereafter to lay that theory before the public. In the meantime we had advanced with considerable rapidity, and were now progressing still at a rapid pace, along the road that leads to the toll-gate, near that splendid property so lately immortalised by the famous proposal for a *tirage*, and which has more recently been, in part, at least, appropriated as a last resting place for persons fond of airy and elevated situations. I refer to the cemetery, dignified with an appellation derived from a naval victory, well known to admirers of English Naval History. I noticed as a fact, curiously illustrative of the national character of Canadians, that our driver turned up his capôt, and tightened the red sash with which he was girded, in advancing to the top of the ascent. Long intercourse with the savages of Canada, had doubtless led the French inhabitants to adopt the sash or belt, which the Aborigines used to stifle the pains of hunger in their long and arduous hunting excursions; but the Canadians of the present day, I am convinced, after much reflection, continue the custom from motives of convenience and comfort, and not from any want of the necessities of life.

After we had passed the toll-gate (having first paid the necessary toll or talliage) we proceeded rapidly onwards till the fine view of the Parish of St. Laurent and the country back of it came into view. I trust I appreciate nature in all her moods, but I confess that to my mind, man (of course I use the generic name as including both sexes,) is an object which engages my profoundest attention. "The proper study of mankind is man," says the poet, and I remarked with interest, the Canadians passing in great numbers, and their politeness in returning my friend's rather too prominent salutations. We then passed a village said to be called the Tanneries, but I do not vouch for the correctness of the name; indeed I had always supposed the Tanneries were situated on the road to Lachine. But be this as it may, we arrived without accident at the Post Office in St. Laurent. Our driver put his horses under the shed, and the keenness of the morning made

me glad, notwithstanding the precautions I had taken against the cold, to go in and warm myself. I noticed with no small interest that the stove in the apartment into which we were ushered, was of that peculiar description called a Three Rivers stove, but it was evidently of a very ancient manufacture, although still likely to survive the more fluctuating articles of the kind manufactured now-a-days. There was an air of comfort in the apartment that bespoke more than common success in life. I was particularly struck with a portrait of the Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, on the north-west side of the room, just over the wood-box, which latter, I remarked, was painted, and had evidently, as I found on investigation, received two coats of paint; the first of a brownish colour, the second approaching to red. It is by such minute investigations that the mind is liberalised; and I trust I was prepared thankfully to recognize in the appearance of the whole apartment, the progress of just ideas of human comfort, which permits, even in unambitious dwellings, the painted wood-box, and the rude attempt at portraiture just alluded to. Declining the glass of bitters offered by the worthy host, as well as the proffered cigar of my friend Thomas, I secured my throat from the external cold, and prepared once more to brave the dangers of tandem driving, and the colds of a Canadian winter morning. Verily, had I been aware of what was to follow, I would not, in justice to my friends and to society, have made the attempt. Scarcely had we started, before my friend insisted on driving, and I shuddered to perceive that there was apparently a good understanding between him and the driver. In vain did I remonstrate and implore; in vain did I paint the condition of his widowed mother in case of accident. Thomas was determined not to be convinced. Nay, not content with the rein, he seized the whip, and inflicted a severe cut on the left flank of the leader, who started off with a rapidity absolutely frightful. Conceive my situation as we descended the slope, and the anxiety, not to say agony, I endured, as our course became every moment more impetuous. To fling myself from the vehicle was my first thought, my next, forcibly to pull my friend back over the front seat; but I saw certain danger in both cases, and I resolved to brave the worst. What a timid man might have done I know not, but it is a matter of proud self-congratulation to me, that I did not, even in the alarming extremity in which we were likely to be involved, utter a single cry, or attempt to interfere with the reins. Fortunately for us, the Canadians whom we met, with a praise-worthy humanity, reined their horses into the