

the way into a back room, and grumbled forth a kind of apology, that he was sorry I had had to wait so long, but that his wife was sick, and he had been sending all over the village for a girl, but could not get one; so that I was fain to put up with a great tall nigger for an attendant.

The black was civil and attentive enough, having all the fearful and fawning manner of a runaway slave; but, I must own, I would rather have seen a petticoat; it would have put me more at my ease. My supper, too, was of the commonest kind; and if it had not been for the bread and butter, I should have gone to bed hungry.

And now, my frugal and uncomfortable supper being ended, and I having nothing to keep me up—for there was not the slightest shadow of anything of entertainment, not even a newspaper—for the master would not, and the men seemed afraid to speak to me—I requested to be shown to my bed-room, first offering to pay for my “entertainment,” as I intended to be off early in the morning. This, however, the host refused, saying, with a peculiar smile, I should be sure to find him up at *any time*. I thought this rather strange, as the Canadians are generally pretty good at going to bed; and, although this *was* a tavern, I did not perceive any great run of custom to keep him up all night; however, I said nothing, but followed my black attendant through such a number of rooms and passages, twistings and turnings, in all manner of ways, that I am quite sure I never could have found my way back in the dark; and I could not help thinking that he was purposely leading me through so many ways, for the purpose of confusing my memory.

At length, he ascended a narrow flight of stairs, which led into a garret of immense extent; it certainly covered the whole house, and the house must have been much larger than it appeared from the outside; for although we appeared to rise in the middle of it, the light of the candle failed to light the extremities on either side. The black turned to the left, carefully steering his way between empty flour barrels, broken bottles, old buffalo skins, and all the lumber and rubbish, which usually form the furniture of garrets, to a small room which had been formed at one end of the garret, by putting up a slight partition, which did not reach near to the roof, and which could not possibly be tenanted in the winter.

And, setting down the candle, the darkie told me that was my room; and that if I wanted anything, and would come to the top of the stairs and hollo, he would be sure to hear me. He left me alone; and no sooner was he gone, than I

took a survey of the apartment. The furniture was scanty enough, consisting of the bed, two chairs, a table, covered with a white cloth, on which was a small looking-glass, and a comb and brush, a wash-hand stand and ewer, and some boxes in one corner.

The room was lit by one small window, which was open; and the door had no other fastening than a common latch, which might be opened either way, so that fastening it was out of the question. However, the appearance of the bed gave me satisfaction, as it was both clean and comfortable; and, promising myself a good night's rest, and an early start in the morning, I prepared for bed, by pulling off my boots, winding up my watch, and putting it, with a good dirk-knife—which I always carry with me, to be prepared for anything that may happen—under my pillow.

While I was undressing, some trifling noise in the yard below, called me to the window; and, although partly undressed, I could not resist throwing open the blind, that I might the better enjoy the beauty and the luxury of a night-scene like this. It was still early—about half-past nine—and lights might be seen at almost every house, and voices occasionally heard, but not sufficiently near, or loud, to disturb the silence and solemnity of the night. There was no moon, but the stars shone out with a brilliance which almost compensated for her absence, and the wind blew in my face, in those warm and yet refreshing gusts—peculiar to September—which remind one of those half-playful, half-amorous kisses, which a young girl bestows on the man who is so happy as to win her first love.

I don't know how it is; but, although bred and born a townsman, and used to, and perfectly at home, in all the noise, bustle, and turmoil of a city, yet I absolutely enjoy, and luxuriate in such a scene as this; and I do not know anything that gives me more calm, or real pleasure, than sitting under a tree, or lying in a hay-field, on such a night as this, and allowing my imagination to stray to Arcadian scenes of rural employments and enjoyments, and fancying how much happier my life might have glided away, if fate or fortune had cast my lot in the country—for which I have always had a strong inclination—instead of in town, for which, from the roguery and vice with which they are filled, I have always had a dislike.

On the night in question, my thoughts took a more *real* direction; for, after a few minutes of listless idleness, I began to think of those I loved, but had left in the Old Country, and if they were now employed as pleasantly as I was. This soon brought my thoughts round to my cousin, whom I was going to see; and suddenly remembering,