

the "canny" Scotchman—you may know him by his clean, comfortable dwelling, every thing about it having the appearance of rigid economy. Then perhaps you meet the jovial Hibernian, as poor and open hearted as ever—equally ready to break your head or buy you a glaster—

"So bold and frank his bearing boy,  
Should you meet him onward faring boy,  
Through Lapland's snow or Chili's glow—  
You'd ask what news from Erin, boy."

And last, not least, the true born Englishman; but of these last, there is as much variety as in all the rest put together. You will meet the Cockney, the west countryman, and the Yorkshireman, who, if you supply with a rope, will find a horse himself.

I reside in a settlement well stocked with original characters—all Yorkshiresmen, and real stiff-necked John Bulls. They are eternally petitioning government for something or other, which is but of trifling consequence to any body, holding meetings, making resolves and resolutions, and finally doing nothing but resolving and resolving on to the end of the chapter. Generally every sitting of the House of Assembly, it is resolved unanimously to hold a meeting on some important project—such, perhaps, as wanting a piece of road changed from its original destination, complaining of some refractory magistrate and justice of the peace, or perhaps asking slyly what has become of some provincial money, the appropriation of which they have not been acute enough to discover. At one of these meetings, last winter, it was decided without one dissenting voice, that the reader's humble servant should forthwith proceed to the capital with the resolutions of the settlement, and make known their grievances to the representatives of the county, and although we always fail in making any impression, yet we still persevere, for there is still some little satisfaction in letting them know that we exist—life, without some excitement, is little more than a blank—what is it to step through life and have nothing more said of you than that you *lived* and that you *died*? As usual, a long file of objections were drawn up to some government transactions, and I was deputed to bear the despatches, though sadly against my will, but it is no use attempting to "live in Rome and to strive with the Pope," and so I set out on my hopeless journey, attended by two of the settlers. One of them whose name was L—, a thick, square built man, was the "beau ideal" of a Yorkshireman—the other no less like it, only he

does not speak quite so provincial, and having been an attendant upon the stage, was very fond of quoting Shakspeare. Nothing worthy of remark happened on our journey up, more than that we got into the ice several times, and my companions got half seas over. At length having fulfilled the purposes of our mission, we returned homeward, and although as usual unsuccessful, yet nothing daunted, but as firmly resolved as ever to make an agitation next session. We left Fredericton in the evening and returned homeward—we arrived at an inn, several miles on our journey, and there put up for the night. We had not been long there, when a remarkably fine dressed young man entered; he was a complete "beau," and as far as I am able to judge, was dressed in the very height of the fashion. Among his many personal attractions, he had one of the finest heads of hair I ever saw—it was jet black, and hung in long glossy ringlets over his shoulders, and he seemed particularly vain of it; he at first looked horridly uncommunicative, as though he thought nobody there worth speaking to. He seemed to have a particular antipathy to my fellow travellers, which feeling seemed perfectly mutual. At length curling his lip with contempt for the whole party, he ordered some brandy and water—it seemed to open his heart a little, for he drew his chair closer to mine, with an air which seemed to say "you are not worth speaking to, either, but any port in a storm." We talked a good deal on indifferent subjects—of course he was a red hot conservative and an ardent supporter of the present ministry—talked of *church* and *state*, the *lower orders* and the *corn laws*, &c.—Finally he seemed so well pleased with my company, that he called for more brandy, to which he paid obsequious attention. I was surprised to see so fine a gentlemen drink so much brandy—he actually astonished my rusticity. He now began to talk incessantly, and I would gladly have dispensed with his company. At length his vanity seemed to overcome his prudence.

"I tell you, sir," he exclaimed, "I would always know a gentleman, if it were only by his hair." (I unconsciously put my fingers to my head, and found mine very short.) "Would you not know what I am by mine."

"Aye," drily remarked one of my friends; "dust thee call long hair a mark of gentility."

He now began to think aloud—"Dr. P— may go to the d—l—tell me indeed that I am dissipated—that I don't study, and won't pass for my degree. But I tell them I've got talent,