



NOTES ON CANADA & SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASSAGE FROM CAPETOWN TO MONTREAL.



"I will try to patch you up for a while" said the doctor, to whom I had just stated that I was resolved at all risks to complete the work upon which I was then engaged, "but you must take rest and get a change as soon as possible." I had been doing what is commonly known as "burning the candle at both ends," and with difficulty was brought to realise that to this the low state of my health was mainly due. I suppose that I am not the first who has been suddenly awakened to the fact that the vigour of early life has gone for ever, and that what was easy of accomplishment once can be done with impunity no longer. It was not pleasant to think of, but it could not be remedied, and thus the only thing to be done was to adapt myself to the altered condition of things.

A few months later my task was finished, and I was free to take rest and a change. I decided to visit Canada. In November 1854 I left that country, and though by means of books and letter writing I had kept in touch with events there during the forty years that had passed away, I wished to see with my eyes the changes that time had brought about.

Still more I wished to meet again those relatives whom death had kindly spared, and to stand by the tombs of those who had passed away. Up the valley of the river St. John my paternal great-grandfather, one of the United Empire Loyalists who migrated from New York to New Brunswick at the close of the revolutionary war which gave birth to the United States, was laid at rest soon after he reached Canadian soil. His eldest son, my grandfather, who, though only a youth at the time, also took part with those who strove against the disruption of the empire, lies in Carleton churchyard beside his wife, the daughter of another loyalist from New York. Across the river, in the cemetery of St. John, the dust of my kindred is thickly strewn. My father, two of my sisters, an uncle, and an aunt lie there, with many others less near in blood. My maternal grandfather, a sea captain born in England but domiciled in Canada, perished with all his crew in a great storm which cast his ship on Partridge Island, off the entrance of the river St. John, and his body was never found. His widow, the daughter of a loyalist from Connecticut, survived him sixty years, and her dust now lies in the old cemetery at Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, beside that of one of my sisters. At Noel, across the Basin of Minas from Parrsboro, lies the dust of another sister and of a niece of mine. In the churchyard of St. Martin's in the Woods, at Shediac, on the Straits of Northumberland, lie many of my near kindred, and there too were laid at rest classmates whom I cannot forget. Over the counties of York, St. John, Westmorland, Cumberland, and Hants, in