

culous likeness there was between him and the roast pig he was carving. It was funny. Do you know, M——, I was wondering all dinner time how that man contrived to cut up that pig, for one eye was fixed upon the ceiling and the other was leering very affectionately at me. It was very droll—was it not?"

"And what do you intend doing with yourself when you arrive in Canada?" said I.

"Find out some large hollow tree, and live like Bruin in the winter, by sucking my paws. In the summer there will be mast and acorns sufficient to provide for the wants of an abstemious fellow like me."

"But joking apart my dear fellow," said my husband, anxious to induce him to abandon a scheme which appeared to him so hopeless; "do you think that you are at all qualified for a life of toil and hardship?"

"Are you?" returned Tom, raising his large, heavy, black eyebrows, and fixing his leaden eyes steadfastly upon his interrogator, with an air of such absurd gravity that we all burst into a hearty laugh.

"Now, what do you laugh for? I am sure I only asked you a serious question."

"But you have such an original method in asking," said M——, "that you must forgive us for laughing."

"I don't want you to cry," said Tom. "But as to our qualifications, I think them pretty equal. I know you think otherwise, but I will explain. Let me see. What was I going to say? Oh, I have it now. You go with the intention of clearing land, and working for yourself, and doing a great deal. I have tried that before, in New South Wales, and I know that it won't answer. Gentlemen can't work like labourers; it is not in them, and that you will find out. At this moment you expect, by going to Canada, to make your fortune. I anticipate no such results. Yet I mean to go, partly out of a whim, to see if it is a better country than New South Wales, and partly in the hope of bettering my condition, which at present is bad enough. I mean to purchase a farm with the three hundred pounds I received last week from the sale of my father's property; and if the land yields only half the returns that Mr. C—— says it does, I need not starve. But remember the refined habits in which you have been brought up, M——, and your unfortunate literary propensities. I say unfortunate, because you will seldom meet people in a colony who can or will sympathize with you in these. They will make you an object of mistrust and envy to those who cannot appreciate them, and will be a source of constant mortifica-

tion and disappointment to yourself. Thank God! I have no literary propensities; but in spite of the latter advantage, in all probability I shall make no exertions at all. So that your energy, damped by disgust and disappointment, and my laziness, will end in the same thing—we shall both return like bad pennies to our native shores; but as I have neither wife nor child to involve in my failure, I think, without much self flattery, that my prospects are better than yours."

This was the longest speech I ever heard Tom utter, and evidently astonished at himself, he sprang abruptly from the table, upset a cup of coffee into my lap, and wishing us good day, (it was eleven o'clock at night,) he ran out of the house.

There was more truth in poor Tom's words than at that moment I was willing to believe. But youth and hope were on our side in those days, and what the latter suggested we were only too ready to receive. My dear husband finally determined to emigrate to Canada, and in the hurry and bustle of a sudden preparation to depart, Tom and his affairs for a while were forgotten. My husband was absent in London, making the necessary arrangements for our voyage, and a favorite sister was staying with me at our sweet little marine cottage, in which I passed the first happy year of our wedded life, in order to assist me in the melancholy task of preparing for our final separation from home and country.

Oh, God! how dark and heavily did that frightful anticipation weigh upon my heart. As the time for our departure drew near, the thought of leaving my friends and native land became so intensely painful that it haunted me even in sleep, and I seldom awoke without finding my pillow wet with tears. The glory of May was upon the earth—of an English May. The forests were bursting into leaf; the meadows and hedgerows were flushed with flowers, and every grove and copsewood echoed to the warbling of a thousand birds. To leave England at all was dreadful—to leave her at such a season was doubly so. I went to take a last look of R—— Hall, the beloved home of my childhood and youth, to wander once more beneath the shade of its lofty oaks, to rest once more upon the verdant sward that carpeted their roots. It was reposing beneath those noble trees that I had first indulged in those delicious dreams which are a foretaste of the enjoyments of the spirit land, when the soul breathes forth its lofty aspirations in a language unknown to worldly minds, and that language is Poetry. Here annually, from year to year, I had renewed my friendship with the first primroses and violets, and listened with the untiring ear of