

a momentary acquaintance. But resistance was vain, for I had hinted at my desire to perform the journey under the guidance of one who had travelled the same road before, and he had undertaken to officiate, and was inclined to display all the authority the bear leader exerts over poor muzzled Bruin. On entering the house to which I had been thus conducted, I found a genteel, neat looking woman officiating within the bar, and serving out drink to a parcel of rough ugly looking fellows, who occupied the rest of the apartment, and were busied in the triple operation of drinking, smoking, and spitting. What they were I did not stop to enquire; but in my passage through this apartment to another, I overheard them talking, some in broad Scots, some in French, some in broken English, and some in Gaelic, so that if I had met them on the top of the Rocky Mountains, I would have been apt to suspect, that nature in one of her wild freaks, had dragged me, crab-like, after the tail, to the days of the Tower of Babel. The moment my companion and myself entered the house, the landlady left her station at the bar, and came forward with the readiest alacrity to receive and welcome my friend. In her look and action I could perceive she considered him a man of consequence—perhaps she thought him rich—at all events her demeanor indicated that her house was honored by his condescension in visiting it. Her face was indeed handsome, and appeared to the best advantage arrayed in the smiles of welcome. Nor were her endeavours in vain—during her assiduity in showing us into a neat clean little parlour I could distinctly perceive a smile pass across the acid visage of my companion; the first I had seen in that place. Such is the all-powerful influence of woman.

“O woman in our hours of ease,

“Uncertain coy and ill to please.”

My next enquiries were necessarily made about the boat, and my object to ascertain the exact hour of her departure. In pursuit of this I sallied forth—and after an hour's search discovered the Captain in a butcher's stall—from whom I learned that he would not sail till the afternoon, *i. e.* after dinner—but could come no nearer the point. From the indefinite answer the Captain gave to my question, and from his looking anxiously in the direction of Montreal, I could clearly perceive he was waiting for some passengers or loading which had not yet arrived, and perhaps would not that night. Determined never to be idle, I employed my spare time in taking a view of Lachine.

This is a straggling parcel of houses beautifully situated on the main branch of the river, which here widens to a great expanse, and affords a delightful prospect. There is perhaps no where a more appropriate situation for a town, but it has hitherto been prevented from rising by its nearness to Montreal, a city which claims the precedence as being more ancient, and has swallowed up the materials which would have increased the villages around it. Lachine, though well adapted for it, has no appearance of a town. The houses are placed without regularity, and scattered about as if they had been thrown from a volcano. During the war it was a place of great bustle, and it is still so, being