

THE ITINERANT,

No. IX,

My learned Friend,

In a former paper I intimated my aversion to the old tattered phrase, "Mr. Editor, and think I may address you by the above epithet, with as much, or perhaps more propriety than in many cases where I have heard it used." "My learned friend" is a mode of address, I have heard come pat from the mouth of a speaker when he was going to prove that the person he thus politely styled, "learned" had been talking "down right nonsense," the minute before. I have high authority for this assertion. The plan is sanctioned by Parliamentary usage, and even in our courts of law I have heard the words "my learned friend" far more frequently quoted than any part of "Justinian's Institutes" or "Coke upon Littleton." Why may not I therefore employ the same figure of speech in addressing you? I cannot say "the Honourable Gentleman who spoke last, for that was not you.—But to the point. To commence at the place where we last separated, or where my narrative broke off. Consider us as all after dinner, our seats resumed in the boat, and all progressing under the influence of an easy breeze, on the remainder of our journey.

A question from the Major to one of the Americans let us all into a secret, and determined our position as correctly as if by a Lunar observation.—We learned from his answer that we were so many miles distant from Point-Fortune which we had determined to make our next stopping place.—That we would reach that place in the evening—and that it was our intention to sojourn there for the night. So far so good, all appeared satisfied with this information, and none more so than the boatmen to whose exertions, the favourable breeze gave a respite. The passengers with anxious eyes peered forward towards a point of land which stretched out a few miles a head; as they understood after passing it they would see the termination of their journey for the day. The Captain stood at the helm, and with conscious pride glistening in his eyes viewed his swelling sail, and marked the speed with which his boat rippled through the water under the pressure of the breeze. The Americans *solito more* were employed in whittling some chips they had picked up on the beach. The Major and Mr. S. sat indulging in silence;—a state the present circumstances were favourable to, I have often observed that the desire of obtaining a wished for object, is a sad enemy to conversation; and as the attainment approximates and the desire becomes more intense, the taciturnity is proportionately increased. This was the case at present, the desire manifested by all to get a sight of Point-Fortune (ominous name) induced a state of tranquillity compared with that under which we had passed the former part of our journey.

The Itinerant viewed the groupe as if he could see what was passing in the mind of each of them; but of the whole party none struck