

have the goodness to order breakfast for me if convenient?" the tavern-keeper replied "Immediately, Squire," and rose and showed him to a room where an excellent breakfast was at once set before him.

We are not told the terms or the tone in which Dr. Howison's "desire" for breakfast was first expressed, but we may imagine. The traveller apparently finds it impossible to understand how innkeepers can consider themselves on a par with other people—and he afterwards speaks of an incident related to him by a gentleman in Upper Canada concerning a major in the American invading force of 1813 taken prisoner by the Canadians, who stated to one of them that "he hoped to be treated with respect for he kept one of the largest taverns in Connecticut—Howison added that this showed that the American Government granted commissions to many whose "rank in life did not entitle them to such a distinction."

Dr. Howison wholly disapproved of "those absurd notions of independence and equality which are so deeply engrafted in the mind" of those whom he calls peasantry, and regrets that such notions are acquired by emigrants in a very short time. At Kingston, he accosted two Scotsmen whom he had seen in Montreal less than a fortnight previously; and "instead of pulling off their hats as they had invariably done before on similar occasions, they merely nodded to me with easy familiarity," He adds: "I addressed them by their Christian names." Precisely why a Scotch bricklayer should raise his hat to Dr. Howison rather than the Doctor to the Scotsman we have no information.

After being ferried over the Ottawa River at St. Anne's, he went westward in the *calash*, passing through the settlement of Glengarry, and after "the polished and interesting peasantry of Lower Canada," he finds the inhabitants of Glengarry "blunt and

uncultivated," displaying "no inclination to improve their mode of life, being dirty, ignorant and obstinate. The surface of the soil was excellent, "to the depth of several inches it is composed almost entirely of decayed vegetable matter . . . too rich for the common purposes of agriculture . . . cropped twenty-one years in succession without receiving any manure whatever." *O, si sic semper!*

The following appears in the first edition; but good taste or good sense caused it to disappear in subsequent editions.

Speaking of Glengarry (or Glengary), as the author always spells it, he says:

"This account filled me with high expectations, and the more so, as I had been told that the upper part of the settlement was in a state of rapid advancement. I, therefore, hoped to see my countrymen elevated in their characters and improved in their manners, by the influence of independence, and stopped at a private house, which my driver had recommended as being much superior to the tavern. Here I found a large family devouring pork and cions, and a room containing as much dirt as it could conveniently hold. I had scarcely passed the threshold, when I was importuned by signs to take my seat on the head of a cask and helped abundantly to the family fare. Resistance was vain, as none of the party seemed to understand a word of English, and I suppose my unwillingness to join in the repast was attributed to *false modesty*.

"The evening being far advanced, I was obliged to resolve upon remaining with them all night. After listening for a couple of hours to Gaelic, I followed the landlord to my bedroom; but the moment he opened the door, a cloud of mosquitoes and other insects settled upon the candle and extinguished it. He made signs that I should remain a few moments in the dark; but I followed him down-