

for their common country, points out to them as his proper haven of repose.

With what mixed, yet glowing feelings had I drawn nearer to this spot, so often reverted to in my dreams, as I had known it in my boyish days, and how sadly, how painfully were they now thrown back upon my heart. The very people seemed to me, as I landed from the American steamer, upon the decayed wharf, to have shared in the general ruin and desolation of the place. Some familiar faces there were, but these were cold, unmeaning, and cheerless as the aspect of the town itself; and although, in one or two instances, the hand of an old school-fellow was held out to me, it lacked energy, warmth, vitality. The animal spirits of the man appeared to have been withered up, and the decadence of the moral energy of the inhabitants to have been in proportion with the desolation that reigned around.

There was no enduring this, and having seen my baggage landed and disposed of, I hastened to find my way into the town. As I entered the principal street, which ran parallel with the river, a thousand recollections of by-gone days flashed upon my mind. There was the spot on which had stood the house (since burnt down) in which my younger days had been nurtured. Close to it had stood the "cage" or prison which I had so often been threatened while yet in the nursery, and in which the "Simon Gattie" of my Canadian Brothers (soon afterwards published) had so frequently been made to do penance for his inebriety. There was the gate leading to the wharf (distinct from that on which I had landed, and also tumbling to decay) where my youthful piscatorial prowess had so often been tested; here the well-remembered "store" against which I had so often pitched my marbles, causing me many a pinch of the ear from the occupier by reason of the disturbance I created. But why multiply examples? In every part I saw something to remind me of the past, and yet to remind me painfully, for my feelings were no longer the feelings of my youth, and I half blushed to think that I, a man of the world and imbued with the world's selfishness, should have had my infancy nurtured in so primitive a spot, and amid so generally uncouth a population as that which greeted my eye at every turn. How truly applicable to my condition at that moment are the following lines, by whom written I know not, but taken subsequent to this event from a periodical of the day:—

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whispered, as he past,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?"

"Knewest thou with what thou art parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear.
'Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
'Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch, by our mingling maid,
'Thou and thy brother have gaily played.
Ye may meet again, where ye roved of yore;
But as ye have met, oh! never more!"

On rode the youth, and, the boughs among,
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sang:
"Wherefore so fast into life away?
'Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay.

"Thou mayest come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain:
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell:
A change must pass o'er thee. Farewell! farewell!"

On rode the youth, and the freshets and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:
"We have been thy playmates through many a day:
Wherefore thus leave us? oh! yet delay!"

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth:
For thee, 'tis a melody passing from earth:
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free:
Passion and sorrow, its depth will have stirred,
And the singing of waters be faintly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our glad some laugh no part:
—What should it do for a burning heart!
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshet rill,
'Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

"Farewell! When thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone.
Mournfully true is this tale we tell:
Yet, on, fiery dreamer! Farewell! farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weighed,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade:
But he knew not till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke!

But although the town was, as I have already remarked merely the ruin of what it had been, such had been the effect of the introduction of troops into the country, that it was gradually emerging from the state of supineness and inactivity into which it had fallen; and indeed so great was the demand for houses, notwithstanding the erection of so many new buildings, that I could not hire a house, however small, at any price, and had the utmost difficulty in obtaining a suitable accommodation. And here it may be observed, that if the rebellion has been attended with no other good to Canada, its military occupation has been in itself a boon which leaves it difficult to determine whether the province has most gained or most lost by the events of the past few years. Until that period, the country had been regarded at home with an indifference that could well account for its rapidly increasing poverty and its degeneration; and when we consider the vast importance of Canada to the empire, furnishing as its trade now does a nursery for three fourths of the seamen of Great Britain, one cannot but entertain surprise at that absence of political economy which should have left to the working of faction and discontent, the true means of developing its rich resources. My remarks in regard to Amherstburgh, apply equally to all those towns in the province which had formerly enjoyed the advantage of military and naval stations, but which a long interval of peace had, in depriving them of that means of enriching themselves, also deprived of the spirit of enterprise. No sooner were the troops again quartered in these places, than they sprang up in renewed strength, and the vigor infused into them gave earnest of the commensurate return to the country which had at length awakened to a sense of its own interests, in promoting those of the colony. The Government of Great Britain will do well to bear in mind, that if the enormous trade of Canada constitutes an enduring nursery for her seamen, in no less degree does it soil afford the same advantage to her soldiery. As a large standing army must be kept up, there is no country where a great portion of it can be maintained at a less cost (putting aside the question of desertion) than in Canada; and, as a matter of political economy, the greater that army, the better for the interests of the empire; for the consumption of home manufactures is necessarily increased, not only by this force, but by the increased emigration which will be induced, under its protection, to settle in the country. Not this alone. There would ever be an army present to awe down disaffection, and to maintain British supremacy inviolate, and surely if our possessions in India and in other parts of the world, require the presence, and by the protection afforded to commerce, amply repay the expense of a large body of troops, there can be no good reason assigned why a similar establishment should not be maintained in Canada. The very proximity of the province to the United States, renders it as much a measure of precaution that the one should be guarded against foreign aggression and domestic discord, as that the others should be surrounded by the imposing military strength which, not only keeps the conquered natives in subjection, but defends them against the fierce enemies who dwell on their outskirts. The larger the army in Canada, the more will the empire, both in a political and in a commercial point of view, be benefitted.

While at Amherstburgh, I went on two or three occasions to its small Episcopal Church, at which by the way officiated a clergyman of very austere manners, and unjustifiably prone to indulge in personalities against particular portions of his flock; sometimes compelling parties to leave the service with a mixed feeling of indignation and disgust which it ill comported with the duties of his position to excite. The first time I visited it, I was struck by the appearance of a beautiful willow tree, its sea-green branches floating gracefully, in the gentle breeze of a summer day, over a grave the sward of which was green and fresh as the first bloom of beauty, and occasionally shading the light thrown upon the pulpit, that adjoined a window looking on this part of the burial ground. When the service had terminated, I inquired over whose grave this beautiful and drooping tree had been planted, and was told that he who reposed under its branches was my next and favorite brother. He had been wounded in action at the early age of fourteen years, had lingered long and painfully for many months, yet had gradually and, to a large appearance, wholly recovered. Consumption, however, had resulted from the constant exfoliation from a limb which had been severely shattered, but which he never would consent to have taken off; and death had terminated, a few years afterwards, the existence of as gallant a youth as ever entered the service of his Sovereign. He had received a positive order to remain behind on an expedition of some importance undertaken against the enemy, but, generously disobeying that order, he joined the army about an hour before it was engaged, and was almost one of the first who fell, both bones of the right leg having been shattered by a musket ball, while in the act of applying a match to a field-piece. When we last parted, at the conclusion of the American war, he had just thrown aside the crutches which he had used for nearly a year, and expressed to me the most sanguine expectation of his speedy recovery. The hope proved delusive, and it was fated that I should never behold him more.

I relate this anecdote chiefly with a view to shew how truly