

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:
- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					/						

The to t

The poss of th filmi

Origi begin the sion, othe first sion, or ill

The shall TINI whic

Map diffe entir begin right requ mett

100

F



TO THE  
**Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry,**  
WHO HAVE KINDLY PATRONIZED THIS WORK ;  
THE AUTHOR  
FEELS THAT HE IS PERFORMING A PLEASING DUTY  
IN RETURNING HIS HEARTFELT  
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS  
FOR  
THE HONOUR THEY HAVE CONFERRED  
ON HIM.

*Shortly will be ready for the Press,*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

THE CABIN BOY;

OR,

*Life in a French Prison.*

An authentic Account of nearly Five Years' Captivity in Cambray, and other parts of the Continent, from 1809 to 1814.

cc  
INT

•OBS

PUBL

# THE FUGITIVES;

OR,

## A Trip to Canada.

AN

INTERESTING TALE, CHIEFLY FOUNDED ON FACTS;

INTERSPERSED WITH

•OBSERVATIONS ON THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c. OF  
THE COLONISTS AND INDIANS.

---

By EDWARD LANE,

FORMERLY A RESIDENT IN LOWER CANADA.

---

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

---

1830.

*acc. no.  
2944/0*

PAAP  
PN  
3441  
L3

---

London: Bagster and Thoms, Printers, Bartholomew Close.

C  
scar  
Intr  
No  
prep  
Wh  
*thin*  
unkn  
perf  
insig  
hond  
T  
whic  
cise  
gran  
and c  
To t  
work  
reasc  
Bu  
fancy  
pen c

## PREFACE.

---

ON discoursing with an acquaintance, (for *friends* are scarce) he told me that my little book needed a Preface, Introduction, or Dedication, I almost forget which.— Now, gentle Reader, your humble servant is not at all prepared for the performance of any thing of the sort. What shall I say? what shall I write about?—of *nothing*:—we mortals can make *nothing*. Unknowing and unknown, to whom shall I dedicate this my maiden performance? to whose guardianship consign the little insignificant bantling? But *few*, I fear, would feel honoured by taking it under their patronage.

To what end, let me ask myself, is it useful? To which I answer, firstly:—It will do vastly well to exercise the patience and ingenuity of our learners of English grammar, who are welcome to take it page by page, and clothe it with a pure English garment.—And, 2ndly: To the critic it will certainly prove a *bonne bouche*; a work abounding with bad English, and perhaps, false reasoning.

But be it remembered, this is not altogether a work of fancy; inasmuch, as the few chapters attributed to the pen of the 'Cabin Boy,' contain real facts, and are cor-

rectly copied from his own manuscript, now in my possession; and most of the incidents said to have befallen Captain Strickland (the hero of my tale) in his travels, really happened to *myself*:—while the few remarks introduced on the religion, manners, customs, &c. of the Canadians, are derived from a long residence in their country.

I am aware that my narrative will not possess half that interest with some readers, as would a Novel, full of hair-breadth escapes, and lover's sighs; or a Romance, in each of whose awfully sublime and soul-harrowing pages, a gaunt spectre meets the astonished eye. *This* is (however feebly executed) a Romance of *real life*: and though in some places I have endeavoured to tickle the fancies of my laughter loving countrymen, I have sedulously guarded against the introduction of any matter calculated to vitiate their principles. I have attempted to pourtray the manifest hardships of a sea-faring life, when embraced at too early an age—to recommend the christian duty of brotherly forgiveness, and enforce the belief of a providential guardianship, over those who persevere in a *just* cause.

Really, when I look back, I find that I shall actually succeed, either in writing a preface, or an apology for one. I have already filled more than half the paper I had devoted to that purpose. Your own penetration has, doubtless, informed you, ere this, that the author is an obscure, unlearned individual. Oh! that I possessed but learning enough to embellish my pages with a few

sc  
h  
  
in  
ch  
ju  
w  
  
ha  
st  
be  
rec  
ver  
wil

scraps of Latin or Greek, or that I could add to my humble name, B.A. D.D., or F.R.S.—

A most disagreeable interruption, a neighbour wanting to borrow money, (how *stupid!* to come to *me*) has chased from my mind many other fine things I had just intended to say; I must, therefore, think about winding up.

Dear Readers, both *feminine* and *masculine*, (for I have just knowledge enough to know that there are two such genders, and dread enough to beg that Critics may be neuters), I shall now bid you adieu! and as a parting request, earnestly entreat, that you will be kind, yea, very partial to this my *first* child, for by so doing, you will confer a lasting obligation on,

Dear Nouns of both genders,

Your very apprehensive,

And most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

MA  
trav  
hav  
with  
vene  
brar  
frier  
rapt  
of t  
haile  
land  
tic.  
the s  
that  
found  
ging  
A sw  
tranq  
amus  
his n



# THE FUGITIVES;

OR,

A TRIP TO CANADA.

---

## CHAPTER I.

'Tis night! sad darkness veils the troubled skies,  
High heave the waves—the stormy winds arise.

MANY of you, my indulgent readers, have perhaps, travelled over an immense heath, a dreary desert, and having cast your longing eyes forwards, have hailed with rapture the appearance of a distant clump of venerable trees, from among whose widely-distended branches the gracefully-curling smoke has arisen in friendly volumes to the evening skies:—with similar rapture, the hero of our humble tale, with the Captain of the *Venus*, her other passengers, and the crew, hailed the arrival on the great Bank of Newfoundland, after a tedious passage across the stormy Atlantic. It was on the evening of a fine May-day, when the sun was just veiling his face beneath the horizon, that the fleet, consisting of about forty British vessels, found soundings: scarcely a breath fanned the flagging sails, or rippled the bosom of the mighty deep. A sweet serenity—a balmy stillness, pervaded the tranquil scene, while at a distance, the playful porpoise amused himself in wanton friskings on the surface of his native element. Was every day a day of sun-

shine, fair and pleasant gales, how little would the hardy mariner prize the blessing of favourable weather? But such days had not been the lot of our little fleet; therefore the pleasing intelligence that it had happily reached the Bank in safety, and the auspicious state of the weather were rendered doubly acceptable.

While the sober twilight almost imperceptibly spread its grey mantle over the bosom of the waters, Strickland and the Commander of the *Venus*, descried several immense ice-bergs in the north-west quarter, rearing their stupendous heads many hundred feet above the level of the ocean—their silver summits still brilliantly reflecting the beams of the departed sun. Strickland possessed a mind qualified to enjoy the beauties of Nature, either when she wore a frowning aspect, amidst the mighty roarings of the northern blast, or when she decked her face in sunny smiles. In a pensive attitude he reclined over the vessel's taffiril, alternately regarding the sky and water. "Night," exclaimed he to himself, "already stretches her ebon sceptre over the late delightful scene, and tinges with a melancholy hue, the vast and peopled realm of Neptune. How many retrospections does such a scene as this press upon my busy memory? This—*this* accords with my soul's sadness. Ah, when I look back to past scenes of joy and comfort, and compare them with my present sad bereavement, but see no prospect of their ever returning to enliven the decline of my miserable life, my heart beats in unison with that of the royal preacher, when he exclaims,

'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!''

In such a state of mind, and under the impression of such sad, though salutary feelings, Strickland still lingered on the quarter-deck, while Captain Graham, ever attentive to his duty, set the night watch, reduced the ship under easy sail, when vociferating, "Keep a good look out a-head, my boys," he turned to our hero, and taking him silently by the arm, led him towards the companion. On entering the cabin, he gently tapped his passenger on the shoulder, exclaiming with glee, "All's well! Strickland, now let's pipe to supper."

Strickland was prosecuting a voyage of discovery, not in search of a North-West passage. "In search of what then?" I think I hear you ask: many of my married acquaintances, I am sorry to say (for their own sakes) are the last to whom I should apply to unravel this mystery. Fortunately for my reader, I am prepared to gratify his curiosity on this important point. He was in search of, (would you believe it?) an *eloped wife*; well might his wounded feelings exclaim 'all is vanity,' when he painfully reflected that he was the victim of a misplaced love, the dupe of false friends, *ill-gifted*, or as some would have it *cursed*, as he was with a heart of exquisite sensibility, he considered himself as the most wretched of created beings.

Returning from a commercial voyage to the Levant, a few months before his introduction to your notice, after a most unsuccessful trip, ill in body and distressed in mind, he had flattered himself that he should find to bid him welcome home, a *wife* he loved, a *partner* he adored; one in whose loving bosom he might deposit all his griefs, and from whose

assiduous cares he might expect restoration to health of body. What then must have been his feelings, when after tapping thrice at the well-known door—the door of his ancestors—the door of his home, and what rendered it still dearer to him, the door of a dwelling whose roof he fondly imagined sheltered the chaste head of a faithful wife, to find that *home*, that once happy dwelling, desolate, *forsaken*?

Very little inquiry sufficed to inform him, that his wife had eloped but a short time before his arrival, with an unprincipled villain, with a false friend, with one whose debts the injured husband had paid, one whom he had liberated from a prison, one whom he had clothed and fed, and in whose steady friendship and virtuous principles he had placed unlimited confidence. The house he also discovered to be stripped of every thing of value.

Many may feel surprised at Strickland for undertaking a voyage in pursuit of *that* which even if found, could *now* be considered any thing but an acquisition: but it is enough for me, that he *did* so seek; nor do I feel myself bound to analyse the motives, the feelings, which induced him to steadily pursue the '*Fugitives*.' The shock occasioned by this painful intelligence for some weeks deprived him of his reason, and nought, (as he himself confessed,) but a burning desire of revenge on the false seducer, could have aroused him to a state of activity: nor need we feel surprised that a feeling of revenge should, (at least for a time,) find a place in his bosom, when we consider, that he had been grievously wounded in a most tender part, and that he had once been a captain in the navy, where it too often happens, that

eve  
h.  
W  
n  
able  
Goc  
tha  
or  
pre  
the  
I  
brie  
and  
labo  
hig'  
of,  
and  
reig  
tual  
at c  
the  
regu  
patie  
far,  
thou  
treat  
and  
hanc  
hone  
as he  
took  
whic  
hung

even the stain of a *petty* insult is washed out with human blood: and this is called *honour!* forsooth! When will man learn to call things by their proper names; and to consider no line of conduct as honourable which is contrary to the express commands of his God? The bereaved husband was soon informed that the fugitives had embarked either for Halifax or Quebec; and supposing the latter to be the more probable, he embarked in the *Venus* in pursuit of them.

I judged it necessary, kind reader, to give you this brief account of the object of our passenger's voyage; and as I confess that what I have yet written is *laboriously* dull, and already imagine that I hear the highly disagreeable epithets (to us miserable authors,) of, "Stupid nonsense! Horrid stuff! Vile trash!" and sundry others equally expressive of your sovereign contempt for the poor blockhead who is actually doing his best to *amuse* you, I shall proceed at once to narrate things as they occurred on board the good ship *Venus*, or as seamen say, "to keep a regular log:" hoping that, as thou hast exposed thy patience to the severe trial of accompanying me thus far, that thou wilt still travel onwards with me; for though I confess, I am far from being competent to treat thee with even a *few* specimens of the 'sublime and beautiful,' I purpose to use thee rather more handsomely on thy journey. Captain Graham's blunt honest face was lighted up with the smile of pleasure, as he and Strickland, together with the chief mate, took their seats at the well-replenished supper-table; which, in addition to a cold ham and some slices of hung beef, contained the remains of a fine cod-fish he

had fortunately hooked in the morning: no contemptible prize I can assure you, to persons who had been at sea eight weeks, and who had scarcely tasted fresh provisions during the last four. The mate ate hastily and heartily, and leaving his messmates without ceremony, went upon deck, looked inquisitively at the state of the weather, then came below, and ' turned in,' almost before he was missed from the table.

To an attentive observer, a vast difference was discoverable between Captain Graham, and Strickland. The *former* being a sturdy, weather-beaten old English tar, a lover of his belly, and good fellowship, a friend to every body but himself—the *latter*, solemn, contemplative, and silent, beloved by *all* in the ship, though conversant with but *few*.

Supper having been removed, to the no little joy of the sleepy cabin-boy; and a kettle of hot water, with glasses, brandy, and sugar prepared, the little urchin was dismissed to his berth: and the worthy old tar turning to his desponding companion, congratulated him upon their having found soundings, and the probability of their speedy arrival at Quebec. Captain G. had had frequent occasion to regret the despondency and taciturnity of his otherwise agreeable and well-informed brother captain, and had as often begged to share his confidence: wherefore, from the resignation depicted on his countenance on this particular night, and his more than usual conviviality, which had led him to drink an extra bumper, he was prompted to beg a detail of those afflictions which so evidently pressed on his mind. Strickland, to rid himself of his friendly importunity, and at the same time feeling ashamed to enter into particulars, briefly

infe  
fric  
wa  
a fe  
tic  
fer.  
me  
dies  
just  
wer  
too  
then  
sho  
his  
of  
usua  
term  
pro  
ness  
imag  
cula  
tho  
B  
Gra  
inqu  
slum  
stro  
nied  
ratin  
ahoy  
their  
two  
topse

informed him that he had been robbed by a deceitful friend of the quarter part of his property ; and what was to him still worse, that the villain had eloped with a female, on whom he had placed his warmest affections. " I am bound, Graham, (said he, with emphatic fervour,) in quest of them ; and if heaven but grant me the good fortune to overtake them, *one* of them *dies*, aye *dies*, and such a death too as shall satiate my *just* revenge." He paused, while his fine features were worked up into a state of animation, which but too plainly spoke the anguish of his wounded spirit ; then with a look, and overpowered with feelings, that shocked his friendly messmate, he hastily retired to his cabin. Captain G. quaffed but *one* more rummer of grog, much less than the bottle-loving old tar's usual quantum ; and made sail for what he quaintly termed " Blanket Bay," in a state of mind which proved that, notwithstanding his characteristic bluntness, " he felt as a *man*." One might, without mistake, imagine that, as he vaulted into his bed, he was ejaculating, " Poor, poor fellow ! abused gentleman ! thou hast *indeed* enough to make thee melancholy."

By this time the wind had increased, and Captain Graham had scarcely bidden adieu to the cares and inquietudes of life, ere he was aroused from his slumbers by the unwelcome sound of three portentous strokes of a handspike on the after-deck, accompanied by the shrill voice of the second mate, vociferating with all his might, " All hands reef top-sails ahoy ! " The brave tars,—foremost among whom was their Captain,—tumbled up with alacrity, and within two minutes from the disagreeable summons, the foretop-sail yard was manned with hardy fellows, who

feared neither rain nor tempest. Strickland, who but seldom interfered with the Captain of the *Venus* in the discharge of his duties, feeling (though possessed of much nautical experience himself) that Captain G. was competent to act in any trying emergency, essayed to sleep; but in vain he invoked the drowsy god to settle on his weary eyelids—past joys—gone-by days of bliss, accompanied with painful comparisons with his present state of bereavement and penury, held him waking. It was nearly midnight; (but a few grains of sand remained in the binnacle glass, ere it would be time to call the middle watch): when he was aroused from a profound and painful reverie by the entrance of the cabin-boy, who came to beg his immediate attention to the son of one of the steerage passengers, taken dangerously ill. Naturally partial as he was to children, to *this* youth he was particularly attached, he would sit for hours on a hen-coop with the boy by his side, or on his knee, listening to his engaging prattle, (for such it might have still been called,) and in his more cheerful moments, few and far-between as they were—explaining to him sea-terms, relating tales of past days, and occasionally instructing him in spelling and writing, in which branches of useful learning he had been lamentably neglected. Thus Strickland *served* the boy, while he *amused* himself. The youth was, indeed, scarcely ever from his instructor's side; and what rendered him the more engaging, to good natural talents, he united an amiable disposition, ever desirous to please, and be pleased. Towards the *parent*, without knowing why, Strickland felt an insurmountable antipathy. Was he a physiognomist? perhaps not more so than others.

M  
ur  
he  
ge  
su  
to  
be  
as  
w  
the  
see  
in  
pa  
the  
anc  
He  
ren  
jur  
if  
hav  
St  
wo  
the  
be  
chil  
fron  
Ha  
bri  
whi  
(fr  
me  
inci  
and



Most men, I believe, conceiving either a favourable or unfavourable opinion of a stranger at *first sight*. Our hero's skill in surgery, &c., had led the other passengers to apply to him in all their sicknesses, as to the surgeon of the vessel; accustomed then as he was to be called up to attend to their wants, it cannot be supposed that he lost a moment in flying to the assistance of his youthful companion. The storm whistles loud and fearfully, thought he, as he passed the quarter-deck; but, without loss of time, descended to the steerage. He found poor Robert *ill indeed*. Sea-sickness, which had been, during the passage, his constant attendant, had almost reduced the amiable boy to a skeleton, and his kind instructor and physician now found him in a delirious fever. He hung over the youth's bed with more than parental solicitude, while the half-frantic mother conjured him earnestly to exert his utmost skill to save, if possible, the flower of her flock. *Well* might she have spared herself the fond, the natural request. Strickland, though almost lost to the world, and the world to him, left as it were an odd, a broken link in the chain of society; yet, *still* believing himself to be beloved by *one* being, though that being was a child, would have given worlds to rescue that child from the pain and disorder with which he was afflicted. Having sent for the cabin-boy, he ordered him to bring the medicine-chest into the half-deck. Meanwhile the husband, usually nick-named Long Tom, (from his standing at least six feet two,) was vehemently cursing the storm which bellowed above with increasing violence. He clenched his brawny fists, and inveighed with bitterness against the Providence

of the Most High ; then hastily turning to his meek partner, in a menacing attitude, with his fore-finger stretched out, he peremptorily exclaimed, "To bed, I say, to bed, and leave your *darling* to his fate. —Had he been one of *my* children," added he with bitterness, "no such pains had been taken for his recovery ; and as for *you*, Mister," turning to Strickland, "I *thank* you for the trouble you are taking to preserve to me a burden, that, by heaven ! I shall feel happy to be safely rid of. Therefore decamp ! I say," raising his voice, "and leave my berth. I need no *intruders*, and when Kate has had her cry out, she may e'en jump overboard, and be d—d, or turn in with her favourite, which she pleases, all one to Tom." "Softly, softly," exclaimed Captain Strickland, not at all intimidated, though violently shocked by the barbarity of the villain, "the life of a fellow-creature is at stake ; nor do I mean to quit him, (nay, frown on, if you choose,) till I have used all my imperfect skill to restore him to health, and would that I could add, happiness : but, alas ! I fear but a small portion of that will fall to his share, while in the power of (a wretch, a disgrace to humanity, Strickland would have said, but prudently changed it into) a man so little master of his violent passions as yourself." By this time the cabin-boy had reached the half-deck with the chest which Strickland had impatiently expected, and without losing another moment, he prepared for the boy a composing draught, which, in a short time, had the effect of lulling him into a profound slumber. "There !" exclaimed the Captain, "see, your child is at ease, and in a fair way too." "*My* child !" reiterated the ruffian. "At least then your *fellow-crea-*

ture, one created in the same image, in the image of the omnipotent Creator, who, at this awful moment,

‘Plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.’”

There was something elevated and commanding in the voice of Strickland, which, for a moment, overawed his turbulent adversary, who turned sullenly from him. Fain would Strickland have watched by the side of the ill-fated Robert until day-break, but the increased howlings of the northern tempest convinced him that his aid, as well as the aid of the other passengers, was, by this time, essentially necessary upon deck. But *how* to leave his poor charge;—luckily he bethought himself of the good-natured cabin-boy, Robin, and telling him that he would answer to his master for his absence, he commanded him to remain below, removed to a convenient distance from his patient's berth, to carefully listen to what might occur (as the rolling of the vessel rendered it time to put out the light; and Capt. Graham had twice bawled down the hatchway, “Dowse the glim!”) By *this* means Strickland flattered himself that he should obtain early information of any violence that might be offered to the boy, or his mother. The over-fatigued and drenched boy gladly accepted the commission, preferring comfortable shelter *below*, to the braving the fury of the contending elements above; for such was the violence of the storm, that he would have been glad to take shelter, even under the lee of a rope-yarn. Fortunately for Robin, his task was by no means a difficult one, for the pumps being now at work, and all the other male passengers upon deck

assisting the harassed crew—Long Tom, suffering his native indolence to overcome his passion, and his sense of danger, turned silently in, and by his loud snoring soon convinced the little watchman that he was fast locked in the arms of sleep; when Robin, feeling himself not called upon any longer to *watch*, and possessing, as is too often the case, no inclination to *pray*, prudently followed his example. But it is high time to attend to what was going on *above*. Strickland, as I have before hinted, and have, perhaps, plainly said, was an old sailor, yet he had scarcely raised his head above the coming of the hatchway, ere he found that the voice of *Boreas* was louder than he had ever before experienced it. The ship was laying-to, under a close-reefed maintopsail, while wave after wave swept over her in rapid succession; the steersman was lashed to the helm; and before our hero had time to utter a syllable, Captain G. loudly shouted, “Now, boys!—Now!—Stand by your maintopsail braces!—Helm’s a weather!—Wear ship!” The brave seamen, recognising the voice of their able Commander through his long speaking-trumpet, notwithstanding the wild howlings of the tempest, simultaneously replied, with a voice of confidence—“All ready, Captain!” When round spun the gallant ship, Graham vociferating, “Cheerly, boys!—cheerly!—Haul in the weather main braces!” In less than a minute, the vessel, like the fear-stricken deer, flew with amazing velocity before the all-powerfully impelling storm. “Bravo!” “Bravo!” exclaimed both the captains, with one heart and voice; and Strickland, in this moment of imminent peril, forgetting that he was but a passenger, and, perhaps,

fac-  
one  
tari  
out  
had  
we  
whi  
cra.  
and  
det  
thei  
pla  
and  
ing  
rusi  
they  
stor  
she  
ves  
stur  
ertic  
of r  
ousl  
tuna  
viole  
glare  
abys.  
billo  
mast.  
in th  
as w  
them

fancying himself once more on the quarter deck of one of the wooden walls of Old England, involuntarily exclaimed, "Look out!—Keep a good look out a-head, my brave boys!" But ere the last word had winged its way from his quivering lips, all hands were laid flat on the deck by a tremendous concussion, while the foretopmast fell back with an appalling crash upon the main deck, and stove both long boat and skiff. *Long*, long might the sudden shock have detained the affrighted mariners and passengers in their recumbent posture (while the forked lightnings played in terrific grandeur among the remaining masts and shrouds of the ill-fated vessel) but for the piercing heart-rending shrieks of men in distress. On rushing forward, waist deep in water, they discovered they had run down a small brig, laying-to under a storm staysail, and that too with such violence, that she was fast sinking. The upper part of the strange vessel still continued attached to the remaining stump of the *Venus's* bowsprit, and by the united exertions of the crew and passengers, and with the help of ropes, seven individuals were almost instantaneously released from the wreck; but ere the last fortunate being had reached the ship's forecastle, a violent sea separated the vessels, and the brig, by the glare of the lightning, was *now* seen in a profound abyss! *now* rising to the summit of a mountainous billow! with the remaining crew fast clinging to her masts, and looking every moment to be swallowed up in the fearful waves of the mighty deep! Appalling as was this sight, no steps could be taken to preserve them, for the awful scene just passed, and imperfectly

described, had occupied but an inconceivably short space of time, and while the bewildered and terrified crew of the *Venus* stood aghast, gazing on the dreadful spectacle, her maintopsail was blown from the yard in ten thousand ribbons, and the ship scudded onwards at from ten to twelve knots (miles) under bare poles.

The astounding blow had thrown Long Tom, with violence, out of his berth, head foremost, against the larboard pump. Ghastly, stupified, and bleeding, he gained the deck,—*here*, amazed and horror struck, he loudly bawled, “In me, in *me*, behold the Jonah!—Cast me, O Captain, cast me overboard into the boiling surge, and quench the fires which burn within!” Wrapped in amazement and consternation, no one heeded his frantic exclamations, and the conscience-stricken wretch was rapidly vaulting over the gunwale to commit himself to the fury of the ocean, when one of the rescued strangers, darting forward with the velocity of an arrow, seized him by the hair, and the ship at the same moment rolling dreadfully, they were both precipitated with violence against the capstern, but for which impediment it is highly probable they had rolled over into the sea, on the opposite side of the ship. Both, seriously wounded and stunned, were conveyed below; the father of the sick boy to his own berth, and the passenger to the cabin of Strickland. The latter, still retaining his coolness and presence of mind, descended after them, visited and prescribed for both, and also attended to Robert. The performance of these Christian duties detaining him below a considerable time, he had the

satisfaction, on again reaching the top of the companion ladder, to discover that day was breaking, and the wind and sea considerably abated.

Of forty sail which had been seen in beautiful order on the Banks but the evening before, not another vessel could be descried. "How awful the reflection!" audibly exclaimed Strickland, "Not one!—a solitary one!" "Not one!" responded the brave captain of the *Venus*. "Alas!" continued Strickland, "though *all* are doubtless not lost, how many human beings, or to go a step higher, how many accountable and immortal beings, has the last night's tempest hurried into an unexpected, perhaps unprepared for, eternity?" Graham *felt* the remark, and after a pause, turning to the speaker, said, "Alas! Captain Strickland, but last night I congratulated you upon the probable speedy termination of your voyage, but *now* the scene is changed; my gallant noble vessel *leaky*, half full of water, what shall I do? But has not Providence preserved our lives? *my* life? Believe me, Sir, though a rattle-brained careless fellow, and, perhaps, not possessing a true *Christian* heart, I trust I have still a *grateful* one. The wind sets fair for Halifax, thither must we now shape our course; to attempt to sail upon a wind, with three feet water in the hold, and with loss of bowsprit and foretopmast, would be as preposterous as to attempt to find out the longitude. To Halifax, then; *there* we shall find plenty of spars, and all we want; we shall soon refit, and put to sea, to resume our intended voyage." "To Halifax!—aye, to Halifax!" replied Strickland, in impatient agony, while Captain G. called all hands to splice the main brace. A copious glass of

grog was accordingly distributed to the crew and passengers, as well as to those so miraculously snatched from the sinking brig, while the Captain ordered the second mate to see that they were properly accommodated, adding, "Let them be treated in all respects the same as my own ship's company;" then turning aft, with a tear in his manly eye, he in a low voice ejaculated, "May God snatch from a watery grave, the remainder of the unfortunate crew;" in which charitable wish, Strickland (who penetrated into, and admired the Captain's feelings) devoutly joined.— "Now, my boys!" continued Graham, "Below! take some refreshment, then *up*, and rig a jury topmast; a few days will see the old Venus safe moored in a harbour of fresh beef and grog, where we shall soon forget the storm, and toast our sweethearts and wives." "Huzza! Huzza!" replied his loyal crew, while with keen appetites they descended below, in obedience to their brave Commander's welcome injunctions.

---

## CHAPTER II.

How could I guess your thoughts, my angry friend?  
I'm sure I did not *willingly* offend.

BY noon, the ship's crew had converted a spare maintopsail yard into a foretopmast, and with great difficulty (owing to their exhausted state) swayed it up; the remainder of the day they were chiefly employed in substituting a lower studdingsail for a foretopsail. Mr. Barnard (the newly introduced

st  
ar  
ni  
up  
no  
a.  
stc  
stc  
clc  
eye  
ter  
anc  
fix  
sta  
old  
car  
kel  
din  
pra  
you  
the  
cas  
and  
act  
star  
mat  
had  
a r  
curs  
here  
ont  
laug  
but





gotten his own exhortation against the vice of swearing.

The poor goat was soon secured, and removed to its old station in the long boat, where it had been confined during the whole passage, and whence it had escaped by the breach occasioned by the falling of the foretopmast. Long Tom had, however, fled to his berth before the solution of the mystery, and *there* lay, terrified, shivering, and in a cold sweat, and vowing that if ever he was restored safe to land again the poor sick boy should be put in full possession of all his rights.

Day after day elapsed until the ship hove in sight of Halifax ; in the mean time Long Tom never came upon deck, but remained silent and melancholy, and from some cause, incomprehensible to his fellow-passengers, ceased swearing. The boy Robert was rapidly recovering, and Mr. Barnard enabled to walk the quarter-deck. It was the morning of the 15th of May, 1813, when they made the port ; but not one friendly breeze fanned their lazy sails. Captain Graham hastily paced the quarter-deck, whistling, and invoking a wind, ever and anon exclaiming, " Blow, my good breeze, blow ! " The crew, as well as himself, longed to cast anchor in a friendly port ; for, notwithstanding their unremitting exertions at the pump, the water, (ever since the storm) instead of *abating* was rather *gaining* on them. Happily, on the same evening they anchored, when Strickland and Barnard took a lodging ashore.

On the following morning the ship was surveyed, and Captain Graham, to his mortification, was informed, that it would be necessary to lay her down

to s  
dam  
T  
weig  
aboa  
ing  
by r  
to Q  
the P  
till t  
selve.  
Long  
ship's  
inten  
and  
havin  
to St  
tion t  
feelin  
Venu.  
conce  
ate a  
some  
you r  
him b  
he wa  
neck a  
My  
poor y  
figure  
perhap  
matter  
Leave

to stop a leak on the larboard bow, and repair other damages.

The same forenoon a schooner in the harbour was weighing anchor to sail to Quebec, Graham rowed aboard her to forward some letters to his agent residing in that port. There he was agreeably surprised by meeting an old ship-mate, who proffered to convey to Quebec, at a moderate sum per head, as many of the passengers as should deem it inconvenient to wait till the *Venus* was refitted. Several availed themselves of this lucky offer, foremost among whom was Long Tom and his family. He was, indeed, over the ship's side before any of the crew were aware of his intentions. The poor emaciated Robert felt acutely, and wept at thus being taken from the ship, without having an opportunity to express his artless gratitude to Strickland for his unremitted kindness and attention to him during the whole passage. Under such feelings, and casting a sad parting look towards the *Venus*, the boat was shoved off, while the mate, with concern, heard Long Tom thus address the affectionate and grateful child, in a voice that vibrated for some moments upon his ear. "Cease your snivelling, you mean-spirited hound," at the same time seizing him by the collar, and vowing with the bitterest oaths, he was almost determined to pitch him overboard neck and crop.

My reader, by this time, no doubt, has judged the poor youth, thus inhumanly dealt by, is destined to figure more conspicuously in our succeeding pages; perhaps he may do so, but, for the present, other matters press with greater weight upon our attention. Leave we then the schooner to prosecute her voyage,

and return to Strickland and Barnard on shore. While the repairs of the ship proceeded rapidly—a new topmast and bowsprit being also in a short time put in, our hero and his new companion contrived to while away the tedious hours by taking little strolls into the country, either on foot or on horseback ; in which rural rambles they were joined by Graham, as often as he could snatch an hour from his official duties. He had had too short a notice of the captain of the schooner's proposal, to be able to acquaint Strickland of it, and, through inadvertency, did not afterwards even mention the subject. The two passengers might already be considered as friends, as *brothers* ; both being afflicted, melancholy, and almost despairing ; and what is more, (as the sequel will shew) both from nearly similar causes. On one of their longer excursions, Barnard, who was still weak, acceded to Strickland's proposal, to dismount and rest awhile under the friendly and widely-distended branches of a lofty tree. A conversation ensued, during which Strickland sought to relieve his anxious mind by pouring his sorrows into the sympathetic bosom of his friend, when, in addition to the particulars mentioned in the last chapter, he informed him that he had had the misfortune to lose his only son full twelve years back, when an infant under three years of age. " And have you never since heard of him ? or have you no suspicion as to what is become of him ? " eagerly inquired Mr. Barnard. Strickland, astonished at his evident emotion, replied, " I believe he was stolen away by a gang of gipsies, at that time encamped in the neighbourhood. " "*Happy, happy friend!*" said Mr. Barnard, while a tear of anguish

g  
o  
fr  
sc  
re  
r.  
be  
th  
di.  
m  
w  
as  
re  
m  
ur  
ea  
  
th  
la.  
fu.  
so.  
an  
wi  
the  
Gr  
mc  
tai  
hav  
hav  
few  
tru  
isol  
self

glistened in his expressive eyes. " *You, you* were only robbed by *strangers*, while *I*—alas!—but dusk fast approaches, let's to horse. Excuse me, Strickland, some other time, some more convenient season, I will repay thy generous confidence, but not *now*. I am not equal to it; you will then find that sorrow has been meted out to *me*, with a no less sparing hand than to *yourself*." Our hero, plainly perceiving his distress of mind, forbore to press him to be more communicative; but, from that hour, a lasting friendship was cemented between them. But what is friendship? asks my inquiring heart, and so perhaps asks yours, reader. Alas! may yours not answer in unison with mine—It is a fleeting shadow, a dream, a vapour, an unsubstantial, vanishing good, but rarely found on earth.

Our two friends did not go on board again until three days after the schooner's departure, and Strickland's first care, his first inquiry was about his youthful protégé. How shall I describe the unaffected sorrow with which he heard of his departure?—or his anger when informed of the harsh treatment he met with in the boat? For a moment he silently paced the deck, then turning with much warmth to Captain Graham, he observed, " Surely if there were accommodations in the schooner for passengers, why, Captain Graham, *why* could not Mr. Barnard and myself have been informed of it? that, at least, we might have had a choice of going or staying? The delay of a few days," (continued he, after a sad, short pause,) "'tis true, can be but of little consequence to a forsaken, isolated, and apparently despised individual like myself. Oh, Graham! how sweetly sounds the voice of

friendship in the ear of the afflicted, yet far better had it been, had you never flattered me with a hope of your esteem, than to have slighted with such manifest indifference the first opportunity which has offered to prove it." The disconcerted Graham was both surprised and hurt at the warmth and anger with which his once mild-tempered passenger took up the subject, and protested that he had but casually mentioned the opportunity of proceeding by the schooner when all her accommodations were at once bespoke ; "And perhaps," added he, "some little particle of selfishness might have clung to my heart, as I certainly should regret *our* parting before we reach Quebec. But feeling, as I know you *formerly* did, almost indifferent as to whether you would sail to Quebec or *this* place, and *now* feeling so angry and discontented while *here*, is, I confess, Sir, a matter beyond my comprehension. But, rest assured, all I can do to hasten our departure I *will* do, as well as use my endeavours to make you and Mr. Barnard as comfortable as possible during the passage." And here an attentive observer might almost imagine that his honest open countenance flashed a redder hue, while, after a short pause, he added, "And yet, Captain Strickland, if I had been aware that you were already disgusted with my society, and wished so ardently to leave me (overwhelmed as I am with my losses and disappointments) *I* am not the man who would willingly have detained you." Ashamed and softened, Strickland eagerly snatched the willing hand of the speaker, and grasping it firmly within his own, emphatically exclaimed, "Forgive, my friend, forgive me; my feelings have hurried me into a warmth

of  
fee  
my  
dir  
sol  
far  
oth  
be  
wa.  
poc  
as t  
we  
wh  
my  
to i  
Rob  
equ  
hul  
port  
sorr  
of f  
may  
will  
conc  
stori  
tryi  
first  
that  
some  
it me  
impe  
that  
wou'

of expression which is, I know, inexcusable. But feeling little hopes of ever recovering the objects of my search, my affections have lately, in part, been directed into another channel. I had formed the resolution of snatching that ill-treated boy from the fangs of the ruffian, who, from his own confession and other circumstances, I am persuaded, is not, cannot be his *father*. 'Do men gather grapes of'—but I am wandering from my subject. I intended to adopt the poor persecuted child, to have brought him up, as far as the half-pay of a broken-down captain in the navy would have enabled me; to have made him heir to what little I possess, in the event of my not finding my *own* long lost son, a circumstance now but little to be expected; but should I have even found him, Robert should have been brought up with him, with equal tenderness. I hoped I should at least have *one* human being to look up to me for protection and support, *one* companion to cheer the sad hours of pain and sorrow. But how soon are all my imaginary dreams of future comfort blighted. Ere we reach Quebec he may be far, far beyond my reach. That Tom is a *villain*, I would stake my life; and the mysterious concealment of his person since the awful night of the storm, as well as his extraordinary agitation on that trying occasion, together with his anxiety to be the first to quit the ship, leads me to suspect, aye, and that *strongly* too, that he feared to be recognized by some of our newly-acquired companions. Be that as it may, I am determined to search him out; I feel impelled to do so by some supernatural power; not that I have the least idea that he is my *own* son. Ah! would that he was! *my* lost child was too conspicu-

ously marked, to ever let me mistake *another* for him."

Barnard and Graham remained some moments silent, the former deeply musing, and apparently somewhat agitated; the latter was the first to break the painful silence, with expressions of sorrow, that he had not in time been made acquainted with Strickland's intentions ere his passengers quitted the ship. "This sorrow, Graham," said Strickland, "comes too late; but *who* can I blame, but myself, my own want of candour and confidence? How could *you* possibly penetrate my feelings and intentions when *I* possessed not the frankness to inform you of them?" Soon after this the trio went below to supper, partook of the refreshment in comparative silence, and retired to rest; Mr. Barnard, in a state of indisposition, (the less remarkable from his never having thoroughly recovered his strength since he quitted the brig,) and Strickland sorrowing and discontented.

Early in the morning, the Captain set on some extra hands, and exerted himself to the utmost to expedite his departure. Mr. B. continued ill in his cabin, and was visited by a doctor from the town, who commanded him to remain perfectly quiet. Strickland, thus precluded from holding any conversation with him, at a loss how to pass his weary hours, and at the same time ardently longing to depart, aided the Captain to the utmost of his abilities; and while the *one* superintended the repairs of the ship, the *other*, with a small part of the crew, filled the water casks, purchased and shipped the provisions, and overlooked the setting up of the rigging.

On the 22nd the ship hauled off the ways, and by

one  
his  
enc  
of  
we  
cor  
inj  
qui  
mar  
skil  
É  
saile  
No  
beer  
to t  
calm  
Hal  
bree  
hero  
schc  
soon  
tatio  
notec  
even  
derir  
be se  
Capt  
high  
n cc  
It  
ingu  
and i  
ong



one P. M. was ready for sea. The doctor again visited his patient, and not succeeding in his attempts to persuade him to remain at Halifax, quitted him with one of those portentous shakes of the head, which all would-be-thought doctors know how to perform with consummate gravity; at the same time repeating his injunctions, that he should by all means remain tranquil; adding, as he ascended the ladder, "The man's mad! where will he be able to find *another* so well skilled in the nature of his disease?"

At two in the afternoon of the same day the *Venus* sailed, and will, doubtless, be long remembered by the Nova Scotians for the expedition with which she had been refitted; some part of the praise is however due to the exertions of Strickland. From the continual calms which had prevailed while the vessel lay at Halifax, and from the springing up of an auspicious breeze at the moment she was clearing the port, our hero flattered himself that they should overtake the schooner below Quebec, or at least arrive *there* as soon as she; he was the better borne out in his expectations when he called to mind that the *Venus* was noted for the superiority of her sailing. Towards evening the wind fell a little; and at eight, after ordering lower-topmast and topgallant studdingsails to be set, Graham went below, where, with his brother Captain, he cheerfully quaffed his grog, and well nigh drowned the recollection of his late misfortunes in copious draughts of the exhilarating beverage.

It was near midnight, and Strickland had just extinguished his light, and retired to rest, in a calmer and more resigned state of mind than he had for a long period enjoyed, when he was disturbed by the

cabin-boy, who cautiously approached his bedside; "Well! my good boy," said he, "what wind blows you up at this time of night?" "Oh, Sir!" exclaimed the guilty boy, "call me not *good*; I came to tell you all about poor Robert." "Zounds!" exclaimed Strickland, darting out of his bed, "*what* is it you have to tell? why not tell me before?" "Pray, Sir, speak not so loud; for God's sake, Sir, or my master will hear us: I came to confess *all*." "*All what?*" hastily replied Strickland, in an elevated voice, and trembling with anger and impatience, "what *know* you of him whom you so justly call *Poor Robert?*" "Oh, Sir!" replied the partly re-assured culprit, "I have indeed been a bad boy. When Long Tom was a-packing up his *duds* to leave the vessel, Robert called me to him. Big tears were trickling down from his large blue eyes. Oh! how could I behave *so* to him? I loved him, Sir, *indeed* I loved him dearly." "Hark ye, Sirrah!" replied Strickland, "no confounded circumbendibus, no cheek music, but to *business*, to the point at once, I say." "Well, Sir," responded Robin, "but I know you are too good-natured to tell my master; I all along thought you would forgive me: well, as I was a-saying"—"By heaven!" interrupted Strickland, "proceed instantly, or my exhausted patience will tempt me to take you by the scruff of the neck, and cant you overboard." "No, don't Sir: pray don't; think of my poor dear mother; but I *know* you would not hurt a hair of my head." This ill-timed flattery was accompanied by a pause, as if to discover whether Strickland really intended to hurt him or not, until the former's impatience overcoming all considerations, he stamped with his foot, and in a command-

ing  
pro  
tai  
ca  
to  
qui  
abi  
at c  
whi  
you  
Goc  
you  
tull  
tull  
you  
tha  
" di  
on,  
" O  
a-gc  
whe  
me i  
then  
to y  
do.  
boy.  
bling  
why  
a bit  
blam  
thro  
these  
land

ing voice said, or rather roared, "Proceed, I say; proceed at once." This unusual noise brought Captain Graham running into the cabin, to discover the cause of the uproar, when Strickland, lost as he was to every feeling, but that which impelled him to inquire after what concerned the lost boy, turned abruptly to him, saying, "For heaven's sake, Graham, at once turn in again; this *boy* possesses information, which it befits *me* only to know, and which, but for your intrusion, I might by this time have obtained. Good night! good night! at once leave us, I beg of you." At the same moment, he almost mechanically turned the inquisitive old tar out of his berth; then turning to the cabin-boy, exclaimed, "Go on, Sir, you see I have not exposed you." "Thank ye, Sir, thank ye," replied the tiresomely-provoking urchin; "didn't I say you was too good to hurt me?" "Go on, Sir, at once, I say. I think you said, the tears?" "Oh! yes, Sir, he cried *desprately*; well, as I was a-going to say, he gave me a letter for you." "Where, where is it?" angrily replied Strickland, "give it to me instantly." "I will, I will, Sir, in a minute; and then he wraps up a seal in it, and begs me to give it to you; and"—"Which you, of course, promised to do. Well?" "Well, Sir, here it is," replied the boy. Strickland eagerly snatched it out of his trembling hand, while Robin could not in the least imagine why the Captain should betray so much agitation about a bit of paper and a seal, and for a moment heartily blamed what he considered his *folly*, for not having thrown both overboard, and a-done with them. While these reflections were passing in the boy's mind, Strickland hastened to the lamp in the great cabin to peruse

the note, and speedily returned with it in his hand, ejaculating, "Thanks, good heaven, *thanks*, I am almost sure 'tis as I thought." Then, sternly turning to the trembling boy, who fell on his knees at his approach, he asked, "Pray, Sir, why did you not deliver this note to me *before*? It has been in your possession a week." "Oh, Sir!" sobbed Robin, "the seal seemed so pretty, that I longed to keep it *myself*. But indeed, Sir, I ha'n't been happy ever since; so I at last, thought I would bring it you. Pray, Sir, forgive me." "Go, Sir, replied Strickland, "and though I forgive you, recollect that your cupidity has probably placed in jeopardy the life of a fellow creature; the life of one whom you profess to *love*. Go," continued he, pushing him out of his cabin, "and let the remembrance of the remorse and anxiety attending the commission of this *one base* action, ever prevent you from committing another." Left for a few minutes to uninterrupted reflection, Strickland's heart (however strange it may appear to some readers) upbraided him with having treated the penitent with too much harshness, upon which, loosing from the ring of his watch a seal, somewhat more valuable, and much more showy, than the one just deposited in his hands, he hastened to the boy's berth, and found him in tears, and on his knees. Somewhat astonished, and melted by the spectacle, he gently laid his hands on his head, then thrusting the seal into his reluctant hand, he kindly said, "*This*, this my boy, is the reward of thy happy return to virtue; thou hast done *well*, to ask pardon of Him who 'sits up aloft,' and observes thy most trivial actions; nay, no thanks; may He preserve and forgive you. The contents of *this note*,

th  
"  
nc  
of  
an  
sc  
rat  
pa  
cu  
hac  
but  
lanc  
sess  
fre-  
im  
C  
Cha  
to L  
had  
some  
Anti  
fogs,  
ice, i  
the g  
disce  
ferer  
in the  
By  
imprc  
suspici  
which  
On

then," said Strickland, as he retired to his berth, "must for the present be kept within my own bosom, nor will I trust even Mr. Barnard, with a knowledge of them."

In the morning, the wind still continued favourable, and the ship swiftly bore them onwards, at a rate somewhat exceeding nine knots per hour. As for the rather roughly-handled Graham, he had lain the greater part of the middle watch, tortured with the intensest curiosity about the information which his passenger had been so desirous to extract from the cabin-boy; but, when risen, neither the questions he put to Strickland nor to the boy, tended at all to put him in possession of the particulars, the *former* remaining silent from prudential motives, the *latter* from the powerful impulse of fear.

Off Cape Ray they fell in with, and hailed the Charming Peggy, beating out of the Gulf, and bound to Liverpool, from whose Captain they learnt, that she had hailed a schooner, which must, by this time, be somewhere about the eastern end of the Island of Anticosti. Though summer was so far advanced, the fogs, together with considerable quantities of drift ice, began to impede the hitherto rapid progress of the good ship Venus. These delays would have much disconcerted Strickland, but for the reasonable inference, that these obstacles must necessarily operate in the same manner on the schooner.

By this time the health of Mr. Barnard was much improved, as were also his spirits, while certain vague suspicions concerning their late fellow passengers, which had disturbed his mind, were fast dissipating.

On the 26th, the ship was off Cape Gaspé, and on

the 28th made the east end of Anticosti. Here a tremendous squall nearly laid her on her beam-ends, luckily it happened during the first dog-watch, when none of the crew were in their hammocks; the watch below speedily tumbled up, and a scene of bustle and confusion succeeded, which baffles all description. Captain G. loudly vociferating, "Let go the topgallant sheets and halliards! Hurra, boys! down with the topsails! Haul upon the reef tackles! Let go the sheets! Jump up two or three, and ride down the yards!" At this critical moment the vessel's lee gunwale was under water. "Luff, boys! there she catches it! Let go the fore and main sheets!" "Aye, aye, Sir!" "Haul up the lee clew garnets of the courses! Belay, belay, there! Ease off handsomely the fore and main tack, and run away with the clewlines! Cheerly, cheerly, my boys! Steady there! Steady! Keep your luff! She rights!" Then turning to Strickland, he observed, with an oath, (which by the bye, he had always ready on important occasions,) "It blows a stinker, Strickland, 'twill be a wild night." "You must reef your pudding bags," replied our hero; meanwhile the mate was loudly bawling, "Shin up, shin up, you boys, and hand the topgallant sails! Luff again; there the old ship rallies. Kind Neptune, for this once, have pity upon thy poor daughter." "And," added Strickland, "command thy tritons to lay by their shells, and cease this hurly-burly, which turns thy dominions topsey-turvey, until the celestial goddess has passed in safety." "Foregad," replied Graham, "Strickland, I thank thee; I knew not before yesterday that we could claim any nearer relationship to Father Neptune, than that so just-

ly  
mc  
ti.  
litt  
late  
cor-  
tide  
tenr  
sug.  
to t  
"A  
one  
fore-  
dark  
ture  
Nep  
clour  
cross-  
right  
"Nc  
ply.  
after-  
sheet  
There  
the da  
had re  
sheet  
We  
towar  
two C  
last or  
a glas  
have t

ly claimed by our brave countrymen, that of being his most loyal, enterprising, and hardy sons." By the time the ship was reduced under easy sail, darkness, little short of Egyptian, had set in; and, as the desolate rocky shore of Anticosti was known to be at no considerable distance on the lee-beam, and the ebb-tide meeting the ship on the weather-bow, further tending to hurry her towards the island, Strickland suggested the propriety of at once tacking; according to this advice Graham instantly gave the command, "All hands about ship, ahoy!" Immediately every one ran to his station, and the cook (as usual) to the fore-sheet. A minute before this, it had been too dark to see from stem to stern, but at this conjuncture, the friendly moon, as if by the intercession of Neptune, gently peered out from behind a black cloud, when the man, stationed in the foretopmast cross-trees, to look out, shouted out, "Ice, ice, right a-head!" "Will she weather it?" said Graham. "No, no, we are just on it!" was the alarming reply. "Up helm then at once, my boys! Square the after-yards! Brail up the mizen! Flatten in the gib-sheets! Let go the main and mizen topsail halliards! There she spins, my lads! Huzza, huzza, we've cleared the danger!" *Danger* indeed, for at this moment they had reached to within half a cable's length of a large sheet of floating ice.

We will now leave the gallant ship stretching across towards the main land, and prepare to accompany the two Captains and Mr. Barnard to the cabin. The last order of the liberal Commander was, to serve out a glass of grog to each man. Never could an order have been more cheerfully embraced; but to do them

justice, the brave fellows richly merited every indulgence of their Captain. It would have done a landsman good to have seen Rag—I was going to say Ragged Robin, standing at the top of the companion ladder, the huge stone bottle under his arm, and with glass in hand, prepared for action, while the mate stood beside him with a lantern, for the double purpose of lighting the little steward, and of seeing fair play. Meanwhile, the wind whistled mournfully through the shrouds and blocks, and the flying ship dashed the silvery spray over her weather-bow, in such unwished-for abundance, as to occasionally adulterate the rum distributed to the crew ; for raw rum it was, though I have before designated it, in accordance with the language of seamen, *grog*. “Hoot! hoot! mon, that’s half water. Ye mun e’en gie me a wee drap maire,” exclaimed our old acquaintance the cook. At the same time taking up the stave of a well-known sea-song,

“ Never drink your liquors mix’d,  
But always drink them raw,  
With a chip-chow cherry-chow, fol de rol,” &c.

which was loudly chorussed by the crew. “I wish you would send a man this way,” exclaimed a gruff voice at the helm, “and relieve *me*, the glass has been out these ten minutes ; but some of ye would as lieve have your allowance of grog stopt, as go upon the fore-castle, or stand abaft the binnacle in a squall.” “So Bob,” answered the mate, “you think your ship-mates are like the poor Dutchman, who used to say,

“ From de hellum to de coi, (bed) dat been moi (good.)  
Boot from de hellum to de pump,  
Dat been the difil’s lump.”

I  
as  
mat  
spee  
abor  
so !  
into  
“ W  
weat  
anot  
Stric  
head  
sailo  
Whe  
gale  
a no  
nions  
fulne.  
“ I h  
said I  
error.  
perish  
own t  
others  
nard.  
latter,  
glad +  
import  
his pe  
and re  
thus no  
more e  
he trus



The discontented tar was immediately relieved, and as he had had a rough bout of it at the wheel, the mate ordered him a double allowance of grog, which speedily drowned all murmurs. Patient reader, I was about to convey thee below, and having detained thee so long at the companion, shall at once usher thee into the presence of the gentlemen in the cabin. "Well, Sirs," said Graham, "you see the old tub has weathered the squall, and will, I trust, weather many another. And now, what's say to supper? Come Strickland, cheer up, my boy, you loom like Beechey-head in a fog. Shiver my timbers, you are too old a sailor to be afraid to look Davey Jones in the face. When upon deck you were as busy as the devil in a gale of wind; but you come down below as sulky as a north-easter." Strickland, to please his companions, assumed, as much as possible, an air of cheerfulness, though labouring under great uneasiness. "I have done *wrong*, more than once done wrong," said he to himself. "I will, ere I sleep, retrieve my error. Gracious Heaven! had it been my lot to perish this night, with the secret fast locked in my *own* bosom, what would have been my injustice to others! I will, without delay, disclose it to Barnard." Pursuant to this resolution, he acquainted the latter, that as soon as he had supped, he should be glad to converse with him privately on a matter of importance. Barnard, therefore, hastily swallowing his porter, the two friends saluted Captain Graham, and retired together to Strickland's cabin. Graham thus neglected and left to himself, muttered, "What? more *secrets* I suppose; and I am *of course* not fit to be trusted with them. Hang me if I ever was a *tattler*."

Never mind," thought he, in his usual careless good humour, "the less that's poured in, the less will leak out. What I never *knew*, there will be no danger of my ever *telling*. I'll e'en go and caution the watch not to let the ship tumble overboard, and then come down and turn in."

---

### CHAPTER III.

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale."

DEAR reader, from having despaired of ever being able to relate to thee two histories, and be in two places at one and the same time, I have been compelled to leave, for a season, thy old companions Long Tom and Robert ; but now, with thy kind permission, will return to what befel them after they quitted the Venus.

The *Ranger*, a smart schooner of 150 tons, was commanded by Captain Pouncet, as delicate-looking, and as finely-spoken a tar as ever smelt gunpowder. How great the pity that a young man with so exquisite a set of features, a genius with so fine a complexion, should be exposed to the rude chilling blasts of a North-American winter ; or have his fashionable suit besprinkled by salt-water. But, alas ! for him, his unhappy fate was such, that he was exposed to both these hardships. This elegant individual (for I will not say *man*,) was accompanied, or rather was *managed*, by his lady, and such a lady too—though I need but direct my reader's attention towards a certain

fish-m  
speak  
mouth  
from  
guishi  
cabin-  
boat c  
had be  
I also  
mate,  
in the  
mit—l  
her to  
Pounce  
I think  
feels he  
mate)  
any of  
upon  
happen  
mate,  
there."  
"I'd sc  
than a  
that at  
P., pok  
"Wom  
fellers,  
I'm in t  
self into  
charmin  
swains  
—re-mar

fish-market in Thames street—a few words sometimes speak volumes. The schooner was hove-to at the mouth of Halifax harbour, waiting for the passengers from the Venus, when her Captain, in a soft, languishing tone, called out to a sleek curly-headed cabin-boy, “Ja-m-e-s—Ja-m-e-s, throw a rope to the boat of the Venus—by the bye, I wish my fine vessel had been christened the Venus, it sounds so *classical*. I also wish, upon my honour I do,” addressing the mate, “that we may be able to stow away the woman in the boat, or rather more correctly speaking, transmit—let me see—No; I think it should be *commit* her to the shades below—before my better half, Mrs. Pouncet, comes upon deck—sweet little cherub—(and I think he stroked his chin) she so doats upon me, and feels herself so internally (“*infernally*,” muttered the mate) agitated, when I do but condescend to *look* on any other of the charming sex than herself—that, upon my honour, I cannot answer for what may happen should she—” “I say,” interrupted the mate, “see that good woman below—bear a hand there.” “Aye! aye! Sir,” replied a tarry jacket, “I’d sooner have a woman for a shipmate any time, than a parson; for d’ye see as how—” “What’s that about a woman?” bawled out the purse Mrs. P., poking her bloated face out of the companion. “*Woman!* indeed! Marry come up! I’ll let ye know, fellers, that nothing shall be said about *women* while I’m in the ship.” Here the brave husband threw himself into a beseeching attitude, and exclaimed, “My charming Betty! Bess, or Besselinda Pouncet! my swains were but casually, that is to say, accidentally, —remarking that it was infinitely preferable, and su-

good  
leak  
yer of  
atch  
come

being  
two  
com-  
Long  
tion,  
d the

was  
ing,  
der.  
-qui-  
com-  
blasts  
able  
him,  
ed to  
for I  
was  
gh I  
tain

perlatively better, to have a woman in the ship than a —." "You don't catch old birds with chaff. I ban't to be blinded, Dick, because you see as how it won't do." "Oh! my love, be pacified: my *cherub!* those boxes on which you cast so piercing, so thrilling, so inquiring a glance, belong to that worthy gentleman"—(by the bye, Long Tom looked like any thing but a *worthy gentleman.*) "And this cradle, *this cradle*, I say," roared the *cherub*, "this cradle, Captain Pouncet, false-hearted man, does *this* also belong to the *worthy* gentleman?—Dang me if I should not take him for a woman in man's clothes, but for his ugly black whiskers, 'stashes, or what-d'ye-call-ums." "That cradle belongs to my wife, M-a-a-m," said Tom, violently seizing it,—and pray what have *you* to do with it?" "Forbear, Sir, forbear, I beseech you, no violence. Respect the delicacy of the sex," said the considerate Captain. "Stand a one side, I say, Captain Pouncet," roared his wife, with Stentorian lungs: "Captain Chicken-heart, to stand by and see a woman so insulted—but you are not half a man, you know you ar'n't. Budge! Dick, I say, Budge, till I poke the feller overboard." "*Poke me no pokes,*" deliberately replied Tom, with provoking coolness. "The cradle, I say, is my wife's, and she *herself* is below. How like ye that, m-a-a-m? And what's more too, she's a better-looking woman than ever stood in *your* shoes. Isn't she, Captain?" turning to the latter, who continued mute and motionless. "Now you know the long and the short of the matter." This, gentle reader, was paying too little, *much* too little respect to the delicacy of the sex, and the lady felt it: her lips quivered with anger, and swelling

like the frog in the fable, she rushed toward the hatchway, vociferating, "Another woman in the ship! *another!* let me but come at her, and if I don't give her such a touzling as she never had, my name's not Bet." So saying, the virago was about to descend, when Long Tom seized a handspike, and flourished it about with such dexterity and force, that Captain P. and his irritated spouse, suddenly made their retreat, and found themselves at the foot of the companion ladder, ere they had time to inquire how they came there. But a truce to matrimonial squabbles; thanks to the good temper of husbands and wives, they are of rare, *very rare* occurrence: not one wife in a thousand, I *hope*, would make so much ado about nothing. But lest I should fall into the latter error, and I sadly fear I have, let us at once put to sea, and imagine that the schooner has already lost sight of the port of Halifax. - - - - -

A transport had been wrecked on the coast on her passage from the West Indies to Quebec. Fortunately no lives were lost, and the greater part of her stores saved. The *Ranger* was freighted to Quebec with these stores, and had also on board a Colonel and Lieutenant in the army, in haste to reach the latter place, and messing in the cabin with the sturdy Captain P. and his amiable lady. While crowded in the half-deck with the seamen, were an elderly Quaker, a pedlar, and a Scotch bag-piper from the *Venus*; and from the *Transport*, a black valet-de-chambre, about to join his master; though, by the way, it may not be amiss here to observe, that the latter occasionally assisted in the cabin, waited upon the two officers, ate up the fragments from the table,

to the no small mortification of the cabin-boy, and was christened *Teapot*, by the excessively witty Betty, Bess, or Besselinda Pouncet.

Tom's family, in addition to his wife and Robert, consisted of two daughters, Mary and Ann, the former ten years of age, (two years and a half younger than Robert,) the latter eight, both apparently mild, engaging, and amiable children. And yet the fond mother had frequently been heard to say to her husband, "How *much* these dear children take after *you*, my love." Do women always mean what they say on this subject? Methinks I hear you answer, "*Only sometimes.*" All the above, with eleven persons, the schooner's crew, were lodged—or I might have said, (for *so* said Tom,) stowed like pickled herrings—in the contracted half-deck of the *Ranger*. The passengers, silenced by the astounding eloquence of Mrs. Pouncet, sat for some time regarding their present accommodations, or rather *want* of accommodations. While Tom, with the assistance of hammer and nails, sheets and blankets, succeeded in screening from public observation, his wife and family. The pedlar employed himself in examining whether his wares were all safe, the piper contentedly fell asleep, and the Quaker mournfully ejaculated, "Verily, this place doth forcibly bring to my mind the black-hole at Calcutta." "What! are *you* there?" said Tom, (hastily popping out his night-capped head from behind the screen) "Old Thee and Thou, I thought, at least, *you* would have stayed behind. Play up, piper, 'Morgan Rattler,' 'Drops of Brandy,' or something else sentimental; Old Aminadab will tip up handsomely to silence thy drone; like his brother pigs,

he  
cc  
P  
"A  
a  
dri  
mc  
ref  
rid  
hof  
wa.  
anc  
mo  
sow  
of  
shal  
sup  
gra  
inde  
assi  
disc  
whic  
he z  
lows  
hear  
abar  
all v  
nien  
nada  
sense  
conv.  
heart  
most

he has no ear for music." A pause of a few moments conveyed to their ears, not indeed the drone of the pipes; but the nasal drone of the sleeping piper. "Aye! aye!" says Tom, "he's driving his hogs to a fine market." "And where dost thou expect to drive *thy* hogs to?" asked the Quaker, in a mild remonstrative tone. "Dost know, friend Aminadab," replied Tom, "where the beggar on horseback will ride to?" "Ah! neighbour Tom, I *once* had better hopes of thee; but thou art like the sow that was washed, turned again to thy wallowing in the mire, and like the dog"—"Hold! hold!" said Tom, "no more beastly comparisons: from your mentioning sow and so forth, I readily took you to be a lover of *bacon*: but if you proceed to speak of dogs, I shall take you to be an admirer of"—"*Dog's flesh*, I suppose," added the good Quaker, with an emphatic gravity, which drew laughter from all present, except, indeed, from the piper, and that for reasons already assigned. "Tom, Tom," continued the not-at-all disconcerted Quaker, "thou art like the deaf adder, which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Since the storm, when the billows (thou knowest) had well nigh gone over thy head, I congratulated thee on thy reformation, thine abandonment of the vice of swearing, thy quitting of all vain and foolish jestings, which are not convenient; but"—"Good night, good night, friend Aminadab," pettishly interrupted Tom, "thy stupid nonsense, thy vain and foolish talking are by no means *convenient*. I give *thee* full liberty to preach to thy heart's content to the piper, and he will snore thee a most gentle Amen.

“And och! good Lord, how he handled the drone,  
 And then such sweet music he blew;  
 ’Twould have melted the heart of a stone,  
 With his fillelu—whack botheration! &c.

“Good night! friend Aminadab! I leave thee to profit by my parting stanza.” Thus did Long Tom endeavour to hide the grief, to stifle the gnawings of a guilty conscience, which still would be heard, and made amends for her silence during the day, by speaking bitter things to his soul in the silent watches of the night. For his *wife*, he had as much regard as such a character can possibly entertain for any other being than himself, and cautiously kept her below, removed from the jealous fangs of Mrs. Pouncet; but he, himself, frequently went upon deck, and cast a look of anxiety over the tafferil, as though he dreaded a pursuer. Light airs, and contrary winds, had so far impeded their progress, that they entered not the gulf till the 25th, and then were retarded by great quantities of drift ice. Meanwhile, such an extra number of mouths, without any extra stock of provision, soon produced a scarcity;—the crew murmured, and the passengers were displeased and impatient. On the 26th, Tom’s daughter Ann sickened, and the father reported her disorder to be a contagious fever, while the worthy Quaker protested that she had but a slight cold, but without effect, as Tom maintained, with bitter oaths, that her disorder was, beyond all others, *most infectious*. The sailors were inclined, at first, to believe the unobtrusive Quaker, whose benevolence of heart and gentle manners had, in a great measure won their esteem, and who (strange as it may appear) by his good advice, and

more  
 eight  
 sail  
 prese  
 that  
 pract  
 were  
 I hav  
 ficial  
 purpo  
 almos  
 zealo-  
 splice  
 sailor:  
 extra  
 too f  
 upon  
 anothe  
 one h  
 who h  
 circu..  
 the li  
 comfo  
 uneasi  
 cabin;  
 lead to  
 to susp  
 honour  
 neither  
 conjug  
 young  
 for an  
 spect t



more by his good example, had, in the course of about eight days, worked an apparent reformation among the sailors, and had even induced the piper, for the present, to lay by his pipes; the latter declaring, that though it would put his hand a little out of practice, his views, as well as to gain a livelihood, were to *please* his hearers, and not to *annoy* them. I have entered into this short digression on the beneficial effects of the good Quaker's labours, for the purpose of pointing out how many real benefits almost any individual may confer on society, if he zealously and prudently sets about the task. "Long-splice is no fool," (alluding to Tom) said one of the sailors, "he wants to gammon the captain out of an extra allowance of grub and water; but we've sailed too far north to be come over like 'marines adrift upon a grating.'" "Aye! aye, Jack!" responded another, "his acting Tom Coxe's traverse; up one hatchway and down another, won't do for *boys* who have weathered Cape Horn." From all these circumstances, we may, without mistake, infer, that the live stock in the half deck, were any thing but comfortable, and by this time certain symptoms of uneasiness were exhibited by Captain Pouncet in the cabin; he not only feared that short allowance would lead to a mutiny among his *swains*, but he also began to suspect the loyalty of his *better* half. "'Pon my honour," said he to the mate, "I positively like not, neither can I digest, those long confabulations and conjugations between my sweet Besselinda and the young Lieutenant; I have a great disposition to ask for an explanation, 'pon honour I *have*; but respect for the delicacy of the dear creature's sex,

thee to  
g Tom  
awings  
heard,  
lay, by  
atches  
gard as  
other  
below,  
uncet;  
id cast  
gh he  
winds,  
ntered  
tarded  
ch an  
ock of  
mur-  
d im-  
ened,  
tagi-  
that  
Tom  
was,  
were  
aker,  
had,  
who  
3, and

and knowing and duly estimating my own worth, the essential services I shall render the Government, by conveying these stores to the city of Quebec, and the loss that might be felt by *you all*, prevents, or rather retards, deters, and impedes me from calling him out." "Avast there, captain!" exclaimed the mate, "if that's the only *pall*, you may veer away cable. *I'll* pilot the Ranger into port, if *you* fall." "Gently!—gently, Franks! you speak too loud!—*I fear*—*I* apprehend no danger—Poh! none upon my honour; but the depriving of a fellow-creature of life—the embruing these hands in human blood—Oh, fie! 'tis vile! out upon it—'tis monstrous! but I, at this moment, think I hear them confabulating; good night, Franks! I must at once descend, and with the keen eyes of an Argus, and the valour of the dragon, which guarded the Hesperian fruit, watch over and protect my darling treasure. But what insanity," muttered he as he descended, "for me to imagine that the delicate creature could, for a moment, prefer such a fellow to"—*me*, I suppose he would have added, but what further he said, if he said anything, was lost by the slamming of the cabin door; but 'tis highly probable, that on reaching the said door, he prudently held his peace.

On the 28th, at about five P. M. from a light air from the southward and westward, the wind suddenly increased to a storm. The schooner was, at this time, about four leagues below the light-house on Green Island, and luckily escaped with the loss only of the foretopmast. The delicate Mrs. Pouncet, *truly* frightened by the storm, and, as her spouse observed, "*super-horrified*" by the lightning, had fled to the

side of the Lieutenant for support. Meanwhile the gallant Captain P., knowing that an experienced officer had charge upon deck, from *sheer pity*, and in consideration of his wife's feminine delicacy, determined to continue below; perhaps, also, a decent regard to politeness might have been another inducement, as he was, doubtless, too polite, much too polite, to think of giving his martial passenger any unnecessary trouble. As for the delicate Mrs. P. no such scruples appear to have disturbed her mind, at least, if we may judge from her saying, "Oh, Dick! my dear Dick Pouncet! go up! go up, my love, or we shall sink! pray, run up! I knows we shall sink! this here gentleman can protect me! he is no use you know, upon deck! military gentlemen, you know,"—"Nay, my charming Besselinda," approaching with a languishing air, "let me assist thee to thy state-room, and lock thee safely in, that thou mayest not"—"Roll out of bed, I suppose," loudly interrupted the Lieutenant. "Upon deck, I say, Sir, upon deck, and attend to your duties! What! *you* a Captain? and skulking below when the ship and passengers are in danger? and even the *Colonel* up, rendering every possible aid?" "Ar'nt the gentleman promised to remain and protect me?" "Oh, Yes! Massa Bouncet!" (roared Teapot, who had hitherto laid sea-sick and concealed beneath the cabin table) "no fear, Massa Bouncet! Massa Soger protec and gumfort Missy Bouncet! me suppose him bery good man!"—"Out d—d Negro! out vile Moor, I say!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, seizing him by the collar; unfortunately, however, the poor Negro, or Moor, whichever he might have been, was too sick to budge an

inch ; at the same time, Massa Bouncet reluctantly went upon deck. Whether the Lieutenant acted from improper feelings, or not, it is hard to tell ; at all events, the lady's feminine delicacy places *her* conduct far, far above all suspicion. The gentleman, probably, acted in the whole affair from a regard to that natural politeness and attention which he properly judged due to the softer sex ; for who, for a moment, can imagine, that an officer in the army ever felt an hankering after his neighbour's wife ? I think, from these considerations, we cannot do better, than acquit him of all criminal intentions ; and if really guilty, merely add, by way of winding up the matter, " We *admire* his taste, that's all ! " Lucky Captain Pouncet ! seeing that thou couldst not be in two places at once, and much preferred being in the place where thou wast not—Fortunate being wast thou ! to discover, on thy reaching the deck, that all danger was over above, and thou hadst nothing to do, but to go down, and give thy undivided attention to the apprehended dangers below ; who but would admire the ineffable glance of disdain which thou bestowedst on the forsaken Lieutenant, when thou leddest thy blushing bride, in triumph, to her state room !

On the evening of the 29th, as the Ranger was stretching over towards Hare Island, with a view to bring up, which the loss of her foretopmast, foul winds, and a strong ebb tide, rendered necessary, a sail was descried at a distance, beating up the river ; " 'Pon my honour ! " exclaimed Capt. Pouncet, " most certainly, or more briefly, *certes*, that is my old, blunt, vulgar-mouthed shipmate, Captain Graham, and that

elegantly-named, classically-termed vessel, the Venus!" "James! do thou hand me the glass." After looking attentively for some moments, he continued, "'Pon my honour, as a man, and a gentleman!"—"Pshaw!" ejaculated his wife, "Nay, now, upon my *veracity*, love, 'tis none other than the very identical Venus!" At this moment the anchor was let go, about three quarters of a mile from the shore; and Long Tom silently glided below, and commenced packing up his goods. Blackee attentively observed him, and with accents of surprise, said, "Dis no Keebec, Massa Tom! for what you back up?" "Be off, Teapot!" angrily replied he, "mind your own business!" The youthful Robert, during the passage from Halifax thus far, had been treated with comparative kindness, and now came capering below, with joy beaming in his eyes, exclaiming, "Mother! Mother! the Venus is coming after us, and *good* Captain Strickland will *see* to poor Ann!" "D—n Captain Strickland!" said Tom, at the same time aiming an immense wooden platter, with all his force, at the boy's head, but which he dexterously evaded. "For shame! Thomas, can you blame the child for feeling gratitude to those"—"Silence! woman!" roared the ruffian, "'tis thy province to *obey*;—but here comes the Quaker—say the child is *worse*—*much* worse—you understand me?" "Well, friend?" said the Quaker, taking the wife by the hand, "thy *daughter*—thy *daughter*, how fares it with the damsel?" "The child is worse—*much* worse—you understand me?" simply replied she. "Cursed fool!" muttered Tom. "I do understand thee," resumed the Quaker, "and do fear me, that the damsel, as

thou sayest neigh—(the word neighbour seemed to stick in his throat) Tom, has a contagious disease; Alas! for *us*, if she be *thus* reported at Quebec, we shall be laid in quarantine, and not suffered to land for many days." Tom, for a moment, seemed as if alarmed, but perceiving the Quaker preparing to speak, remained silent. "Couldst thou not oblige *me*, and thy fellow passengers, by landing *here*, neighbour Thomas?"

*Truth* compels me to say, that the words neighbour, and Thomas, seemed to have a greater emphasis laid on them than any of the rest. Now, though this request gave Tom much pleasure, he determined to profit by what he termed, 'Aminadab's *credulity*;' and therefore replied, "Have I not nearly spent my *all* in paying my passage? If I land *here*, my *respected friend*, almost pennyless as I am, how shall I procure means to convey my family and goods to Quebec? and, (added he, with feigned tears,) defray the expense of this dear child's funeral? Oh, forgive my tears!"—"I am as thyself, a *father*, and will help thee—I will explain thy sad circumstances to thy fellow passengers, they are *interested* in promoting thy speedy departure." In the course of a short time, the benevolent Quaker had so completely terrified the crew as well as the passengers, with the idea of riding quarantine when they arrived in port, that, (with the exception of the pedlar,) 'one and all' contributed something; the *latter* was busily trafficking with a Canadian who had just come alongside from the island, and shrewdly observed, that he had left his own country to *get*, not to *give*. The piper contributed but a trifle, promising

something more on Tom's quitting the vessel. The latter, though gratified beyond conception, still pretended to linger, nor embarked with his family and things in the boat, until the Captain had paid the boatman's fare, and had given him some provisions and rum into the bargain. Perhaps the latter was moved thereunto by the solicitations of his delicate better half, who appeared to be kindly *concerned* in the safe removal of the '*other woman*.' In the bustle Long Tom had forgotten the piper's kind promise, but not so the piper, who no sooner saw Tom shoved off, than he played up the old tune of, *The Rogue's march*. If any of my readers have ever had the misfortune to be drummed out of a regiment, he will recollect the air—seeing that in such a case, 'tis highly probable, the drummer beat time where the strokes were most likely to be *felt*. On hearing the said '*march*,' Tom turned towards the vessel, but almost instantly again sat down, in anger, observing to his wife, "Aye! aye! the *rogue* indeed marches, but at the expense of the *fools* who stand still." On landing, he proceeded with the boatman and his two sons, to a cottage, about a furlong from the shore, and thither, with the same assistance, in several journeys, conveyed his luggage. The worthy inmates accommodated Mr. Hastie, (as Tom now termed himself,) with the best their cabin afforded, and, fatigued with the labours of the day, retired early to rest, though not without first spending a considerable time on their knees in telling their beads. Hastie observed them through one of the crevices of a wooden partition, and felt a momentary pang of shame, a momentary feeling of gratitude to his Maker—of *shame*, when he hastily

glanced at his *past* conduct,—of *gratitude*, when he reflected on his *present* deliverance. “I am happy to think,” said he, “that I have evaded my *pursuers*; and you, Robert, I thank heaven that I did not in my passion,—but what has *heaven* to do with a wretch like me? To bed, to bed, wife, to-morrow we must cast about for a place of safety; for *here* must not be our abiding place.”—“But my dear Thomas, what *pursuers*?”—“To bed—good night, woman—did I not before say so?” The poor, meek, submissive creature was at once silenced, and, with her daughters, soon resigned herself to sleep. Did the husband so soon sleep? Ask the *guilty*! ask him who fears, who *feels* danger in every rustling leaf, who judges each calm to be but the precursor of an overwhelming storm—each storm, an echo of ‘vengeance is mine, I will repay.’ Nor did the youthful Robert, though innocence itself, so soon find rest as did his mother; long, long he reflected on the word *pursuers*; what, thought he, can he *mean*? Are there then, more than *one*? That Captain Strickland will use his endeavours to free me from the man, who sometimes styles himself my father, and sometimes not, I make no doubt—who can the others be? Oh Strickland, Strickland, the seal, the s-e-a-l. Thus Robert, the innocent, ill-treated Robert, fell gently into the arms of sleep, even while tears still plentifully bedewed his blooming face. Oh! how *sweet*, how calm, how blissful, is the sleep of *innocence*. Reader, dost thou enjoy it, still study to preserve it—dost thou *not*, let it be thy study to regain it. I am not often led to moralize, but I have laid down, under both feelings, a feeling of *comparative* innocence, a heart feeling of *real* guilt. How



vast the *difference!* mayest thou be led to *feel* the *one*, mayest thou be led to avoid the *other*. But the little mite of amusement which I wish to offer, is intended for *general* use; therefore, if I wish it to be read through, I must at once drop this moralizing, since many, alas! too many, will be ready to say, we expected not to read a *sermon*, but a *tale*.

At day-break the youth was awakened by the feathered songsters of the air, who, with gratefully dilated throats, were caroling a morning anthem to their great Creator. Their joyous notes disturbed the half-slumbering Hastie; he turned, he writhed in anguish on his ill-pressed bed, and once or twice the boy imagined, (for perhaps, it was but fancy,) that he ejaculated, "Oh my brother! oh my injured brother!" The feeling heart of Robert no longer suffered him to lie a spectator of this painful scene: he arose and went to the window, whence he had a beautiful view of the St. Lawrence, the young sun obliquely glancing his early rays upon its pellucid bosom. For a moment, in the joyful certainty of an existence in a world wherein all seemed new and beautiful to his boyish fancy, he forgot his present inquietudes, but the sight of the schooner brought with it an association of ideas much less pleasing. "The schooner is under weigh," said he, "she will soon reach Quebec—Oh that I could once more discern the ship of the *pursuers*, the ship of Strickland, and of my *seal!*" "Who talks of pursuers, and of a seal?" roared Hastie, leaping at once from his bed, and seizing the alarmed boy by the hair of his head. "What about the seal? tell the truth instantly, or, by heaven, it shall be worse for you. I tremble when I reflect what I may be tempted to

do. What I say, what of the seal?—no lies, sirrah, simple *truth*.” “I cannot lie, I *never* lied,” replied the intrepid boy, rising with the conscious dignity which virtue alone confers. “I gave it to Captain Strickland, as a token of my gratitude, with a hope that”—“No more boy, or thou diest. How came you by that seal? But see—the house is rising. Wife, I say, up—thou hast parted with the seal—the seal is lost, and I have a long reckoning to clear off with *you*. Peace, *woman*, no replies.” Here the boatman entered, amazed at the noise, to whom turning, Hastie exclaimed, “I must remove hence, immediately, aye, instantly.” For at this moment his terrified eyes beheld the Venus off the point of the island. “What inhabited place can you remove me to?” “On the north side of the island,” replied the Canadian (in broken English), “lies a large ship’s boat, cast upon the shore in a gale. I and my sons have repaired her, and furnished her with oars and a mast, for eight dollars she shall be yours, and for other three, I and my sons will convey you and your goods thither, round the west end of the island, for the way by land is almost impenetrable, and abounding with noxious animals: once possessed of the boat, you can row to Orleans.” Hastie joyfully acceded to the proposal, and by nightfall they reached the boat, which, though old, was commodious, and still fit for service. He then paid the islander, who assisted him to launch her, and bidding him farewell, said, “Tomorrow, my friend, I shall proceed to the Isle of Orleans.” The Canadian having departed, Tom embarked his family and goods, shoved off the boat, and removed her about a furlong further to the westward,

wher  
he m  
ing o  
and l  
good-  
deigr  
row m  
start  
no, no  
where

FOR  
ceed, g  
divert  
charact  
to them  
the sec  
land in  
versatic  
further  
what w  
a short  
not acc  
and inte  
from the  
arises fr  
promised  
and secr

where, by the help of the painter and a large stone, he moored her for the night; then spreading an awning of blankets, he laid the bedding in the stern-sheets, and lying down to rest, without bestowing one kind good-night, or even a *look*, on the afflicted boy, he deigned to observe to his submissive wife, "To-morrow morning, will I contrive to make a sail; we'll start at daybreak, but not for the Isle of Orleans,—no, no!" added he, with a demoniacal smile, "any where but *there!*"

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I sometimes do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage whom I dearly love."

FOR the purpose of clearing up matters as I proceed, gentle reader, I have deemed it expedient to divert thy attention for a time, from the principal characters in this my little drama: we will now return to them. It may be remembered, that at the close of the second chapter we left Mr. Barnard and Strickland in the act of retiring to enjoy a little private conversation. On entering the cabin, the latter, without further preface, requested Mr. Barnard to inform him what was the cause of his journey to Canada. After a short pause, Mr. Barnard replied, "Though I am not accustomed, Sir, to discover my circumstances and intentions to strangers, yet, as I am persuaded, from the earnestness of your manner, that your request arises from a wish to *serve* me, and as I also once promised in return for your reliance on my honour and secrecy, that I would at some future period reveal

to you the state of my affairs ; I am content to do so now. You behold before you, Captain S., an unfortunate being. My deceased grandfather was a wealthy merchant trading to the East Indies, who had selected as a wife for my father, a young lady of extensive property, and respectable connexions, but unfortunately for my sire, he had previously placed his affections on a young and amiable woman, quite deficient in those qualifications. But he preferred *love* to *riches*, and at an early age married my mother. From that moment all connexion between my father and his family ceased, insomuch that I believe my parent might have perished even in a jail, ere the offended old gentleman would have assisted him with a single farthing ; indeed the latter shortly afterwards embarked from England, and settled in the East Indies. Two sons were the fruit of this prudent, or imprudent marriage, (for the world is *divided* in its opinion on the subject,) myself, and a brother four years younger. My father on his marriage embarked in a small way of business, and earned for his little family a comfortable subsistence ; and at a proper age, sent both me and my brother to a respectable school, determining that, as we were not likely to have a fortune, it should not be his fault if we did not acquire a good education. At the age of ten, or eleven, my brother manifested symptoms of restiveness, and obstinacy ; and though possessed of much brighter parts than myself, notoriously neglected their cultivation. He was removed from school to school, as if his instructors were to blame ; and as he became older, gave my parents and myself much uneasiness, till at length, taking umbrage at a severe reprimand which our

father thought it his duty to give him, he fled from us. All search for him proved vain, and in a short time, my mother, bowed down with sorrow, was laid in the peaceful grave. Shall I ever *forget* it? pshaw! let me proceed. Thus doubly bereft, my kind remaining parent in a few months followed her. I became my own master in my twenty-first year, with a little property in merchandize, to the amount of four or five hundred pounds. I resolved to act with prudence and industry, and in the first place deemed it my duty to write my grandfather a circumstantial account of the death of my parents. A year and a half I remained in a state of uncertainty, but *then*, received a letter from India: *laconic*, indeed, inso- much, that I think I can repeat it to you word for word:

“SIR,

“From the many years elapsed since I heard any tidings of Henry Barnard, your father, I knew not that such an individual had so long existed. He is *dead*, my anger ought not to extend beyond his grave; therefore, Sir :

I am your's,

As you *conduct* yourself,

ANTHONY BARNARD.

“This letter, Captain Strickland, was neither calculated to give me joy nor pain, or if either, the *latter*; as it led me to again call up to my imagination the sad event he alluded to. At the age of twenty-three I married a virtuous wife, one who had been before bound closely to my heart by the endearing ties of mutual tenderness. She brought me some accession

to my fortune, and what I esteemed still more, at the expiration of a twelvemonth, a *daughter*. These, Strickland, were halcyon days! the golden age of my life! Alas! how short and fleeting were they! since, four years afterwards, my sainted Clara died in giving birth to a son." Here Strickland, while a tear moistened his eye, felt half inclined to interrupt the narrator, yet remained silent. "For some time," continued Mr. Barnard, "I continued in a melancholy, despairing state of mind, from which I was only aroused by the imperative duty of providing for my children, (for the dear boy survived his mother.)

"Shortly after this mournful occurrence, my brother returned to our parental dwelling, in a pitiable condition, sick, emaciated, penniless, and naked. He had strolled about from place to place, listed as a drummer, then became a private, and, if I may believe him, was at this period discharged. I could not but remember that, under Providence, he was the cause of my parent's death, and would fain have hardened my heart against him; but conscience, natural affection, or something else, pleaded so *strongly* within me on his behalf, that when I was about to roughly *deny* him an asylum, I felt my eyes involuntarily suffused with tears, and stretched towards him the hand of *welcome* and *forgiveness*."

"*Well done!* that was well done," interrupted Strickland, grasping his friend's hand, "for if a *brother* would not aid and pity him, what would he have expected from *strangers*? Pardon this interruption; but pray, Sir, proceed."

"Most willingly," replied Mr. Barnard, "I feel a degree of pleasure, of consolation, which I could not

have anticipated, in thus unbosoming myself to a sympathetic mind, to one who can *feel* for, and *pity* my misfortunes. My brother, I was delighted to observe, was become, to all *appearance*, a reformed character; he was my zealous assistant in business, my intimate companion, and *apparent* friend, for nine months, and I felt so much pleased with his reformation, that I waited but for the expiration of the year, to take him into partnership. It wanted something less than three months to that period, when I was surprised by receiving the following letter :

‘ Dear Grandson,

‘ I am fast verging towards the grave; I shall soon ‘go the way of all flesh.’ I am surrounded by cormorants; no friend near to aid or console. In this distress, I turn with an eye of hope towards *you*. Perhaps you deem me selfish, obdurate; I *was* so. Oh! the pangs I might have spared myself! Come out to me; *come* without delay; all I have is yours; if you have any family, bring them all, all shall be welcome. Forgive my past shameful neglect of you, and haste to the arms of *yóur*

‘ Repentant Grandfather,

‘ A. BARNARD.

‘ Bengal, 1—.

‘ P. S. I have remitted you a draft for 500*l.* on Messrs. —, bankers, to defray expences, pay debts, &c. with an order for more, if you need it. Hope you have heard of your brother. Heaven send you to me with speed and in safety. God bless you.

"I, at this time, had become in some measure reconciled to my lot, and would willingly have remained at home; but considering that something was due to my relented relative, and that this was a desirable opportunity to make a further provision for my darling children, I finally resolved to obey my grandfather's injunctions. A ship preparing to sail in a few days, I had but little time to arrange my affairs for my departure. My boy was scarcely two years old, I therefore deemed him too young to risk so long a passage, and resolved to leave him in England. I hired a respectable woman as governess for my daughter, and an amiable widow as nurse for my boy; the former I took with me, but the latter I left with my brother, together with my house, goods, and merchandize, worth upwards of one thousand pounds, and one hundred and fifty pounds in cash. Taking with me, after paying my passage, about five hundred and fifty pounds, and a few presents for my grandfather.

"The day for sailing arrived; an ominous despondency hung heavily on my mind: I embraced the nurse, bade farewell to my brother, who shed tears at our parting, begged him to be kind to my child, my *only boy*, hugged the infant to my breast, then returning him to the arms of my brother, in a state bordering on insanity, I hastily embarked. Fatal embarkment! O that I never had done so; in that accursed hour I lost—yes, Strickland, I lost my boy! tears *will flow*"—"His name? his name? Sir," eagerly interrupted Strickland, "Robert," replied Mr. Barnard. "Gracious heaven! can it be so?" said Strickland—"What, what of my child? dost thou know him? speak, speak *at once*, friend, and remove

this  
but p  
your  
*that*  
We  
us wi  
which  
darli.  
death  
I resc  
Woul  
brothe  
well  
devil,  
turn  
debts.  
tage,  
Barna  
ney to  
the pc  
goods  
ter w  
at the  
grandf  
of Be  
and be  
than a  
five h  
delay  
more e  
ter's g  
in Ind  
we safe



this horrid suspense." "I know, indeed, a Robert, but pray give me time to recollect myself; and finish your recital, that I may be assured whether or not *that Robert was yours.*" "I must be brief, then. We arrived safe in India; my grandfather received us with open arms; he lingered four years, during which time I transacted his business, and, with my darling Anne, watched his declining pillow. On his death he left me sole heir to upwards of half a million. I resolved at once to return to my native country. Would that I *had!* but, hearing regularly from my brother, and understanding that my boy was thriving, well attended to, and sent to school, avarice, or the devil, prompted me to remain three years longer, to turn my effects into cash, and collect outstanding debts. I had employed my time to so much advantage, as to realize a considerable sum above that Mr. Barnard had left me. I had also remitted home money to purchase a small estate in Wales, and was on the point of hasting away for England, part of my goods having been already shipped, when my daughter was seized with a violent fever. To have left her at the mercy of strangers, or "cormorants," as my grandfather justly termed the money-getting people of Bengal, was impossible, as the girl was amiable and beautiful, and at an age which required more than a father's superintending care. I remitted home five hundred pounds, disembarked my trunks, and delay arising upon delay, a year and three quarters more elapsed ere I quitted the country. My daughter's governess had married, and established herself in India; but with *herself*, her maid, and my valet, we safely reached the Downs and landed at Deal. I

and my daughter took post chaise at once for London, (leaving the servants to disembark part of my luggage and follow with expedition,) and late at night arrived in town. Without delay, I hired a hackney coach, and proceeded towards my home. Judge of my *surprise*, when I discovered the long-regretted spot, the home of my youth, a heap of ruins! I turned from the heart-chilling scene with silent agony, and, without disturbing my daughter, whom over-fatigue and debility had lulled into a slumber, drove to the nearest hotel, whence I despatched a domestic to the wreck of my house and hopes, to watch the arrival of my servants, and conduct them to me.

“I spent many sad days in inquiring concerning my brother, and at length discovered that, shortly after my departure, he recommenced a life of dissipation, ill-treated my boy, and finally, dreading my return, about a month before my arrival sold off the few things he had left, and removed, not without a suspicion of his having set fire to the premises. I then took a house at the west end, hired domestics, and travelled some weeks without gaining a clue to the retreat of either brother or child. I then traced the fugitive to Bristol, thence to Liverpool, where I learned he had applied for a passage to Quebec, but not being suited as soon as he wished, he had returned to London; though not able to discover any further trace him, I judged he still retained the same purpose, and I resolved to follow him, and travel all over America rather than fail in my pursuit.

“Accordingly I vested the bulk of my property in the

fu.  
of  
to  
in  
br.  
is,  
anc  
Bu  
chi.  
que  
hist  
my  
bal.  
“  
a m  
and  
and  
lige  
own  
ance  
ness  
me  
bert.  
A  
of “  
rushe  
effor  
cond  
passe  
same  
roare  
The  
fusely

funds, handsomely provided for my daughter, in case of a long absence; drew bills on Quebec and Montreal to a considerable amount, and with a thousand pounds in ready money, and my servant, embarked in the brig from whose wreck you rescued us. My servant is, I fear, drowned, and the greater part of my cash and my trunks lost with him; the bills I have safe. But *perish* the dross; if it cannot restore to me my *child*, of what avail is it? Now, Sir, you are acquainted with the major particulars of my eventful history. If you possess any information respecting my child, withhold it not, but pour the consoling balm into the wounded heart of a *father*."

"Know then, my friend," replied Strickland, "that a man of suspicious character embarked in this ship, and with him an amiable boy; he was my companion and delight, for I thought I could trace in his intelligent features, somewhat which must resemble my own son, should he still live. I instructed his ignorance, and, as far as *man* can do, healed his sicknesses." "But his *name*, what was his name? tell me at once, I beseech you." "His name was *Robert*." "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Barnard.

At this moment a violent cry was heard upon deck, of "Call up Captain Strickland." Our hero, at once, rushed towards the companion, in spite of his friend's efforts to restrain him, and met the body of the second mate, as it was borne aft by four seamen. The passengers all crowded upon deck, some clad, and some half-naked, while the lusty tar who led the van roared loudly, "Scaldings, clear the way there!" The unfortunate man, with his head bleeding profusely was laid upon the cabin floor. Strickland

proceeded to examine the skull, and while searching for lint, &c. inquired how he came by the hurt. When one of the watch replied, "We discovered a light on the lee bow, and he shined up like a rigger, towards the topmast head, and losing his hold in the catharpings, pitched down head foremost upon a harness-cask lashed abaft the windlass." Our hero soon dressed the wound, during which operation, Mr. Barnard was desirous to still converse on the subject of Robert; but Strickland gently reminded him of the impropriety of doing so before so many hearers. "Answer me but one question; who was with the passenger?" "His wife and two daughters," replied Strickland. "Then he could not have been my brother, *he* always professed an aversion to matrimony, and had he even married, I am sure I should have heard of it. Good night, good night, Sir! I am again that wretched being I was an hour ago."

The morning watch had been called ere the fatigued and anxious Strickland considered his patient to be sufficiently out of danger to warrant his retirement to bed. No marvel, then, that he slept till near eleven in the forenoon; and by the time he had dressed himself, and performed the same kind office for the second mate, dinner was on the table. Captain Graham enjoyed his meal as usual, while his companions were reserved and ate but little. At two, P. M. they ascended to the quarter-deck; it was near high water, with scarcely a breath of wind and somewhat foggy, the easternmost part of Hare Island was on the starboard beam, and the Captain ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered and the skiff hoisted out, which were manned and sent a-head to tow the vessel in

shore; at half-past four they anchored, three quarters of a mile from the island, in six and a half fathoms water. The ebb tide had been setting down strongly for some time, and the crew aloft furling sails, when a canoe came alongside from the island with eggs, butter, milk, rum, and tobacco, which the Canadians willingly exchanged for salt beef, pork, clothing, &c. Strickland took the earliest opportunity to inquire of the boatman whether he had seen a schooner pass, when the latter leading him forward, pointed out one at anchor, with the loss of foretopmast at no considerable distance, but barely distinguishable through the haze. "'Tis she!" said Strickland, "and in spite of Mr. Barnard's incredulity, I firmly believe his son is in her."

Many of my readers may be inclined to wonder, that as our hero was in possession of a note, he did not at once produce it; but as he himself had taught the boy to write, it was impossible that Mr. Barnard could gather any information from the hand writing; and, as will soon appear, the writer seemed to be interrupted in the conclusion of his communication when about to sign his name. Moreover, Strickland felt loth to raise any violent hopes in the bosom of his friend, fearing that the schooner would reach Quebec, and her passengers be landed, ere the ship's arrival, and the boy be removed to some unknown place. But these fears had now, by a sight of the schooner, in a great measure subsided.

The traffic with the boatman being soon nearly at a stand still, our hero being of an inquisitive turn of mind, entered into conversation with him, and learnt that he had settled there about two years before—

that he had cleared a considerable portion of land, and had already successfully raised grain, pulse, vegetables, and tobacco, sufficient, indeed, to support his little family, and this he said with an exulting air. "And do you *really* feel *comfortable* in this lone island, so far from the common haunts of men?" inquired Strickland. "Why should I not?" said he, "I have no master; I eat when I like; lie down when I please, and rise when I choose; I have comfortable lodgings; food enough, and to spare; sufficient clothing; and abundance of fire-wood to warm me in winter." Strickland purchased of the happy and communicative Islander, three hares, caught upon his own domains, and handing them down to the cabin boy, turned aft, reflecting on the man's happy lot. "What an enviable disposition," thought he, "must *his* be, who can thus content himself, secluded, as I may say, from the rest of mankind, supporting himself and his little family by his own industry; *dependent on none*, but our Great Common Father. He knows not

'Th' oppressor's yoke—the proud man's contumely,  
Nor all the spurns which patient merit  
Of the unworthy take.'

"While *I*—what an unfortunate disposition must be *mine*? I am impelled to pursue a shadow—Aye! a flying shadow! has she not left me with her own *free will*? and exists there a hope that I shall ever *find* her? And if I do, *can* she? *will* she? greet me with a smiling welcome?—Alas! no: yet heaven alone knows best—I yet may find her—find her *repentant* too—some joys, I trust, are still in store for

me, and if I *but* succeed in restoring to an afflicted father, his long lost son, I shall not have voyaged thus far in *vain*." When our hero went below, an early supper awaited him, and after playing at cribbage for an hour, Mr. Barnard was about to retire to his cabin, when Strickland begged of him to remain up until he sent to him the cabin boy, "Who can," added he, "give you some further particulars respecting the boy; but it must not be till after Graham is safe moored." "Thank you, Sir! I respect your kind intentions! but the Robert of whom you speak, is not—cannot be *mine*! nevertheless, if, as you describe, he is so amiable, and ill-treated, I will *provide* for him!" "Avast there! avast there! Mr. Barnard," replied Strickland, "in the event of his *not* proving your son, I intend to do more than that myself, poor as I am, for though I cannot make him a *lord*, 'tis hard but I render him a more essential service; if he's made of the right sort of stuff, I mean to make him a *man*!" Want of company soon induced Graham to turn in, and dismiss the cabin-boy to his bed, when Strickland following the latter, cried, "Avast leaving there, my tar; before you unrig, I must pilot you into Mr. Barnard's berth, and, when there, I expect you will relate to him, *how* you came in possession of the *note* and *seal*; and, harkee! I shall say nothing about *how long* you kept them." "Very well, Sir," replied the boy, "and thankee too. You have been so good, and I never refuses to do any thing for any body as is good to me, as my poor mother used to say when"—"Belay all that," said Strickland, putting his hand before Robin's mouth, "and ye hear? when you get into the passenger's berth,

don't spin a yarn as long as the maintop bowline." "Never, fear, Sir, I'ze too sleepy for that;" so saying he staggered into Mr. Barnard's cabin. The latter soon joined Strickland in the great cabin, and without delay begged a sight of the note; this Strickland at once put into his hands, when, agitated and impatient, Mr. Barnard made out with difficulty the almost unintelligible scroll, which ran thus :

"Dear Sir,

"You are the first person who shewed me how to write, and the first I ever wrote to. I am going to be taken away from you; the man I am with, I am shure, is not my father. I have sent you a keepe-sake, god bless you. If you can take me away from him I will live with you on bred and water; but he is coming. My name is not Haystey, but my name"—

"Unfortunate," exclaimed Barnard, "that he should have been interrupted ere he finished. Alas, me! I am as much in the dark, Strickland, as ever." "But, Sir, the keepe-sake, perhaps will explain, know you this?" said Strickland, at the same time placing the seal into his hand. "Gracious heaven! it is, it is my long-lost child. Oh, God! I praise thee! he lives! he still lives! my boy lives! and I shall die content."

A long pause ensued, during which Strickland evinced little less emotion than his friend. At length, Mr. Barnard, in raptures, exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, *how* can I repay you? on my knees would I thank you, but words are inadequate to speak my gratitude. Where, *where* is he? when may I clasp him to my bosom?" "On board



the schooner," replied Strickland, "which I discerned this evening at anchor a-head of us, is your brother with your son, and but for the fog and the strong ebb tide, we might row thither to-night, but *that is now* impossible. You need rest, Mr. Barnard, let me prevail on you to retire; nay, no more, good night, good night!" "Thank heaven!" ejaculated Strickland, as he entered his cabin, "the family seal has explained all; I have lived at least to be of benefit to one, indeed two individuals, and miserably bereaved though I am, I live not in vain." Shall I attempt to describe the pleasurable feelings of Strickland? I cannot, I lay down my pen in despair, yet something whispers, that I need not. Those who *have* never experienced the delightful emotions following the commission of a good action would fail to understand the description, and those who *have*, can comprehend it well without my aid.

---

## CHAPTER V.

"And happily I have arriv'd at last  
Unto the wish'd *haven* of my choice."

AT daybreak, the weather being still calm and somewhat hazy, Captain Graham proposed landing for an hour to cut firewood, of which the vessel was much in want; and Mr. Barnard, though regretting the delay, agreed, together with Strickland, to land with him and spend the interim in shooting. The skiff was soon hauled up along-side, and an extra crew jumped into her, with the carpenter, to fell trees. Mr. Barnard appeared to be quite

another man, he brushed up a fowling-piece, swallowed some brandy, and, with the exception of occasionally casting an anxious glance in the direction of the schooner, appeared all health and spirits; he snuffed up with inconceivable delight the delicious fragrance wafted from the shore, and, turning to Strickland, smilingly observed, "The inconveniences of a long passage across the Atlantic are more than balanced by the present enchanting gratification of sight and smell." "Ah! my friend," replied Strickland, "to enjoy the beauties of nature in perfection argues a mind at ease, at peace with itself and with the world. Yesterday you would and *did* observe the present prospect with stoical indifference." "True, true, Strickland, and to *you* I owe the blissful change. What a difference has the revolution of one night made in my circumstances and feelings!" "Jump in, bear a hand, gentlemen," exclaimed Graham, "we are going to let go the painter;" our two friends were in the stern-sheets in an instant, while Graham roared (for I think I may say so) "Out bow, out bow,—give way, my boys! I think there's a breeze springing up. Ho! the Venus a-hoy. Heave in the slack of the cable, and loose the topsails!" "Aye, aye, Sir!" responded the chief mate. Soon after, though at some distance, the boat crew heard the three well-known strokes of the hand-spike, and the sound of "All hands unmoor ship a-hoy! tumble up there, my lads, tumble up!" and presently afterwards heard the rattling down of the palls of the windlass, as the noise reverberated over the conducting bosom of the *St. Lawrence*. Less than a quarter of an hour sufficed to land the party. "Take care, boys," said Graham, "don't get out of your latitude among the woods here, but keep close

along shore, cut down a few billets, and don't be  
 comparing of your elbow-grease." "Aye, aye, Sir!"  
 "Now, gentlemen," continued the Captain, "he that  
 bags least birds, shall treat the other two with a crown  
 bowl of punch when we land at the Cul-de-sac."  
 "Done, done!" replied his comrades. Unfortunately  
 for the party, they had proceeded but a short  
 distance into the woods ere they almost stumbled upon  
 a huge bear, which seemed half inclined to give them  
 battle. "Peccavi!" cried Strickland, "cut and run,  
 my boys; and he that last reaches the boat shall stand  
 with the punch." This they reached somewhat more ex-  
 peditiously than they had anticipated, and pushed  
 off, leaving part of the billets on the shore; Graham  
 muttering, "It's a southerly wind in the *bird* bag;  
 but never mind, long pulls, give way my boys, that  
 bear-cripple of a schooner is getting under weigh,  
 and, for our credit's sake, the old Venus must be  
 moored at Quebec before her." "Aye, and for my  
 happiness' sake too," said Mr. Barnard to Strickland,  
 in a low voice. "What *more* whispering, more *se-*  
*crets*, gents, and poor pilgarlic not let into them,  
 gad, if you were as clever at bear-fighting as you  
 are at secret-keeping, you would not so soon have  
 tripped old Bruno leg-bail." "Poh, nonsense!" re-  
 plied Mr. Barnard, "would you have us risk our lives  
 in attacking *bears* with *bird* shot?" "Besides," said  
 Strickland, "for aught I see, our noble commander  
 turned his stern-chaser to the bear, bore away, and  
 made sail as fast as any of us, though that was per-  
 haps the rather to save his *punch* than his *paunch*."  
 By this time they were close alongside, and the  
 mate vociferating, "Forward there, a rope for the  
 clew

boat ;"—and perceiving the bags empty, he maliciously or facetiously added, "Hoy, you cabin-boy, walk your body up and take charge of the *birds*." "No chaffing, no chaffing of old sailors, my boy," interrupted Graham. "I'll warrant me now *your* chops were watering for an odd leg or a wing, and now you *feel* the disappointment. But to business ; jump forward, boys, and man the windlas." "Send forward Old Slushey, the cook, and the cabin-boy to hold on the jigger ;" bellowed the mate from the fore-castle. "Aye, aye, Sir," replied a Jack, "I'll stir cookee up with his own tormentors." "She's *a-weight*, Sir." "Rattle it up, then, my lads. Port a little, port ; run up the foretopsail, lay aft with the fall, bowse him up tight ; belay there ; hold every inch. Holloa, below there ! steerage a-hoy ! tumble up here, you passengers, and clap on the maintopsail halliards. One half of these lazy land-lubbers consider themselves as mere *lodgers*, but d—n me if I like to have more cats in a ship than will catch mice." "The anchor's in sight, Sir," bawled a man on the fore-castle. "Overhaul the cat-fall, then ; now, boys, sing out lustily." "Aye, aye, Sir." "Ho ye, hoy ; altogether ; ho ye, hoy ; cat anchor, ho ye, hoy ; long pull, ho ye, hoy !" "Belay there. Blow me, good breeze there she foots it ; sheet home the top-gallantsails then up, you boys, and loose the royals ; stir your stumps there. Ah ! would ye ?—no sneaking through the lubber's hole ; the old tub's running three feet to the cripple's (the schooner's) one. And now gentlemen, we are snug afloat, what say ye, suppose we pipe all hands to breakfast ?" "With all my heart," responded Strickland, "*shooting*, you know, is a

“An excellent thing to give one an appetite.” “I beg, Sir, you would not mention it.”

The weather, to the mortification of our friends, continued hazy during the day, and early in the afternoon, the ship brought up off the Pilgrims. As Graham purposed to weigh anchor before day-break, the anchor watch was set sooner than is usual, and the remainder of the crew retired to rest. Mr. Barnard, being fully persuaded that they could not be far from the schooner, felt too much delighted to sleep, and repaired to the quarter-deck, where he was soon joined by Strickland. “The tide runs down strongly,” said Mr. B., “I have been listening for some minutes to the noise of the water rushing up against the buoy, and yet it maintains its station.” How aptly may it be compared,” replied Strickland, “to the truly virtuous man, to him who sets his heart upon substantial joys, on never-fading treasures. Though the winds of adversity roar, and the waves of affliction almost overwhelm him, he is still *secure, firm, fixed*, I had almost said, *immovable*; for though the troublesome billows may for a moment stagger him, he is still *safe*, his anchor is in a *sure* place.” “True, Strickland,” replied Mr. B., “this night, my friend, is likely to be the last we shall spend together in the *Venus*; to-morrow night, great heaven! I can hardly contain my joy, to-morrow night I shall hug to my heart a *dear*, a long lost *child*. I shall take passage home by the first ship, and, re-united to my children, glide in peace down the stream of time, nor again quit them, till I arrive safe in the ocean of what, I trust will be a *joyful* eternity. I have store of wealth, I am, fortunately,

rich. Strickland, perhaps *you* are not. I owe you *much*, much more than I shall ever be able to repay you, not only for your fatherly attention to my *boy*, but for your sincere friendship towards *myself*. Point out but the way in which I can serve you, and a part of my fortune is at your disposal." "I feel grateful, Sir, truly grateful for your generous offer," replied Strickland, "but at present I need not aid, heaven knows how soon I may; and if *such* should ever be my sad case, I know of no one to whom I should so readily apply. In the mean time, the benevolent heart of Mr. Barnard can scarcely be at a loss to discover fit objects of his bounty; feeling, I trust, as *I* do, that to relieve the widow and fatherless, to comfort the sick and afflicted, to clothe and feed the naked and hungry, are the only *true* pleasures derivable from wealth. But it grows late, Sir, you will doubtless rise early, let us to bed, you will need all your strength to support the joyful interview, which, I trust, to-morrow's sun will witness. Good night, good night, Sir." "Good night, my *friend*," emphatically replied Mr. B., when, separating at the door of the great cabin, the two friends retired to their respective berths.

At three o'clock, the necessary noise and bustle of getting the ship under weigh, disturbed them, and they joined Captain Graham upon deck. "Good-morrow; good-morrow morning, or the top of the morning to yese both, as brother Paddy would say, to-night you will be safe moored in a white-lime-chamber. This breeze will spin us up in no time."

Soon after breakfast, on the morning of the 1st of June, the *Venus* passed the beautiful island of

Orleans; and then rounding Point Levi, the city of Quebec at once burst upon them in all its picturesque grandeur. "This," observed Strickland, "is a scene so sublime, so romantic, that I could gaze for hours without feeling satiated. Praised be Providence! that notwithstanding the hardships we have encountered, we have at length arrived in safety at our destined port; and already my heart beats high, to once more set foot on the fertile shores of British America, so doubly dear as it is for being *British*. O, England! my country! I rejoice to know that thy flag, thy cross, the emblem of thy pure religion, waves triumphant over vast domains, in every quarter of the habitable globe." "A fine port this, Captain Strickland," said Graham, "'tis some years since I put into it; there must be nearly 200 sail of shipping lying in it; a frigate too, and our Commodore, the sloop of war; I see he has weathered the gale. I must look out my apprentices indentures: and you (calling aft two seamen) must to your old stowhole, the lazaret, for I should not wonder, but these *hookers* have set a-foot a—d—d sharp press here." In the mean time the anxious father was gazing about in all directions, to discover the ark, which he fondly fancied contained the being he held most dear. Strickland led him forward, and pointed out the schooner, just anchored, and furling her sails. He silently jumped below, our hero followed; and ere both the gentlemen had shaved, changed their clothes, &c. the anchor was let go, and the ship brought-to, off the easternmost part of the *cul-de-sac*, under the stern of the frigate, and not a far from the *Ranger*.

After having been visited by a boat from the autho-

rities ashore, Graham manned the jolly boat, and conveyed the two gentlemen on board the schooner, where he left them, himself repairing on shore, and promising to send the boat off for them immediately. With beating, expectant hearts, they ascended the schooner's side, and at once went below. Shall I attempt to describe the feelings of the disappointed Strickland, or what is still more difficult, those of the unhappy father? Let it suffice, that on hearing that Hastie and the boy had quitted the vessel at Hare Island, he plunged at once into the boat, (by this time alongside,) exclaiming, "Wretched, wretched, undone, bereaved mortal that I am! O, my child! my dear, lost child!" At the same time seating himself, a living image of anguish and despair. Our hero, little less affected, inwardly cursed the wily serpent, who had thus eluded their pursuit; and, at a loss what to do, ordered the men to row to shore, and at once conveyed (the now alarmingly-ill) Mr. Barnard to an hotel. He helped him to bed, and sent for a physician; and then repaired again on board the schooner, with a view, if possible, to obtain further particulars. "Alas!" thought he, "that the cup of happiness, which seemed but a few hours ago so near the lips of my friend, should be so suddenly dashed to the ground. And *I*, unhappy as I was before, *now* feel doubly afflicted. I will aid him in the pursuit; and, should he continue unable to accompany me, will go alone, and search his son out, though hidden in the remotest corner of the Continent; doomed as I am to be a wanderer, who knows but in the pursuit of my young friend, Robert, I may discover a being, who lost as she is, is still dear to this fond heart?"



Arriving on board the *Ranger*, all the further particulars he learnt, were the spot where Tom had landed, and the contrivance by which he imposed on the credulity and generosity of all on board the vessel. Strickland sighed; and, returning thanks, took leave (as we now mean to do) of our old acquaintance, Captain Pouncet, and that pink of feminine delicacy, his amiable 'better half.' Reaching the hotel, he met the physician on the stairs, who, in answer to our hero's earnest inquiries, replied, "The gentleman is out of all danger; and, if kept undisturbed, and properly attended to, will probably soon recover:" to which he added, "He is just fallen into a slumber, from which it would be highly injudicious to awake him." Strickland, overjoyed to hear so favourable an account of his friend's state of health, and disapproving the noise and bustle of the hotel, hired apartments for himself and Mr. B. in a respectable house; and on the following morning caused the patient to be conveyed there. The remainder of the day was spent in seeing his own luggage, &c. landed. As for Mr. Barnard, it may be recollected, he lost his in the sinking brig, and had only purchased a small stock of linen at Halifax. In the evening, the latter was so far recovered, as to be able to converse a little on his late grievous disappointment. He hailed with joy our hero's offer to proceed by himself to the island, to discover, if possible, some clue to Hastie's retreat.

The following day the wind blew fresh, until it was too late to put Strickland's project in execution; he therefore went on board the *Venus*, and took a friendly dinner with Capt. Graham, to whom he briefly related Mr. Barnard's misfortune, thinking it no longer neces-

sary to withhold from the hospitable old tar, information now known to all the crew of the schooner. "Poor man! poor fellow! unfortunate gentleman!" exclaimed Graham, hastily drawing the cuff of his coat across his eyes, "but I feel I am going to make a fool of myself. From my very soul I pity him; yet, pity to the dogs! Mere *pity*, never yet clothed backs, nor fed bellies. Pity should never lead the van, if possible, without having *aid*, to bring up the rear. It never shall be said, Strickland, that I sheered off from a ship in distress; you have offered to do all *you* can; *I* too will lend a hand to help him off the breakers. You shall have my skiff, with oars, and sail; I'll *spare* her, she's a good stiff boat, and sails well; and I'll lend ye two of my tarpaulins," (not *swains*, reader, for here a *man* speaks;) "you can get two more from among the crew of the lost brig, it will be a charity to give the weather-beaten rascals a job." "Thank you, thank you," replied Strickland, "to-morrow, by daybreak, we start, the tide will just suit." So saying they went upon deck; the wind blew still fresher. "It blows hard, Strickland," said Graham, "the jolly-boat boys will be down presently, they are up unbending the maintopsail." "No hurry, Graham, no hurry, my tar." "But here they come. Here, boy," said Graham, "haul up the jolly-boat, bale her out, take the mop with ye; and, d'ye hear? spread my great coat in the stern-sheets. Holloa!" (turning towards Point Levi,) "What have we here? a *Newfoundland* hooker; egad, she spins through it merrily. Well done old greasy bottom, who but she? she's got a clean pair of heels, and well manned too." "If I might judge," said Strickland, "she has aboard the

cre:  
bew:  
Anc  
boar  
up,"  
more  
and  
jump  
frier:  
he w  
way  
be sc  
there  
drink  
I'll s  
by t:  
bye,  
coulc  
I int  
Stric  
Tt  
founc  
boat's  
wher:  
land.  
little  
of the  
schoc  
them  
grub,  
Venu:  
be d-  
betwe

crew of some wreck, she's *over-manned*. Let them beware of the frigate's boat, or they'll float aboard of Andrew Miller. Three and thirty blue jackets on board a minniken schooner." "She's going to bring up," said Graham, "it blows too hard to expect any more timber down to-day. I'll go ashore with you, and we'll hail the craft as we pass." Into the boat jumped the Captains. "I say, Strickland, when your friend gets better, recollect that he stands the punch; he was shortest of legs by —, but, never mind. (Give way my boys.) Never mind, poor gentleman! it will be some time before *he* enjoys a bowl of punch, and therefore, mind I take no denials; this night, *we'll* drink a bowl together, or I'm a Dutchman, and I'll stand treat. We shall be able to drink another by the time poor Barnard comes upon deck. By the bye, an excellent place this for liquor and grub, we couldn't have come to a better 'Victualling Office.' I intend to lay in a swinging stock of provisions, Strickland."

They were now close under the quarter of the *Newfoundlander*. "Lay upon your oars, my boys," (to the boat's crew.) "Schooner, ahoy?" "Holloa!" "From whence came ye?" "From St. John's, Newfoundland." "Can ye spare us a hand or two? A tight little vessel *mine*," pointing to the *Venus*. "Most of these brave fellows," replied the Captain of the schooner, "were wrecked on Anticosti; we picked them up starving." "If you're short of lodging and grub, my fine fellow, send a dozen of 'em aboard the *Venus*, d'ye hear, and say *I* told ye; my mate, and he d—d to him, is as good a fellow as ever stepped between stem and stern of a vessel." "Thank ye,

Sir; thank ye, Sir; I'll ship off a freight of them at once. I've a d—d land lubber here, who would swallow a whale, and gulp down Jonah into the bargain; luckily I am not loaded with fish, or I should give but a poor account of my freight." "Send him aboard the *Venus*," said Graham, "and let him have a jolly tuck out. I'll send aboard an extra quarter of beef on purpose." "Thank ye, Sir! thank ye, that's spoken like a man," bawled the fellow, poking his lanky phiz out between the fore shrouds. "You hear, Sir, I am to be sent aboard immediately. *Venus*, *Venus*; I wish it had been Bacchus, he's the boy for Peter, he's my favourite god." "Good bye, good bye, Captain," laughingly exclaimed Graham, "but the sooner you get quit of that land-shark the better." "Good bye, and thank you, Sir," replied the former.

Gentle reader, as thou mayest feel rather dull if compelled to travel much further in company with two such grave personages as Strickland and Barnard, with a view to thy gratification, we have just introduced to thy august presence, and that perhaps rather suddenly, another little personage, destined to afford thee some amusement, and having for the present despatched him aboard the *Venus*, shall embrace the first favourable opportunity to bring him again to your notice.

The two Captains soon landed at the *Cul-de-sac*, and repaired to Mr. Barnard's lodgings, at the door of whose apartment they were met by Blackee, of cabin-table notoriety, exclaiming, "Massa much better, Sir! Massa much better!" "I say, holloa!" said Graham, "is that *you*, Blackee? what the devil

ill  
whe  
blee  
nee  
him  
dea  
him  
said  
bus  
in t  
pre  
may  
in h  
that  
stair  
riou  
sigh  
minc  
migh  
did  
but  
tion  
thin  
may  
pres  
anti-  
set t  
a bla  
But,  
"Ye  
duce  
bolst  
thus

ill wind blows you *here*? I last left *yé* at Portsmouth, when I stole ye away from Jamaica." "Goramité bless you, Massa Craham, you gib liberty to poor neeger; him never forget you; me always remember, him found one good white man. My Massa, him dead, Massa Barnard want serbant, him *good* too, him take poor Quimbo." "Say no more, friend," said Strickland, "thy artless gratitude calls up to my busy imagination, the horrid scenes I once witnessed in that abode of vice and misery, of tyranny and oppression, *Jamaica!* When will the day come, (Oh, may I live to see it!) when men will no longer traffic in human flesh, and buy and sell each other like beasts that perish. O England! England! this *one* foul stain obscures thy brightest laurels—tarnishes the glorious diadem that encircles thy mighty brow. The sight of this one emancipated negro, calls up to my mind, the vow I once made, to labour with all my might in behalf of his shackled brethren. Why, why, did I let so blessed a purpose slumber in my bosom? but it awakes again. Graham, excuse my interruption, but my flesh curdles, my heart swells, when I think of what I have witnessed, and of what I fear may still be witnessed, could we follow the fell oppressor into the secret abodes, the secret scenes of his anti-human cruelty; but more anon. One spark has set the torpid tinder of my feelings in a blaze, in such a blaze, that many, 'many waters cannot quench it. But, Quimbo, at once show us in to your master.' "Yes, Massa," replied the obedient black. Introduced into Mr. B.'s apartment, they found him sitting bolstered up in the bed. "This is very kind of you thus to visit an invalid, Captain Graham." "Why,

d'ye see, I don't like to leave a ship in distress." "No, indeed you don't," said Strickland. "Mr. Barnard, I am happy to say, that our old friend has kindly lent me his boat, and two of his crew, with whom, and two more of the brig's crew, that I have picked up along shore, I mean to start on my intended trip, early in the morning, wind and weather permitting." "God prosper you, my friend; and heaven bless *you*, Captain," said Mr. B., who appeared so much exhausted, that the two Captains soon bade him a friendly farewell. "Show us out, Quashee, Quacko, or Quambino! whatever it is," said Graham. "Quimbó, Massa," replied the negro. "Well, Quimbow, Elbow, Limbo, or Strongbow." On reaching the street, "Now, Strickland," said Graham, "now, my boy, for the *punch*." It is hard to say, whether the warm-hearted seaman was more in his element in a grog-shop, or in a tempest. The one bowl finished, fain would he have persuaded Strickland to partake of another, but without effect, as the latter, by dint of intreaty, conducted him to his boat, saw him safely shoved off, and then returned to his lodgings, where, from Mr. Clark, (his landlord,) he learnt that Barnard was much worse, and was, by all means, to be kept quiet. "What means then the riot I hear above stairs?" said Strickland, ascending without waiting a reply. The first words he distinctly heard were, "I say, *I'm* Mr. Barnard's servant, his *only* servant; so get out of the way, you skin-and-grief black son of a b—h, you never smelt roast beef in your life." Ere our hero reached the landing-place, Mr. B.'s door burst open with violence, and in went Quimbo, while, over him tumbled, neck and

hee  
this,  
boar  
devi  
Lorc  
sure  
inte  
swal  
betw  
Now  
Barr  
you  
wher  
as se  
sions  
coun  
able.  
night  
Upor  
whic  
pushe  
eithe  
for hi  
Mass  
Our h  
his si  
the h

heels, his white antagonist. "A pretty kettle of fish this," exclaimed Strickland. "A sweet pair, truly, to board a sick man's apartments. And pray, who the devil are you?" turning to the stranger. "Me, Sir? Lord, Sir! don't ye know me? Why, I am; but I'm sure your honour knows me." "Oh, I perceive," interrupted Strickland, "if I guess *right*, 'the whale-swallowing' gentleman, who popped his head out from between the shrouds of the Newfoundland schooner. Now harkee, my fine fellow, if you *really* are Mr. Barnard's servant, so *also* is this poor fellow whom you have been abusing; and take my advice for once; when you feel inclined to call names, (which should be as seldom as possible,) never make ungenerous allusions to a man's colour, his bodily defects, or his country, in none of which particulars is he accountable. But your master is too ill to be disturbed to-night; rest here, if there's room, till the morning." Upon which ringing a bell, with an air of authority, which poor Peter thought irresistible, Strickland pushed him out of the room, and ordered the maid either to find him a bed in the house, or procure one for him at the next ale-house. "Goramité bless you, Massa," said Quimbo, slowly rising from the ground. Our hero then stepped to the bedside, kindly saluted his sick friend, and thus having established peace in the house, retired to bed.

## CHAPTER VI.

Here, lofty rocks, loud roaring cataracts  
And boundless forests, meet th' astonish'd eye.

THRICE in the night Strickland arose, and paced his apartment, lest he should over-sleep himself, so much was his mind bent upon his intended expedition ; but, towards daybreak, discovering that the wind was high, and the rain lashing down in copious torrents, he retired to bed, nor awoke 'till a late hour in the forenoon.

The doctor had paid his morning visit, and had pronounced his patient somewhat worse. Our hero stole softly to his bed-side, and discovered that he had fallen into a deep sleep, with Quimbo sitting on one side his bed, and his more ancient servant Peter on the other. For some time he amused himself by reading an English paper, then arose and went to the window ; the tide of flood had not long made, and the wind was easterly, while forty-nine sail of merchantmen, under convoy of a sloop of war, majestically cleared Point Levi, the greater part anchoring in the basin, while the remainder prosecuted their voyage to Montreal. Strickland afterwards descended to dinner, and towards the evening accepted the offer of Mr. Clark, to accompany him in a walk round the town ; the weather had cleared up, and Strickland was pleased to find that he had fallen into the hands of a fully competent to give every information his mind



desired. On his return, the sick gentleman was better, and Strickland took tea, and spent the evening in his apartment, at the same time flattering himself that he should be enabled to prosecute his little voyage to the island in the morning.

At rather an early hour, he was about to quit his friend, and enjoy a solitary walk on the ramparts, when Mr. B. gently detaining him, dismissed his officious servants, and turning anxiously to Strickland, said, "What am I to do, Sir? Excuse me for troubling *you* with all my affairs; but *here*, or perhaps elsewhere—I have no other disinterested friend. Wealth can neither purchase true happiness, nor health, nor can it always procure sincere friendship. *Peter*, I thought dead; I needed a servant; the poor *black* was destitute, I hired him, and a faithful creature he seems. I felt happy in having made such an acquisition; but, behold, he had not been twelve hours in my service ere my *supposed* dead servant came to life again, who, in spite of his foibles, has behaved faithfully to me, and preserved the little property I left in the brig. I want not *both*, nor do I know *which* to part with." "Make yourself easy on that point, friend," replied Strickland. "Poor *Quimbo* should not be turned adrift, I believe him to be a grateful and affectionate creature, he will suit you well. On the other hand, *Peter*, notwithstanding his peccadilloes, possesses one rare gem, *integrity*, together with a fund of good humour. I shall soon be bound up the country, (you know my motive for coming hither;) I shall need a servant, a companion; *Peter's* drolleries will tend to enliven my sad journey. Do *you* retain *Quimbo*, while I will hire *Peter*. Is the point settled to your

satisfaction?" "*Perfectly*, Strickland; and now have the goodness to summon the domestics to my apartment." Strickland rang the bell. Enter Europe and Africa. "Harkee, *fellows!*" exclaimed Mr. Barnard, raising himself in his bed, and assuming the stately air of an eastern nabob, "I need not *both* of you. Quimber I have engaged for a certain term." "Yes, massa," exclaimed poor blackee, his eyes glistening with delight. "Silence, Sir, I *command* ye." "Yes, massa," (bowing.) "Quimber, I say, I have engaged for a term, thinking *you* dead, and cannot think of discharging him." "No, good massa, him no discharge poor Quimbo." "Silence, *dog*, I say." "Yes, massa." "I approve of your fidelity, Peter, and have calculated your wages up to the year's end, to which I have added a handsome bonus, by way of reward for your services. My friend, Captain Strickland, wants a servant, he is willing to hire you; thus, in discharging you, I trust I have found you another master, as good as myself, perhaps *better*. It remains for *you* to decide whether you will serve him." "Thank your honour," replied Peter, "and from the Captain's kindness in snatching me from a *horrible* state of starvation, I make no doubt he'll be a generous master, and never keep me on short allowance. Captain Strickland, I am your servant," accompanied with such a bow as a stranger would be at a loss to discover whether meant in jest or earnest. "Goramité bless you honour; Quimbo *your* serbant," bowing to Mr. B. and ludicrously imitating the tone and manner of Peter. After the usual salutations, Strickland reached his apartment, followed by his new servant, and turning good naturedly towards him, said, "Well, Peter,

what do ye know? what can ye do? what are ye fit for?" "Know, Sir? I know almost every thing. I know from John-a-Groat's house to the Land's-end; from the Netherlands to Brest; and more than that, know how to be *grateful* to them as uses me well; and, as for what I can *do*, why? I can drive, shoe horses, geld pigs, black shoes, sing psalms, and cook victuals, let me alone for that your honour. I am an excellent cook, though I say it, as shouldn't. And as for what I am fit for, do you but *try* me, Sir." "Well then, to-morrow by daybreak the skiff of the Venus will land at the Cul-de-sac. I am going on an expedition for two or three days down the river, do *you* order of the landlord, to be sent down there, by four in the morning, a good stock of provisions and liquor." "Won't I then? Though I do not care much about eatables myself, Sir, I am not devoid of feeling for those who do, and then"—"Good night, Peter." "Good night, your Honour."

Our hero now recollected that he had promised to write to an old shipmate in England, an account of his arrival at Quebec, and knowing that this would be perhaps his only opportunity for some time, he sat down, though rather late, to fulfil his engagement.

Dear Frank,

A few days ago I arrived here after a long passage, having been driven into Halifax by stress of weather. I like this place much, and intend soon to travel up the country. This afternoon I have visited and examined most parts of the city, and shall endeavour to give you a brief description of it. Quebec, like Boulogne in France, is divided into two

towns, the upper is chiefly inhabited by the civil and military officers of government, persons of the learned professions, and independent gentlemen. It is laid out in five principal streets. Near the centre is the market-place and the Place d'Armes, from which two places the streets lead to as many gates, from which they derive their names : these are the High Gate of St. Louis on the west, and opening towards the Plains of Abraham. Port St. John, situated lower on the same side. Hope Gate, facing the north. Prescott Gate leads to, and is indeed the only communication with, the lower town, with the exception of a flight of many score steps, for the accommodation of foot passengers. This gate is so named from its having been erected by General Prescott. On leaving the gate by the main street you descend a steep hill, on which are built numerous substantial houses, occupied by respectable shop-keepers. The fifth, called Palace Gate, I have not yet had an opportunity to visit. The whole upper town, except a part of the east side, (considered impregnable by nature,) is surrounded by strong bastions and curtains, which have towards the plains a broad dry ditch, to which it is intended to add further outworks. Mortars and howitzers in abundance are ranged along the line of fortification, together with nearly two hundred pieces of cannon.

The loftiest part of the promontory, on which is built the citadel, is called Cape Diamond, and towers above the bed of the St. Lawrence upwards of three hundred and sixty perpendicular feet. It is so named from the number of rock crystals, of considerable hardness, found there; and from this lofty cape, Quebec is supposed to have derived its name, for some of

Champlain's men are said, when the spot suddenly burst on their astonished sight, to have exclaimed in admiration, "*Quel-bec!*" which, by the subsequent dropping of the *l*, has been changed into Qua-bec, or Quebec.

Opposite to Cape Diamond, and about two miles distant, is situated Point Levi; the river St. Charles washes one quarter of the city, and the conflux of that and the Grand River forms the superb basin of Quebec, which is well sheltered from the north-east by the Isle of Orleans. The tide in all parts of the river runs with great velocity, and rises and falls here from twenty to twenty-four feet, though upwards of three hundred miles distant from the ocean.

The houses in both towns are chiefly built of stone, partly imitating English, partly French architecture. Most of the public buildings are situated in the upper town, the chief ornament of which is the Protestant cathedral, facing the *Place d'Armes*, but the houses forming one side of the *place* conceal the portico and front of the truly fine steeple; the interior is elegantly finished I am told, and the roof supported by a double row of Corinthian pillars. The Roman Catholic cathedral occupies the right hand corner of the market-place, as you ascend from Prescott Street; it has a lofty steeple of fanciful grotesque architecture attached to one of its sides; the steeples of both cathedrals are covered with tin. Here are a Jesuit's college; the seminary surrounded by an excellent garden, situated near the ramparts, where Roman Catholic youth are inducted to the learned professions. The palace, containing the public offices and library, and in the chapel of which meet the Representatives or Members of the

House of Assembly. Here are also two convents, the Hotel Dieu for nuns, who attend the hospital and administer to the sick ; and the convent of Ursulines, where females are educated, containing thirty-six nuns and a superior or abbess. The General Hospital is in the suburbs, about a mile from the city, situated on the river St. Charles ; it is a spacious building, containing, in addition to numerous wards, a convent and a chapel. The Chateau de St. Louis, formerly the residence of the governors, is now converted into public offices, the present governor residing in a large building near it, with but one row of windows, and in all respects entirely devoid of taste. Opposite the chateau are the courts of law, held in a new substantial and convenient building. The Lower Town is occupied chiefly by merchants, shop-keepers, and seafaring men, and is extremely dirty and offensive from the quantity of filth washed through it in wet weather from the High Town. It is built between the base of the rock and the river, and extends from Cape Diamond a considerable way up the river St. Charles ; in most parts the rock or mountain is so near to the bank of the river, that there is but room for one street, and that of course parallel to the river. The Upper Town is said to contain between five and six thousand souls, and the lower, including the suburbs of St. John and St. Roche, between eleven and twelve.

Sailing up the river the city presents a grand and imposing aspect, the buildings, from the base to the summit, appear towering one above another, with here and there a glimpse of the lofty ramparts, or the naked perpendicular rock, the glittering tinned spires and turrets, reflecting the rays of the sun, and the nume-

ro  
wi  
ho  
fo  
en  
gr  
me  
  
eit  
La  
co  
scr  
th  
fee  
sh  
I  
my  
sur  
ele  
mu  
the  
ref  
vid  
ser  
my  
anc  
ship  
  
Que  
F  
offic

rous shipping in the harbour at once strike a stranger with its beauty and magnificence, a feeling which is, however, much subdued on landing. Mr. Clark informs me, that there are several pleasant rides in the environs or within ten or fifteen miles, the beauty and grandeur of whose scenery amply repays for the momentary disappointment felt on landing.

The favourite places of resort in the neighbourhood, either by land or water, are Belmont, Sillery, Loretto, Lake St. Charles, Montmorenci, &c. But, my friend, come out and *see*. I never possessed a talent for description, and what with my *own* misfortunes and those of a friend under the same roof with me, I now feel myself more than usually *dull* and *tiresome*. But should I find an opportunity to resumè the subject ere I quit Quebec, or derive any information affecting my *personal* interest, (would that I may,) rest assured of hearing again from me but the clocks strike eleven, and the bells of the ships in the harbour simultaneously respond the deep notes, the sounds of their many tongues are wafted to my ears by a sweet refreshing breeze. May fortune (I should say *Providence*) favour the vessel in which I am about to send this, with like gentle favourable gales, and waft my letter, with an affectionate good night, in speed and safety, to the hands of the sincere friend and old shipmate

OF STRICKLAND.

Quebec, June —, 1813.

P. S. Write soon. Direct to be left at the post-office till called for.

“Why, Peter, I say Peter,” said Strickland,

thumping loudly at the door of his new domestic's apartment; "confound the fellow, he would sleep with his head in a bucket of water. Peter, I say, I'm tired of bawling." "Y-e-s, S-i-r." "Turn out, you lubber, the sun has been peeping in at your window this half hour; did you not know we were to be afloat before the morning gun fired?" "H-a-w, ye-s, Sir. Confound this house, master, say I, there's no sleep, as I hope to be saved, for a *Christian*, to be had in it; what with the cursed cats malrowing in the gutters, and the drunken rows in the street, why, your honour, I was but just in my first nap." "Come, Sir, up, and follow me at once to the boat, or we shall lose tide; you seem to want more rest than a ground tier butt."

On entering the boat our hero could scarce find room to sit down; *here* stood a hamper, *there* a cask, and *yonder* a basket. "Why, *Peter*," said he, "we shall be hailed by every ship we pass for a *bum-boat*; how could you be so extravagant, so stupid? you have laid in provisions enough for a six months' cruise." "Aye, aye, master; the most dangerous disease a mortal can be attacked with is wind on the stomach, and the readiest way of keeping *that* out is to keep plenty of *something* else in, and what should that something else be, your Honour, but good wholesome prov"—"Hoist the sail," exclaimed Strickland, rather pettishly, "there's a spanking breeze, and, thanks to Peter, the boat's well ballasted." "Your Honour, now," said Peter, with a plausible face, "should make some little allowance for a man's thinking about eating. I am not yet reduced to my *common* appetite." "Thine, I perceive," said Strick-



land, "is a very *uncommon* one." "Something, you know, should be said, master, in favour of a man's thinking a little about eating, who has been half-starved for above a fortnight. Now, Sir, as I may often have occasion to make use of the word, once for all, then, to save *trouble*, let it be understood in that comprehensive word *eating*, I include *drinking* also. Now, as the parson of our parish used to say, the subject may be divided into—let me see, how many heads? first, then, *picking*; secondly, *tasting*; thirdly, *nibbling*; fourthly, *lastly*, and *superlatively*, downright good *eating*;" and here he cast a wistful eye at the provision baskets, at the same time humming, "Oh! the roast beef of old England, and its Oh! the old English roast b"—Here the sailors cut Peter rather short in his stave, and Strickland at the same time turning to him said, "Come, come, honest Peter, I'd rather see thee *eat* than hear thee *sing*, lay the cloth, lay in the oars, lads, we've cleared the shipping."

As if by enchantment, the stern-sheets were soon covered with cold beef, fowls, ham, tongue, &c. and pop, pop, went cork after cork. "Belay there, belay," exclaimed Strickland, "he's drawing liquor enough to intoxicate twenty aldermen at a mayor's feast. Thou hast a capacious stomach, Peter, and I'll warrant me played up Old Harry in the schooner's bread locker." "Aye, don't mention her, I beg, your Honour, the very thoughts of her makes me ravenous; cod for breakfast, cod for dinner, cod for supper, nothing else but cods, and not half enough of them, it gives me the belly-ache but to think of her." "Every day, I suppose, was a banyan-day?" asked

one of the sailors. "I don't know, *mister*, with your chin poking out, what you call a *banyan* day, but I know that every day was a *fast*-day, and that too after having actually starved so long in Anticosti, where there was not so much as a picking, nibbling, or tasting, *eating* out of the question; and *there*, perhaps, we might have been all *yet*, food by this time for bears and crows, but for *me*. When the schooner passed *one* bawled, and *another* bawled, till I stuck my red jacket on a pole, and hunger lending strength to my lungs, roared out, Starving alive O! starving alive!" "Yes," replied a tar in the boat, "with a good set of teeth and your eyes wide open." "I am talking to your betters, Sir," angrily replied Peter. "That's more than I can say," rejoined the seaman. Peter turned wrathfully towards the speaker, when Strickland, gently tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Come, come, Peter, let the rest slip in a word edgewise, and don't want to keep all the jawing tackle to yourself. But you have not yet told me how you came upon Anticosti." "Oh, Sir! you must recollect that dreadful storm; ah! your *land*-lubbers, that never were without the smoke of London, nor ever lost sound of dear Bow bells, (heaven preserve the steeple!) little do they know the dangers of the seas.

'Come all you on down beds sporting,  
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,  
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,  
Free from all, but *love's* alarms.'

"Why, Peter," said Strickland, "you have certainly drank too deeply, not of *poetic* nor *harmonic* streams, but of the contents of those bottles, the musical popping of whose corks seemed to gladden thy soul;

come, man, recollect yourself, and let me into the story from the time you quitted your master."—"Or rather *he* quitted me," promptly replied Peter; and here Peter muttered something about the parson of the village, and casting pearls before swine. "Oh, oh!" said the sailor, "you quote *gospel*, do ye? I think I have heard the good old chaplain of the Royal Billy, Tom, say something about 'their god is their belly;' Master Peter would do well to remember it." "Oh! never mind the chaplain, Jack; poor fellow, he's gone to Davy Jones; he went out in the old Agamemnon, old eggs and bacon, as we called her; all the ship's crew knew that he loved his lass and his grog, as well as any of us." "And why shouldn't he, Tom?" replied the first speaker, "*he* was only paid for *praying*, and *we* for *fighting*, and none of us for hating the wenches, or throwing our grog over the left shoulder."

Strickland, by this time, did not seem to admire the turn which the conversation had taken, and ordered them to row in to the island, (Orleans,) and, after a pause, observed, "If the chaplain, whom you so improperly call *good*, really did such things, he was a disgrace to his profession; and here let me warn you, my tars, not to judge of a whole profession from the misconduct of *one* of its unworthy professors. I have myself," continued he, with a sigh, "spent many years on board King's ships, and have met with some chaplains whose principles and conduct would have done honour to a mitre. But jump out, let's pipe to dinner." Though far from our hero's usual dinner time, he preferred dining on shore to sitting in the boat, and took the opportunity, ere they had quite

passed the island. Under the shade of a spruce tree the party made a comfortable dinner, in comparative silence. Strickland apparently buried in reflection, and Peter kept in awe by the boat's crew, who obstinately persisted in turning all his sage remarks into ridicule, or, in plain terms, in making *him* the butt, the laughing-stock of the whole company.

Returned to the boat, and the wind still continuing fair, Strickland once more desired Peter to commence his recital, from the time he was run down by the ship. "Why, bless your Honour, the accident was so sudden, as a body may say, that I can scarcely recollect it; but this I know, before we had the least time to bundle out of the way, you were upon us. The instant I saw you coming I bolted below for master's portmanteau, and was *up stairs* in a jiffy." "Upon deck, you mean, you lubber," exclaimed Peter's old friend, the seaman. "And pray," angrily asked Peter, "what call had *you* to put your oar in, I should like to know? If your Honour allows that fellow to school and interrupt me so, I sha'nt be able to finish the account of my horrid sufferings and starvation to-day; it will take me at least two hours to get through it in *my own way*." "Well, well, proceed," good-humouredly replied Strickland, at the same time rebuking the sailor, and reminding him that Peter was not a *seaman*. "*He* a sailor, captain," said the tar, "*I should think* not; why he doesn't know the mainsheet from the captain's"—(the following word, whatever it might have been, was muttered in too low a voice to be heard). "But if he did not give so much cheek music, and pretend to know more than *us*, who have weathered a hundred storms, we'd let

him alone ; but he's all jaw, like a sheep's head, and not worth an old quid of tobacco;" at the same time significantly extracting one of capacious dimensions from his mouth, he was about to send the half-chewed dainty pat in the woe-begone chops of the disconcerted Peter ; but respect for the presence of Strickland inducing him to change his intention, he contemptuously jerked it overboard.

Now, gentle reader, as I really wish thee well, whether thou thinkest so or not, allow me to slip in a little piece of advice here. Never describe storms or actions before old sailors, though thou mightest have been a little to sea thyself, as trust me, they are very jealous on this point, very keen-sighted, and will detect thy slightest error in an instant ; and as from the length of time since I myself went to sea, I have no no doubt committed many, I take this opportunity also to beg their Honours' pardon ; at the same time assuring them that I have done my best to describe things as they occurred, with the exception of omitting sundry oaths, where they could conveniently be left out without detracting from the spirit of the conversation and scenes I labour to describe.

"And now," continued the tar, "if you like, Captain Strickland, I can give ye an account of all about the brig, and what became of her, even in the knotting of a rope-yarn ; I had it all from Bob Richards last night." Strickland nodded assent. "Before you run us down, most of the crew bustled off from the fore-castle, and cut away the lashings of the long-boat. I was among those, you know, who got on board the Venus, several jumped into the boat, and, for one,—sailor Peter, who seated himself astride a sick sheep,

holding fast his tail with *one* hand, and a portmanteau with the other, and roaring like a mad bull. Why, Bob vows he heard his voice, like a speaking trumpet, for all the storm," (loud laughter, in which they all joined, poor Peter excepted). "The vessel soon parted,—four of the crew clung to the fore-castle, not having mettle enough to trust themselves to the long-boat; a wave launched the boat off, and, in a moment more, the fore part of the vessel went down, with the four clinging to the bowsprit. The boat tossed about above an hour, and was then picked up by the Snow." "Lord, what a crammer!" exclaimed Peter, "the fellow's gammoning your Honour, not a bit of snow fell that n"—"Silence, Peter," said Strickland, "proceed, my hearty." "The captain of the Snow treated them well, and was unfortunately wrecked, with them on board, on the coast of Anticosti; they were afterwards picked up by the Newfoundlander, and brought to Quebec."

By this time they were not far distant from the place of their destination; a silence ensued, which was dispelled by Peter's inquiring whether his master purposed taking any thing more ere they landed, to which his master deigned not to reply; perhaps he had formed an unfavourable opinion of his new servant, or perhaps he was ruminating on the sad fate of the four drowned unfortunates, or, in short, perhaps, any thing you please, reader.

Towards night-fall, they landed at the spot pointed out, on Hare Island, and proceeded to the house of the once host of Hastie, alias Long Tom. The islander received our hero with much hospitality, and communicated to him the particulars already narrated

of the fugitive's departure from the island, to proceed (as he supposed) to the island of Orleans. Here Strickland was completely bewildered, the Canadian having assured him, that Hastie seemed to be in possession of a good sum of money, which, together with the help of a good boat, he feared, would enable him, for a length of time to elude his pursuit. "Alas!" mentally exclaimed he, "alas, for poor Barnard! perhaps, ere this, his demon of a brother is far on his way towards the United States. It is now, however, dark," (addressing his host in pretty good French,) "I must beg a lodging for myself and servant, and to-morrow will proceed to Orleans." The seamen turned the skiff bottom up, upon the beach, which afforded them a shelter from the night-dews, while Baptiste (the islander) provided them with a plentiful supply of clean straw for a bed; and, thanks to Peter, they were far from being destitute of grog and provisions.

Meanwhile our hostess spread her clean-scoured table with some excellent fresh fish, to which she added a well-dressed hare, and a little assortment of what she called *confitures*, made either of pumpkins sliced and boiled with maple sugar, or of currants or cranberries; together with new milk, cream, butter, and cheese, the produce of their own cow; and at the same time gratified Strickland with an account of their method of making maple sugar, in substance as follows.

The season commences about the beginning of April, and is considered, by the inhabitants, as the harbinger of summer, and a time of rejoicing, as sugar-making is here a profitable occupation. As

soon as the sun (in the middle of the day) has attained sufficient power to thaw the sap of the maple tree (with which the Canadian forests abound) a whole family sally forth into the woods, provided with skins to defend them from the cold,—provisions sufficient to subsist on for a week or two, and a large kettle to serve the double purpose of cooking their food and boiling the sap. They then proceed to make incisions in the bark of the trees, for many acres round, into which they thrust little wooden spouts, or gutters. In the heat of the day the liquid flows out, and is received into wooden troughs placed underneath for its reception. The sap thus collected during the day, is generally boiled in the evening, until it becomes of the consistence of treacle; it is then poured into moulds to cool and harden, and, when taken out, appears in the form of large bricks, of a brownish yellow, and so firm as to require scraping with a knife, ere it will dissolve in any liquid. It is reckoned extremely wholesome, and, in a favourable season, the natives seldom fail to make as much as they can conveniently carry home. The price is from three-pence to five-pence per pound, regulated by the quantity made and the quality, the brightest being esteemed the best.

Our hero having thanked Baptiste for his information, the latter proceeded to acquaint him with some further particulars respecting the country. “The population of Canada is said to be about 350,000, and the rigour of the climate such, that its lakes and rivers are frozen full six months in the year; and, in the summer, its heat is little less intense than that of the West Indies. In winter the Canadians travel over ice and snow with amazing rapidity, in sleighs and



carriages, drawn by an excellent breed of horses, much *smaller* indeed than the English, but reckoned more capable to sustain hunger and fatigue, and at the same time more sure-footed. They are long-lived, and, I may say, long-winded, since they travel a considerable distance at a rate from ten to fourteen miles per hour. On these occasions the wary traveller never ventures forth, without previously enveloping himself in buffalo, bear, or other skins; and as but *few* inns are established in the country, he takes with him his own provisions, and a large bottle of his favourite liquor, (rum). Should he happen to be from home more than one day, he obtains a free lodging at the house of almost any stranger, sups, plays cards with the family, and then telling his beads and repeating his *aves*, he wraps himself snugly in his furs, lies down on the floor near the well-heated stove, rests soundly until morning, then rises, and, after paying his devotions pursues his journey.

“Our habitations,” continued Baptiste, “are chiefly of wood, (except in the cities, where many brick and stone edifices, but chiefly the latter, rear their stately heads;) they are generally of but one story, consisting of from two to four rooms. At the setting in of winter, we shovel up horse-dung or sand to the height of about three feet around our dwellings, to prevent the extreme cold from penetrating through the floor, and also paste strips of paper over the putty and over the crevices of our window-sashes, to exclude as much as possible the keen, penetrating, frosty air. We heat our houses by means of large iron stoves, which, in summer (when we burn wood on the

hearth) serve as safes for our provisions, keeping them cool, and securing them from the flies.

"The women in this country," continued the speaker, "pay more attention to gardening than the men; they are far from handsome, and both sexes, as you may observe, Sir, have very sallow complexions, partly owing perhaps to the smoke of our stoves."—"You have, however," said Strickland, "I perceive, some happy exceptions;" at the same time politely bowing to the mistress of the house, and smiling on her daughter. "*Monsieur Anglois* is pleased to flatter," good-humouredly replied the latter. "Pshaw" emphatically added Baptiste, "my petticoated gentry have their heads already set awry by vanity, *pour l'amour Dieu*, Sir, do not feed the disease."

"As it respects our *four-footed* cattle, we keep them, as well as the domestic fowls, in barns and out-houses, from the latter end of October till the beginning of May, when the ice and snow thaw rapidly, and so astonishingly quick is vegetation, that though we are seldom able to sow before the 10th of May, our grain is *housed* by the end of August." "And pray," inquired Strickland, "what does your soil produce?" "Why, as for that," replied his informant, "the Blessed Virgin be praised!" (here the inmates all devoutly crossed themselves,) "we have no occasion to grumble." At this stage of the proceedings, poor Peter, heretic-like, grinned, (if showing a good set of teeth and distending his mouth from ear to ear, may be so called,) whether in approbation, admiration, or any other *ation*, we know not; but this we do know, that Strickland sternly ordered him to quit the room,

by way of teaching him more *moderation*: however, at the request of the female part of the company, together with an awkward apology on his part, accompanied with a plausible lie, in which he declared he was laughing at something else which just then unfortunately tickled his fancy, he was restored to his nook in the chimney corner. Yet Peter was not so much to blame; the crossing part of the business, which had turned out so crossly for him, was the only part of the conversation of which he could make head or tail. "Lord help us," muttered he to himself, "what a goose I was to laugh, for if one was to grin at every ridiculous custom or ceremony one sees, a man might laugh all his life long without once going out of England." "Our field productions," resumed Baptiste, "are wheat, barley, rye, oats, Indian corn, pulse, tobacco, &c.; while our gardens produce most of the edibles reared in France; pumpkins and gourds in particular grow to a prodigious size, and melons of every description, with some attention, grow here in great abundance.

"Our forests abound with many sorts of excellent berries, and game of an exquisite flavour in great variety; and our lakes and rivers furnish us with a plentiful supply of fine fish. Thus far, my guest, I have endeavoured to gratify your laudable curiosity." And thus far have I attempted to gratify *thine*, reader, and shall now, without further digression, convey our hero to rest, and proceed with our narrative in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

Look round, 'tis Nature's self dwells smiling here,  
Nor borrows lustre from her sister Art.

IT was Sunday morning when Strickland arose from his humble pallet, and dressed. The air seemed to breathe a thousand perfumes, while the wild and joyous notes of the sprightly tenants of the island's woods and groves gladdened his awakened ear ; for in spite of our hero's sorrows and disappointments, he enjoyed the delightful scene. His casement opened into a neat little kitchen garden, well stocked with useful and ornamental plants : not a weed was to be seen. The Indian corn reared aloft its vigorous head, and the tobacco plant waved its broad leaf, gracefully undulating, as if to greet the morning breeze. When Strickland entered the outer room, all the family were assembled, and after mutual inquiries after each other's health and welfare, he, with them, did ample justice to a substantial breakfast ; after which, accompanied by Baptiste and his fair daughter, Peter bringing up the rear, he proceeded to the beach, and bidding the two former a kind farewell, he, with the latter, jumped into the boat, already launched and manned. The tide of flood had made strongly, which, with a favourable slant of wind, enabled the party to prosecute their voyage with great rapidity. And as they drew nearer and nearer to the island, Strickland's spirits became proportionably more and more depressed.

“Alas!” thought he, “how can I return, without at the same time conveying some favourable intelligence to the anxious, expectant Barnard? I already foresee that my call at Orleans will be unproductive of any happy results.”

The gloom which appeared settled on the countenance of our hero seemed to reflect a sombre shadow on those of the boat's crew, and Peter, even the garrulous Peter, seemed infected with taciturnity; perhaps he preserved silence from a dread of rebuke for his last night's misdemeanour, perhaps from being overawed by the presence of his old *friend* the sailor. Be that as it may, little passed in the boat till they landed, at two P. M.

Strickland was now about half a mile from the cottage of a Monsieur Chalon, to whom Baptiste had recommended him, as the most likely person to afford him information; and preferred walking to sitting any longer in the boat. The crew, therefore, rowed her up along shore, while he and Peter proceeded onwards towards the residence of Monsieur C. At any other period he would have felt delighted with the enchanting prospect which presented itself to him at every turn. The smooth bosom of the St. Lawrence teemed with life and gaiety; ships, schooners, and brigs passed the shores of the island in rapid succession, while several large canoes traversed the river in all directions, filled with Canadians of both sexes, clad in their holiday clothes, and cheerfully keeping time with their paddles to the boat song; the whole being highly calculated to produce a striking and novel effect on the eye and ear of a European. Nor turning to the island itself was the scene less romantic: it is about twenty-

three miles long, and in some parts six wide, bounded in most places by a steep and rocky shore, with here and there gentle declivities to the water's edge; the greater part of which still remained overspread with lofty trees and thick underwood, interspersed with a few cottages, and patches of land cleared by the labour of the industrious settlers, and affording a fine contrast between the productions of nature and those of art. The little white-washed log-houses and neat gardens were more frequently observable on the coast than in the interior of the isle, and afforded a pleasing prospect to persons sailing up the river. Here, indeed, (as I have before said,) could any thing have charmed our wanderer, he might have felt delighted; the trees and plants scattered around in profusion their grateful odours, while the wild strawberries and perfume-breathing flowers sprang up beneath his heedless feet, as if emulous to be trodden on. The gentle breezes from the cooling surface of the river allayed the heat of a scorching sun; the sky appeared a vast arch of cerulean, cloudless blue, while the shrill notes of the many-coloured choristers were faintly re-echoed by the distant sound of Montmorenci's falls.

Arrived at the cottage, he found but two individuals within; an aged man, comfortably nodding in a greasy armed chair, and the person he sought; who was busily employed in charging a fowling-piece. But from him no intelligence could be obtained of Hastie; "Though," said he, "had he landed on any part of the island, or, at least, made any stay here, I am sure I should have heard of it." Strickland then left his address with Monsieur Chalon, begging of him to forward to Quebec any intelligence he might happen to hear of

the fugitive; and, bidding him adieu, he returned to the boat, and with a sorrowful heart once more embarked for Quebec.

I have purposely mentioned nothing about *when* and *where* they dined, reader, feeling a wish that thou shouldst, as soon as possible, accompany our travellers further up the country; but merely observe, *en passant*, that *Peter* was in the boat; could they *then* have fasted? I think not.

"It is late," said Strickland, as he reached the door of his lodgings; "Barnard rests in hope: *sweet* be his slumbers! I will defer the intelligence of the fruitless issue of my voyage till the morning; *bad news*, to our sorrow, comes soon enough. What? lights in the house, and near *midnight*, I am expected, then; let me knock gently, and yet perchance poor Barnard's sorrows hold him waking." Mr. Clark opened the door; "Welcome, Captain," said he, "you see I am obliged to act as porter myself; but to tell you the truth, Sir, we live in a Catholic country, where Sunday is a carnival day, and my servants are both out merry-making. What *success*, if I may be so bold, in your voyage, Sir?" "Alas!" replied Strickland, "imagine the *worst*, and you will not exceed the sad reality: but if I may, Sir, in my turn, be so *bold*, permit me to ask, whether you are aware of the object of my errand?" "I am, Sir: Mr. Barnard, longing for your return, confided it all to me; and I grieve to think what will be his disappointment, his anguish, when he discovers that there are but faint hopes of recovering so fine a boy; and yet, Captain Strickland, I think he must needs fall short, at least as it regards talents, of a little friend of mine, who

left Quebec for England about four years ago. I have sat for hours reading a journal of his life, which he allowed my son to copy, and felt, at his departure, almost as one bereaved of a beloved child. But, Sir, I detain you; my lodger above stairs peremptorily commanded me to shew you up, arrive at what time of the night you might, so anxious is he to hear tidings of his son." "If it must be so, then let me ease my troubled mind; but *how?* will it be a consolation to inflict a pang on the already bursting heart of a bereaved father? Sorrow, shame, and disappointment have, I *fear*, made me selfish. What, though I am bereaved, *doubly* bereaved myself?—but shew me up, Mr. Clark."

"I have done," thought Strickland, as he ascended, "all that an own brother could have done to serve *him* and *his*, and can (Oh! solid satisfaction amidst my sorrow,) acquit myself of any *wilful* neglect. But to the *trial*. What, *awake*, Sir? I thought ere this you"—"Nay, nay;" interrupted Barnard, "why address me as *Sir*, why not say, my *friend*? But you are not alone? he is, I trust, with you—my *child*? Bring him in, and at once gladden my longing eyes with a sight of him. Fear not, my friend, the effects of sudden joy; I am prepared to meet him, to embrace, to *bless* him, and knit my heart to his. You hesitate, Strickland; alas! what means that portentous silence, those tears, those looks? Oh! tell me at once, Sir, tell me." "He is not yet found, I grieve to say," replied he. "Nor, then, *ever* will, I fear," said Mr. B., "if *you* have been disappointed in the search. Good night, good night, friends! at once leave me to myself, that I may play the child and weep alone."

C  
latt  
I n  
hea  
nor  
par  
nor  
the  
me,  
we  
cab'  
wit'  
son  
wri  
por  
like  
serv  
(for  
frie  
land  
and,  
him  
mom  
was  
fear  
othe  
com  
was  
Sir,  
if it  
defe



Our hero and Mr. Clark hurried down stairs; the latter in tears, the former in such a state of mind as I need not describe to those of my readers who *have* hearts overflowing with the milk of human kindness, nor *will* I to those who *have not*. On reaching the parlour, Strickland remained silent, absorbed in grief, nor, for some time, did Mr. C. interrupt him; at length the latter said, "*This* has indeed been no *carnival* to me, but rather a night of deep sorrow. I have before wept over the sorrows and misfortunes of the little cabin-boy, the son of my old Cornish friend: his stay with us was but short, yet long enough to enable my son James, with a few abridgements, to copy a well-written manuscript of his short but chequered life; a portion of it now lies on the table, perhaps you would like to read it, Captain Strickland; its contents may serve to divert your attention from your own sorrows, (for, I *fear*, you have some,) and those of your worthy friend, to the afflictions of an entire stranger." Strickland thankfully accepted his landlord's kind offer, and, with the papers in his hand, was about to bid him good night, when Mr. Clark detained him for a moment to observe, that the first part of the narrative was necessarily abridged by his son James, from a fear of not having time to copy the *whole*; "and another thing," added he, "let me premise, the boy commenced writing when but ten years of age, and was but eleven when he visited us; look not, then, Sir, for *perfection*." "I do not, Sir; but am willing, if it has any beauties, on *their* account to excuse its defects."

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ With ardent zeal, his youthful heart  
Beat high for naval glory.”

IN reading a Journal, most readers are apt to inquire of whom they are reading, and are inquisitive concerning the nation, rank, &c. of the individual who thus obtrudes himself on their notice. To gratify so natural a curiosity, I shall endeavour to lay before you all I know of these circumstances; and let me also remind thee at the same time, that so far from trying to persuade thee that my aunt was a justice of the peace, and my great-grandmother an alderman, I purpose to adhere closely to the truth, ‘and nothing but the truth.’

I was born at Fowey, a small sea-port town in Cornwall, (and if the Family Bible speaks truth,) on the 16th of November, 1798. My father there carried on business as a sailmaker, and also possessed lofts at Mevagessy and Padstow, he was a native of Kent; and my paternal grandfather had been foreman of the iron-works in his Majesty’s Dock Yard, either at Sheerness or Chatham. My parents had been married about twelve months when I was ushered into life, with the usual ceremonies of midwife, nurse, and half a score et ceteras, at a time too when my mother was sedulously attempting to reconcile her marriage to her friends, against whose consent she had wedded. She was descended from a good family, her *own* father

had practised many years with success, as a physician in London, though my grandmother at this period had been some years the wife of a second husband, a wholesale tea dealer; to describe him in two words, a man, *morose* and *selfish*. He had set his face firmly against my mother's marriage, and continued to exert his over-stretched authority to prevent all correspondence between his wife and her daughter, but without fully succeeding. Soon after my birth, my father's business becoming more extensive, he took into partnership a Mr. Munday.

[\*It appears that when Edward was about six years of age, his father became a prisoner for debt, in Bodmin jail, partly owing to the roguery of his partner, and partly to his having fallen into the then *prevailing* custom of smuggling, in which he was unsuccessful. He had at this period one sister, twenty months younger than himself, and at this time his mother gave birth to a second. Many a wearisome journey with his mother, and the infant at her breast, he took to visit the unfortunate debtor.]

How oft on these fatiguing journeys, when in the heyday of youth, I have left my mother's side, bounded up the hedge to cull wild flowers and gather blooming apple-blossoms, to present a filial nosegay to my imprisoned father? and, with eyes beaming with boyish joy, at the beauty of my acquisition; how oft, I say, have I turned and seen the silent tear of anguish trickle down her much-loved face; then giving up the pursuit, have pressed more closely to her maternal side, mingled my tears with hers, and trotted on with

\* Those parts marked with a circumflex are abridged by the son of Mr. Clark.

redoubled speed toward my father's dreary dwelling? It was my good fortune to possess parents who valued the blessings of education ; I had been (from the time I could first walk) kept closely at a respectable school, and could at this period read remarkably well ; and had also made some proficiency in writing.

[About April —, Edward travelled to Falmouth with a Mr. Brook, a liberated debtor, who promised the still confined Mr. Williams to treat him as though his own son, but immediately on his arrival there, employed him in the most menial offices, and even worked him beyond his strength. In June Mr. Williams was liberated, and followed his son to Falmouth, where he shipped as sailmaker of an Indiaman ; at the same time writing to his wife at Fowey, to sell their few remaining things, and then, without delay, to come to him.]

In a few days (I well recollect it) a fair wind sprang up, the convoy was ready, and signal made to weigh anchor, yet no news from my mother had arrived. For a long time my dear father silently pressed me to his bosom, while he lingered till the last moment on the strand. Dear father! I can, O yes, I *feel* I can still call thy image to my imagination, and guess thy feelings, thy struggle betwixt love and duty, *that* pressing thee to remain with thy wife and infants ; *this* impelling thee to quit thy country without the sad pleasure of a parting kiss. *Much* as I loved my mother, I supplicated him to take me with him, offering to share all dangers and privations rather than be separated from him, but to no effect. " Remain—stay, my boy," said he, " to be a blessing to your afflicted mother during my absence." The breeze sprang up,

the  
clea  
all,  
bein  
aid,  
he c  
som  
obey  
I le  
love,  
ings  
you,  
the  
busy  
takir  
follo  
peare  
antly  
some  
seen  
[A  
moth  
fortn  
taker  
press  
conve  
an hc  
with  
the sh  
wido  
the u  
other  
the e.

the fleet were under weigh; some ships had already cleared the harbour, and yet my *all*, my more than all, my *father*, still hesitated, still clung closer to me, being lothe to part; then summoning fortitude to his aid, while the big tear trickled down his manly cheek, he once more smothered me in his fond paternal bosom, ejaculating, "Farewell! 'tis duty calls, and I obey. Good bye, my child! to God, and *God* alone, I leave thee, for vain is *man's* friendship; love, *true love*, to your mother. Ah, me! what will be her feelings? tell her I *go*, but leave my *heart* with her and you, with *all*." Suddenly he jumped into the boat; the splashing of his oars was soon silenced amid the busy hum of the boatmen and mariners occupied in taking off passengers, &c. to the departing fleet. I followed him with eager *tearful* eyes till his boat appeared but as a speck on the vast waters, then reluctantly quitted the beach; a secret, an indefinable something whispering to my sad soul, 'You have seen the last of a kind father.'

[After pathetically describing the meeting with his mother the same evening, he relates, that his father in a fortnight was shipwrecked on the coast of France and taken prisoner; was shortly afterwards exchanged, but pressed out of the cartel by an English frigate, which conveyed him to the West Indies, where he died in an hospital with the yellow fever. His mother then, with the assistance of some truly benevolent Quakers, the ship-owners and others, opened a little shop; but widowed and inexperienced, she was preyed upon by the unprincipled, who fled in her debt; and seeing no other prospect than misery and want before her, at the expiration of rather more than a twelvemonth from

her husband's death, she was induced to marry again, to provide *herself* a protector, her babes a *father*. Edward's step-father was then mate of a ship, which he immediately left, and employed himself in a half-decked sloop, taking beer from the Penryn Brewery to the Channel Fleet, and in fishing, in which excursions his son accompanied him, but unfortunately, though Mr. Kay earned a considerable sum in this way, he spent it as fast in drunkenness and debauchery, and frequently ill-treated his wife. After describing the unhappiness of the family at this period, he further relates, that his step-father facilitated the concealment of a deserter from a King's ship in his boat, and foolishly secreted him in his own house; a discovery ensuing, a precipitate departure from Falmouth was its consequence. After having experienced much fatigue, and even hunger, during a long journey on foot and by the waggon, the family arrived, almost pennyless, in London, in the summer of 1807. Mrs. Kay immediately repaired to the house of her mother, who was once more a widow, and in very reduced circumstances. In the month of September, Mr. Kay shipped as mate of a victualler, bound to Copenhagen, taking Edward with him, who informs us, that from this excursion, and the short ones he had made from Falmouth, he acquired an early bias in favour of a seafaring life. In the latter end of November the ship returned; and in December he was seized with violent convulsive fits, from which he, however, soon recovered.]

In the beginning of 1808, I was upwards of nine years of age, and as strong and robust as many of twelve. The sea air had imparted to my countenance

that degree of ruddiness which bespeaks health and vigour; and I already began to think myself sufficiently strong to undertake the situation of a cabin-boy. Urged on by a roving Robinson Crusoe-like disposition, I counted the tardy moments spent on shore. My step-father approved my sentiments, and rigged me out in the garb of a little sailor, with a hairy cap tied in front, with a bunch of *true blue*. In this dress, and with *my* appearance, I flattered myself that no one of discernment could refuse to ship so prepossessing a boy. Oh, how great was the folly which impelled me to desire with such earnestness, an employment, the difficulties of which I had not *then* experience enough to appreciate! My poor mother did all *she* could to divert my attention from so dangerous an object, but on this point (though submissive in other respects) my mind was invulnerable.

[Ere January had half elapsed, Mr. Kay shipped as quarter-master of an East Indiaman, and Edward accompanied him in the vessel round to Portsmouth, continuing aboard upwards of three weeks. He felt a strong wish to proceed in the ship; and her commander having taken a liking to him, only objected to his wishes from a consideration of his extreme youth. He, however, left Mrs. Kay a monthly income, in addition to her husband's half pay, to put the young sailor to school, promising that if his acquirements kept pace with present appearances, that he would do something more for him on his return from China, which circumstance led his youthful mind to imbibe the hope, that he should at no distant period be made a midshipman, and (indulging in castle building in

the air) rise, step by step, to the rank of captain. On his return to London his mother sent him to school.]

I had before this made some progress in the art of navigation, and till the end of February (or about a month) continued at school, and acquired some knowledge of the method of surveying coasts and harbours; constantly devoting my evenings to the making extracts from all subjects I judged likely to be of use to me in future life. But, alas! in the midst of these useful occupations, poverty and affliction, those *envious* clouds, which had so often darkened our domestic horizon, seemed now ordained to pay us a long visit; my grandmother was taken severely ill, and provisions were so extremely dear, that Mr. Kay's half pay was far from sufficient to procure us even the common necessaries of life, my mother was thus rendered unable to pay for my education, notwithstanding the captain's kind allowance; yet, previous to her withdrawing me from school, she resolved to make a painful effort in my behalf, and therefore made application for a little temporary aid, to a near relation, a proprietor of one of the most respectable hotels and coach offices in the city; but so much was he prepossessed against her for marrying beneath her station, and against his wishes, that he treated her with the most contemptuous indifference. He, indeed, held out some faint hopes of future assistance, but in so ungracious a manner, that my grandmother in particular preferred even death itself to the placing me under any obligations to him, so much did she feel stung by his ingratitude, for he had formerly received many favours at her hands. Thus was I, though in-



*nocent*, denied that patronage and assistance which *he* had the ability, and which it was his duty to have afforded; and yet, such a man can, with unblushing front, address the Majesty of Heaven with, 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive others;' while he could not pardon my mother an indiscretion that had been the source of affliction to her for many years, but visited her faults (if faults they were) on the heads of her unoffending offspring; but my imagination, or rather my *feelings*, hurry me, I know not whither; I will even leave him to the selfish enjoyment of his abused wealth.

On the following day I was withdrawn from school; thus were all the hopes I had received from the captain of the Indiaman's promise blighted; I then preferred going to sea, even in the humble capacity of a cabin-boy, to remaining on shore a burden to my distressed parent. 'Tis probable I might have obtained some employment on shore, but considering the captain as my chief friend, I thought it would be more pleasing to him on his return to find, that though family misfortunes had prevented me from attaining so much of the *theory* of navigation as he had anticipated, I should have acquired some knowledge of the *practice*.

[With much difficulty (owing to his tender age) he procured a ship; Captain H. engaging him to go on a trial voyage to Shields, in his vessel, the Good Intent, but, when nearly ready to sail, the ship's destination was changed to Gottenburgh, *there* to take in a cargo of timber.]

"Thus then," said Strickland, rising from his seat,

“ have I got through all of the papers Mr. Clark has favoured me with ; I shall take an early opportunity to procure the remainder.”

---

## CHAPTER IX.

Fearless, the Indian hunter roams the forests round,  
When daisies deck, or drifting snows conceal the ground.

ON the following morning, Strickland determined to visit Captain Graham, to acquaint him with the ill-success of his mission, and return him thanks for the loan of his boat. On mounting the gangway of the *Venus*, he was welcomed by his rough friendly voice, with, “ What cheer, what cheer, my hearty ? ” “ Alas ! ” replied Strickland, “ I am returned from an unsuccessful cruise.” Then descending with him to the cabin, he related the particulars of his trip to Hare Island, and, in conclusion, added, “ Now, Graham, *what* have I to detain me here ? While there was any hopes of snatching poor Robert from that *ruffian*, his uncle, or any other occupation to exercise my active mind, I was comparatively happy, but *now* — in short, Graham, I propose *this* to be a farewell visit ; a visit of duty as well as of friendship, for how could I quit Quebec without taking leave of my kind ship-mate ? ” “ Come, come ! belay that :—pall there,” said Graham, “ don’t carry more sail than ballast ; and though I believe myself that Quebec is the last place Long Tom would choose to *bring-to* in, yet I am

persuaded 'tis the only place where you are likely to hear news of him. Bring Mr. Barnard on board to-morrow to dine with me, and consent to remain here a week longer; *you* at least can have no cause for haste, Strickland, for you are much more likely to succeed in your errand by remaining here, even for months, than to ramble further, as this place, you must be aware, is the centre of trade, chief place of resort, and consequently the best place in British America to acquire information about what's going on every where else."

Half convinced by his arguments, but more softened by his kindness, our hero promised to accede to his request, and also to endeavour to prevail on Mr. Barnard. On returning on shore, near the hour of dinner, Strickland found the latter agitated and ill, but making preparation to depart for Three Rivers (ninety miles) in a schooner, bound thither for wheat, and to sail on the following morning. Our hero extended to him the hand of genuine friendship and sympathy, and, drawing him to a seat, the two friends sat down. After a short pause—a *painful* pause to both, he said, "Perhaps, Mr. Barnard, you think I presume too much on the little services I have endeavoured to render you, when I thus offer my unasked advice. But I feel we are about to part, to part, perhaps, for ever. I have *one* favour to ask of you." "Name it, name it," eagerly responded Mr. B. "That you will remain here with me a week; I have promised Captain Graham to remain that time, at the expiration of which, should nothing happen to hinder me, I will accompany you as far as Montreal." "Enough, Sir! to such a friend I cannot deny any

thing, nor have I forgotten the kindness of Capt. G." "I have taken the liberty to promise too," said Strickland, "that you will go with me on board to dine with him to-morrow." "I will go," replied Barnard, "though the ship will forcibly call to my remembrance my *lost* boy. I will again sit upon the same gun, where you sat with him, when you kindly instructed him; go below to his berth, and again sate my eyes with a sight of the place where your attentions restored him to life. Talk not of *parting* from me, Strickland; I will go where *you go—stay* where you stay—I knew not what I was doing, nor know what I am saying. I am an undone, lost, miserable father!"

Our hero having allowed him time to resume his fortitude, remonstrated with him in a friendly tone, on the folly, not to say, ingratitude, of giving way to despair. "Compare *your* situation but for a moment with *mine*," said he, "without at all glancing at the difference existing between us in point of fortune. *Your* wife sleeps silently in the tomb of her ancestors, to which she descended in *virtue*, and with a joyful hope of a resurrection to an endless life. *You* followed her bier; wept over, and paid the last sad duty to her cold remains; while *mine*—while *mine*—Oh, Barnard —— *You* have had ever since a child, (happiness that *I* am denied,) an amiable daughter to supply her mother's place. And though you have lost your son, you have fortunately traced him out to within a few miles of this place; and he whom you once feared was dead, or snatched for ever far from your reach, is now, without doubt, within a hundred miles of you—perhaps a tenant of this very street;

while *my* child, my only boy, was snatched from me in his infancy, and is either dead—or suffering unheard of miseries, which *I* am denied the felicity to alleviate. Cheer up then, friend! *your's* is an enviable situation; but ten days ago you knew not that your child even lived, you *now* know that he is *well*, and have every chance of speedily recovering him. Do not then, I entreat you, be more miserable *now* than you were *then*."

With such arguments as these, Strickland succeeded in restoring Mr. Barnard's mind to peace; and, on the following day, the hour of dinner witnessed the two friends in the cabin of the *Venus*. The table groaned under the weight of good cheer, two other captains partook of the festivity. The cloth was no sooner removed than a plentiful desert of strawberries, raisins, nuts, &c. decked the festive board, which the guests, in imitation of their bottle-loving host, washed down with copious draughts of exhilarating port.

"Now, Mr. Barnard," observed Graham, "my two brother captains and myself have formed a resolution to go a gypsying next Sunday, in the woods about Point Levi. I know Strickland will accompany us; *you* must agree to go-too, Sir; and look ye, scour up your fowling pieces, we intend to let you (Mr. Barnard) in for another bowl of punch." To this proposition Messrs. Barnard and Strickland agreed.

In the evening, the wind blowing rather fresh, and our hero foreseeing that a much longer stay (thanks to Graham's wine) would effectually prevent their landing that night, by dint of great importunity, prevailed on the party to permit him and his friend to land. On

calling for Peter and Quimbo (who were now sworn brothers) Strickland discovered that they were already more than 'half seas over.' The two friends were consequently compelled to leave them behind. After a comfortable supper at their lodgings, Strickland applied to Mr. Clark for another part of the cabin-boy's narrative, but which, owing to the absence of James, on a visit to Loretto, he was for the present unable to obtain. The remainder of the evening he therefore spent in conversation with Mr. Clark. "This country," said the latter, "is said to have been first discovered by Cabot, an Italian, who was sent on discovery by Henry the VIIth.

"In 1523, Francis the First sent out some ships, under the command of Verozina, a Florentine, who explored the coasts of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and corrected a map of the coast, which had been printed in France. Verozina also made two other trips, and in the last, in 1534, was accompanied by Jacques Cartier, a skilful and enterprising navigator, born at St. Maloes. Cartier penetrated as far as the place now called Montreal, and was kindly received by the Indians. On his return to France, he was coolly received by the King, who had expected to hear that the country abounded with gold or silver mines. Notwithstanding this disappointment experienced by the French court—in 1540, Roberval was appointed viceroy of Canada, and Cartier sailed with him as pilot; they built a fort in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In 1600, Chauvin was intrusted with a commission, granting him exclusive privileges in all discoveries he might make in the new country. In 1608, Quebec was founded by Samuel Champlain; and one of the

largest lakes in the country continues to be called by his name.

“Notwithstanding their continual wars with the Indians, the French, once settled, stood their ground; and, increasing in wealth and population, formed Quebec and Montreal into regular cities, and retained a sovereignty over all the places near the banks of the great river, until the attack by the English in 1759. On the night of Sept. 12-13, General Wolfe landed his troops, about a mile and a quarter above Quebec, at a place since called Wolfe’s Cove; and, by dint of great exertion, he and his men succeeded in ascending a steep and rugged hill, heretofore deemed inaccessible: by daylight the French, to their utter astonishment, beheld the English army drawn up in order of battle on the Plains of Abraham, overlooking their devoted town. The French governor (Montcalm) imprudently hazarded an engagement, which was decisive in favour of the brave English; by the bye,” observed Mr. Clark, “I feel half inclined to recall that puffing adjective, *brave*; had the French gained the battle should I have said, the *brave French*? I shall, however, let the word stand; some allowance, Captain, should be made for our natural love of the country which gave us birth. The victory, to England’s sorrow, was *dearly* bought. The brave, yes, the brave Wolfe was killed in the action, and the unfortunate Montcalm shared his fate. In a few days the city surrendered, and the key of the country being thus happily secured, its entire subjection speedily followed. The conquerors treated their new subjects with great lenity, granting them the free use of their ancient religion and laws; and, to speak the truth,

Sir, the Canadians have, on all occasions, proved grateful."

Our hero, after thanking Mr. Clark, retired early to rest, and little occurred, during the interval, to Sunday: by eleven on that forenoon, he, Mr. Barnard, and the other three Captains were snugly seated—"in church?" I think I hear you ask, no, no;—but embarked from the Cul-de-sac in the skiff of the Venus, and half-way across to Point Levi. The boat skimmed over the St. Lawrence with grace and expedition, and, in a short time, the party landed at Point Levi. Here they found about forty Indians, including women and children, in four little huts or tents, formed by placing several poles pyramidically, over which were placed large pieces of bark and blankets. "Their fires," said Graham, "are, you observe, during the summer reason, at some short distance from their wigwams," (tents). Resolving to soften their hearts with 'a drap of a dram,' the old tar broke the ice of cold civility, by presenting them with a bottle of rum. This soon set the *women's* tongues a wagging, nor were the men long ere they joined them. In the first wigwam sat two elderly squaws (Indian women,) making moggassins, or shoes of deer shin, which are commonly worn by the Canadians in winter; they also exhibited mittens, made of the skins of various wild animals, tastefully ornamented on the back with fancy-work of glowing colours; the substitute for thread or floss silk, being the hair of the mane of the Canadian elk, or orignal, which takes a fine permanent dye. One stout lad, of at least fifteen, in a state of nudity, was making hat boxes and dishes of bark. The material is



obtained by climbing to the top of a large tree, cutting round the bark, laying hold of the part cut, (as a support,) and, by their descent, stripping the tree from top to bottom. Their bark canoes are so exceedingly light, that one man may carry, with ease, one of sufficient dimensions to contain eight persons.

This greatly facilitates the migration of the Indians from one part to another, in a country like Canada, abounding with vast lakes and rivers, and generally destitute of roads. When they come to what is called a *portage*, or carrying-place, that is, to a water-fall, rapid, or other impediment to their navigation, they disembark, and while one or two of the men are employed carrying the canoe, the others with the women and children, transport their baggage, cooking utensils, &c.; when they have passed all dangers and obstructions, they re-launch their canoe, and continue their voyage: in a long journey, not unfrequently crossing a considerable portion of land, and finishing the passage in *one* river which they had begun in *another*.

Strickland also learned from them, that there are two or three villages in Lower Canada, inhabited entirely by Indians; the greater part of whom profess the Romish faith, have acquired the French language, attend church regularly, and seem to be almost as much civilized as the Canadians of European extraction. Though the greater part of them have no settled place of abode, but wander about the country like gypsies, occupying themselves chiefly in fishing and hunting, and subsisting on what they thus take, and upon roots and wild berries. They barter the skins of their prey, with the Canadian and British

merchants, for the produce of the other three quarters of the globe. They have acquired the use of fire-arms, and many of the most successful hunters have amassed considerable wealth. The squaws wear short gowns of furniture calico, and gaiters of cloth or leather, reaching above knee, and appearing like trowsers; the whole surmounted by a large blanket or square piece of blue cloth thrown carelessly over their shoulders, and secured at the neck with a skewer; they also wear men's beaver hats, ornamented with gold or silver tinsel, and some with the feathers of birds. When travelling a-foot, they tie their infants to a flat board, which they suspend behind them, the child looking towards *one* point, while its parent is walking towards *another*. Their children are accustomed to the water from their infancy, and, at an early age, become expert swimmers. When the squaws go a fishing, and wish not to be encumbered with their helpless offspring, they dig a hole in the sand, and bury the child up to its armpits, leaving the head and arms only at liberty; an effectual method (thought Strickland, if true,) to prevent them from sustaining injuries by falls, and from running away.

Our hero, with the party, stood talking with and observing the Indians a considerable time, *indeed* while they emptied a second bottle of rum, and might have continued longer, but for their running with their canoes to the river and preparing to embark. Strickland was astonished to observe, with what courage and alacrity the children jumped in, laden with their little property, and stood for some moments weighing the advantages enjoyed by a wild, free Indian, above those possessed by the natives of civilized

states. The principal figure before him was a man apparently about thirty years of age, of a fine open countenance, bright olive complexion, long black hair, with scarcely any beard, but possessing jet black eyes, sparkling with fire and intelligence. He nimbly jumped into one of the canoes, and waving his tawny hand in token of friendship, departed with the other three for Quebec. After this, our party partook of a cold collation, and meeting but with indifferent success at shooting, after once more letting Mr. Barnard in for a bowl of punch, they repaired on board to tea; and here our two friends decided upon leaving Quebec in the middle of the week, and invited Captain Graham and his friends to spend the following evening with them at Mr. Clark's. On landing, to Strickland's satisfaction, James had returned, and then placed in his hand another portion of the cabin-boy's narrative, which he determined to peruse ere he slept.

Many of my readers may feel surprised that I have not yet made any allusion to the war now carrying on with such activity between Great Britain and the United States of America. But feeling persuaded that I have sufficient matter, indeed more perhaps than can be contained within the compass to which I have limited myself in this work, I have hitherto purposely avoided taking any notice of the subject; and, I trust, I shall be the more readily excused for the adoption of this line of conduct, when the intelligent reader calls to mind, that the *military* operations of the contending powers, as far as it regards Canada, were at this time exclusively confined to the frontiers of Upper Canada; and the *naval* to Lake

Ontario. It may, of course, be readily imagined, that the usual bustle attending the disembarkation of troops from Europe, and the preparation and forwarding of stores towards the scene of action, through the medium of the St. Lawrence, created no ordinary degree of bustle and excitement in Quebec. I judged it advisable to say thus much on the subject, and shall for the present, proceed with the matters more immediately under consideration.

---

## CHAPTER X.

To distant lands by Fortune I am led,  
Compell'd to roam, to seek my daily bread.

(*Continuation of the cabin-boy's narrative.*)

IN a few days we took in ballast, and sailed; the parting from my family was truly painful; I had never before quitted our domestic hearth, except in company with my step-father, and then only sailed as a passenger. I was now embarked in a new capacity, entirely at the mercy of strangers, subjected to their caprice, and doomed to the most servile offices; not only exposed to the natural dangers of the ocean, but also to the probability of falling into the hands of our common enemies, the *French*. But, to counterbalance these difficulties and dangers, the overruling hand of Providence had provided me with an excellent master, who, compassionating my youth and inexperience, laid not on me burdens too heavy to bear. It was the beginning of March, 1808, when we sailed, six other vessels were in company with us.

and all under convoy of the Thunder bomb. After a pleasant passage we reached Gottenburgh, and as I became more and more acquainted with the duties of my situation, and industriously studied to give satisfaction, so was I glad to find an increase of good-will towards me on the part of the Captain, who being himself the father of a family, felt for the infirmities of a child.

I was surprised, during our stay here, by the sudden alteration in the face of nature. On our arrival, the whole country was covered with a sheet of brilliant snow, yet, in less than a fortnight, every thing looked green and smiling, the flowers gratefully expanding their beauties, and the birds distending their little throats to welcome returning spring. This is a large town, and, next to Stockholm, reputed to be the greatest commercial port in the kingdom; it drives a great trade in timber and iron, and numerous saw-mills are erected on the banks of the river. The Swedes (according to the opinion of Captain H.) are generally of a smaller stature than the English, of fairer complexion, and in their manners more resembling the Dutch than any other nation.

I arrived home in safety in the beginning of April, and having been apprized that the other owner of the ship purposed paying her a visit, I had my cabin in such order as called forth his warmest commendations; he presented me at the same time a more *solid* proof of his satisfaction in the shape of a one pound note. I had never before been master of so much wealth, and was in want of several things; yet after many arguments, pro and con, as to what I should do with it,—I finally resolved to present it to my

mother, to that *mother* who had been at so many pounds' expense, and who had spent so many hours of anxiety for *me*. It was the first-fruits of my earnings, and, though near a twelve-month has since elapsed, I often reflect with pleasure on my having dedicated it to so pious a purpose. Alas! how many youths are there in our vast metropolis, filling lucrative situations, and connected with indigent relatives, but how comparatively *few*, I fear, are there who think it their duty to assist them.

[Edward's master being compelled to remain on shore, through a disease he had contracted at Gottenburgh, he thus regrets his misfortune and absence:]

Had he been a *father* or a *brother*, I could not have more lamented his misfortune; but it is hard to say whether surprise or pity most predominated in my heart. I felt astonished that a man seeming to possess (in every other respect) the best of principles, and the most amiable of dispositions, should prove so faithless to a confiding wife. Oh, Providence! when I consider of what a frail composition is *man*, I tremble for my future conduct.

[Soon after this, he sailed to Blythe, and returned to London about May 9th, after having been driven into Yarmouth Roads by the most violent storm he had ever experienced. May 18th he sailed again, with the new captain, to Shields, where the vessel took in a cargo of coals for Guernsey; on their way to which port she ran great risk of being captured by a French privateer.]

My late master, Captain H., in consideration of my youth, and knowing that I had once been subject to fits, never required me to go aloft; but our present

Captain regularly sent me up with the two apprentices, to loose and furl the mizentopsail; but though partial to the sea, and not devoid (I trust) of natural courage, my nerves were so weak as to lay me under the apprehension (when aloft) of falling either down upon the *deck*—or overboard, consequently the chief part of my occupation when *there*, was to *hold fast*. I did not, like Patrick O'Neal, 'let go with my *hands* to hold fast with my feet.' No, no,—no monkey ever clung tighter to the branch of a tree, than I to the mizen topsail yard of the old Good Intent. Whether my present master was vexed to find that I regretted the loss of my former one, or what else was the cause, I cannot decide; but *this* I know, he treated me with increasing unkindness, and finding that I was likely to be of less and less service, the higher I mounted from the deck, was resolved that I should devote a part of my time *below*, to, indeed, a less *dangerous*, but infinitely more laborious task, that of turning a large grindstone. I ardently longed to reach Guernsey, as we had experienced contrary winds while beating up the Swinn, anchoring and weighing at every turn of the tide, both night and day, and I soon discovered that I had less time to devote to rest than any individual in the ship. Occupied as I was all day attending to my duties, I had also to keep watch by night, while the rest of the crew turned in during a part of the day. To make matters worse, cookee was fond of moistening his clay with frequent drams of 'full proof.' It was *his* duty, in conjunction with myself and the youngest apprentice, to hold on the jigger and coil the cable; on one of these occasions, his head was

so overburdened with what he called a 'drap of the cratur,' that he was unable to perform *his* part of the duty; it was blowing fresh, and dark as pitch, and myself and the other boy not having strength enough to hold on, when the anchor was just a-peak, the fall of the jigger jerked out of our hands,—several fathoms of cable ran out, and, by the suddenness of the accident, many of our men at the windlass were thrown on their backs. For this want of strength (as I am sure I exerted all *mine*) poor George and I were well rope's-ended, and I could not help fancying that I came in for more than my proper share of the allowance.

We' joined convoy at Spithead, and sailed from there on the 29th, with a fleet bound to the southward and westward.

On the 23rd, we came in sight of Guernsey, the Commodore proceeding onwards with the fleet, in the direction of the Bay of Biscay. *Here* the wind blew so violently, accompanied with so tremendous a sea, that it was with great difficulty we obtained a pilot. We were hurried through a narrow channel with great velocity, by the combined influence of wind and tide; the bleak and barren rocks on each hand, over which the surge dashed with impetuous fury, presented a formidable aspect to a young sailor. The least mismanagement of the helm would have caused instant destruction, as we passed near enough to some of the craggy rocks to have thrown a biscuit on them. The pilot severely censured the Captain for venturing into so dangerous a channel so unseasonably, fearing that we should reach the mouth of the pier ere there would be sufficient water to take us in; but this we



were now compelled to risk, for the passage once entered, with *such* a wind and a flood-tide, retreat is impossible. On arriving within a few yards of the mouth of the harbour, the pilot ordered the foretop-mast-staysail to be hauled down, when the ship, steering wildly, took a weather yaw, and ran her jib-boom into the main shrouds of a vessel lying just within the pier:—fortunately we at the same moment grounded, or great damage to both vessels must have ensued.

At high-water we warped up the harbour, but owing to its crowded state we could not get a berth nearer to the quay than as third vessel, but even for this we had reason to be thankful, as the storm raged without, during the night, with increasing fury.

Our cargo being shipped on Government account, and the ship probably hired by the month, no exertions were made by the Captain to expedite our departure; the coals, measured out by the sack, were carried over the other two vessels to the shore. The regulations of the port, prohibiting all vessels from lighting fires aboard while there, compelled us to take our cook-house on shore; and cookee, from his vicinity to French brandy, which he observed was at a “come-at-able price,” was so frequently indisposed, that *I* was appointed cook, as well as compelled to do the duty of cabin-boy, and all for the same wages, or rather for no wages; think of this on quarter-day, ye sinecurists! I felt much hurt at being thus appointed to an office, for which I had neither strength nor ability, but I may perhaps partly attribute the Captain’s unkindness to my having indiscreetly discovered to the mate, that I knew more of the *theory* of navigation than either *he* or the Captain. It is inconceivable to myself how

I was enabled to perform the laborious duties *imposed* on me in this place ; perhaps I may attribute some part of my strength to ' wine, mighty wine,' which was so extremely cheap, that with the help of a trifle I had brought with me from home, I was enabled to procure a little every day. I had not been here more than a week, when no criminal desired more to escape from the galleys than I to leave the Good Intent ; the fatigues I underwent may be readily judged, from the circumstance of my having to bring the fresh water in pails from the town, to cook the ship's provisions on the quay ; and to carry on board, over the other two ships, large wooden bowls of boiling soup, with platters of beef, pudding, and potatoes. Owing to the great rise and fall of the tide (thus loaded) I had sometimes to traverse a plank from the shore to a ship's shrouds, and descend by the rattlings to her deck ; and at others, to mount her side. On one of these occasions I slipped overboard, (*recollect*, gentleman-like, I never drank wine till after dinner) with part of the dinner in my hands. I was fished out, (but that, I presume, you might have guessed,) half drowned, and then put to bed. 'Twas *then* that I began to reflect more intensely about my poor mother ; could *she* have seen the state to which her child was reduced, *how* would the sight have grieved her affectionate heart, but thank heaven ! the painful scene was kindly hid from her eyes.

The next day, my master so far relented as to appoint one of the men to carry the dinner on board, at the same time presenting me with five shillings, and remarking, that as I felt myself too weak to take the dinner on board, I was to blame for not having said

so  
de  
jig  
te  
ha  
su  
an  
hic  
ga,  
m,  
Ti  
du  
(se  
a c  
fe  
cha  
Gr  
Ca  
me  
anc  
hac  
sat  
hac  
war  
wh'  
ans  
rep  
able  
tisf  
" a  
am  
stra  
he s

so before. But I had too recently been flogged under the imputation of *laziness* (when holding on the jigger) to plead *weakness*, and would have submitted to much more, rather than ask a favour at the hands of a man to whom I had conceived an insurmountable aversion. Had I been less opinionated, and more humble minded—had I striven to conciliate his favour, by those thousand little attentions, so engaging in youth, 'tis probable he would have made my situation much more supportable than I found it. That I communicated to him my opinions of his conduct more freely than perhaps I ought to have done (seeing that he was my master) may be inferred from a conversation I *well* recollect having had with him a few nights after the accident; I was looking over a chart of the channel to discover the distance from Guernsey to France, and had just placed my finger on Cape La Hogue, when he entered the cabin, rather mellow; and, on such occasions, he being more friendly and communicative than when sober, he asked me who had instructed me in navigation; having given him satisfactory information on that point, he said that he had a son of his own, intended for the sea, but that he was not yet quite old enough. I then took the liberty, while pulling off his boots, to inquire his age; his answer was, "He is scarce thirteen." "Oh, Sir," replied I, "if *I* was but *thirteen*, I think I should be able to perform all you desire of me, and to your satisfaction:" and feeling somewhat softened, I added, "and would willingly do it *now* was I capable, but *I* am not yet *ten*. Should you send him to sea with a stranger, Sir, do not let him come to Guernsey, lest he should be appointed to bring on board the ship's

provisions, and fall into the sea, leaving *you* to mourn *his* loss, as my poor *mother* would have mourned *mine* had I not been fortunately taken out unhurt." He appeared moved, squeezed a shilling into my hand, and ordered me to bed, at the same time muttering, what *I* took to be, "This comes of making free with boys; he'll perhaps next have the impudence to give me a lecture for coming aboard half drunk;" when, presently afterwards, raising his voice, he exclaimed, "I say, you d—d preaching cockney, see that you turn out in the morning before six; and, d'ye hear? clean my boots, and go ashore to boil the water for breakfast;" to which I answered the sweet tempered lamb, "Aye, aye, Sir!" I had, however, for some time afterwards the satisfaction to find, that the hint thus given him, to do to *me* as he would have others do to his *son*, was not entirely thrown away upon him, for he contrived to make my labours rather lighter; and, with the money I received from the Captain, together with a small present from the mate, I made myself afterwards as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

The majority of the inhabitants here speak French. My mother when young having been sent over to a convent at Antwerp to be educated, had also given *me* some instructions in that language; and here I found the truth of the old adage, *All knowledge is useful*; for, one morning lighting the fire on the quay, having rather overslept myself, I was upon my knees converting my lungs into a pair of bellows, and blowing with all my might and main, when an old gentleman, respectably clad, with a beautiful youth about my own age, passed close by me, and observed to the

boy, (whom I afterwards found to be his grandson,) "Ah, Henri! regardez cet pauvre petit garçon, éloignez de ces parens, comme il travaille pour remplir son devoir; peut-être il est moins heureux que vous; peut-être sa mère est mort." "Ma mère est vivant," I replied. The old gentleman then regarding me with surprise, said in English, "What, you speak French, my little man?" Then drawing a stone close to the door of my caboose, he sat down, taking his grandson on his knee, at the same time saying to him, "Let us have some conversation with this little boy. I sallied out with you this morning with a view to invigorate your body by the wholesome breezes of the sea, from *him* perhaps you may hear something calculated to improve your mind." The youth gracefully bowed acquiescence; when, at the old gentleman's request, I related to him briefly the chief circumstances of my life; at the close of which the Captain's voice summoned me on board, and with all the politeness I could muster (little enough I fear) I bade my new acquaintances good morning. After this rencontre scarcely a day elapsed, during our stay, without my receiving a visit from the elder gentleman, together with a small present; and every morning at six o'clock, I was sure to find little Henri on the quay, ready to accompany me to the town, and assist in bringing down the water.

August 2. The two ships which had laid between us and the quay having sailed, we hauled close along side, and discharged the remainder of our cargo with greater rapidity; and on the same night George acquainted me with an expedition he had planned out, to go a little way into the country, to obtain (I will

not say to *steal*) some apples. I need not acquaint my readers, that I did not at first set out with a view to represent myself as a model of perfection, and therefore may as well frankly confess, that I needed but little persuasion to induce me to go with him. Providing ourselves, therefore, with two pillow-cases, off we started into the country, and at the distance of a mile from the port, entered into an orchard, only surrounded by a slight hedge like an English field ; and near midnight we returned on board, laden with fruit. I deposited my share of the plunder under my bed, thinking what a pretty present they would be to my mother and sisters, knowing, as I did, that they were fond of—yes, silly as the remark may sound—fond of good apple dumplings. I had forgotten for the time, the maxim, “ be *just* before you are *generous*.”

On the 7th we were ready to sail, but our Captain determined to remain a day or two longer, as the coasts of the island were infested by privateers, two vessels having been recently captured by the French, scarcely out of gunshot of the castle.

On the 8th, while removing the cook-house, my old friend came down with his grandson, who brought in his hand a handkerchief, containing, among other fruit, fifteen pomegranates as a present ; the old man at the same time made use of all his rhetoric, and was ably seconded by the affectionate Henri, to induce me to remain on the island, observing, that I should teach his grandson and daughter English, while he, himself, would *perfect* me in French ; offering also to clothe and comfortably provide for me, and send me over to England whenever I thought fit. Surely there must have been a film before my eyes, my un-

derstanding must have been hood-winked, or how could I have been so mad as to reject his generous offer;—yet, so it was: my desire to once again embrace a much-loved parent prevailed over every other consideration;—therefore, after making suitable acknowledgments, with many tears on my part, and on the part of my youthful benefactor, we parted. I shall long recollect his kindness to a little oppressed stranger.

The same evening we sailed, to proceed to the northward, to ship a cargo of coals for London. The Captain, who had stowed away a quantity of spirits in the after-hold, seemed *now* more afraid of custom-house and excise officers than of French privateers. The wind proved favourable as far as Flamborough Head, and then chopped round against us; this to *me* was peculiarly unfortunate, as the weather was now intensely hot, and for several hours in the heat of the day I and George were employed turning the grindstone, on which our carpenter, a powerful man, standing upwards of six feet, pressed his tools, with no ordinary weight, meanwhile I observed able-bodied seamen walking the deck at their ease, while *I*, a child, in addition to my regular work, was doomed to this slavery. In my heart I cursed the grindstone, and had my *power* at all kept pace with my *will*, I should have certainly taken an opportunity to cant it overboard.

August 22. We entered Shields harbour, and my dislike to the Captain had arisen to so high a pitch, that I found great difficulty in keeping it within bounds; the griping miser carried his meanness so far as not to give any of the seamen a glass of grog

during the whole passage, though he possessed (as I have before said) a quantity of spirits, likely to be seized. We had just entered the harbour, and he was below shaving himself, when the devil (perhaps I do him wrong, but certainly something) put it into my head to play him a malicious trick, for when I knew he was just lathered, seeing two boats very near us, I exclaimed down the companion, "The *custom* and *excise* boats are close along side!" This unwelcome intelligence operated like an electric shock, for before I was safe in the cook-house to hide my laughter, he was upon deck, with a looking-glass in *one* hand, a razor in the *other*, and his chops well beslobbered with soap-suds. The boats were, however, destined to board some other ships about to enter the harbour, and perhaps *luckily* for me, he believed that the mistake had arisen from my zeal in his service; I therefore escaped without blame. At the moment, I was but little mindful of the consequences, having determined to leave the ship, and not fearing to be able to procure a passage to London in another vessel; but when I had time to reflect on this mischievous prank, I felt sorry, and what to me seems unaccountable, experienced more uneasiness than when I robbed the orchard—whether it was because I had a partner in that affair, and was the *tempted*, and not the tempter, I know not: I, however, soon calmed the upbraidings of conscience, by considering that in a case of *real* distress (notwithstanding his unkindnesses) I would have rendered him all the assistance in my power. A most excellent plaster this, truly, for a wounded conscience, as well might a person comfort himself after chopping off a man's *leg*, with the idea



that if any body else had attempted to take off his *head* he would have done his best to prevent it. But a truce to reflections, they befit the pen of a sage, rather than that of an insignificant—do not for a moment, reader, imagine that I am going to add the word *puppy*—I neither intend to do so, nor do I wish that *you* should, that would, indeed, be an ungrateful return for the many hours I have spent in attempting to amuse thee: I was going to add,—*cabin-boy*.

The ship, on arriving in port, did as all other ships in like circumstances do—let go the anchor, or, perhaps I should have said, the *ship's crew*, n' import, my age exempts me from all criticism. Here, it may not be unnecessary to remark, that when Mr. Kay wedded my mother, he informed her that he had many respectable relations in Shields, and that his father kept the head inn at Newcastle. On my former voyage to this place, I had wished to introduce myself to them, but owing to my having sought them in too elevated a sphere, I *then* failed of success. Feeling *now* so strong a desire to quit the ship, I made a more diligent inquiry, and at length discovered one of his brothers, in rather humble circumstances. He gave me a most hearty welcome, and after I had explained to him the severe treatment I had met with in the vessel, he advised me to leave her, and abide with him until I could obtain a passage home. Counsel so congenial to my own feelings, was, of course, not rejected. The next day, Mr. Kay went on board the *Good Intent* to acquaint the Captain with my intention; but the latter refused to give up my chest and hammock.

On September 1st, the ship sailed without me, and

I strongly urged my uncle (for he behaved like an *uncle* to me) to procure me a passage home as soon as possible, as I feared the vessel might leave London before my arrival, and the Captain neglect to give up my things to my mother. The same afternoon, though awkwardly situated, as it respects clothing, he took me up in a Comfortable (a passage boat) to Newcastle, to visit his father, to whom I was introduced as a grandson, and was received by the old man in the most friendly manner. He resided in the outskirts of the town, on a trifling annuity, but had never been proprietor of the head inn, as my stepfather, on his marriage, was pleased to assert. *Here* we remained two days, the old gentleman doing his utmost to make us comfortable, and when about to return to Shields, he regretted his inability to purchase me a new suit of clothes, as I had none wherewith to change myself. My uncle was *here* steersman to what they call a foy-boat, and frequently took me with him in little excursions on the water, and with his wife did all in his power to make me welcome, and induce me to remain there a few months; but dreading what report the Captain might make to my mother, of my conduct in quitting the ship, my anxiety to depart, and be at home, daily augmented.

September 14th, he procured for me a passage in the Challenger, of 300 tons, and the same afternoon, taking leave of them, with many thanks for their kindnesses, and commissioned with a letter for my mother, I embarked and sailed. Scarcely had we passed the bar of the harbour, and gained the open sea, ere it blew tremendously, accompanied by so heavy a sea, that the steersman was compelled to be lashed to the helm. By the bye, as most land-lubbers are unac-

quainted with the peculiar phraseology of *us* seamen, it may not be useless to remark, for their edification, that *lash'd to the helm* means, not compelled, by the force of cat-o'-nine-tails, to do the duty of steering—"What then, pray?" Why merely tied to the helm to prevent being washed overboard. Having paused for a moment to receive your thanks for this learned illustration of the words *lash'd to the helm*, and at the same time hoping that thou, reader, mayest never be lashed in any sense of the word, particularly to a termagant wife, I shall proceed. All on board entertained fears (very disagreeable entertainment, I assure thee, rather *tragic* than comic) that the vessel would founder, which was rendered the more probable from her being very heavily laden; we were, of course, all too magnanimous to think at all about our own *lives*, when 300 tons of the best 'Walls-end,' and a very ancient ship, were in jeopardy. At midnight the gale increased to so violent a pitch, that the sea made a clean breach over us, sweeping the decks fore and aft; all hands were now actively employed at the pumps, nor was *I*, though so young, and a passenger, exempted from this laborious duty;—and what rendered me still more uncomfortable, was the want of dry clothes, and good accommodation, as it respects lodging. At four A. M. (*après la manière de Robinson Crusoe*) the sea ran mountains high, and the Captain and crew gave all up as lost; we were rapidly approaching a lee shore; already were our ears stunned by the bellowing of the surge, which lashed with fury against the rock-girt shore; but an hour more would have sufficed to dash the ill-fated vessel, and her no

less ill-fated crew, to pieces upon the strand. But there was

“ A sweet little cherub sat smiling aloft  
To keep watch for the life of poor Ned.”

As the welcome streaks of returning light illumined the eastern horizon, the wind suddenly abated, and under close-reefed topsails, we with much difficulty clawed off shore. After a passage of nine days, which it is almost needless to add were very *uncomfortable* ones, we arrived in safety at the port of London. *Hard*, indeed, would it be to say, whether my mother or I felt the more delighted at this joyful meeting. I soon found that my *friend*, the Captain, had visited her, and had described me as a *wild* ungovernable boy, who had, without cause, left the ship, to form connections with *strangers*; nor did he forget to magnify all my boyish faults, laying particular stress on the apple-stealing business at Guernsey. Had he flogged me for it at the time, instead of mentioning it afterwards, he would, perhaps have done but his duty—I say *perhaps*, for we are but *partial* judges when sitting in judgment on our own actions. It required but little exertion, on my part, to convince my mother, that I was a boy “more sinned against than sinning,” the letter from Mr. Kay confirming my statement. After my arrival, the Captain visited us twice, endeavouring to wheedle me, to again go in the ship; but finding he had added *falsehood* to his former unkindnesses, I determined to sheer off, and with my mother’s permission, went on board on the 29th, took leave of my shipmate George, and with my chest and

hammock returned ashore, like a good boy, to my mammy. "And now," said Strickland, folding up the manuscript, "I must to bed, I cannot say to *sleep*, for alas! I shall turn and toss the live-long night, reviewing the *past*, and looking with gloomy apprehensions to the *future*. To-morrow I must consult with Barnard, (*that man* has found a way to my heart, I know not how,) about our future operations; *here*, I perceive, it is of no use for me to make a longer stay."

---

## CHAPTER XI.

May pleasant gales swift waft you to our country's strand,  
While *we*, alas! pursue our journeyings by land.

EARLY in the morning, Strickland arose, the sun had but just risen before him, and reflected his golden rays on the placid waters of the St. Lawrence, while the tinned steeples and roofs glittered with a dazzling brilliancy. He approached his window, and casting a mournful glance around, said, "*This*, then, is Quebec, the capital of British America! the goal of General Wolfe's victorious career! I am about to leave it, destitute, friendless, and forsaken, as when I first entered it! but *whither* to turn my roving steps, I heed not! *Where* shall I find that peace of mind—that calm content which renders life a blessing, if I have it not within? Oh! Eternal Providence, that causes the bright beams of thy glorious sun to shine on all alike, and showers down rain from heaven on the just, and on the unjust, deign but to guide my

steps *aright*? Satisfy, Oh! satisfy my anxious mind—whether the object I seek (an erring wife) is yet clothed with frail mortality, or whether her remains now moulder in a foreign land? Vouchsafe but to acquaint me with the fate of my child; and should *one*, or *both*, be gone to that bourne, whence no traveller returns, I will endeavour to resign myself to thy omnipotent decrees! But alas! this cruel *suspence*—who can bear? Perhaps the decision of this day will affect the whole of my future life—how much, then, ought I to weigh circumstances ere I *resolve*. Barnard, I know, proposes travelling up the country; I cannot tear myself from him, nor would the separation, I am assured, be less painfully felt by *him*. I feel interested in his success, as well as in the welfare of his son, and am half resolved to spend some time longer in this quarter of the globe, to assist in finding him out.”

Few of the family being yet stirring, our hero proposed to himself a walk towards Wolfe’s Cove; accompanied, therefore, by Peter, he strolled carelessly along the shore. It was nearly low-water, and though so early, the crews of the different ships were already cheering each other with their lively songs while employed in the laborious task of taking in timber, and numerous rafts were floating lazily down with the almost exhausted tide: some of them were of immense size; on *one*, Strickland observed a tent fixed, and several trees raised perpendicularly, with pulleys attached, for the purpose of occasionally hoisting sails. The raft was near to the shore, and the men upon it (upwards of twenty) were chiefly employed with long poles, labouring to push it out further into

the stream, while a few were busied in making a cheerful fire and preparing breakfast. He stopped, endeavouring to form an estimate of the number of tons of timber contained in this immense raft, and had nearly arrived at what he conceived a satisfactory conclusion, when the bells of the ships striking six, and those of the churches seven, Peter suddenly interrupted him, by exclaiming, "Sir, 'tis seven o'clock, and we are an hour's walk from home, had not your Honour better turn about? we shall be too late for breakfast." "D—n breakfast," peevishly replied Strickland, "your *impertinence* has completely overturned my whole calculation; I wish you would think less about eating and drinking, and more about"—"Not about *starving*, I hope, your Honour," said Peter, "the very thoughts of that Newfoundland schooner makes me hungry, and I never think about cods, but my inside grumbles again 'like a sick monkey on half allowance.'" By this time, Peter had actually contrived to get his master's face turned towards the town; but as he did not seem to evince much disposition to proceed, he said, "Perhaps, your Honour, I had better step forwards, and tell Mr. Barnard you are coming."—"Perhaps, Peter, you had better step *backward*, and wait till you are told; myself will be mine own messenger. I tell you what, Peter, I must buy for you a knapsack or wallet, and you shall fill it with provisions, and"—"Let me alone for that, your Honour." "Aye, and for *emptying* it too," replied our hero, "you shall carry it with you, and may then eat when you please without interrupting me." "Lord bless your Honour! but as we are going this week, had I not better step about the town a bit, and order

one?" Here Peter unfortunately stumbled over an end of timber, and was soused head and shoulders into the mud, which lay in most plentiful quantities on the other side. His master could scarce help him out for laughter; once upon his legs again, (and a most frightful figure he presented,) he grumbled, sufficiently loud to be heard, "If *you* had tumbled in, master, I should have whipped you out in half the time;" to which he merely replied, "I thought you were gone to order a *knapsack*."

Poor Peter then proceeded to the river to wash; Strickland commanding him to stay out in the sun till his clothes dried, and not on any account to return home in that pickle. But on his return to Mr. Clark's, after relating his disaster, which excited much mirth, he rang for the maid, and ordered her to keep some breakfast hot until his return; at which she stared, and simply replied, "Why, your Honour, he has been home this half hour, and tucked in more than two pounds of bacon, as I have a soul to be saved;" (and, seeing Strickland's surprise, she added,) "'Tis no more than the truth; Lord lovee, Sir, he thinks no more of swallowing four or five pounds of meat than I would"—"of emptying a whiskey bottle, I suppose you mean," interrupted Mr. C. "Laud, Sir, you *do* cut a body so short, and recollects things so *long*, I thought as how you had forgotten all about that ere bottle of whiskey; why, Captain Strickland, would you believe it? 'tis above a *week* ago, and, barring the taking a sup of whiskey nows and thens, I defy man or devil to say black's the white of my eye. Well, indeed, I *likes* that; because some folks are servants, other folks thinks as how they must



never whet their chops, but I'd have them to know that we ba'nt to be bamboozled so. Well! indeed!" So saying, lady whiskey whisked out, whisking the door after her with a loud bang, ere any of the party had time to frame a reply. "Well, Mr. Clark," said our hero, "'tis none of my business to be sure, but hang me if I would not sooner make my own puddings and wash my own dishes than keep such a fury; *how* you can bear her about the house puzzles me." "As for that," replied Clark, "why, some how or other we get used to her; and barring, as she says, 'the love of whiskey,' the creature's honest and cleanly; moreover, business goes on well, and my good woman is a piece of still life, if it wasn't for a round now and then with the maid, we should hardly know we were alive." "Well, well, if *you* can find so many reasons for reconciling yourself to the thing, *I've* done." "It must be confessed," said Mr. Barnard, "to have old grievances thrown up; and that too before strangers, is none of the pleasantest; but a truce to talking, let's think about *eating*." The party accordingly breakfasted. "Now," observed Strickland, "I have laid in a plentiful cargo, (though Peter would doubtless call the same quantity a little ballast,) let's proceed to business."

After a long consultation, the two friends agreed to proceed to Montreal, as far as Three Rivers by water, the remainder by land. And while Mr. Barnard sat down to write to his daughter, our hero sallied down to the wharf in quest of a vessel bound upwards; and obtained a passage for four, in a schooner bound for Three Rivers, to sail the next day.

Returning, well pleased with his success, he found Mr. Barnard in warm altercation with Quimbo. Strickland soon learnt that the latter had been violently smitten by the charms of Mr. Clark's honest, cleanly maid, neither did she in anywise object to the colour of his skin; and, it seems, that shortly after Strickland had left the house, Quimbo tapped tremblingly at his master's door, and afterwards with downcast looks acquainted him, that being now three and twenty, able to work, and also *free*, he had been for some time casting about for a wife, and having at length, with great difficulty, met with one, (he should have come to London to seek,) he was not willing to lose so lucky a chance. "And so you wish to leave my service, *scoundrel*, do you?" "Yes, so please you, massa." "And pray, Sir, why not acquaint me with your intentions before?" "Cause, massa, Quimbo not know before dis morning dat white woman hab poor Quimbo; white woman not like Quimbo, cause him black, massa." "And pray how the devil, Mr. Black, do you suppose I am to provide myself with another servant, when I am to quit this place to-morrow? Harkee, fellow, harkee!" putting himself into a menacing attitude, "if I had but a good horse-whip here, I'd ring such a peal upon your black hide, as would put *women* out of your head for at least a *fortnight* to come; and a white woman too, you must needs have a *white* woman, and be cursed to your impudence. What would I give now to see the lady who has been so suddenly captivated with your woolly head?" Bounce went the door, and in flung the heroine of the whiskey-bottle: "Well, Sir, as you wish'd it, I stand *here*." "Well! 'pon my word, Quimbo,"

said Mr. B., "I should not have taken you to be such a fool; *out*, man, make use of your senses; *how* you propose to maintain her, I cannot tell; why, she'd drink ye high and dry in a month, if you floated in whiskey." "Why, as to drinking whiskey, your Honour, 'tis very little we servants gets at *your* expense, thof, as how they say you *be* a nabob, and if you don't choose to give Mr. Smith his wages, there be folks here as knows how to *make* ye, that's once for all." Quimbo observing his master's anger rising, endeavoured to pacify his fair advocate, but she was not to be so put off; "I doesn't care a fig for him, not *I*, and let un be angry, he dursn't hit a woman."

It was at this stage of the proceedings that Strickland entered, who, having heard all the circumstances, so far pacified Mr. Barnard as to induce him to pay Quimbo his wages; to which, when his anger had subsided, he generously added a small present, to assist in stocking a shop, which the amiable couple had just taken. Tears of gratitude glistened in the poor creature's eyes, while the soon to-be-made Mrs. Smith dropped one of her best curtsies, observing, as she gently shut the door, "Now I knows as how that ere gentleman's a nabob."

Our friends took an early dinner, and Peter, whose office it was now to wait on both gentlemen, was ordered to convey the luggage down to the wharf, to be ready for embarkation. His masters had proposed spending the afternoon on board the *Venus*, with a view of taking a friendly leave of their old acquaintance Graham, but meeting Peter on their way to the *Cul-de-sac*, and learning from him that the vessel would not be ready to sail the next day, they changed

their determination, and shortly afterwards, on stepping into a tavern to write a note, Strickland was surprised to see the landlady in familiar conversation with Peter, whom she moreover bountifully treated to 'rum and spruce.' Though not naturally suspicious, he determined to take an early opportunity to discover the origin of this intimacy, and sat down to write.

" Dear Graham,

" We are bound up the country, and intend sailing on Wednesday ; this is to give you notice of our intention to board your bread locker to-morrow. As this, I am sorry to say, will be a parting visit, I hope we shall find you aboard.

" Yours, most truly,

" STRICKLAND.

" P. S. You may expect to find a fine salmon on board some hours before us, and, d'ye hear? *we* shall expect to find it cooked. Steer clear of the fire-ships."

Peter was despatched on board the *Venus* with this note, and with leave of absence till nine. After tea. Strickland again visited the landlady, and from her, by little and little, learnt that Mary, or Mrs. Smith, had lived with her three years, and, with the exception of the common fault here, of often drinking too much, was an excellent servant. " 'Twas natural for her," observed Mrs. Brown, " to come and acquaint me with her intended marriage ; I did all *I* could to persuade her against having a black-moor, but she would have her own way." " But pray

Madam, what has all this to do with my servant Peter?" "You shall hear, Sir: Peter then, though I did not before know that he was your servant, has lent Mr. Smith and Mary a considerable sum to set them up; has promised, if within a hundred miles, to stand godfather to the first child, and more than that, Sir, has spent all his spare time in canvassing about to procure them custom; and an *insinuating* good sort of a creature he is. Independent of his kindness to Mary and the black,—since the death of my poor husband, full nine months ago, I have not met with a man that has paid me half the civilities; and to tell you the truth, Sir, I am sorry he is going—but nothing but friendship on *my* part, nothing but *friendship*, I assure you, Sir; for besides, were there not a wearisome three months to pass over before I could decently even think of marrying, still, *you know*, Sir, I should look somewhat higher than a *servant*." "I see which way the land lies," thought Strickland, "it will be Peter's own fault if he does not take the widow in tow; but I shall remain neuter. I admire his generosity; some people would call it folly; but alas! for the more indigent part of the community, but *few* of the wealthy are tinctured with it. I have frequently done as foolishly; yet, thank heaven, never wanted for a shilling. I begin to like this fellow vastly, and think his heart and soul are as capacious as his stomach; 'the heart that can feel for another' deserves to be used well."

At night the two gentlemen took a family supper with Mr. Clark, and acquainted him with their intention to dine on the morrow on board the *Venus*, and then repair to the schooner to sleep. They then settled

their reckoning. Strickland, in spite of Mr. B.'s remonstrances, persisting in his resolution to pay his full share, which pertinacity somewhat offended our fiery East Indian ; our hero, then turning to James, said, " I have a *favour* to beg."

" I foresaw it, Sir," replied the youth, " and have made provision to grant it. I promised the little boy to keep my abridged copy of his manuscript for *his* sake. I have copied a part of what is in my possession expressly for you ; and should you wish to have the remainder, will forward it to you wherever you please, Sir, in a few days."

" Thanks ! thanks ! my little friend, you could not have made me a more acceptable present."

" Mr. Clark, I believe you knew young Williams's father ?"

" I did, Captain. I am myself by trade a sail-maker, and worked for him three years, up to the time of his going to Bodmin ; he was not only my *master* ; but what's more, my *friend*.

" The boy won the hearts of all who knew him ; and was so apt a scholar at five years of age, as to be frequently sent for by the minister, to read the newspaper to company. His father, (as, indeed, who would not ?) doated on him. He was not quite eleven when he arrived here, four years ago ; though I should have taken him for thirteen or fourteen. My daughter, now at Loretto, was so completely wrapped up in him, that a part of the manuscript which he forwarded for James, by the Pilot, after the ship left Quebec, she seized as a lawful prize ; and has ever since retained possession of it. But, Captain Strickland, you will visit us again, I trust ;

and will probably find her at home. I will then, if you wish it, persuade her to gratify your curiosity.— But, see!—here is James coming down stairs with his present.”

Strickland having thankfully received the papers, wished the family good-night; and the inmates of the peaceful mansion retired to rest.

At three in the morning they were disturbed by a loud knocking, which at breakfast time, our hero discovered to have been made by Peter, who had returned at that unseasonable hour, *cherry merr*; and here, Strickland, a determined enemy to drunkenness *himself*, notwithstanding the late impressions on his mind in favour of Peter, took him severely to task; and threatened to discharge him for the very next offence of the sort. Poor Peter stammered out the best apology he could; alledging, that having a few hours' leave, he remained on board, taking a friendly glass with the second mate; and when about to quit the ship, Captain Graham, who was himself “half-seas over,” sent for him into the cabin, bade him be seated, vowing that he could love even a *dog* belonging to his master, and then plied him so briskly with punch, that when he landed at ten, he could scarcely stagger.

“And pray, Sir, then,” said Strickland, “where were you staggering to from ten till three?”

“Why, your honour, that's more than *I* can tell; but when I waked about half-past two, I found myself bolstered up in an arm-chair, by widow Brown's fire-side; the pot-boy sitting up, I suppose to prevent me from falling into the fire. I insisted upon his letting me out—and so—”

“ And so you staggered *home* ?”

“ Yes, your honour. I said to myself, said I, better go home *late*, Peter, than stay out all night ; besides, as the boy told me that *you* had been there, I guessed that if I staid longer, your honour might think I lodged somewhat *higher* than the parlour. But you must know, Sir, I have a sweetheart in old England. I determined to have one, your honour, at an early age ; for I said to myself, says I, what's a man without a sweetheart ?—and so, as I was saying”—

“ There, there's enough, Peter, at present.—The remainder of this discourse shall be deferred to another opportunity.”

“ That's what our old parson used to say, when he was too sleepy to get through the whole of his sermon. Perhaps your honour never was at our village ? *such* a fat parson—but then he kept a plentiful table, there was cut and come again at the vicarage ; and as for *drinking*, why, your honour, I remember fifteen gallons”—

“ Come, come ! Peter, *I* remember that we must proceed to market to purchase a salmon for Captain Graham ; and do *you* remember that you return on shore directly you have delivered it, and that *sober* too.”

“ Let me alone for that master ;” so saying, away comfortably jogged both master and man, on the best of good terms. Some people, it would seem, have a clever knack of *talking* themselves out of a scrape.

After taking a friendly leave of Mr. Clark, with whom they had lived rather as relations than lodgers, our two friends proceeded on board the *Venus*, where



Graham gave them a rough hearty welcome on the gangway.

"The old ship swims somewhat deeper, Graham, than when we left her. You have lost no time in loading, I perceive," said Strickland.

"No, no, messmate, we lost time enough at Halifax; though to say the truth, we were *then* no *sculkers*. I have now a double gang at work; and the best stevedore (stower of timber), in Quebec. *We* are the boys for rattling over the work. If the wind sits fair, we shall land our pilot at Bic, in a week, and in ten days be out in blue water. But, I say, Strickland, what the devil ails your *glutton*?—I could not get him to take a glass of grog, or remain in the ship a minute. He tells me that Quambino is going to be spliced to a *white* piece of goods. D—n me if she was any kin to me, if I wouldn't flog her to death with sting-nettles, the strumpet; because there were not *white men* enough to be had."

Heaven knows how long Graham would have proceeded, had he not been suddenly interrupted by Robin in his "best bib and tucker," with an air of importance, making his way towards the companion, with the salmon, (*cooked* of course), and vociferating "scaldings!" with all his might. The party unanimously considering *this* as a signal for dinner, went below, and did ample justice to the good cheer; after which the cheerful glass went round. The company feeling so well pleased with themselves, and with each other, that until Mr. Barnard proposed proceeding on board the schooner, it scarcely once flashed across their minds that this was a *parting* visit. They silently gained the quarter-deck. Mr. B. was

the first to break that silence. Thrusting a letter into one of Graham's hands, while he heartily shook him by the *other*, he said: " *This*, Sir, is a letter to my daughter. I have made *honourable* mention of you in it; and as I feel assured that you will take the trouble to deliver it *yourself*, so am I also confident, that she will make you welcome. But if my journey prospers, perhaps I may be there as soon as yourself."

" Lay ye another bowl of punch, you don't;—why if you were ready to sail as soon as *I*, without indeed we became shipmates again, I should be there first.—Aye, aye! (shaking his head), thanks to the old Venus' clean pair of heels,—Andrew Miller's luggers themselves are not always a match for her."

" *I*, for one," replied Barnard, " have found her to be such; and but for *her* where might I *now* have been?—Adieu! Graham; take but the trouble to call at Mr. Clark's when you are ready to put to sea, and ask for a parcel for my daughter; and *mind* me, when you arrive in England, should you unfortunately find yourself with but few 'shiners in the sack,' apply to *her*, as, I trust, you would to *me*, if *I* was there. You will not ask in *vain*." Without waiting the Captain's reply, the generous Barnard descended to the boat.

" Now, Strickland!" said Graham, " though *one* friend has left me, I have still the painful task to part with the *other*.—Good bye!—God bless you, my friend.—Keep you out of all squalls. Remember Geordie Graham lives at Deptford; and if ever Captain Strickland comes into that latitude, and I am at home, he shall be as welcome as a *prince*.—Good

bye!—There, there!—go!” At the same time the warm-hearted old tar turned aft to conceal his emotion; while our hero, no less softened, hastily descended the side, waving a friendly adieu! and ejaculating—“ God prosper ye my tar; and ever send ye fair and pleasant gales.”

---

## CHAPTER XII.

I write of laws, of wars, of politics, and peace;  
Religion, commerce, and the rights of man.

IT was still early in the evening, when our two friends arrived on board the schooner, where they were soon joined by Peter; who, calling Strickland aside, gratified him with the pleasing intelligence, that Mr. Barnard had left at Clark's an order and cash to defray the expence of twelve dozen of old port, a hamper of hams, tongues, &c., and four quarters of beef, to be delivered to Captain Graham the day before he sails, and a new suit of clothes for Robin.

“ And all *this* he has the art to keep a secret from me,” said Strickland. “ I shall not acquaint him with my knowledge of it.”

“ Ah! Sir,” replied Peter, hemming, and preparing himself for the delivery of a long oration, “ Mr. Barnard takes that excellent advice, ‘ When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee;’ and as for his giving the wine, and the other excellent eatables, you know, master, as the parson of our village used to say—‘ The liberal mind deviseth libe-

ral things.'—I could once have said much more to the purpose ; but my memory fails me."

" Why, really, Peter, I think you recollect so much of other things, that you often forget yourself."

" Lord, Sir, why some years ago I could quote texts by the score, and should have *actually* been made parish clerk, but for an old school-master (Bum-brusher the boys used to call him), who could draw through his nose better than myself."

With an ardent prayer for his own and Mr. Barnard's success in the journey they were about to commence, our hero retired to rest. A fair wind springing up in the morning, before low water the schooner weighed, and ere our friends had breakfasted, had performed nearly one-third of the passage. The forenoon was chiefly spent by Strickland, in writing to his friend in England : the afternoon, in observing with delight the beautiful landscapes, which the St. Lawrence so abundantly affords. In addition to the gratification he felt on observing the falls and rapids, the banks of the river (particularly the northern) were thickly studded with white-washed cottages ; here and there a humble village spire raised its unassuming head, while the many little smiling patches of cleared land were beautifully contrasted by the distant hills and gloomy forests. The flood tide having carried them but a part of the distance, the remainder of the passage was performed more slowly, insomuch that they reached not Three Rivers till ten that night. Our friends landed, and took up their quarters at a decent inn, and spent the greater part of the following day in reconnoitering the town and its environs. Strickland judged the population to be from 4 to

5000  
noth  
thol  
Gra.  
the le  
and  
semb  
boast  
treal  
it der  
river  
selves  
Sever  
chiefly  
at a  
goes fo  
the lo  
moditi  
lings p  
of eve  
hardwa  
dearer  
Here  
his old  
talked  
courage  
ence to  
alarming  
said Pet  
master,  
drink le  
traveller  
Europea

5000 souls. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants spoke nothing but French, and professed the Roman Catholic religion. This place is the residence of a *Grand Vicaire*; here also reside some members of the legislative council. It contains a Roman Catholic and a Protestant church; some Dissenters also assembling on the Sabbath, in a private dwelling. It boasts an excellent market, and ranks next to Montreal and Quebec, in point of commercial importance; it derives its name from two or three branches of the river St. Maurice, or Black River, emptying themselves into the grand river, just below the town. Several emigrants had just taken up their abode here, chiefly mechanics, who found sufficient employment, at a dollar and upwards per day. The dollar here goes for five shillings; and, taking into the account the low price of rent, provisions, and exciseable commodities, may be reckoned almost equal to ten shillings per day in England. Hats, shoes, and clothing of every description, as well as books, stationary, and hardware, are here, and in all parts of Canada, much dearer than in England.

Here the Captain had the satisfaction to meet with his old fellow-passenger, the benevolent Quaker, who talked of establishing a brewery in the town, to encourage the consumption of malt liquors, in preference to spirits. "He must feel quite shocked at the alarming quantity of rum these Canadians swallow," said Peter. "Say not *the Canadians*," replied his master, "for, to speak honestly, I am persuaded they drink less than the Johnny Newcomes." The two travellers visited the abodes of all the lately-arrived Europeans, yet none of them could give any informa-

tion respecting the persons they sought; therefore, having now performed half their journey by water, they that evening, according to their first resolution, prepared to travel the other half by land.

Hiring a calash and conducteur, (driver or guide,) for themselves, and a horse for Peter, they the next morning started for Rivière du Loup, distant twenty-three miles. The road side, for some distance, was enlivened by houses, and well-cultivated gardens; while on their left they had a view of the St. Lawrence. At about three quarters of a league from the town they approached a large crucifix, over which was erected a wooden canopy; several females were paying their devotions at the feet of the image, and on passing it, the conducteur laid down his pipe, uncovered, and gravely crossed himself, casting a side-long glance towards his employers, as if to see whether they paid the same respect to the object of his veneration or not. What would not some curious readers now give, to know how these important personages conducted themselves? We will kindly give them a hint. The conducteur shook his head, in token of disapprobation, then re-covered his head, and drew lustily at his pipe, which during the ceremony had well nigh gone out. While the guide watched the behaviour of his two fellow-passengers, Strickland cast a scrutinizing look towards Peter; but whether the poor fellow recollected the *crossing* business at Hare Island, or had not observed the Canadian's motions, is hard to determine, but most certainly, I aver to his praise, that his risibility was not in the least excited:—for on seeing his master turn inquiringly towards him, he nodded his head; it was a nod

wh  
at  
abc  
(  
not  
pla  
ho  
low  
ple  
Cat  
ban  
of T  
Riv  
ably  
an  
thei  
mak  
morr  
lishm  
who  
infor  
the p  
du I  
sider  
were  
comf  
the s  
testar  
here;  
moun  
a pri  
cordir  
hands

which spoke as plainly as nods can speak—"I'm close at your heels, your honour; you need not be uneasy about Peter."

Our travellers determining to travel slowly, reached not Point du Lac (nine miles) till near noon. This place contains but a little church, an inn, and a few houses; it derives its name from being situated at the lower end of the Lake St. Peter's. Nicolet, a more pleasantly situated and populous village, boasting a Catholic college, is nearly opposite to it, on the other bank of the river. Our friends dined at the village of Yamachiche, and crossed the bridge of the great Rivière du Loup towards dusk. They were comfortably lodged at the further extremity of the village, at an inn contiguous to a water-mill. *Here*, dismissing their conducteur, they resolved to halt for a day, to make inquiries after the "Fugitives." On the next morning they were visited by a Mr. White, an Englishman, who cultivated a farm in the neighbourhood, who seemed both able and willing to give them every information they desired. From him they learnt that the population of the parish of St. Antoine de Rivière du Loup, though the village itself is not very considerable, was about 2000, not above sixty of whom were Protestants. "But," said he, "we all live very comfortably together, without annoying each other on the score of religion; one of our Justices is a Protestant, the other a Catholic. We have no church here; but, like 'a handful of corn on the top of the mountains,' assemble some twelve or twenty of us, in a private house, on the Sabbath, to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience: while the handsome Catholic church is not only crowded within,

but the area in front of it is thronged with devout Catholics, on their knees, with their faces turned enquiringly towards the church doors. If we at any time choose to make one among them, to witness any particular ceremony, they never fail to accommodate us with a seat, and to treat us with civility. This conduct on their part, gentlemen, is decent and commendable ; it is many years since I was in England, but if I recollect right, you are there *noted* for your politeness and attention to such strangers as may happen to visit your parish churches.”—(Strickland smiled.)—“It is really astonishing to observe what influence the Priests have over the laity ; though, as it respects *our* Parish Curé, he spares no pains in the cure of his flock, and he is looked up to, by young and old, as one common *father*. Many well-meaning men have preached about the country, and in some places we have churches established ; yet, for *one* Catholic turning Protestant, we hear of *two* Protestants turned Catholics. However *surprising*, gentlemen, this may appear, several causes combine to produce this effect. Firstly,—The Priests speak to the people in a language they understand : while the Protestant Minister, if unacquainted with French, (which is generally the case,) if *even* he could succeed in drawing together a congregation partly composed of Catholics, could do nothing towards enlightening them. Secondly,—Numbers of the Protestants themselves, long settled here, living remote from each other, and in habits of intimacy with the French-Canadians, have partly forgotten their mother tongue, while the offspring of such invariably speak French, and nothing else : and in places sufficiently populous

to  
tes'  
an  
lea.  
inst  
min  
the  
Wh  
the  
and  
oppo  
ties.  
pear  
on t  
tend  
relig  
ber o  
choic  
that  
choos  
think  
the C  
tainir  
of th  
lives  
there  
be, a  
Most  
sirs, t  
Minist  
requir  
tongue  
of the



to support a schoolmaster, the children of the Protestants are sent to the French school, for the want of an English one, and when *there*, if not overtly, at least *covertly*, have the principles of the Roman faith instilled with such pertinacity into their youthful minds, that at a more mature age, the very best of them scarcely become half-Protestants. Thirdly,—What I consider, gentlemen, as another obstacle to the spread of the principles of the early Reformers, and that not a *trifling* one, is, that the religion of our opponents is a religion of *show*,—of ‘*pomps and vanities* ;’ the outward senses are taken captive by *appearances*. The toleration of all sorts of amusements on the Sabbath day, (for the Priests but faintly contend against them,) tends not a little to endear their religion to them. Imagine to yourselves that a number of ignorant, careless individuals should have the choice of *one* out of *two* religions, set before them, and that they should be convinced of the necessity of choosing either the one or the other, *which* do you think they would be most likely to adopt,—that of the *Catholic*, which holds out an easy method of obtaining pardon for sins, and winks at the profanation of the Sabbath,—or that of the *Protestant*, who believes that without true faith and genuine repentance, there is no remission, and whose Sabbath is, or *should be*, a day of abstinence from all carnal pleasures? Most certainly the *former*. It is much to be hoped, sirs, that when our Missionary Societies send out Ministers to this country, that they may be able, when required, to preach to the people in the French tongue; that they may be selected, rather on account of their possessing a spirit warm in the Protestant

cause, than that some friend of their's should recommend them to the office, because a good stipend in Canada is preferable to an Irish or Welsh curacy. The man we want, at least in this part of the country, is one that will become all things to all men, to the end that he may win some ; *one* possessing just sufficient income to support the dignity of his profession, and to enable him to exercise the virtues of charity and hospitality, but *not* one so far elevated above the majority of his flock, (which is poor,) as to be on a footing with the heads of the country, and who, instead of visiting the sick and afflicted at their own habitations, will content himself with riding in state to church, once or twice on a *Sunday*, and afterwards make himself invisible to all but the rich, during the rest of the week. And lest, gentlemen, you should imagine that I think sufficient care is not taken in the proper choosing of *Church* Missionaries, I would also say to the Dissenting Missionary Societies, If ye send out any Missionaries here, send them out warm with zeal for the promotion of the pure Gospel ; let them come rather to try what they can *do*, than to see what they can *get* ; and I would say to the Ministers of all parties, Ye should add to your other important duties, that truly important one—the giving of religious instruction to the children of your flock during the week. In short, gentlemen, if you send us any Missionaries at all, let them be as zealous, and as laborious as are the Catholic Priests. Send us such, or send us *none* ; for with *such*, if but *few* converts are made to Protestantism, I'll lay my life that still *fewer* of us will turn Roman Catholics. But, sirs, I fear I am growing tedious ; business also calls me hence. Delay but

your journey for a day, and dine with me to-morrow : we dine at one ; I shall feel honoured by your company."

To this invitation the two gentlemen willingly acceded, and on the following day, at the appointed time, they sat down with Mr. White and his family, to a substantial dinner, and afterwards entered into conversation on the religion, laws, principles, &c. of the Canadians ; Mr. White assuring his guests that the loyalty of the latter was unquestionable. "Almost every man," said he, "capable of bearing arms, is in the Militia, or Fencibles, and that too with their own consent ; there seems to be such an ardour, such a loyalty, at this important crisis, burning in the bosom of the Canadians, that after ages will scarcely credit that the vanquished could ever have felt such loyalty and gratitude towards their conquerors. But for my age," continued Mr. W., "I should feel ashamed to peaceably jog on in the old way, upon my farms, while so much is at stake ; but I have the consolation to know, that I have two sons now bravely advocating their King and their country's cause, and that even I, though left at home, am far from useless : for those that fight must *eat*, and while *they* contribute so mainly in defence of our land, I prepare the produce of that land for their support and nourishment. But, gentlemen, if we look as far back as the conquest of these provinces by the English, perhaps in all the annals of history there never was an instance of an extensive country thus changing its master, wherein could be found such strong feelings of attachment to a *new* Government ; as a proof of which, I have by me a copy of the address sent to his Excellency, Go-

vernor Gage, from the officers of militia, merchants, and others residing in Montreal, on the death of his late Majesty, George the Second.

“ TO GENERAL GAGE.

“ Governor,

“ Cruel destiny, then, has cut short the days of so great and magnanimous a Monarch. We are come to pour out our grief into the paternal bosom of your Excellency,—the sole tribute of gratitude of a people, who will never cease to exult in the mildness and moderation of their new masters. The General who conquered us, has treated us more like *victors* than *vanquished*, and has left us a precious pledge, by name and deed, of his goodness to us. What acknowledgments are we not bound to make for so many favours? They shall be engraven on our hearts in indelible characters. We entreat your Excellency to continue to us the honour of your protection. We will endeavour to deserve it by our zeal, and by the earnest prayers we shall offer up to the Almighty Being for your health and preservation.”

“ A noble tribute of loyalty, *this*, gentlemen; but what is more, their subsequent and present deportment has, and *does* prove the sincerity of their profession. But, sirs, ‘time is on the wing.’ I wish to amuse,—to entertain you. Will you please to look over the farm,—take a trip down to the Lake, in the canoe,—or ride out to Maskinongé in my calash, and visit La Chute, (or the waterfalls?) I am completely at your disposal.” “Your kindness, sir,” said Strickland, “offers such a variety of amusements, (to say

the least ;  
steer ;  
Mr. B.  
first in  
ourselves

An  
looking  
which  
particul  
observa  
part of  
my wife  
of the  
imagine  
possesse  
tion, and  
fitable to  
all to se  
wife of  
enough  
a man's  
stockings  
his dairy  
affectatic  
for a Bar  
occupatic  
would, w  
intervals  
ming up  
your old  
not dead  
tend my

the least of them,) that we are puzzled which way to steer; but most certainly, and I am persuaded that Mr. Barnard is of the same opinion, we shall prefer first inspecting your farm, and afterwards will suffer ourselves to be entirely guided by *you*."

An hour was agreeably spent by the travellers in looking over Mr. W.'s farm, with the appearance of which they expressed themselves highly gratified, particularly admiring the cleanliness and good order observable in the arrangements of his dairy. "*This* part of your praise, gentlemen," said he, "is due to my wife and daughter, who have also the management of the hogs; a *servile* employment, perhaps you may imagine, for the wife and daughter of a man who possesses considerable property here,—at L'Assumption, and elsewhere; but we find it much more profitable to attend to business *ourselves*, than to intrust all to *servants*. My daughter is intended to be the wife of an honest farmer, (if ever the jade is lucky enough to get one,) and I prefer the putting into such a man's hands a hearty wench, that can mend his stockings, make his dumplings, and take charge of his dairy,—to the *cursing* him with a little tit-bit of affectation, who, but for her tongue, might be taken for a Bartholomew doll; and who, for want of better occupation, and with a view to banish all silence, would, when (if possible) tired of talking, fill up the intervals with fashionable caterwauling, and thrumming upon a jarred harpsichord. My wife is one of your old-fashioned English farmer's 'helps-meet,' and not dead pull-back; and such, as I have said, I intend my daughter to be. Every one that derives

sustenance from the plough, should occasionally, if not regularly put his hand to it: why, if we farmers here were to spend our time in hunting and racing, and our wives and daughters theirs in sporting about in silks and satins, and in taking lessons in music and dancing, as they do in some countries,—instead of selling our wheat, as we sometimes do, at four shillings per bushel, by Heaven, sirs, we could not live upon *fourteen*. There is many a poor emigrant, here, gentlemen, as well as native, who, for want of luck, or good management, or what is *worse*, lack of money, finds it hard to get bread, even at the most reduced price.” “Your crops,” observed Mr. Barnard, “appear to be likely to amply recompense you for your labour and attention: I see wheat, barley, Indian corn, tobacco, oats, hemp, and what not, for I know but little of farming; but what I chiefly admire is the forward state of your garden.” “Why, sir,” replied the settler, “considering that we planted and sowed *late* this year, every thing is coming on pretty so-so; for though the river this spring, was sufficiently cleared of ice to admit the first ship up to Quebec by the first of May, very few persons in our low, damp neighbourhood, were able to sow or plant any thing in their gardens until about the 12th.

“Experience begins to enable me to manage the soil much better than I did at my first coming to this country: my head was *then* stocked with antiquated notions of agriculture, and I acted as though I was still farming in the neighbourhood of the fens of Lincolnshire; in short, to confess the truth, I had adopted a certain system, and at first acted up to it,

*bigot-like*, without paying any regard to change of time or change of place, and therefore found my hopes of a good crop frustrated.

“The climate and soil *here* are so different from that of England, that ere a settler can do much good he must look diligently about him, and observe the plans of those who settled before the Conquest; *their* method of cultivation is partly *French*, and though far from being perfect, is much more successful here than the *English* plan: I am aiming to combine *both*, and flatter myself that I have a fair prospect of success. I have felt the *greatest* disappointment *here* in the cultivation of Indian corn, and believe that it would thrive better higher up the country.”

The gentlemen now agreed to proceed in Mr. White's canoe to the Lake. Though they had not yet reached the middle of a Canadian summer, the water in the Rivière du Loup had already sensibly diminished. “In the spring,” said Mr. W., “there is water enough in our river to admit schooners of a moderate burden up as far as the bridge, *few*, however, avail themselves of this convenience; now and then a solitary vessel may be seen loading grain for Three Rivers or Quebec.”

They gently glided down the stream to the Lake, distance about three miles. Our hero had never before seen so vast a sheet of fresh water: *behind* the fertile bank of the St. Lawrence, *before* numerous vessels, whose sails were gilded with brilliant light; some, perhaps, conveying provision, stores, and ammunition towards the scene of conflict. Did not one sole object engross my thoughts, reflected Strickland, how gladly would I embrace this opportunity to rush again into

active life, and drown all my reflections in the noise and bustle of busy warfare. "Alas!" exclaimed he, after having looked around attentively, "that so beautiful and fertile a country should be so thinly inhabited! that so many millions of as good soil as any in the world should remain without 'men to till the ground.' "

"If your regret is so much excited," said Mr. White, "by the sight of the *few* uncultivated acres within the compass of your vision, *what* will it be, when I inform you, that vast tracts of land in Canada have never felt the tread of human foot, but remain the undisturbed possession of beast and fowl? *Here* the surly bear—the hungry wolf—the industrious beaver, and the venomous snake, with the fleet original (our forest elk), dwell the undisputed masters of domains, sufficient in extent to form powerful states and kingdoms. *Here* many a gay chorister has winged his rapid flight over miles and miles, pouring forth his shrill melodious notes from morn to even, nor ever awaked to rapture the heart of *man*. *Here*, as the poet most beautifully expresses it—

" Full many a flower is born to blush *unseen*,  
And spend its sweetness in the desert air."

"But," continued Mr. W. "can *this* state of things always exist? Will this beautiful country *ever* remain neglected, and partially forgotten? Oh, *no*! The nations of Europe, impoverished as they are, by long and bloody wars, will, when dove-like peace sheds her benign influence over their now-distracted cities, lack capital and energies to employ their poor at *home*. *Then* must the population of the *old* world increase,



and many of the surplus inhabitants of Britain and Ireland, together with the discharged sailor and disbanded soldier, returned victorious from fighting their country's battles, will turn their inquiring eyes westward: fly to a peaceful spot—a retired asylum—a refuge from distress,—and find a *home*, an abiding place, in the wild romantic wastes of *Canada*. *Then*, gentlemen, *then*, if not *now*, it will imperatively become the duty of the mother country to extend her fostering wings over these provinces, and still unite to her, by the closest ties of *interest*, those who are already knit to her by the bonds of *affection*; that in another hour of extremity (which, heaven *long* avert!) the rock-girt Albion may confidently stretch forth her soliciting hands to a hardy race of sons, who, at the first sound of her all-prevailing thunder, will impetuously rush forth to join her ranks, and feel proud even to *die*, while her colours wave over them.

“Let Britain continue to us equitable laws, endeavour to provide us a market for our surplus produce, and bestow upon us now in our infancy, the fostering care of a parent; and when it is in our power, we shall, even as we *now* do, prove any thing but deficient in gratitude.

“Yes, gentlemen, if England wishes to preserve the sovereignty of these provinces, let her be careful to provide the Canadians with just and merciful magistrates—let her still allow them to enjoy their ancient forms and language—let their proceedings in the House of Assembly; pleadings in the courts of law; proclamations; and, indeed, every thing be, as heretofore, transacted in *French*, and bear as great a resemblance as possible to the former state of things:

we have *nothing* to fear (at least in Canada) from France, *all* from America. It is therefore the interest of England to keep the Canadians, a *distinct* people, as different in language, as in manners, from the Americans. Far better will it be for us, if we wish to settle among them, to study their language, than use *our* endeavours to instruct them in *English*, which is the common language of us and our *enemies* the Americans.

“There are many, I know, who contend, that the retention of Canada, and even of *Ireland*, is attended with more *expense* than *benefit* to Great Britain: I am *far* from thinking so; but even if it could be proved that such *is* the case, neither the one nor the other country possesses sufficient resources to preserve its independence, should it ever attain it; and I cannot but anticipate with *alarm*, the serious consequences which would ensue, should both or either fall into the hands of an *enemy*.

“Perhaps, gentlemen, it would ill become me, an humble settler, to give my opinion on a subject of such importance as that of the best means to retain our authority over this country (Canada;) but having already said much more than I intended on this point, permit me to conclude, and that as briefly as possible. My opinions may be erroneous, my reasonings *false*: but, trust me, Sirs, my motives are good, are patriotic. I left my own country it is true, and from this circumstance many may infer, that I am disaffected to it; not so, I was only discontented. I have travelled hither more than three thousand miles, and am *still* discontented. I know not *your* motive, gentlemen, for travelling, but this I think I can say from

*experience*, that if content is not a *resident*, it is in vain to seek her *abroad*. But, it grows late; I fear I am tedious. I have, gentlemen, but a few words to add, and those by way of caution and advice.

“I would say—let no sudden innovations be made upon ancient customs and privileges. If any alterations are to be made, rather let them be the act of the representatives of the people *here*, than of the Parliament at *home*. Let the grievances of the Canadians, whether imaginary or real, be graciously attended to; and when, without remedying a *lesser* evil, by the introduction of a *greater*, a granting of their request appears expedient, let it be *graciously* done; the *manner* of a thing is often looked at more than the *matter*. I abominate the *mean* plan, of making the grant of a favour, the *sorry* pretext for demanding something of equal or greater value in return.”

A pause of some duration followed; after which Mr. W., turning to the right, said, “This little stream is the little Rivière du Loup, emptying itself into the lake near the same place where the larger does. It is but an insignificant stream, yet it answers the purpose of turning two mills in the neighbourhood.

“About ten miles distant, on the opposite side of the lake, is the pleasant little village of St. Francis, situated near the mouth of a fine river; but *few*, if any English are located there. I believe there is one Scotchman, but *they*, you gentlemen who are travellers must be aware, are to be found *everywhere*.” “This remark,” observed Mr. Barnard, “puts me in mind of an epigram written by Cleveland, which, though *clumsy*, is much to the point.

“Had Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom,  
Nor forc'd him to *wander*, but confin'd him at *home*.”

“They are fain to ramble,” said Strickland, “from the land of oatmeal bannocks; and from their praise-worthy industry, perseverance, and economy, they are generally successful in picking up their full share of the ‘loaves and fishes,’ wherever they go. I have often been cheered by the smiles of a Scotch face, when far distant from home, and no other European to be met with for miles. A native of any part of Europe, on the further confines of India, is hailed by us as a neighbour, much more than is the heart gladdened by the unexpected countenance of a native of our own ‘snug little island.’ But what may be the *reason*, Sir, that so few British are settled at St. Francis, seeing that it is so desirably situated?”

“I suppose, Sir,” replied Mr. W., “it is because Montreal and Quebec are situated on this side the St. Lawrence, and our new comers, for convenience sake, prefer settling here also: moreover, I am not sure that the lands in the immediate neighbourhood of the village are not already lotted out, for, at the distance of less than a league up their river, there is an Indian village, the abode of some families who have embraced the Romish faith, and who are gradually submitting to the restraints of civilized life. I have said *restraints*, for it has often been a matter of doubt to me, whether the wild, free life of an Indian, with all its occasional hardships and attendant ignorance, is not preferable to the dull plodding slavery, the idle ceremonies and cold forms attached to a life

SP  
' t  
ty  
wi  
ac  
th  
wi  
tu  
  
hi  
tic  
wi  
saa  
tin  
W  
wh  
  
sto  
Be  
wi  
wa  
cot  
the  
ma  
ou  
ser  
set  
of  
bor  
" t  
wh  
her  
S

spent in cities; at least the Indian knows nothing of 'the glorious uncertainty of the law;' fears neither tythe nor tax-gatherers; hunts, fishes, and fowls wherever he pleases, without danger of incurring an action for trespass, and with no other qualification than that which God kindly bestowed upon us all without discrimination, when he formed these creatures for our food."

But perhaps some of my readers begin to think it high time that I put an end to this digression on politics, agriculture, and so forth; fortunately for those who are this way of thinking, I begin to be of the same opinion, and shall, therefore, without loss of time, convey the travellers back to the farm of Mr. White, leaving you to imagine the many compliments which passed on all sides at their leave-taking.

Early on the following morning, behold them safely stowed in an old lumbering calash, and on their way for Berthier, distant about eight leagues. The road still winded along contiguous to the lake and river, and was occasionally enlivened by the appearance of neat cottages and thriving gardens. On the first part of their journey they agreeably passed their time in making comments on the opinions of Mr. White; our aristocratic East Indian warmly condemning his sentiments in toto, and contending, that most of the settler's principles, if acted up to, would be subversive of all order and decency, and tend to dissolve the bonds of society. "What right has he," said Mr. B. "to make any allusion to our English Game Laws, when he has the privilege to shoot where he pleases here?"

Strickland felt soon tired of the subject, for, in

spite of his friend's loquacity, the painful thought of the main object of his journey to Canada flashed across his mind. He had latterly brought himself to think that Mr. Barnard would find his son, and with him soon return to England; and though nobody could feel more interested than himself in that gentleman's success, he still looked forward with regret to the probable moment of their separation. Yes, thought he, he will depart for England, and *who* can blame him? He has a *daughter* to go to, and will, *I* trust, take a son with him; while *I*, unhappy *I*, *whom* have *I*? Friendless and forsaken, as *I* shall after his departure, completely be; *here* shall be my home, at least for a time. *Mary!* Oh, what a pang shoots through my heart at the bare mention of that once-loved, still-cherished, name! *She* may be here—she who was once *my* Mary. But what is she *now* to me, asks my widowed bleeding heart?

“ Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty;  
 Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of;  
 Those lips whose touch is to be bought with life!  
 Those hills of driven snow, which *seen* are *felt* :  
 All these are *nought*, but as they are  
 The proof, the substance of an inward passion,  
 And the rich plunder of a taken heart.”

“ Young, thou reasonest well, and feelingly too.”  
 Luckily for our hero, he was aroused from this melancholy mood, by a violent jolt of the calash, accompanied, or rather followed, by a “ *Sacré bougre!*” from the conducteur; which also awakened Mr. Barnard from a comfortable sleep, in which for the last half hour he had been indulging. He familiarly tapped the Captain on the shoulder, exclaiming, “ *Holloa,*

messmate! I thought we had received a whole broadside from a French or a Yankee privateer." "No, no," replied our hero, "we are, heaven be praised! on terra-firma, and in no danger, except, indeed, from *land privateers*," (*footpads*.)

"This, then, I suppose," said Barnard, "is Berthier before us. I have heard Clark say, that it is one of the handsomest villages in Canada. It is situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and opposite to it is Sorel, which is hid from our view by the numerous islands which intervene, and divide the river into several narrow and rapid streams. He informs me that the one between the village and the adjacent island is navigable for schooners"—"And also for *smaller vessels*, I guess," interrupted Peter. (I merely wish, reader, to convince thee that thy old friend Peter is still in the land of the living.) "And pray, Sir," angrily replied Mr. B., "who *told* you to guess, or at least gave you liberty to guess so loud? Harkee, fellow, and *recollect* it, you are paid for *doing*, not for thinking or guessing." "One would think," calmly remarked Strickland, "he was rather paid for *eating* and *drinking*; for at least half his time is spent in these exercises." "Why, now; Lord bless your Honour, as our parson used to say, a man"—"Belay, belay, Peter." The latter was reluctantly compelled to hold his peace, after muttering something about the Newfoundland schooner and cods. Gadrabbit it, thought he, if it were not for the agreeable exercise of eating and drinking, I have so few to talk to, the hinges of my mouth would have been, by this time, quite rusty for the want of opening and shutting. The widder liked my discourse, and called it wonder-

fully engaging. He won't tell me, when I am landlord of my own public house, that I am not to *think*, I'll warrant him. "Curse the fellow's impudence," continued Mr. B., who had remained a few minutes silent, "he thinks himself one of the company, he has quite put me out. When I was just about to expatiate on the beauties of Berthier,—comes this fellow intruding unasked. Let me see, *where* was I?" "About a quarter of a league off, your Honour," replied Peter; whether through sheer simplicity, or from being overstocked with that plentiful commodity, *impudence*, is doubtful. "Pshaw!" ejaculated Barnard. "Come, Sir," said the Captain, "never mind where we *were*, here we *are*, at the door of what I should call a comfortable inn, if the inside tallies with the exterior. Let's bring to, take in a cargo of provisions, and then sally out." "Aye, aye, master; and spy out the good land *yourself*, rather than trust to what Mr. Clark says."

Barnard was by this time alighted, or, it is probable, that Peter's oration, if made at all, would not have been so *long*. Strickland stepped down, during its delivery, or, it is more than probable, it would have been *longer*. Our travellers found themselves safe moored in good time, for they had scarcely quitted their crazy vehicle, ere

"The sky with clouds was overcast,  
(And) The rain began to fall."

After a sumptuous dinner, even to the satisfaction of Peter himself, and nobody can doubt his taste and judgment in this particular; as it was much too wet to sally *out*, and all was quiet *within*, (for it was not



'a washing-day,') our hero proposed to read to his companion a portion of the cabin-boy's adventures. The two friends replenished their glasses, whether they drank *healths* or not is immaterial, certainly they were upon much better terms than many who *do*. After the customary prologues to such an *amusement*, (I trust you do not, reader, consider the reading of this masterly performance a *task*,) viz. two or three loud hems, and an introduction of the pocket handkerchief to the organ of smelling, the Captain proceeded thus; or, as I love to be explicit, he read over the contents of the following chapter; and here let me beg that you will deign to follow his condescending example.

---

### CHAPTER XIII.

"The seas were rough, the clouds were dark, far distant every joy,  
When, forc'd by fortune to embark, I went a cabin-boy."

*Continuation of the cabin-boy's narrative.*

MY mother purpos'd to keep me at home the whole of the winter, (1808,) and, during the month of October, I studied navigation; but, at the end of it, my mother's lodgers absconding in her debt, she became more involved in difficulties than ever; and I, feeling that my maintenance was a burden to her, with difficulty prevail'd upon her to allow me to go again to sea.

Nov. 10th. I agreed to go a trial voyage with Captain English, the commander of a fine brig in the coal

trade. On the 18th, we sailed for North Shields. My new master was a gentleman-like man, under twenty, of rather profligate habits; notwithstanding which, he treated me with kindness, though not with that parental tenderness which I shall never forget having experienced at the hands of the *first* captain of the old Good Intent. Arrived at Shields, I visited my uncle, who seemed delighted to see me. From the matrimonial squabbles I there witnessed, I am led to form rather an unfavourable opinion of the state of wedlock. Nothing material having occurred, after a pleasant voyage for the season, we reached London again on December 7th.

Our Captain then proposed to take me as an apprentice, offering me fifty pounds for my services for seven years. I at first hesitated, and my mother strongly objected to it, from its so entirely precluding me from the benefits I had expected to derive from the captain of the East Indiaman: but stern necessity soon obliged us to submit. We were now at the commencement of a winter unusually severe, my mother could but ill afford to keep me at home, the Captain refused to employ me but as an apprentice, and no other ship was likely to be soon obtained. But what immediately decided the case was, the arrival of news from Madras, that my stepfather had quarrelled there with a superior officer, and had, in consequence thereof, clandestinely left the ship, or, in other words, had deserted. The half-pay that my mother had hitherto received was of course stopped; nor had we much reason to confide in the promises made to the *son*, when we reflected that the captain of the *Canton* had such just cause to be offended with the *father*.

Having agreed to the Captain's proposal, I still contrived to put off what I considered as the *evil* day. Meanwhile the Philanthropist, (our vessel,) was taken into the transport service, had dropped down to Deptford, was making preparations to convey horses to Corunna, and taking in a quantity of drugs to deliver at Portsmouth. Christmas-day the Captain allowed me to spend with my friends; our fare was but frugal, but if I may judge of the feelings of my poor mother, grandmother, and sisters by my *own*, we enjoyed it with a thankful heart; at the same time not failing to put up a prayer that I might be spared to take the next Christmas dinner with them. Whether I shall be or no remains to be seen; heaven grant that I may! I have dwelt rather fully on these circumstances, considering *this* as an important epoch of my life. But can any circumstance of the chequered life of the humble individual who writes this be justly deemed of *importance* to any? To *me*, the party chiefly concerned, these things are all-important, and as I here narrate but simple truth, expect not, reader, to find all that entertainment to be derived from those beautiful works of fiction, which first-rate talent is continually launching into the world.

Jan. 1, 1809. With a mind full of dismal forebodings, I submitted to be bound. From this moment I look upon myself as quite a different being; my ideas of pride and independence, as well as my sanguine hopes of preferment in the service of the East India Company, seem to have left me, I *now* consider myself doomed to a life of bondage. That I am partial to the sea is true; but I have already discovered the difference between sailing as a *passenger*, and acting

as a cabin-boy. In all my troubles, up to this day, I comforted myself with the thought that I could leave a vessel when or where I pleased. Alas! this consolation, *now* that I am an apprentice, I am bereaved of. Hitherto I have only marked down dates of what has occurred to me, and have since filled up the blanks from memory. Henceforth, I purpose, (as well as my want of time, and other inconveniences will allow me,) to keep a regular journal; and should the feeble performance never meet the eye of the public, it will, at all events, be a pleasing gift to my mother.

The Captain has kindly advanced me five pounds as an outfit, to be deducted from my first year's wages. Alas! I am become a debtor at an early age. Four pounds my mother has expended upon me; the fifth I have insisted upon her retaining for her *own* use. This day, a Mr. Mountain is appointed, by my master's father, to the command of the ship; young Mr. English sailing in her as owner. This arrangement probably arises from the old gentleman's not feeling disposed to trust so valuable a vessel to so *young* a man, to one who has never been out of the coal-trade, and consequently knows nothing of foreign service. *Here*, behold an increase of my labour, the first day of my apprenticeship; *two* masters to serve instead of *one*.

Jan. 2. We attempted to quit the tier, but were so hemmed in by the ice as to render any change of station impossible. Captain Mountain was visited by his wife, and in the afternoon my grandmother came down to see *me*.

“ On the 5th I went ashore, and took an affecting leave of my mother and sisters. God be with them!

Grandmother has promised to come down to see me to-morrow for the last time, before I go. Thank heaven! though tossed about on life's stormy sea, I am of value to *some*. Oh! be it my part to *merit* the value they set upon me. And Thou, Great First Cause, in whose hand are the hearts of all men, dispose, in thy mercy, that of my master to be favourably inclined towards me, that my already bitter cup may not become more unpalatable.

Jan. 6. Having cut away the ice from around the vessel, and made some addition to our sea-stores, we were appointed to sail on the following day. I could dwell upon the parting with my mother, till I am downright melancholy. With all my aspiring after manhood, I find I am but a *boy*—a mere *child*, and—mortifying, indeed, to the would-be man, heartily mammy-sick—not sick *of*, reader, but sick *for*; but that information your own penetration might have supplied you with. This afternoon my grandmother came aboard, according to promise, to pay me her farewell visit; bringing with her a small addition to my little stock of necessaries; and among other things, the good old soul considered a large cake of gingerbread and some nuts, as by no means unnecessary appendages to my sea-store; and this too, when there is *so much* want at home. We took an affecting farewell. A solemn presentiment of approaching evil hangs with a painful weight upon my mind. And will this presentiment be realized?—I fear, *yes*; long ere I again visit my peaceful home. I recommended myself in the strongest manner to my mother and sisters; not forgetting a favourite little play-mate. The affectionate old lady bathed me with a flood of

tears, which I as freely returned ; then giving me a parting kiss, and a most impressive blessing, she descended, the very image of grief, into the boat. The wind was bleak—alas, how bleak!—it chilled my *younger* blood ! I followed her aged form with my eyes, waving my handkerchief, till I could no longer discern her ; when imploring a blessing on her head, I descended to my duty in the cabin : but she had scarcely departed, ere the wind freshened, and the cold became more intensely searching. I was scarcely able to perform my *own* duty, while reflecting on how kindly she had done *hers*. Feeble as is her health, not shrinking from the inclemency of such a day, but coming to take a sad farewell of him she called her darling boy ! My feelings are such, that I could write for hours on a subject which warms the inmost recesses of my bursting heart ; but no more.

Jan. 7. We sailed ; and as our small cargo is valuable, a King's pilot is sent aboard to conduct us to the Downs. The wind, though cold, is favourable ; and as we proceeded at a brisk rate down the river, I cast many a lingering look behind, at the apparently retreating dome of St. Paul's ; when all I hold most dear, seemed fast vanishing from my longing eyes. Busy fancy conjures up to my mind the dreary prospect of much misery and long absence ; but I am hip-pish—or touched with what Captain Mountain calls "the blue devils." I'll write no more while the fit's on ; lest when you come to read, *mother*, I shall make you so too.

On the afternoon of the 9th, we were compelled to anchor in Margate Roads, through foul winds—*foul* betide them ! I care not how soon we reach

Po  
do  
exp  
ow  
(do  
fou  
Yo  
ma  
ship  
give  
trea  
jest  
wha  
(as  
'tha  
Cap  
says  
frier  
at fi  
mist  
lear  
gent  
clusi  
even  
the  
my  
keep  
more  
excl  
loose  
quen  
she e  
and

Portsmouth. Plenty *here* for one pair of hands to do, and that pair none of the strongest. But to be explicit. First then, as in duty bound, I have my own master to attend to; secondly, the new captain, (don't think I shall like him); thirdly, the mate; fourthly, the King's pilot (but he's only a *lodger*!) You must treat him with respect though, Ned; (I may call *myself* so, I suppose; seeing that many of my shipmates have taken the unwarrantable liberty to give me that appellation!) Oh! yes, he must be treated with respect: he bears his most gracious Majesty's commission. *Wonderful!*—to observe with what rapidity he empties bottles! and more wonderful!! (as Goldsmith has it, or something like it, *n'import*)—‘that *one* small head should bear so much!’) Fifthly, Captain Mountain's washerwoman; bound (as *she* says), with a daughter, two years of age, to visit a friend at Portsmouth! Took her, and Captain M., at first to be most *devoutly* disposed! but am wofully mistaken. Alas! poor novice, I find I have much to learn; but fear, in *this* school, I shall prove too diligent a scholar. I also find that curiosity is not exclusively a *female* propensity; having for these two evenings been actively employed *myself* to discover the *why* and *wherefore* of things; and the result of my inquiries has been (*yes*—why should I wish to keep all the information to myself!) that Mary has more than *one* string to her bow, and depends not exclusively on *washing* for support; for, from the loose speeches, amorous songs, &c. during the frequent inebriety of owner and captain, I find that she exercises the rights of hospitality towards *both*; and am also persuaded that she is far from feeling

indisposed to act with liberality and condescension, towards the rest of the crew. I must, however, do my master the justice to state, that on *my* entering the cabin, all obscenity of language, &c. were entirely set aside ; and to remove all restraint occasioned by my presence, I have been sent to roost at an early hour these two nights. *Astonishing*, that men should have so much regard for the welfare of *other people's* soul's, and pay so little attention to their *own*. In the dead of the night, (but that's not *seaman-like*), I mean in the middle watch, I was awakened by the bleak howlings of a winter storm, by the heavy rolling of the ship, or by both these causes combined, certainly, between twelve and one, I *was* awake, for it is not so many hours ago, but that I can recollect, I went upon deck, and heard the pilot order the yards and topmasts to be struck ; the cables were veered out to the last fathom ; and one of the anchors was coming home ; that is to say, was driven in a direction towards the ship. The coming home of an anchor is always an alarming symptom, as it frequently precedes, and that at no great distance of time, the *going* home, not only of the ship, but also of the crew and passengers ; the former towards that shore, where her timbers were hewn (for I believe she's British oak), and the *latter* towards their *long* home. Another cause of alarm arose from a dread that the labouring motion of the ship might shift the cargo, and break some jars of combustible matter in the hold, and thus deliver us up to the united horrors of fire and water.

The pilot, and captain, attended to the duty upon deck, but my master was no where to be seen. *He*,

goo  
nis  
wh  
rem  
to  
anc  
mer  
of  
wan  
the  
wou  
som  
mus  
expc  
thei  
that  
the  
not  
journ  
worl  
inter  
deriv  
O  
I thi  
have  
for a  
in sw  
the r  
the I  
the I  
same  
Our  
is (as  
sists



*good christian*, was, in the mean time, below, administering comfort to the affrighted washerwoman; who deeming it unsafe, in so critical circumstances to remain by herself, had fled for shelter and protection to *his* cabin. You were *right*, old man, thought I, and so *say* I, not to trust your ship to the management of so imprudent a son; to one who thinks more of gratifying his baser passions, and of solacing a wanton, than of the safety of the vessel; for though the whole responsibility is vested in the pilot, one would expect that the owner's son should manifest some interest in the preservation of her. But you must mind what you write, righteous *self*, lest this *exposé* of other's practices, may happen to fall into their hands. The thought never before struck me, that there was a possibility of my writings meeting the eye of my master; for such an accident would not only involve *me* in difficulties; but the loss of my journal would, no doubt, be an irreparable loss to the world, and would deprive *thee*, gentle reader, of the intense pleasure which I feel confident thou must derive from its perusal.

On the forenoon of the 10th the wind fell, (at least I think 'twas in the forenoon, for a dread of the loss I have before hinted at, has prevented me from writing for a week,) and the remainder of the day was spent in swaying up the yards and topmasts, and setting up the rigging. The weather continued boisterous until the 12th, on the afternoon of which we anchored in the Downs, and our pilot took leave for London: the same evening we got under weigh for Portsmouth. Our female passenger, Mary, notwithstanding she is (as I have before hinted) far from faultless, assists me in all the important duties of my station.

I think I may be allowed to use the word *important* here ; for, placed as I am among a set of beings, who consider *eating* and drinking as the most important affairs in life, surely *he* must be an important personage, who is intrusted with the duties of making puddings and pies, and with preparing all the other little et ceteras for that important purpose. But all this, I have just discovered, is of *no* importance: perhaps I have made the discovery too late. I have some thoughts of putting a mark against each sentence that is *not* of importance, that the reader who may be fond of nothing but the *important*, may pass such passages over, without giving himself any unnecessary trouble. It won't do : for upon looking back, I find it would be an *endless* task ; for should I choose the word, *nonsense*, as the suitable mark, NONSENSE, in large letters, would stand conspicuous at the commencement of every line.

Mary, I say, assists me in all the *im*—I mean simply *duties* of my station, and the whole trio being convinced (from some curious discoveries I made in Margate Roads) that I am perfectly acquainted with the posture of affairs, regard *my* presence in the cabin no more than they would that of a lap-dog, or a monkey ; the which I regret for several reasons : one of which is, that instead of being packed off to bed, as before, at seven at night, I am kept up till two or three in the morning. *Such* is the reward of my *curiosity* ; it may be truly said that I 'pay for peeping.' The lady, to give her her due, in addition to some pretensions to beauty, possesses a ready wit, together with agreeable and engaging manners, insomuch that my first abhorrence of

her  
hab  
vic  
ten  
bre  
fall  
C  
look  
plac  
cut  
me  
little  
tion  
fathe  
goo  
mig'  
such  
port.  
and  
'lar.  
Jar  
days  
of H  
lighte  
Fe  
Cree  
my m  
are n  
plove  
taking  
and v  
dent h  
provis

her is fast wearing away. So true it is, that the habit of contemplating *vice*, especially when the vicious are in some respects amiable and attractive, tends to lessen the force of virtue in the youthful breast. The *aged* are, doubtless, too experienced to fall into any such snares.

Captain Mountain, perceiving that I frequently look with displeasure on the scenes which take place, observed on one occasion, "This boy is better cut out for a *parson* than a *sailor*;" when, pushing me into Mary's arms, he added, "We'll soon put a little life into him!" How *praiseworthy* his intentions! What *excellent* conduct on the part of the father of a family! Had it been my thoughtless, good-natured, crack-brained, or *no-brained* master, I might, in my own mind, have found some excuse for such *folly* to say the least of it; but for *him*—n'import. I extricated myself with all imaginable speed, and seeing that he was bent upon (what he called) a 'lark,' kept as aloof as possible.

Jan. 14. We anchored at Spithead, and in a few days ran into Portsmouth, and moored at the mouth of Haslar Creek, whence the drugs were sent up in lighters to the hospital.

Feb. 1. Having discharged, we hauled out of the Creek. The same day I received a letter from my mother. Thank God, *all* are well at home. We are now moored near the prison ships, and are employed putting up stalls, and making preparations for taking in the horses. I am in great pain, mother, and very unhappy: on Sunday last a serious accident befel me. It is a part of my duty to serve out provisions to the cook; on this occasion I was in the

after-hold, and within but a few feet of the powder magazine. I was dipping pease out of a cask nearly empty, and in it had placed the candle; while leaning over to reach the bottom, the flame caught the bosom of my shirt, and almost instantly enveloped me in a blaze. Dreading to give so glaring a proof of my carelessness, I ineffectually used all my exertions to extinguish the flames, until extreme pain compelled me to give an alarm, in a voice audible enough to be heard all over the ship. Some of the sailors, imagining the magazine to be well stocked with gunpowder, consulted their own safety by at once quitting the vessel; while Captain Mountain intrepidly jumped down, and smothered the flames in his watch-coat, but not, to my sorrow, before I was severely scorched from my navel to my chin.

My master generally goes to the play of an evening, when I and my fellow-apprentices are sent ashore at eleven o'clock, in the boat, (not upon the sheet anchor,) to bring him off. Sometimes we have to wait for him till three or four in the morning; wet or dry, no matter to him. Frequently is it my lot to lie down fatigued to rest at four, and to be called up again at six, to resume my labours. I am not yet far advanced in my eleventh year, while the wounds left from my recent burn contribute not a little to add to my misery. I have supplicated Captain Mountain not to disclose my misfortune to my master, whose good opinion it is my duty to cultivate, seeing that I am *bound* (how I hate that word!) to serve him seven years. Alas! little does he know the agonies I suffer, when rowing off on stormy nights. As for adding to my poor mother's sorrows, by acquainting her with

the accident,—I will not, well knowing that she, poor woman! can apply no remedy.

Thank Heaven! my wounds are healing. I begin strongly to suspect that Captain M. embezzles the ship's provision; the fresh meat, sent daily on board, disappears with amazing rapidity. I am determined to do my duty, by keeping a sharp look out, and by acquainting my master, if I discover any thing that *materially* affects his interest. As for tattling about every trifle, I disdain it.

Since Sunday I have made Captain M. my bitter enemy, by inadvertently, or perhaps *intentionally* observing, that "the ship must be prodigiously infested with *rats*, from the strange havoc made among the provisions." (I had seen a quarter of mutton *secretly* sent ashore.) He regarded me with a scornful sneer, and, I know, considers me as a spy upon his actions: maliciously taunting me by saying, "What a *clever* cabin-boy, who could not go into the hold without setting fire to himself!" I have made some complaints of his ill treatment to my master, who, busily engaged *himself* in running the giddy round of pleasure, has but little time to attend to the distresses of others. I undergo a most painful struggle: duty to my master strongly prompts me to disclose to him the thefts of the Captain; at the same time, I cannot but consider *him* as the preserver of my life,—consider *his* as the hand which snatched me from a horrible death. What shall I do? Would that I had a friend near to consult with, in this dilemma. Yesterday I was on the point of disclosing *all*; but at the critical moment I conjured up to my fancy the images of the culprit's innocent babes, looking up to *his* cha-

acter and exertions for support, and when the important secret was about to escape my lips, an irresistible sympathy,—pity,—or whatever else it may be called, sealed up my mouth. Perhaps the more rigidly just may condemn this silence; but *surely* something is due to him, who, at the imminent peril of his own life, has preserved *mine*. O Heaven! as a mortal, and consequently a compound of vices and frailties, I beseech Thee, let not the sin of black, of foul *ingratitude* be found among the number.

March 1. My labours are so excessive, that I am almost worn out. Would to Heaven 'that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest.' Captain M. treats me with increased unkindness; but shall I return evil for evil? Oh! no: for how can I forget the *good* he has done me? We have constantly company aboard. I already regret the unfortunate day when I resigned my liberty into the hands of strangers, and for this last week have frequently felt tempted to run away, and take refuge in the arms of a mother; but, alas! that *mother* is already overwhelmed with distresses; and *how*—how can I fly from a master to whom I am so solemnly bound? Can I suppose that two months of *my* poor services is a sufficient return for the money he has so kindly advanced me? Perish the dishonest thought! Rather let me bear *greater* hardships, than dishonourably desert the post in which I am so unhappily placed. I have amassed eighteen shillings: my share of the profits arising from putting off passengers during the nights we have been ashore, waiting for my master. This little sum will enable me to add to my stock several things I greatly need.

March 2. My master's cousin comes on board often to visit him. He commands a brig in the transport service, which is lately returned from Spain, and now lying at Spithead. He has taken several opportunities to sound my inclinations, professing a wish to have me as cabin-boy in his ship, assuring me that he has influence enough with his cousin, to induce him to turn me over to his care, if I consent. At first I turned a deaf ear to his solicitations; but on reflection consider that, at all events, the change will remove me from the persecutions of Captain M. I have, therefore, this afternoon agreed (if my master consents), to go a *trial* voyage with him; at the end of which, he has promised to permit me to serve out my time with the master I like best. I am in painful suspense. Have you done right or wrong, Ned? *Time*, only, will show. Certainly—this is not a thing of my *own* seeking; it may be a dispensation of Providence for my benefit.—That it *is* a dispensation of Providence, how could I, for a moment doubt?—unless, like the blind atheist, I conceive that all things are governed by *fickle chance*.

March 4th. At length then my doom is fixed—the die is cast, and I am again to fall into the hands of a stranger. The Captain of the Goddess has prevailed upon my master to part with me, chiefly by representing that his *own* cabin boy is a thief, and that he has taken a liking to my appearance. My master seemed to accede to his request with reluctance. I am persuaded that my *dear friend*, Captain M. longing to remove me from the ship, has strongly seconded my new master's proposal, or I should not so easily have been given up. Pshaw!—down vanity

—does *pride* befit me? This arrangement (*reason* says), is far from surprising; seeing that both captains are brothers' sons, and that both vessels belong to the same family. To-morrow then, it is decided, I am to go on board my new ship; what further troubles there are in store for me, I know not; but I must prepare to encounter difficulties go where I may. Oh, that my back may be fitted for the burden! This is probably the last I shall write aboard the Philanthropist; and I must, ere I leave this port, write all particulars to my poor mother. How *strangely* I feel!

---

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Adieu, dear England!—land I love—a sad adieu!  
Henceforth, in other realms, my fortune, I pursue.

MARCH 6, 1809. Yesterday I joined the boat of my new ship, and though still smarting from my recent burns, pulled the bow-oar out to Spithead. Fatigued enough I was when I got aboard, having never rowed half so far before in my life. The Goddess is an old brig of 218 tons, smaller, and in every respect inferior to the Philanthropist: I had scarcely set foot on the quarter-deck, before the cabin-boy was called up, and the Captain, forcibly applying his foot to his posteriors, sent him at a quick pace forward, and ordered *me* down into the cabin. I could not help observing that my new master possesses that dexterity in the use of his foot, which appears to be the result of long practice; and from the *little* astonishment expressed by the object of his resentment, I infer that he has

oft  
I,  
his  
Be  
car  
self  
mo  
moc  
exh  
bing  
tole  
I h  
me  
Abc  
and  
tent  
was  
ship  
sion,  
offe  
aid,  
The  
felt  
hurr  
suffic  
let al  
one c  
rially  
here  
night  
6th  
in—s  
from



often shot at the same mark. Sincerely I dread that I, in my turn, am likely to experience *like* proofs of his skill; but, hang it, why meet troubles half way? Before I had *two* masters—'tis hard, indeed, if I cannot *now* please *one*. On descending, I found myself in a little dirty cabin, the stove of which looked more like iron than brass, and though much incommoded by the violent rolling of the ship, and nearly exhausted, I at once set to work rubbing and scrubbing with all my might, to make the place a little tolerable. In the midst of these operations, and when I had been aboard about two hours, the captain called me up to go aloft with the crew, and hand sails. Aboard the *Philanthropist*, I have never been aloft; and it may be recollected, that in the old *Good Intent*, I was never particularly famous at it; there was but little wind; but, as I have hinted before, the ship rolled heavily, insomuch that I was, on this occasion, even more timid than usual; however, fear of offending, and pride, mighty pride, stepping in to my aid, I mounted, without confessing my incapability. The labouring of the ship, when *below*, was scarcely felt in comparison to the violence with which I was hurried to and fro in the air while *aloft*. I found sufficient employment for my hands in holding fast, let alone helping to furl sails, and even then was, on one occasion, nearly pitched over the yard, and materially hurt in the most tender part of my breast. But here I am below, safe and sound, and after a tidy night's rest, I feel pretty so so.

6th (in continuation). My master has just turned in—*sweet* be his slumbers! they incapacitate him from watching, and scolding me. I already find he

has a voice like a speaking trumpet, and is as fidgetty as an old maid. On the 9th the vessel was discharged from the transport service ; and to-day (12th), we came into the harbour. My old ship is, I am informed, ready to go out to Spithead. I have been so busy that I have found no time to write till to-day (the 20th). On the 15th the Philanthropist sailed ; and I have since been frequently on shore. Prior to *her* departure, the captain never suffered me to quit the ship. Does my *old* master repent his bargain, and wish to have me back again ?—or does my *new* one think that *I* repent *mine*. Be this as it may, yesterday the Captain bought me a new jacket and trowsers, their value to be deducted from my wages. He keeps a great deal of company ; and as he will not suffer a speck on his clothes or boots, contrives to keep me fully employed. From what I can yet discover, he is more sober and steady than his *cousin*. Last night he permitted the eldest apprentice and me to go to the play. 'Twas King Lear. How foolishly I wept at the sorrows of the grief-stricken old man. I could have torn out the eyes of his unnatural daughters, and have hugged to my heart, with delight, his filial Cordelia. Sledge laughed at me. *Well* he might ; for I saw but few others so softened as myself : perhaps I shall get harder-hearted as I grow older : I think I am already somewhat altered in this particular. I was wont to melt at the most trifling woes of *others*, and mingle my tears with theirs.

29th. Yesterday I went aboard one of the prisonships with my master, and beheld a crowd of unfortunate beings huddled together, divided by cruel force from their country, their friends, and all they hold

de  
not  
eye  
yo  
Gre  
the  
the  
A  
cha  
hav  
she  
last,  
gen  
usef  
bott  
than  
30  
obey  
[E  
is all  
The  
comp  
earlie  
whic  
man  
word  
M  
voy c  
Cowe  
6th  
ceede  
bounc  
greate

dear. Poor miserable victims of ambition!—ambition not your *own*, but that of *others*. When will meek-eyed peace revisit war-distracted Europe, and restore you to the embraces of your tenderly-cherished friends? Great heaven! in thy bounty continue to me even but the liberty I *now* enjoy; for my life is a paradise to theirs.

April 10th. All the government stores being discharged, the chief owners sent orders from Shields to have the ship hove down, to examine and partly new sheath her bottom, then to take in sixty tons of ballast, and sail to Quebec for a cargo of timber. This, gentle reader, is quite proper; for holes, however useful in some places, can be of no service in a ship's bottom, and therefore should be rather stopped up than left open.

30th. The foregoing orders having been punctually obeyed, we sailed out to Spithead.

[Here, Captain Strickland, (writes James Clark), is all that I myself originally copied of the narrative. The shortness of the time during which I possessed it, compelled me, in some places, particularly in the earlier part, to materially abridge it. The few pages which follow, our little visitor copied for me from his manuscript himself; and I now purpose re-copying it, word for word, for your amusement.]

May 5. We sailed with a large fleet under convoy of the Foxhound, and anchored that evening at Cowes for want of sufficient wind to stem the tide.

6th. We passed by the Needle's Point, and proceeded down channel. Some of the fleet, I hear, are bound to Halifax, others to Newfoundland; but the greater part, like ourselves, to Quebec.

[*Here*, my dear James, observes the young narrator, I am sorry to say that my journal is, if possible, more imperfect than ever. Sometimes I wrote not for a week or a fortnight; and when I *did*, frequently omitted the date; but as you desired to have a copy of it, be content to take it as it is. I know your friendly disposition, that you will not be prone to criticise the performance of a poor neglected and—but whither am I wandering?—to my work then at once.]

Our Captain proves to be a rough north countryman; one who despises the natives of other places: Londoners in particular, seem to be the objects of his aversion. His irritable temper is such, that I already foresee I shall lead here but an indifferent life; and cannot help saying to myself, “ Ah, *foolish* boy! you have unadvisedly leaped from an uncomfortable berth in the frying-pan, to an insupportable one in the *fire!*” I again resume my pen. ’Tis *now* that I begin to feel the difficulties of my situation. Last night I took a farewell look at the Lizard lights. The breeze was favourable, and all sails set to advantage; the Captain was playing his violin in the cabin, while I sat upon the tafferil, regarding the silver moon, who graciously shed her meek, chaste radiance over the scarcely-ruffled bosom of the vast ocean. When I occasionally looked down upon the water, and as the gentle spray dashed against the ship’s side, and every beautiful particle of water assumed the brilliancy of liquid fire,—I, *indeed*, enjoyed a treat, and was enraptured by the beauty of the scene. Oh! how I admire thee, thou magnificent, but treacherous, Ocean! The words of the inimitable Cowley, unasked, intrude themselves on my imagination.

let  
pre  
she  
see  
me.  
due  
me  
face  
hap  
con  
am  
deri  
mag  
of t  
like  
men  
by s  
thy  
beh  
shor  
blast  
and  
from  
Engl  
frien  
feigr  
gayer  
you'r

“ The sea itself smooths its rough face awhile,  
Flatt'ring the greedy merchant with a smile;  
But *he*, whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,  
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.”

But to turn from so gloomy a view of the subject, let not fears of the *future*, Edward, embitter the *present*. Let me again turn to the moon: they say she is inconstant. I know not *why*; but she ever seems to smile when she unveils her modest face to me. I love her dearly. How pleasing to a mind endued with sensibility is the thought, that at the moment when we are gazing, O moon! on thy pensive face, our distant friends are regarding thee too. Perhaps, even now, thou art the object of a mother's contemplation, and bringest to her fond mind what I am sure *seldom* quits it, the remembrance of her wandering child. When I glance my eyes around, how magnificent, how astounding appear the mighty works of the Omnipotent! A voyage across the Atlantic is like a passage through life; though sometimes commenced with favourable gales, is frequently disturbed by storm and tempest. Oh! England, I sigh to quit thy soul-delighting shores, and weep for those I leave behind. Ah! whither do I wander from my native shore, like an outcast? tost to and fro by the keen blasts of adversity. 'Tis thou, *poverty*, thou fiend and object of my deadly hate, that thrustest me far from home and happiness. Perhaps, ere I return to England's shores, Death will leave me without a friend, then *who* will say to me, in accents of unfeigned love, with friendship's face decked out in gayest smiles, “ Edward, poor wanderer, my *child*, you're welcome home?” But let me check the pain-

ful thought, and trust in Him whom winds and sea obey. I'll hope again to meet my friends, to share a mother's smiles, in her maternal bosom pour unchecked my wants and woes. In the midst of these reflections I heard the Captain's voice vociferating—" You, boy!—why boy!—d—n ye, where are ye?" on my entering the cabin with a supplicating look, which would, to a feeling heart, have said, " Good, Sir, I pray you don't abuse me;" his first question was, " *Where* have ye been to, you Cockney son of a b—h?" It was too much for me, soft fool that I am. The contemptuous allusion to a mother whom I love, if possible dearer than I do myself, inflicted a fresh pang, on a heart that was already but too swoln with grief, and a flood of tears was my sole reply. " Get out of my sight, you snivelling booby, or I'll throw the devil after ye!" exclaimed he;—at the same time hurrying up the companion close at my heels, and angrily bawling to the mate—" Here, take this *gentleman's son* into *your* watch, and make him shin up, and hand a topgallant sail; he thinks he's come to sea merely to wear his old clothes out; but I'll warrant me we'll find something else for him to do *here*, besides thinking about his mother's titty, and be d—d to him. ' Well, I'm sure,' muttered he, as he retired to his cabin, " *this* beats Ackybo, and Ackybo beat the devil." Far be it from me to wound the chaste ears of any who may read my illiterate performance by, as it were, spicing my simple tale with oaths. I have not repeated the fifth part of his profane expressions; my chief view, in setting down so much is, while I am describing *my* ill treatment in this vessel, to induce other youths to prefer

a comfortable employment on shore to venturing to sea; at least at so early an age as mine. With gratitude be it spoken, I have never been in any circumstances of life, in which I have not met with something, whence to derive consolation: the chief mate appears to be my friend. When the Captain was asleep, he kindly permitted me to go below and turn in.

Last night's ill treatment *still* weighs heavily on my mind; *still* are my spirits depressed. Is this a specimen of my future treatment? *Young* though I am, I have seen a great deal of oppression exercised by the rich—and *who* on? Not on each other, believe me, but on the *friendless poor*. I once indulged (and perhaps still indulge a little) the fond wish, that I should some day be raised to a station in life in which I might prove a friend to the fatherless and indigent. What chiefly induced me to cherish this idea, is a knowledge, that though my mother has irrevocably offended her parents by marrying against their positive injunctions, my grandmother has an aged brother-in-law, connected with the Staffordshire potteries, wealthy and childless, a friend who promises to leave me something handsome at his decease; but where is it that I have read, "it is bad waiting for dead men's shoes?" Why cannot he do something for me, while he *lives*? I *see* I must befriend *myself*, and learn to look to *Heaven*. Alas! I fear it's oftener on my *lips* than in my *heart*.

The Captain is safe moored; may no rude storms annoy his rest—for on *his* rest very much depends that of your humble servant, for when he awakes there remaineth but little rest for me. But repose thou *here* awhile, my pen, the night seems beautiful: to

morrow we are to put the dead lights (shutters) in ; I'll steal softy to the cabin window, take another peep at my silent friend the moon, before the windows are blocked up. She is a day older than when I saw her last, and so am *I*,—*yes*, one more day of misery is gone by. I am returned from the window, nor have my meditations been so disagreeably interrupted as were they yesternight. The moon was just illumining the now gently agitated waves with her expiring rays ; but she is setting to rise again—so, I trust, shall *I*. My present embarkation on life's wide sea, is attended with so many unfavourable auspices, that I look forward to death, rather than to a life of happiness.

“The silver moon in clouds is set,  
Peace from my bosom's fled,  
Nought but despair and sad regret  
Are left me in its stead ;  
But soon this fleeting life will pass,  
Its moon is almost down ;  
Oh ! may its sand soon quit the glass,  
And death my sorrows crown.”

[What think ye of my poetry, *Jemmy*? is it not *excellent*? I am half inclined to erase this effusion of boyish fancy—you see *I have* not. Excuse it, it is but the crude production of a youth reared in the lap of adversity, and whose hidden talents (if he possesses any) have never been fostered by the hand of prosperity.]

Once more I commit myself to the arms of sleep, and recommend myself to heavenly protection. May the wind softly slumber on the bosom of the ocean, and when it arises ‘like a giant refreshed with sleep,’

may  
this  
I ad  
it  
wher  
woni  
“Be  
sit u  
if we  
sigal  
to re  
enou  
At  
wind  
with  
amon  
the  
also l  
the sl  
the lo  
artific  
The C  
tion  
fine p  
reade  
ships  
simple  
ing yo  
iron-p  
clean  
these  
often  
my kn



may it speedily waft us to our destined port. I think this is the last I shall write for some time—*what* can I add? the same dull round of toil and care? besides, it makes me melancholy; nor when I begin, know I when to cease. “Better,” says laziness,—no, no, I wont confess it; ’tis *prudence* whispers in my ear. “Better refresh your mind and body with sleep, than sit up late of nights writing nonsense:” but methinks if we writers of nonsense should give up our nonsensical tasks, how *little* would there be for the world to read. The world love nonsense—*here*, then, is enough, in all conscience, to gratify their taste.

At about 150 leagues to the westward of Scilly, the wind chopped round against us, and has continued so, with little intermission, for these three weeks. This, among other things, has contributed greatly to increase the natural irritability of Captain English. I have also long found, to my grief, that I have enemies in the ship. My predecessor in the cabin greatly regrets the loss of his situation, and endeavours by every artifice of which a base mind is capable, to regain it. The Captain is an epicure (in his way,) and in addition to an excellent stock of poultry, we have two fine pigs kept upon the ballast. Be not astonished, reader, at our keeping two pigs on the ballast, for many ships are entirely ballasted with *pigs*; but bless your simple souls, let me elucidate this subject, by informing you, that they are ballasted with pigs of *iron*—iron-pigs, or pig-iron, n’ import. But to proceed, I clean my knives in the pig’s apartment, the hold. On these knife-cleaning occasions, my rival, Clapper, often succeeds in his attempts to hide either some of my knives, some of my forks, or some of both; and on

my withdrawing, but that's too genteel a word; to talk of a cabin-boy's withdrawing from the office of knife-cleaning, to draw the meat out of the cook-house oven, is not drawing at all from the life; therefore, with your permission, I'll withdraw the word *withdrawing*.

But what am I doing? I have written nothing for nearly a fortnight, and good lack! how my pen runs; do, gentle reader, allow me but to please *myself* this once, and I'll try to please *you* ever after. Pray let not my withdrawing from all *sense* and *reason*, and my drawing together, without reason, all *nonsense*, induce you to withdraw your attention from this otherwise masterly performance, for if you do, I shall be compelled to withdraw all my competition for fame, and instead of pushing forward, *draw* in my horns. Speaking of *horns*, think not, my friends, that I have an eye to matrimony, time enough yet, Ned. Clapper (I was going to say) contrives to grease the horn handles of my secreted knives and forks, and throws them to the pigs, the said grease not failing to *draw* the young porkers' attention. It is, *then*, his practice to bring them to me with their handles gnawed, and, in the presence of my sweet-tempered master, to say, that he has just luckily snatched them from the pigs. By this, and sundry other little sly tricks, he has induced Captain English to form a most unfavourable opinion of your humble servant; and what's worse, has led him, with unparalleled effrontery, to bestow upon me the *agreeable* appellation of 'careless, good-for-nothing monkey,' together with many other pleasing epithets, which, if my reader is fanciful, he may easily imagine. But what, I believe, tends still more to increase my master's dissatisfaction is, that I never

stoop (*stoop*, mind that!) to tell tales concerning what is said and done by the ship's crew; whereas Clapper (clapper like) has been in the habit of giving him early intelligence of every motion. Our second mate is, I find, this boy's firm friend and colleague: formerly said officer was the principal receiver of the cabin plunder; but *now* he feels deprived of many little comforts he *then* enjoyed: *he*, it seems, encourages and instructs master Clapper in all his machinations against me.

May 19th. Our Captain has, for these few mornings past, adopted the plan of causing Clapper and me to be dipped, neck and heels, in a large harness cask, filled daily with salt water, and for this express purpose lashed abaft the long-boat. In this, then, precisely at six, we are plunged, stark naked of course, 'let the wind blow high or low.' I console myself, however unpleasant the operation, with the notion, that the exercise is conducive to health. Has Captain E. invented it for that purpose, or merely to gratify his propensity to *torment*? Shall I step and ask him? I think my mother's son had better not.

21st. *This* has been, indeed, a trying day: how shall I relate it? how describe the indignity, the ill-treatment I have experienced? But have I not promised to be faithful and frank? shall I then disguise the disgraceful fact? know, then, reader, in a few words, and if thou hast a feeling heart, pity me; I have been *flogged*, and *such* a flogging too; but not to begin at the wrong end of my story, *thus* it fell out:—This morning, I was towing a mop overboard, with a view (of course) to wash the dirt out of it. The ship making great way through the water, the

rope slipped through my fingers, so good bye to the mop. I thought of slipping snugly below myself, and of making no noise about the accident ; the other party concerned (the poor mop) being, by this time, quiet enough, and too far astern to tell tales ; but not so, my bitter foe, Clapper, *he* joyfully perceived my misfortune, and flying on the wings of malice to the cabin, acquainted the Captain. He said but little on the occasion ; but I alarmedly witnessed his dexterity in making a formidable cat-o'-nine-tails. Having coolly and comfortably finished the job to *his own* satisfaction (for *I* was not consulted in the process), he ordered me upon deck, led me to the windlass end, directed one of the men to strip and tie me to it, and the second mate then gave me a round dozen, the Captain all the while vociferating, " Lay it in to the careless son of a b—h !" Alas ! I can scarcely sit to write ; I know not what degree of injury I have sustained, the *wounded* part being *hidden* from my curious eyes for ever. Ah ! *you* may laugh, reader, but it is no laughing matter to *me*, the unfortunate sufferer.

I felt so much hurt at this unlooked-for, as well as not to be looked *at*, indignity, that I could not refrain from telling the Captain so, and that in very plain terms too ; intimating, that if ever I reached England again, my friends would make him render up a strict account why he treated me so barbarously. Enraged,—he sprang forward with a rope's end, to wreak his vengeance on a defenceless boy. I instantly jumped upon the rough-tree, and while the crew stood mute spectators of the scene, hung in an agony of despair over the sea, holding fast the fore-topmost backstay with my left hand. He advanced to within about

eight feet of me. I stretched out my right hand, and exclaimed, in a determined voice, "Now, Captain English, advance but one step forward to ill use me, and I plunge into the sea! Yes, sir, rather than longer submit to your cruel tyranny, I'll embrace *death* itself." And so worked up was I with fear and indignation, that I was fully resolved to do so. Oh! Providence, I thank thee for preserving me from the commission of a crime, which in my cooler moments I shudder to name. He regarded me for a moment with a malicious sneer, and then, thinking, I suppose, that I could not possibly be mad enough to execute my threat, he advanced a pace nearer, when I hastily called out to the men, "You are all witnesses that I am driven to this desperate deed by the barbarity of your Captain. I solemnly call upon you to bear witness against him at the first port you reach." An awful suspense of a few moments succeeded, in which there was but one hair betwixt me and death. Here, the mate and some of the sailors begging the tyrant to desist, he dropped the rope, and muttering a thousand curses on my head, confusedly sneaked aft. I then jumped down, for a moment felt something like triumph, and in a short time assumed courage enough to go below to my duty. Shall I say that I have had the satisfaction to see that I am not the only one who has felt the fangs of the *cat*? No. Heaven is my witness I have felt no *lasting* pleasure. For a few moments, while smarting with anguish, I felt the fiend-like feeling; but no sooner discovered its presence, than I tore the unwelcome intruder from my heart.

But to the fact. During the time I underwent my

punishment, Clapper was employed to finish cleaning the cabin, and, by some strange fatality, dropped the other mop overboard, and left us *mopless*. The Captain was bound, in common justice, to award *him* the same punishment he had inflicted on *me*. The man appointed as 'whipper-in' on this occasion, knowing that the culprit is the chief cause of the miseries which *I* endure, lashed him so severely, that while he writhed under the strokes of the cat, though an *enemy*, pity overcame my resentment; I was the loudest, with tearful eyes, to supplicate a pardon for him, but without effect. Poor Clapper possesses *some* sensibility; for when cast off from the windlass, his first step was to turn to me, and express his sorrow for his many unkindnesses. I have joyfully extended to him the hand of forgiveness, and doubt not, that from having been a bitter *enemy*, he is become my sincere *friend*. Thus, in gratifying the feelings of my own heart, I have also acted with good policy.

'Tis night. 'While night in solemn shade invests the pole,' *here* let me rest,—let me sleep in peace; and ye blest ministering spirits, who hover round the dwellings of the just, deign to bestow your protecting influence on the fatherless and defenceless cabin-boy. Guide me through this night's life, or death, and when I rest within the bosom of the silent tomb—

"Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,  
Till the last morn its orient beams disclose:  
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound  
Shall echo through creation's ample round,  
Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey  
The op'ning splendours of eternal day."

Uprisen from my bed of thorns, I see bright Phœ-

bus burst the portals of the sky, while ruddy morning paints the glowing clouds with tints of brilliant light. Silent and slow the ship pursues majestically her course; her master sleeps in down; the oppressor rests him from his cares, while I, the oppressed, world-weary cabin-boy, nor sleep, nor peace can find. For some days past I have had the satisfaction to find, that my resistance of arbitrary power has been attended with beneficial results: the Captain treats me with much greater mildness. As for an occasional cuff, or kick, I am become quite used to them. I prophesied right. Well done mighty *I*, ever-guessing, *once* right! I'll study astrology. But as little nonsense as possible. Hear it then! Clapper, or Bob, has become quite a different boy to me, and one of my fellow-apprentices, a Scotch lad, named James, kindly assists me to the utmost of his abilities. A brighter day, I trust, is dawning for me.

29. The Captain quarrelled this day with the second mate, which has led to a discovery that he is the promoter of much discord in the vessel, and the chief instigator of Clapper, and, in short, that I have been much belied. On what a small pivot do many circumstances turn! How blind are mortals! My severe flogging, it appears, was destined to work a great change in my favour.

31. I am daily gaining ground in the Captain's good graces. Would that I had some books to read, when I cannot sleep. If ever I live to become a man, Heaven grant me but a small income, a snug retreat, *few* enemies, and *many* books.

“ Give me the ways of wand’ring stars to know ;  
 The depths of heav’n above, and earth below ;  
 Teach me the various labours of the moon,  
 And whence proceed th’ eclipses of the sun.”

June 6. The wind continues still right a-head, and my good master is fast relapsing into his angry fits. The vessel is but indifferently manned : we muster but fourteen, including myself. There are three other apprentices ; two Genoese lads, taken out of the prison ships, at Portsmouth, and a black, a native of St. Domingo. When we consider that none of the above can be called *seamen*, two or three of them never having been to sea but once before, we may reasonably infer that the *real* seamen are much harassed with continual tacking, reefing topsails, &c. Whatever other faults are justly attributable to the Captain, *stinginess* in the purchase or distribution of provisions is a notable exception. The crew unanimously acknowledge, that the Goddess is better stocked with excellent provisions, than any vessel they ever sailed in. (“ She’d just do for *Peter*,” thought Strickland.) In the cabin, though on the sea, we live on the fat of the land. Our cook, Dennis, a Frenchman, is a man of talent ; independent of his skill in preparing sacrifices for the Captain’s god—belly, he is also a clever painter of landscapes, and has kindly given me some occasional instructions in the art. I am growing fast, and consider myself (perhaps nobody else thinks so) as much of a man in every point, as my *ci-devant* rival, Clapper, who is fourteen. Thanks, hearty thanks—(but perhaps you begin to imagine I worship the same idol as the Captain, or rather, another by the same name. Not so, gentle reader ; I only wish to pay



unto it due homage and reasonable sacrifice;)—thanks I say, to ducks, fowls, puddings, pies, one of the fine young pigs, plentiful draughts of prime bottled porter, good wine, and somewhat milder treatment, my bones begin to be well covered with plump solid flesh, and the colour of my cheeks to heighten. Perhaps I am in some measure indebted to salt water bathing for this improvement in my appearance, as well as for my evident increase in strength and stature. But this is sheer vanity: I was merely thinking what my mother and my little playmate will think of me on my return, or I should not have written it. Forgive, then, I pray, the frailties of one who humbly confesses his faults. By the by, I have been this evening attaching so much importance to that important personage, *self*, (for who among my readers cares a fig,—unless, indeed, my mother, whether I grow fat or lean,—feed upon ducks or stock-fish?) that I had almost forgotten to state, that this morning we fell in with four large islands of ice, the least of them much larger, I was going to say, than St. Paul's; but that would be rather too cocknified a comparison. "Always study," says somebody,—no matter who, "elegance of style in writing a narrative." The least of them, *then*, was much larger than any edifice I had ever beheld; we passed closely to the leeward of them. The intense coldness they imparted to the air, is truly astonishing, at least to us, unthinking part of mankind. The philosopher would account for it *instantly*; but what have *I* to do with philosophy? It felt (the *air* of course,) as though we had been suddenly hurled from the tropics to the bleak shores of Greenland; to where, as Cowper says,—

“ Bleak winter, armed with terrors *here* unknown,  
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne ;  
Piles up his stores amid the frozen waste,  
And bids the mountains he has built, stand fast :  
Beckons the legions of his storms away  
From happier scenes, to make that land a prey ;  
Proclaims the soil, a conquest *he* has won,  
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.”

On the 7th of June we found soundings on the great bank of Newfoundland.

10th. Confound that “ Boy,” (our Captain’s dog I mean, for by this name he chooses to call him,) whenever my master is liberally disposed, and bestows on me a good *drubbing*, (ask the *French* the meaning of the word,) Mr. Boy barks, nor *barks* only; a fig for his *barking* say I, but *bites* too. But to proceed systematically. The constant foul winds, and dense fogs we experience, have put my meek master out of all patience; and whenever said impatient *biped* begins to growl, the quadruped begins to bark; and what’s worse, when the one animal begins to beat, the other begins to bite.

I believe I told you I am somewhat fatter than heretofore, so is the Captain; by way therefore of keeping himself in practice, and me in exercise, he has been pleased to give me, what paddy calls “ a broad hint,” alias a kick of —, or rather *on* the breech: attribute all mistakes, reader, to the rolling of the ship. I am almost sure ’twas *he*, though I could not *see* him; the coward must, I think, have gone *behind* me to do it. His dog, much about the same time, bit my leg; *this* I can positively swear to, for he did it before my face. I feel intense pain,

and am not without apprehensions of hydrophobia ; (I believe I spell it right.) I have been simple enough to communicate my fears on this head, to my considerate master, who has completely silenced my anxieties, by assuring me, that I need feel no uneasiness about growing worse, for, to his certain knowledge, I have been as mad as possible these two months. This dog is a great annoyance to me, not only from these *unpleasant* tricks, but from little natural dirty habits, and want of ceremony; for, would you believe it, reader? he makes no scruple to black-ball, plaster, or *be—be*—let me see—what? *be—spread* the cabin table; but now I have not told you *what* with, “decency forbids.” I have been for some time ruminating on several plans, to rid myself of this plague, but have not yet had courage, or perhaps *cruelty* enough, to put any of them into execution, for to give the dog his due, he seldom goes upon the table but for *necessary* purposes. I think the shipwrights at Portsmouth might easily remedy this defect, in point of good manners.

13th. Since we have been on the banks, the Captain has contrived to catch several fine cod-fish. Whenever the Commodore makes signal for the headmost ships to shorten sail, or heave-to, one *would* suppose he made a signal for *fishing*, for down immediately go the lines. To do the fish justice, they certainly are not of the *Jewish* persuasion; shall I tell you why I infer so? I will:—simply from their biting most eagerly at salt *pork*.

This afternoon the Foxhound made a signal for the vessels bound to Halifax and some other places, to quit the fleet, and make sail for their respective ports.

14th. Last night we experienced a heavy gale from the eastward, not less acceptable for being *fair*. The Goddess has been pooped—horrid sacrilege ! Perhaps some of my readers may not know what is here meant by *pooping* ! To inform them, let me observe, she has been violently struck on the stern or hinder part by a wave, which has carried away her main-boom, together with the jolly-boat. The wind still blows smartly from the eastward, and we are scudding on, under easy sail. Having never before been more than a few days out of sight of land, but now upwards of five weeks, how I long for a sight of it. But, cheer up, friend Ned, the birds which so wantonly skim around the ship, are of that species which indicate a near approach to shore.

17th. This morning, while all were in expectation of so desirable a sight, the man in the top cried out, “ Land, land ! ” on the larboard bow. “ Land, land ! ” was re-echoed by almost every voice in the ship. In the afternoon, gliding swiftly through the yielding waves, we passed in mid-channel between Cape Ray and Cape North.

19th. Bravissimo ! We have reached the Isle of Bic, in the great river St. Lawrence, and taken on board a pilot. Clapper has just been innocently expressing his wonder, how Captain English can speak *American*, having heard him address the pilot in *barbarous French*. Good lack ! how I pity his ignorance. Our Commodore, wishing to take advantage of his superiority of sailing, and apprehending no danger *here* from French or American privateers, has proceeded onwards for Quebec, having first made a signal, not for *fishing*, but for the fleet to follow him with

all  
the  
wit  
sq"  
his  
who  
fre.  
2  
Mr.  
und  
pro.  
frec  
the  
abc  
pilo  
tha.  
culs  
may  
so r  
stor  
vege  
J  
Orle  
at c  
befc  
rom  
sails  
muc  
ing  
best  
aye,  
rativ

all possible expedition. We had scarcely embarked the pilot, ere there sprang up a fresh breeze, attended with fog and rain, the mate called it a "mackerel squall." Captain E., profiting by the hint, threw out his lines, and has caught mackerel enough to dine the whole crew; and, I need not add, they were pretty *fresh too*.

26th. We are anchored off Hare Island. (Here Mr. Barnard hove a sigh, which Strickland perfectly understood.) Our river navigation, thus far, has proved rather tedious; foul winds and ebb-tides have frequently compelled us to anchor near the shores of the little islands, with which the St. Lawrence abounds, and now having an extra individual (the pilot) to wait on, and therefore possessing less leisure than usual, and having more fully detailed the particulars of this passage than I intended to do, I trust I may be excused for hurrying my reader up this river so rapidly. We have just been bartering some ship's stores, with some Canadians alongside, for fresh meat, vegetables, &c.

July 1, 1809. This day, passing the fertile island of Orleans, and clearing Point Levi, the city of Quebec at once presented itself in all its splendour. Never before had my eyes been gratified with so grand, so romantic a scene. We have just anchored and furled sails. I am too busy and over-delighted to write much; and, hark! the loud voice of the Captain bawling down the companion, "You, boy! brush up my best suit, and get ready to go ashore with me." "Aye, aye, Sir!" Away, away quickly, thou *important* narrative, to thy usual hiding-place.

## CHAPTER XV.

I feel it *here*—my tortur'd brain's on fire ;  
I rave—oh, what a loss, great heav'n is mine !

“ Now, Mr. Barnard,” said Strickland, “ we have reached the end of the papers. James, I trust, will soon forward me some more of them. What think you of the little cabin-boy's performance ?” “ Why, really, Strickland, I know not what to think ; whether to admire more his ingenuity in producing so *much* matter and entertainment from so *few* incidents, or his industry in keeping so correct a journal ; *correct* I mean, considering his youth, his want of leisure, and his being necessitated to write by stealth. Some little play upon words, and some rather low remarks might, in *my* judgment, have been as well omitted.” “ And in *mine*,” replied Strickland ; “ yet, when we consider the society he is mixed up with, and the scenes he describes, if I am at all surprised, it is, that he has not more frequently fallen into such errors. But let's pipe to supper ; to-morrow we start early for Montreal.” “ We do, Strickland ; may heaven prosper our journey ; could I but find in my *son*, such a boy as *this*, faulty as he may be, how dearly could I hug him to my longing heart.”

Rather early in the morning the travellers quitted Berthier, passed the small village of La Noreé, distant three leagues, and at near eleven halted at Lavaltré, distant two leagues, to bait : a village most pleasantly situated on the banks of the

Gran  
trees.  
spire  
noon  
behel  
with s  
a sma  
the tr  
“ hap  
alwa  
an Er  
own t  
Wh  
made  
said S  
churc  
will st  
morec  
Step  
pect y  
is one  
tough  
nap ti  
In  
plative  
ing to  
possib  
Mr. B  
dinner  
“ now  
are yo  
fess, m  
strongl

Grand River, and overshadowed by a grove of stately trees. 'Twas Sunday, the bell from the little village spire summoned the inhabitants to pay their forenoon devotions. From the inn door the two friends beheld the Canadian peasantry, in holiday trim and with smiling faces, proceeding to the humble church, a small part of which seemed modestly peering through the trees. "They are at *home*," thought Strickland, "happy, *happy* mortals! while *I*, but it cannot be *always* so; *I* shall again enjoy the calm comforts of an Englishman's fireside, and that fireside will be my own too."

When ready to depart, a long-threatened shower made its unwelcome appearance; "Let's to church," said Strickland, "and pass away the forenoon." "No church for *me*," replied his friend, "the curious rustics will stare at us as though two newly imported monsters; moreover, *I* neither understand French nor Latin. Step *you* to the church, Captain; and harkee! *I* expect you'll fetch me an account of the sermon if there is one; I'll warrant ye these popish priests tell a tough story to their hood-winked hearers. *I'm* for a nap till dinner, for here, *I* suppose, we must dine."

In a few minutes our hero was seated in a contemplative manner right opposite to the pulpit, determining to glean as much of the sermon or exhortation as possible, for the instruction, or, rather *amusement*, of Mr. B. On returning, the cloth was laid for an early dinner. "Now, Captain Strickland," said Barnard, "now for the whole story; but first let me ask you, are you converted or are you not converted? Confess, man, confess; you know that the Catholic religion strongly recommends confession." "Aye; but not to

such a priest as yourself, Mr. Barnard : but any one would have thought that you had been in the Curé's breeches' pocket, you seem to have hit so well on the subject, the whole preamble was chiefly about *confession*. But get out of the room, Peter; I see the fellow is beginning to snigger already." " Lord bless your Honour! *where* would you have me to go to? the landlady has just pinned a dish-clout to my tail, and bundled me out of the kitchen." " For romping with the maids, I suppose." " No, your Honour, no; 'twas for only making a sop in the pan." " Well, Peter, it rains without, we must needs, I suppose, let you remain; but, d'ye hear, not a *word*." " I may *laugh* a little, I suppose, if I sees occasion." " Why, yes, we don't mind that, Peter; yet hear, and see, and say nothing." " Let me alone for that, your Honour." " Now, then, to proceed: his reverence preached in a white surplice"—" What a *fool!*" exclaimed Peter, " why, the parson of our village,—and *he* ought to know, always held forth in a *black* one." " Curse that fellow's impudence," interrupted Barnard, " his impertinence is insufferable;" so saying he seized the delinquent by the collar, and peremptorily helped him out of the room, politely saving him the trouble of shutting the door by violently slamming it after him. In a second Mr. Barnard coolly regained his seat, and turning to our hero, as though nothing had happened, he said, " Go on, if you please, Sir." " 'Twas an extempore exhortation, Sir, in the first part of which he cautioned his auditors against fraud, avarice, and usury; and in which he gave a detailed description of the petty artifices resorted to by the *seller*, to enhance the value of his



goods and entrap the unwary *purchaser*." "Perhaps," observed Mr. B., "his reverence has visited the Minories and the neighbourhood of Rag Fair; but I beg pardon, pray proceed, I am almost as bad as that talkative scoundrel Peter." "He commented much upon the virtues of charity and kindness towards our fellow-creatures; and upon the whole, this part of his discourse was highly calculated to produce beneficial effects on the minds of his hearers." "Half converted already, I perceive," said Barnard. "Well?" "He then expatiated largely on the necessity of making a confession to their priest of all offences committed; observing, that the voluntary concealment of a single fault, rendered the confession imperfect, and the absolution, so kindly given by the priest, of none effect; that those who received absolution in so unworthy a manner, committed sacrilege in the eyes of heaven; and that the willingly dying in such a state, would be a most effectual means of shutting them out from the kingdom of glory. The truth of which he endeavoured to impress upon their minds by the recital of a case, drawn, (as he said,) from ecclesiastical history, in which a young lady of high birth and pious education, privately committed an offence of so deep a dye, that she was ashamed to communicate her disgrace to her Father Confessor. Being continually tormented by the reproaches of a guilty conscience, she renounced the world and took the veil. Some time after which, her exemplary manners and apparent sanctity caused her to be advanced to the honourable post of Abbess; but still the struggles between shame and a sense of duty kept her in continual inquietude. Once, in a dangerous fit of illness, she had resolved to confess

*all*; but, alas for her, (said he,) a sudden recovery tempted her to reject the only salutary remedy conducive to her soul's salvation. Some years after this she died, in full communion with the church, partaking of its last outward consolations, but with the fatal secret still buried in her bosom. Masses, as is customary, were then said for the repose of the soul of her, who was considered, by the whole convent, as a *saint*. But in the midst of one of these solemn and efficacious services, the spectre of the deceased suddenly appeared—"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. B.) "and in a mournful and terrific manner, with hollow, sepulchral tone, ejaculated, 'Cease, cease your ineffectual prayers for me, I am tormented by an ever-burning flame; I burn, I scorch; woe is me! I have sacrilegiously received the last sacrament of the church, in a state of unconfessed sin, and am for ever excluded the presence of my Maker and his holy angels; beware, oh, beware my fate!'" "So saying," said Mr. B., "I suppose the poor ghost vanished." "Further deponent saith not," replied Strickland. "How highly interesting;" added Barnard, "and only wanting that scarce little ingredient, *truth*, to make it equally edifying. But is that all the sermon, Strickland? if not pray give us the rest." "He then represented the priests as ministers of reconciliation; as representatives of God upon earth; that they are not harsh fathers, but full of love and mercy; fathers who frequently heard their confessions with tearful eyes, and who never failed to give them good advice whereby to regulate their future conduct; that they needed not to apprehend a divulgement of their faults to the world, for that the priests would rather suffer death

tha  
fess  
pat  
a fr  
self  
fr  
"  
have  
I se  
mot  
abor  
my  
advi  
com  
boy.  
flum  
H  
(per  
dista  
St. S  
halter  
were  
learn  
and t  
perso  
being  
travel  
wards  
It wa  
speci  
side,  
to lod  
the tw

than divulge a secret committed to them in the confessional chair; he then concluded an eloquent and pathetic address, by strongly exhorting them to make a frequent and full confession of their sins, (to himself, I suppose,) as the only means of securing them from the wrath to come."

"Bravo! bravo! Strickland," said B'arnard, "you have executed your commission admirably. I think I see the dull-witted fools sucking it all down like mother's milk, and swallowing the ghost story with about as much satisfaction as I hope now to swallow my dinner: egad, if but one half of them follow his advice, what a mighty bundle of secrets will there be committed to his faithful bosom! But to dinner, my boy. Give me something more solid than such flummery."

Having dined, the party jogged *easily* onwards, (perhaps with a view to promote digestion,) and at the distance of about two leagues, reached the village of St. Sulpice. Here, as was their usual custom, they halted a few minutes, to make inquiry whether there were any English families in the neighbourhood; but learning that there were but two, and they *old* settlers, and therefore not answering the description of the persons they sought, they again resumed their journey, being now about eight leagues below Montreal. The travellers soon passed through Arpentenier, and afterwards halted at the Traverse, opposite Bout de l'Isle. It was now too late to reach the city that evening, especially as the ferry-boat was then over at the other side, above a mile distant; they determined therefore, to lodge for the night where they were. After tea, the two friends amused themselves by walking under

the trees, which plentifully overshadowed the banks of the river. The evening was cool, and the breezes refreshing, while the late heavy rains had materially improved the face of nature, and called forth from the plants and flowers their most grateful odours. The birds sang sweetly as they carelessly hopped from branch to branch. "Happy, happy birds," thought Strickland, "devoid as ye are of recollection, hope or fear. Alas! how differently situated is man, am I. Surely nothing more can be wanted," said he, turning to Mr. Barnard, "to prove the reality of an hereafter, than a serious consultation with our own inward feelings. With what mighty desires, with what vast capacities for enjoyment, has the beneficent Creator endowed us! Can he have possibly created within us such unlimited desires, and such a strong, tenacious love of life, merely to tantalize us? to mock us with a few years of painful existence, wherein we see our fairest hopes blighted, our friendships betrayed, our good name lost, and to sum up all, our second selves, either ungrateful and inconstant, or torn from us by the iron hand of relentless death? Oh! Barnard, did *even* no such book as the Bible exist, man were a fool indeed, at least *reflecting* man, to doubt a future existence. Man 'may read as he runs,' the certainty of an immortality. This place and its enjoyments are too narrow, too shallow for our unbounded desires: *this* can be but a state of *probation*. We have had *our* share of this life's troubles, Mr. Baanard. Be it our care to come out of the fire of affliction like pure silver thrice refined. I know not what it is that has led me to these solemn reflections—perhaps the sight of the playful inhabitants of these

woods, wantonly chirruping from bough to bough—perhaps from my visit this morning to the church; for however I might have been impelled to go, by the idle feeling of curiosity, and however superstitious the worship and doctrine of that church, I could not but feel when *there*, that I was in the more immediate presence of the Deity than I had been before for some months. But, perhaps, Sir, my mind is solemnized by the reflection that we are about to *part*. It is useless our remaining longer together, for though I feel (and Heaven is my witness!) the strongest desire to restore to you your wandering son, still you must be aware, Sir, that I have also *another* object of pursuit. To-morrow's sun will see us within the city of Montreal. *There*, if we fail of success in our inquiries, let us arrange matters in such a way, that *you* may take one road, and *I* another. It will be hard indeed, if we find not *one* of the *fugitives*, and even should it not be *my own*, think not, my friend, that sorrow has made me so selfish as to prevent me from feeling a real joy at *your* success."

The listener remained silent and agitated, when, after a pause of a few moments, Strickland continued. "*Peter* perhaps you will retain in *your* service, you are more accustomed to attendance than myself. I will, therefore, with your permission, turn the honest, impertinent fellow over to his more ancient master; for my own part, I think I shall do without a servant. I need no witness of my afflictions: let me when I travel, sit down and enjoy my melancholy musing, on the lone brink of some sadly flowing river, and increase its flood with tears of retrospection. Let me hide from the noon-day sun (my passive horse grazing

contentedly by) in the deep solemn shade of some majestic forest; or in the painful moments of despair and anguish, lay me down, and howl out my griefs to the moon, the inconstant moon, treacherous symbol as she is, of change of place and change of face. Barnard, you regard me with astonishment—'tis *here—here* I feel it," placing his hand expressively on his lofty forehead;—"and *here*," laying it on his heart, "*mine* has been such a loss, mine such a bereavement, that I begin to fear that all is not right within—my brain's on fire. But *in, in*, my friend, let us repair to rest." "With all my heart, Strickland," at the same time affectionately thrusting his arm through his, "and may sleep," added Mr. B., "*sleep*, the friend of the wretched, the consoler of the afflicted, absorb your senses in sweet forgetfulness: may to-morrow's sun restore you to that comparative peace of mind you appeared to enjoy before this painful evening. Cheer up, my friend, all may yet be well: something whispers to me, that we shall again, and that *soon*, revisit the shores of old England—aye, and carry with us too, the dear objects of our affection. Something like the plan you have proposed I am willing to adopt. Yes, let us, ere stern winter binds up the face of nature in a mask of ice and snow, explore this vast country. Let us appoint Montreal our head-quarters, and while the *one* travels, let the *other* remain there. Clark will have an eye to Quebec; with a spy in each of these places, and a scout about the country, we can hardly fail of success. As it respects Peter, whether I have all along considered him as my servant or not, *certainly* I am the person he shall look to for his wages. Nay now, oblige me in this *one* thing, Strickland, I'll

hear no objections. Is it any thing like a return for the time you kindly spent in my service, when I was groaning on a bed of sickness? Would all the wealth I possess be an adequate compensation for your disinterested friendship to my *child*? No. But see! we are at the inn door. Heaven, in the midst of all our misfortunes has provided us a roof under which to shelter our heads, together with the blessings of health, food, and raiment, and I may add, good appetites too, if I may measure *your's* by *mine*."

Several canoes having returned from fishing in the neighbouring streams, and bringing in abundance of perch, pickeril, pike, barbel, and eels, our travellers treated themselves with a dish of fresh fish, and then retired to rest. Strickland exclaiming, as he shut his humble chamber-door—not, "Richard is himself again," though something similar,—“That kind-hearted Barnard has, in a great measure, restored me to myself. How passing sweet is the voice of sympathizing friendship in the bitter hour of trial!” In the morning the party was detained upwards of half an hour, through a warm dispute with the conducteur, who contended that, as he had been only hired for two days, he had a right to return with the horses—that it was nothing to him—that the gentlemen chose to stop when it rained, or preferred going to church to travelling. Barnard, suffering his irritability to overcome his prudence, but for the timely interposition of Strickland, had certainly well lashed the said conducteur with his own horse-whip.—This quarrel drew a mob round the door, who, observing Mr. Barnard as red as a turkey-cock, still flourishing the whip in high dudgeon, commenced

operations by bellowing with all their might, " Sacre bougre les Anglais rouge !" and ended by pelting the two gentlemen with tufts of grass, &c. Poor Peter, while *ineffectually* attempting to harangue the mob into peace, (in horrible bad French) was *effectually* silenced himself by a large quantity of new cow dung, which they dexterously contrived to jerk into his mouth, (by the by none of the smallest.) The party soon found it advisable to make good their retreat from the infuriated and mischief-loving villagers, nor did Peter forget to bolt the inn door. The landlord here offering to furnish a horse and calash, and as before, a nag for master Peter, was commissioned by the travellers to remove the luggage, dismiss their former conducteur, and disperse the mob.

This business being at length settled, the party proceeded on foot to the ferry-boat, amidst the loud barking of all the village curs, which the late affray had drawn out, "Curse these yelping brutes," exclaimed Barnard, laying about him lustily with his stick, "I *detest* walking through a country village on this very account; one is sure to have all the dull-plodding, dolt-looking, goggle-eyed boors staring at ye, with their unmeaning eyes, while their half-starved whelps follow, barking, close at your heels; and here comes a flock of geese, hissing and poking out their necks, with a stately old *gander* at their head; *damn* the whole crew," exclaimed he, following the horses and carriage into the boat, "I heartily wish they were all plump at the devil;" to which pious wish P. P., or Peter Philpot, ejaculated a devout "Amen."

This unpleasant affair completely unsettled the nerves of our aristocratic East Indian, nor did he

onc  
mc  
lar  
tha  
vili  
see  
rem  
Po  
we  
ven  
ma  
bit,  
to p  
mac  
a no  
red  
joll  
ling  
to t  
mor  
the  
the  
hanc  
ful :  
O  
recc  
gotte  
Lorc  
ning.  
of t  
they  
much  
clair



once open his mouth until they were safely landed and mounted on the other side. *Then*, turning to Strickland, (who only smiled,) he observed, "Heaven send that we may find the *animals* of all species more civilized on *this* side the water." Peter, (like our hero,) seemed not at all inclined to be loquacious, the only remarks he was known to utter from Bout de l'Isle to Point aux Trembles, (three leagues below Montreal,) were, "Confound these fellows, their ignorance prevents them from knowing the value of cow-dung in making of *parget*; but I see we are going to halt here a bit, must ask master to give me a drop of '*O be joyful*,' to put the taste out of my mouth. I have, however, made a change for the better; *this* is something like a *nag*, 'tis as comfortable as riding upon our parson's red pulpit cushion; *this* beast is plump, round, and jolly; the *other*, as thin as a rod." After traveling one and a half leagues further, the party halted to breakfast, at Long Point; the country appearing more thickly inhabited the nearer they approached the city. On the opposite side of the river was seen the church of Varennes, reputed to have the most handsome interior of any in Canada, and on a delightful island the church of Belleisle.

On quitting the inn, Barnard having scarcely yet recovered his temper, observed, "They have not forgotten, I think, to *charge* for breakfast."—"Aye, Lord bless your Honour," interrupted Peter, grinning, "they have only exercised the Christian duty of hospitality towards you, 'ye were strangers, and they *took ye in*;' our parson used to hold forth very much about"—"Silence, sirrah!" peremptorily exclaimed Mr. Barnard, "unless you wish *me to hold forth*

the whip. Confound the fellow," muttered he, "one would have thought his mouth had been pretty well stopped this morning."

Early in the forenoon they entered the city, and repaired to a lodging-house pointed out by Mr. Clark, where they had the mortification to discover, that all the accommodations were bespoke, and therefore took apartments at an inn. After which, Peter was called in, and given to understand that he must, for the future, consider Mr. Barnard as his master; a *consideration* which was far from giving him satisfaction. The truth is, that Peter's heart was just one hundred and fifty miles from his other component parts; for to his shame be it spoken, notwithstanding his having, or *professing* to have, a sweetheart in England, he felt a hankering after the widow at Quebec,—perhaps after her well-stocked bar and larder; but this is a mystery I have in vain endeavoured to develope, seeing that he was never known to express his precise views on this subject. The gentlemen being both gone out for a walk, he determined to write to the lady in question a most *melting* letter; but *who* to get to direct it was the difficulty; for though the lover fancied himself scholar enough to fill up the interior to his own and his charmer's satisfaction, he still wished to see the exterior embellished by a finer hand than his own. "Let's write the letter first," said he to himself, "and let *me* alone for getting somebody to *direct* it. But I promised also to write to blackee; I'll do so, if only by way of getting my hand in, for I have not written a letter this many a day; but, now I think on't, the fellow doesn't know an A from a hogstye, I'll write to his wife. Lucky

thou  
Smit  
as m,  
tried

"De  
"  
are b  
for it  
well—  
can't  
to lea  
stopt  
lookir  
better  
stop !  
with ;  
hatche  
—got  
your l

"Mu

"C  
whole  
wrong  
for sor  
Mary  
the w

"Dea

"M  
comes  
soul tl

thought! What shall I call her, dear Mary, or Mrs. Smith? it shall be Mary; sweet name!—same name as my plump widow;—lucky dog!—best pen I ever tried in my life.

“ Dear Mary,

“ This comes hoping that you and your husband are both well, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it; we are just got here—hope business goes on well—should have written to your husband, but he can't read, mind ye ignorance is a sin, he should try to learn. Tell him I say you are a fool, that if you stopt long enough you might have had me, a good looking white lad; yet wish you joy, a *black* man is better, you know, than *no* man. Don't think I shall stop long here, I shall praps come down and pig in with you; hope by that time a young mulatho will be hatched,—shall stand godfather according to promise,—got another letter to write, so can't say more; from your loving friend

“ Till death,

PETER PHILPOT.

“ Muntry Hall, July—, 1813.”

“ Capital! bravo, Philpot! I have looked over the whole letter, and don't think there's a word spelt wrong; what a thing it is to be born a genius. Now for something sublime and elewated! Shall it be dear Mary again, or charming widder? I'll put in *both*, the women love it dearly.

“ Dear Mary,

“ Most charming and most beautiful widder, this comes with my best love, hope with all my heart and soul that your well, as this leaves me at present;

have made up my mind upon the matter we talked about when I was with you ; havn't had, upon my soul its true, a minutes happiness since I left you ; shall come down soon, get the bed and every thing redy, the parson shall splice us, as sailors say ; then let me alone for attendin properly to all the bisness. Hope you don't allow that black ill-looking feller to come pokin about the place when I'm away ; pen gets bad, no more at present from him which will soon be your loving husband till death,

“ PETER PHILPOT.

“ Muntry Hall, July, 1813.”

“ Capital, she cannot resist this ; besides, matters were almost made up before I left Quebec. Now to beg some wafers.”

While simple Peter was gone below for that purpose, the sly and inquisitive landlady, on her way down stairs from bed-making, must needs hastily pry into the contents of his *friendly* and *amorous* epistles. She had scarcely arrived at the second Peter Philpot, ere she heard the tread of P. P.'s foot on the stairs ; and having just time to make good her retreat, she met him full butt on the landing. Peter instantly accosted her with, “ A lucky meeting, Ma'am ; just be so kind as to do a small job for me. I want ye to direct these two letters.”—“ Most willingly, Sir,” replied she, with an arch smile. Poor Peter having written the two directions on a bit of paper, his hostess sat down to copy them ; when some mischief-making imp prompted her to direct the widow's letter to the wife, and *vice versa* ; the self-complacent gull giving her ample opportunity to do so, by removing to the

glass in the interim, adjusting his cravat, and chuckling to himself, "This *must* do; if I had not already won her *tender* heart, this letter itself would melt it. —Ah! what done? Thank'e, Ma'am."—"You are welcome, Sir; any time that you may have *such* letters to direct, apply to me, and they shall be done as *well* as these."

In the evening, Strickland entered into conversation with the landlord, who proved to be a settler from Britain; one who had resided nineteen years in Canada; and during the last twelve of which he continued a steady convert to the Romish faith. As is usual with such *precious* proselytes, he inveighed vehemently against Protestantism; raked up the ashes of Luther, Calvin, Henry the Eighth, and Heaven knows who, in his earnest zeal to support the doctrines of what he was modestly pleased to style "the only true church." Childless himself,—he was rearing up a nephew (a youth of eleven) in the same only true religion; the boy receiving instructions at the Catholic College, and at the expense of one of the priests. Upon our hero's eulogizing the priest for his kindness, his host informed him, that most of the Romish clergy educated, or paid for the education, of one, two, or more boys, of the poorer classes; generally choosing the children of parents not both Catholics themselves, considering that without their assistance such youth would probably not adhere to the *true* faith. 'Woe unto you, hypocrites, ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte,' &c. "Would it not be *well*," said an old cynic in their company, "if in this strong hold of Catholicism, our Protestant clergy of every denomination followed this example,

and caused to be instructed, at least those who are most likely to wander into error. Some, I am told, *do* ; but many of them, good men, are convinced that truth is truth, and that truth must finally prevail ; conscious as they are of the justness of their cause, and that 'the Lord knoweth who are *his*,' rather than arrogate to themselves any undue share of merit for their exertions to promote the interests of vital religion ; leave all the work for their Lord to do, while in self mortification, Christian patience, and unobtruding humility, they sit quietly down and enjoy the loaves and fishes. When we see so much exertion among the different sects of Protestants in England, to increase the number of their own particular adherents, it is really astonishing to observe with what apathy the Protestants of Canada regard the unremitting exertions, and the general success of the Romish clergy, in their attempts to draw over our youth *especially*, to their *own* superstitious church."

From his landlord, Strickland learned that the headquarters of General Sir George Prevost were at Kingston ; and that, notwithstanding the general depression of spirits occasioned by the abandonment of York by the united British and Canadian armies, on April 27th,—all ranks of persons in the city, and indeed the provinces in general, vied with each other in the alacrity with which they came forward to repel the incursions of the American invaders. " Ah ! Sir," said he, " it would have done you good to have witnessed the exultation felt here, (though the action did not take place in our neighbourhood,) when we heard of the capture of the United States' frigate the Chesapeake, by the gallant commander and crew of

His Majesty's frigate the Shannon. Give us but time to organize and concentrate our physical force, and I lay my life, Sir, we shall yet make the d—d yankees sup sorrow by spoonfuls, and send them back yankee-doodling to Boston, with a flea in their ear."

On the following day our hero had the satisfaction to hear from his acquaintance in England—I might have said his *friend*. Judge, reader, which is the most appropriate term, when I inform you, that Mr. Noble remitted to him a draught for fifty pounds, from a supposition that his finances were by this time at a low ebb. From him also he learned the pleasing intelligence, that his house and goods, so far from having been sold, were placed by his wife in the hands of a trustee, until the return of himself or his lost child. While our hero was enjoying with delight this proof of his wife's regard and consideration for him, out of a newspaper inclosed in the packet—fell a letter at his feet: he at once recognised the well known hand. Astonishment, joy, and dread, alternately gained the predominance in his troubled soul. With a trembling hand he raised the paper, hastily broke the seal, and after many interruptions to execrate his villanous rival, he succeeded in reading through the following letter.

" Strickland,

" My once dear Strickland, I am lost to you, and you to me, for ever. Why do I feel this regret, this foolish sorrow, on quitting a home and a husband no longer dear to me? Forget a wife who once loved you. *Faithless* yourself, can you any longer expect me to be faithful? I must forgive you:—our inclina-

tions, I am convinced, are not in our own power, or why should I continue to esteem you, assured as I am that you are unworthy? You will doubtless *now* pursue your voyage to the Mediterranean, without dread of discovery, and will perhaps bring over from Malta to England your other wife. Oh, Strickland, all this, *this* and much more I could have forgiven, and still have remained a virtuous wife; but after finding my long lost, only child—your intrusting him to the care of one who is to me a stranger—your secluding him from my longing eyes, from a mother's fond embrace, and sending him abroad to my *rival*, is an injury that even *I* (forgiving and confiding fool as I am) cannot submit to. I fly far from this *now* hated country. Should you—but, fool that I am to imagine it—that which was undervalued, was *despised* when you had it, how can I suppose you will ever again seek to *possess*? But I shall be far beyond your reach. Adieu! may—Oh, may you find *that* consolation in the arms of my rival which is ever denied to,

Your once faithful,

But now erring and miserable wife,

MARY STRICKLAND.

“ London, ——— 1813.

“ P. S. As a *last* request, I solemnly exhort you to be kind to my boy; snatch him from that—but I have done. Do that justice to the *son* you have denied to the mother. I would not—no, Strickland, I could not *rob* you; your property is safe in the hands of Mr. Cole. Do not, Oh, for mercy's sake, do not think, *bad* as I am, that I am also a *robber*. Adieu—why do I linger? Oh, Heaven! at once adieu, *Strickland*—Strickland, adieu for ever!”



How shall I define the feelings of Strickland on the perusal of this letter? Many may think that I am an erroneous delineator of the human character, when I state, that he pressed it with eagerness to his lips—that he hugged it with impassioned fervour. “Joy! joy!” exclaimed he. “She is *faultless*. Had I been really the guilty being she is taught to believe me, would she not have been almost justifiable in the steps she has taken? Oh, what hellish arts must the villain have had recourse to, ere he could persuade her that I am the wretch she supposes me. She loves me still—I am convinced she loves me. Curses on the artful serpent who beguiled her. Little did I think I was nurturing in my bosom a viper—an ingrate—who has robbed his benefactor of his choicest, dearest treasure. He has grossly belied me to the best of wives, and torn her for ever from me. Heaven grant I may not ever meet him; let me find *her*, poor, deceived, and erring mortal; for if it ever is my chance to encounter *him*, who can say that murder will not prove the awful consequence? *Yes,*” continued he, pacing his apartment, “long as I breathe, will I pursue her; let me but convince her that I am faithful and forgiving;—that heart which is but *half* my rival’s, will again become *wholly* mine. What care I for the *world*? let it *sneer* on: once more united, we’ll try to forget the past. Retired into some snug corner, unknowing and unknown, in peace we’ll spend our latter days; when our enjoyments, I trust, will receive a double relish from the transient remembrance of this painful separation.”

On rising in the morning, Mr. Barnard expected that our hero, according to promise, would be ready to accompany him on a trip to Laprarie; but Strick-

land's feelings since the receipt of his wife's letter had undergone so violent a revolution, that he, with truth, pleaded illness as a reason for the postponement of the journey. "I must," thought he, "write to Frank Noble." But in vain he seized his unsteady pen, his thoughts involuntarily wandered to the many days of happiness he had passed with *her*, whose letter he again pressed to his beating heart. Over and over again read he its sad contents. "It must be so," exclaimed he, throwing down his pen. "This letter, from its date, must have been written a week—one poor short week prior to my arrival in London: a few days before which, Mr. Cole was summoned to a distant part of the country to attend a dying relative. This then accounts for my not having received it before, and for my ignorance as it respects how my house was disposed of. I will, for the present, withhold from Mr. Barnard the contents of it. Why should I communicate them? Were they any thing that concerned him to *know*,—however *painful* the task, I would certainly act otherwise. I feel restless and uneasy, thank Heaven! I purpose to remain here but a week. Ah! would that I was sure my lost Mary is in this country—'tis more than probable—still, still my soul turns to her,

"As turns the faithful needle to the pole,  
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roll."

During the whole of the ensuing week, Strickland was confined to his bed by a severe fit of illness; the greater part of which time Barnard hung over him with painful anxiety, nor could he, without difficulty, prevail upon himself to proceed on a projected journey to Kingston. Peter he determined to leave behind, to wait on

the invalid: and the morning for his departure being arrived, he entered our hero's apartment to take an affectionate farewell. The scene was too painful to dwell on; both bereaved and afflicted, their hearts clung to each other, or rather were closely united by the powerful bonds of sympathy. "Wait but a few days, Sir," said Strickland, "*I myself* will go, and do *you* stay here." "No, no," replied Barnard, "'twas once *your* turn to travel while *I* laid by, but now 'tis *mine*. I mean to make inquiries on the whole line of road, and trust I shall give a good account of my errand. Come, Strickland, give me your hand. Cheer up: I shall find your health and spirits both renovated on my return. I trust to bring you such news as —" "Oh! Barnard," interrupted Strickland, "Why must I thus for ever be a *child*? *Why* instead of lauding your undertaking, damp your spirits by my sad bewailments? At once adieu, Sir. Farewell, my friend, you are in the path of duty, and Heaven itself's engaged to plead your cause. In all your dangers, difficulties, wants,—say to yourself, and say the *truth*,

'Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just.'

Peter, laden with Mr. B.'s travelling cloak and valise, accompanied, or rather followed the latter to the inn, who, ere he jumped into the calash, slipped a guinea into his porter's hand, accompanied with special injunctions to be diligent and attentive. "See," said he, "that you let him want for no attentions on *your* part, and I shall not *forget* ye: and harkee, fellow, sick people don't like a deal of talking to; set, therefore, a seal upon your mouth; be silent; be

assiduous."—"Let me alone for that, your Honour—though as *one* parson Shakespeare says,

‘ Silence is only commendable

In a neat’s tongue dried, and a maid not vendable.’

“ ’Twas not the parson of our village, your Honour, for he knew better than to talk about neats’ tongues in the pulpit. But I’m sorry, Sir, Capt. Strickland’s ill,”—" *Sorry, Sir!*" said Barnard, "Pray who would not be *sorry?*" "I mean, Sir, I just wanted to ask for a bit of leave, or so, just to go settle some bisness at Quebec, that’s all, your Honour: but dang it, I won’t ask to go while the Captain’s ill either: *that* shan’t be said about me, that I went about my *own* bisness when I was *most* wanted by my master. But *suppose* his Honour gets better, perhaps I may *then* go for a few days or so like?" "I have no doubt, Peter," replied Mr. B., "but that your master will grant you any reasonable liberty you require. But I am in haste, good bye!" The horse at the same time starting off at a full trot. "Ah! there he goes," exclaimed Peter, "he isn’t the worst of all possible masters, at any rate he isn’t in his tantrums just now, he let’s a body have his *say* out. I hate to be snapt up, that I do. But *now* to my *other* master: I can have my bellyfull of talk with *him*. There! there! ‘he driveth like Jehu, the son of Nimshi,’ his Honour’s just turned the corner. Can’t see round corners, shall therefore trudge home." "Confound these Montreal girls," said Peter, as he posted through the market place, "they cannot content themselves with taking a sly peep at the countenance of a smart young fellow; but must needs be howdacious enough to stare him out of countenance. I guess

the  
look  
I  
ver,  
occ  
to e  
doct  
the  
days  
by i

“  
land  
say,  
mus  
very  
voy,  
my  
Gec  
that,  
over  
pass  
ship  
supp  
a sa  
tops  
lend  
me,  
abo  
swim  
Her  
a st

the widdier will find me improved : the glass says, I look fresher, and my waistcoat that I grow fatter."

During Strickland's illness, he was attended by a very friendly and intelligent man, one who, when not occupied by the duties of his profession, was willing to sit and converse with his patient. In short, the doctor's kindness tended materially towards lessening the ennui attendant on pain and inactivity. A few days after Mr. Barnard's departure, he was gratified by receiving a note from Capt. Graham.

"Dear Messmate,

"This day we shall get under weigh for bonny England. My partner writes me word (for I am sorry to say, that *half* only of the Venus belongs to me) that I must make another trip in the fall, which, if I am very lucky and expeditious, and do not wait for convoy, I may be enabled to accomplish. Now, harkee! my boy, if *you* are ready to sail before I come, Geordie Graham, your old messmate, shipmate, and all that, expects ye to heave-to a bit, and wait till he overhauls ye. D—n me if I don't give ye a free passage rather than know ye to go home in another ship. I have just received on board an unexpected supply, ordered by Mr. Barnard. Thank him for me, a sailor doesn't *say* much, no palaver, but shiver my topsails, if ever I see him among the breakers, without lending him a helping hand. But *you* understand me, old shipmate! With what the nabob has sent aboard, and what we shipped before, by G— we shall swim to England in *grog*. This rum mixes well. Here is your health, my boy, and may ye never want a shiner in your pocket, nor a clean shirt in your

locker, is the sincere wish of—. Avast there, Geordie. I was just going to wind up my yarn without putting in the very points I intended. Well then, I have just learned from a homeward-bound passenger in the next ship, that about two miles on the high road (mind that) above Kingston, some of our old passengers are settled, and that some others have crossed the St. Lawrence, and steered towards the Yankees. I thought that you and Barnard would like to know this. *Though* I did not *promise* much, you see I have been trying to *do* something for ye. Now good bye, my fine fellow, spanking luck attend ye. I need not advise ye to steer clear of fire-ships, knowing that your vessel pursues a more steady course than that of your brother sailor and sincere friend,

“GEORGE GRAHAM.

“Quebec, July —, 1813.”

“Well done, my open-hearted old tar,” said our hero. “Independent of the valuable information his letter contains, it gladdens my heart to hear from him. I shall be likely, I find, to see his friendly old face again; I will not let slip a moment in conveying this intelligence to Mr. Barnard. Here! Peter, bring me the pen and ink.” “Aye, aye, Sir. It does my heart good, your Honour, to see you looking so much like yourself again; why, you haven’t looked so cheerful this many a day. Belike your Honour has had good news in that letter. I saw your Honour was growing low-spirited. ‘Hope deferred,’ as our Parson used to say, ‘maketh the heart sick.’ I expect news from Quebec myself; and if I don’t soon have it, shall be obliged to beg a week’s absence of

so, but not till your Honour's quite well, and can do without me." "We'll consider about that bye and bye, Peter. Now leave the room, and keep in the way to run to the post-office." "Let me alone for that, your Honour," said Peter, who on his way down stairs observed to himself, "Bless his heart! it does a body good to see him so cheerful; and then, he speaks to servants as thof they were of the same flesh and blood as himself, and not as thof they were brutes or neegers. I'd rather serve him for no wages at all, than some of your surly curmudgeons for forty golden guineas a year; aye, and a new livery to boot."

The letter despatched, and directed to A. Barnard, Esq., post office, Kingston, or elsewhere, Strickland soon relapsed into despondency, and his disorder (a nervous fever) confined him for some weeks to his chamber, during which time he answered Mr. Noble's friendly letter.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

I hate the silence-shunning, cackling crowd,  
Who, fool-like, vent their silly thoughts aloud.

THE month of August had nearly expired ere the Captain ventured to leave his chamber, and take little strolls round the city and its environs. He began to count the tardy moments in which he heard no tidings from Mr. Barnard, as well as to long ardently for a perfect restoration to health, to enable him to travel himself. "I will," said he, "pass a few tedious minutes in writing again to Noble:—

“ Dear Frank,

“ I am but just recovering from my fit of illness. Alas! I have not yet found any clue to the retreat of my deceived Mary, nor am I sure that she is in this country at all. The gentleman travelling with me has, I trust, by this time, found his son, and perhaps may be able, on his return from Upper Canada, to give me some useful information. This is, at present, my only hope. Depend upon it she is not so much to blame. That *villain!* my blood boils at the bare mention of his name, has imposed upon her,—persuaded her that I am married to another woman, have found my lost child, and confided him to the care of her rival. Would to Heaven I could now find either of them, or both!” [Strickland in continuation.] “ You must excuse me for writing this at intervals. I am still weak. My doctor is the only person here who visits and amuses me, and from whom I have received any information respecting this city and its environs. I am but ill qualified for writing, but shall, however, endeavour to afford you some amusement.

“ The place on which now stands Montreal, was once an Indian village, containing about fifty houses, or wigwams, and called by the natives, Horehelega. It was surrounded by three rows of pallisadoes, and from their then ignorance of the use of fire arms, the Indians had piled up abundance of pebbles in the centre, as weapons of defence against the aggression of any other hostile tribe. It was in the year 1535 that Jacques Cartier arrived at Horehelega, with some of his companions. The Indians expressed the greatest astonishment at the appearance of the French, particularly admiring their long beards, (then gene-



rally worn.) They regaled Cartier in their rough, homely way, and afterwards conducted him to the top of the mountain. Here he was transported with delight and admiration, by the beautiful and extensive prospect which gladdened his eyes, bounded as it was in the distance, by the towering mountain of Chamblé. In honour of the king, his master, he named the mountain on which he stood, Monte Royale, since which time the whole island, as well as the city since built, has been known by nearly the same name, (Montreal.) In 1610, Champlain, a French officer, after some severe fighting with the Indians, was preparing to form an establishment here; but on hearing of the assassination of his master, Henry IV., he relinquished his attempt. In 1614, four Recollet Priests were sent out to convert the Indians; but it appears that their mission was unsuccessful, the natives breathing a war of extermination. In 1625, Nicholas Viel, a Recollet Priest, and a young Indian proselyte, returning from Lake Huron to Quebec, were drowned by the oversetting of their canoe, in a rapid of the channel which divides the island of Montreal from the isle Jesus; the fatal place is still known by the name of the Sault de Recollet. It was not till 1640, and after Canada had changed masters twice, (it having once in the interim been in the hands of the English,) that a few huts were thrown up at Montreal, which were afterwards improved into a regularly-built town. In 1642, a chapel was built, and dedicated to the Mother of God, and her assumption was solemnized with great pomp by a numerous crowd of Indians and French. The settlement, however, still remained exposed to the attacks of the crafty and revengeful

Iroquois. To defend themselves, the settlers first surrounded the place with pallsades, and about forty years afterwards, with a wall of slight materials, strengthened with small bastions, and by building also a small redoubt in the centre of the town. The place daily increasing in strength and importance, in process of time became the centre of the fur trade, which before had chiefly been carried on at Toudasac, a port situated thirty leagues below Quebec. It would be an endless task to notice the wars between the French and the Indians, the former—and the English, and since the conquest, between the English and Americans, or to advert to the present doubtful struggle. Suffice it to say, that Montreal, as it now is, is situated on the south side of an island of the same name, in length about thirty miles, and its mean breadth seven ; it is 131 miles from Ogdensburgh, and nearly 180 from Quebec. The city extends along the St. Lawrence a mile and three quarters in length, and is nearly half a mile in width ; the streets are narrow, but the buildings are of stone, and regularly disposed. In addition to its handsome churches, it contains an hospital, several convents, &c. ; its inhabitants are about 20,000. When I reflect that less than two centuries ago, this place was the abode of a few uncultivated Indians, I cannot but say, What do we not owe to thee, father *Time*? Thou destroyer and planter of nations! who can say that in less than the same space of time, thy proud buildings may not be again crumbled into their native dust,—leave not a vestige to enable the curious traveller to say, ‘Lo! *this* was once Montreal.’

“The majority of the inhabitants here, as well as

as in most parts of Lower Canada, are Roman Catholics. The mountain, which is elevated nearly 700 feet above the level of the river, is situated two miles and a quarter distant from the city, and extends, from north to south, two miles; the elegant white cottages and mansions of the citizens, on its brow and summit, form a beautiful contrast with the surrounding foliage. From its top may be had a beautiful view of the city, and also from the island of St. Helena, opposite. Thence, I am told, it shows to great advantage; its lofty mountain forming a fine back ground, from whence may be also seen the eastern side of the river, the flourishing settlements of Longueil, St. Lambert, and La Prairie de la Madalene, together with the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, dashing impetuously over the rocks of La Chêne, and sweeping their rapid course round a variety of beautiful islands. Moreover—but my doctor is at the door. You will smile, Frank, to hear that I have promised to go with him to witness the performance of a solemn mass for the dead. He is a rigid Roman Catholic, and has put himself to considerable expense to have this mass said for the repose of his deceased uncle, or rather, to procure his liberation from purgatory; but I scarcely know which, neither do I care, believing as I do, that the ceremony is equally efficacious for *every* purpose. 'Twould be in vain to try to convince him that he is wrong, and had better preserve the money for the benefit of his own *body*, and leave his uncle's poor *soul* to shift for itself. I could direct his benevolence into a better channel: he has indigent relatives. But I am in haste.—Now to accompany the doctor."

[In continuation—ten at night.] "Give me joy,

Frank ! Joy !—joy unspeakable ! Yes, I have seen her—those eyes have once more beheld my Mary ! But how shall I begin to tell you the glad tidings ? My heart is full ; but for the having you, to whom I can communicate my rapture, it would burst its narrow cell with excess of pleasure. But, my dear Frank, to relate the matter methodically. Thus it fell out :—Arrived, with the doctor, at the door of a superb church, he politely ushered me in. The windows were darkened, and the walls covered with black, while at every turn, skulls and bones, the sad emblems of death, met the eye. The high altar was illuminated with numerous large candles, in massive gilt candlesticks, while many of the deceased's friends and others supported long wax tapers. In a few minutes the Priest, magnificently attired, attended by boys, in long vestments, bearing large lighted candles, and others with silver censers, smoking with aromatic incense, approached the steps of the altar. The immense building was crowded to excess, yet, save the hollow, monotonous voice of the Priest, as he commenced the solemn service, not a whisper was to be heard ; all was still, silent, and sepulchral. Sitting next the Doctor, and supposed to be one of his friends, a lighted taper was thrust into my hand. Deep buried in my own melancholy musings on the shortness of human life, the probable state of the *departed*, and the vanity and superstition of the living, mechanically I grasped it. At *that* moment,—yes, Frank, at that *blessed* moment, her eyes met mine ; a faint shriek of surprise reached my astonished ear, and she—she, my life, my joy, my *Mary*, was borne out of the church. Without regard for the sanctity of the place, or re-

spect for the feelings of my friend, I instantly dashed down the taper, and forced myself out as quickly as the density of the crowd would permit; but being unfortunately in a central position, some minutes elapsed ere I could reach the door. But *there*—disappointed mortal that I am,—I found her not. Exposure to the air had speedily recovered her, and I was informed that she had bent her hasty steps towards the market place. *Thither* I flew on the wings of love and hope, to overtake her; but in vain. Till *now*,—I have not since ceased my pursuit; every street and alley in the city can bear witness to the tread of my foot. But still, give me joy, my friend; I have made a great discovery,—nay, more than *one*. First, that she *lives*; next, that she is near me; and above all, that she has recognised me, and must know that I am in pursuit of her. This *one* thing, Frank, will prove to her deluded mind, that even if I had another wife, I have left *that* wife to follow *her*. Farewell, my friend. I am too delighted, too agitated to sit calmly and write. Expect soon to hear again from me; or rather, expect soon to *see* once more, and with him a treasure worth seeking,

“Your once miserable,

“But now thrice happy

“STRICKLAND.

“Montreal, Sept. 1, 1813.”

A whole week was passed by our hero, in fruitless inquiries after his lost wife. Take pattern by this, ye husbands; and ye who really have virtuous wives, learn by this example to love and cherish them. Many hours did he stand at the corners of the public

streets, and in the market-place. Imagining that she might have taken shelter, as a boarder, in some convent, he made application at the gates of all the convents in the city, and then spent another week in making fruitless tours to all the villages in the neighbourhood. Returning late one night from La Chêne, distant nine miles, he was not only fatigued, but began also to feel himself seriously ill. He had no one near to assist him in his search; not one individual to whom he could communicate his distress. Had even Barnard been near, he could have rendered no assistance; for, from want of a personal knowledge of Mrs. Strickland, that gentleman might have passed her twenty times in the street, without recognising her. Unfortunately, the faithful Peter was similarly circumstanced; nor even had our hero, from delicacy of feeling, ever acquainted him with his business in Canada: much less, then, was he disposed to do so *now*, when there was a possibility of his being again united to the only object of his love. The first thing he did on his return was to dispatch Peter for the doctor; soon after which the former gently tapped at his master's door. "Come in, Peter." "Hope your Honour feels better; your Honour travels about too much, and over-fatigues yourself. If I might give my advice, you should stay at home of evenings, and take somehut comfortable; praps 'tis all owing to wind on the stomach, your Honour, and"—"But the *doctor*, Peter?" "Lord bless your Honour! I was thinking so much about your illness, and what might have been the 'casion of it, that I had forgot every bit and crumb about the plaguey doctor: but I hear him, coming up, Sir. I had such a job to

get him to stir his old stumps; why, would your Honour *believe* it? old Wigsby begins to ride quite rusty." "Peter, leave the room. Pray, doctor, be seated," continued Strickland; "for before we proceed to business, I feel that an apology is due on *my* part, for behaving so indecorously, and indeed ungentlemanly, when last we parted. Let the nature of the circumstances, I pray you, plead my excuse. I have followed to this country a lovely runaway relative, and after having nearly given up all hopes of ever finding her, I suddenly beheld her in a remote corner of the church. Her eyes met mine: she shrieked, fainted, and was borne out;—*I*, overpowered by my feelings, abruptly followed." "*This, Captain,*" replied the placable doctor, "is an ample apology; but, from my knowledge of your general politeness, a much less excuse would have been sufficient to remove any angry feeling on *my* part. *I* am a rigid Catholic: *you* a Protestant; and I must confess, that until this moment, the occurrence looked something like an insult offered to my religion. But enough of *this*. You have not found the object you sought, and uneasiness of mind has again brought on your illness. Compose yourself, Sir; I will send you something salutary to take, and from my knowledge of Montreal, and easy access to the principal families, as well as to those of the middling class of persons,—yes, send me but to-morrow the description of the person you seek, and should she be within the city, a week shall not elapse without my finding her. Keep up your spirits, Sir. I shall not stay to hear her description *now*: send it me. You want *rest* more than you need *me*. So farewell, Sir." "Good night,

Sir," replied Strickland. " I am most grateful for your proffered kindness. Here, Peter, light the doctor carefully down."

" Once more then I am alone," thought Strickland; " what dependence I am to place on the doctor's promises I know not. Curse on the vile ungrateful wretch who has led me into this sad predicament; can *he* be here too? The thought is madness—why should I retire? I cannot sleep. I'll make a friend of thee, O paper, (he writes.) Thy innocent bosom hath not been sullied by acts of guilt—thy snowy whiteness tarnished by the foul breath of prejudice: alas! what other friend have *I*? Busy memory recalls to mind thy distant shores, O England; doubly dear to me, from the recollection of past joys, the hopes of future comfort. Though far removed from thy smiling hills, thy chalky cliffs, and golden valleys; the attractive magnet friendship draws my heart towards thee; for sure *Frank* is true. *My country!* 'tis *strange*, most strange, that my thoughts should at this moment dwell so strongly on my country. But, England, what charms hast thou for *me*? Where is my country, but that which contains my *all*? But no more, foul ink, thy uncongenial current flows too tardily, to paint the inmost feelings of my breast. But what am I writing? Ah, bereaved Strickland! 'tis thus I try to ease a troubled mind; deceived and betrayed as I am, by a wife and a friend; despised and belied as I am, by the world. Yet, *Mary*, *I* remain faithful, and heaven sees and approves the love and friendship of my heart. Flying, I'll still pursue thee. The world may call my conduct *strange!* but shall its judgment make me pause? No, no, the love which warms my



inmost heart, defies its censure, covets not its fond applause. Oh, what a loss, great God, is *mine*!

“I’ve travell’d many a country, wander’d here and there,  
Yet never met a form, nor conn’d a face, but half so fair.

“Fool that I am, how I wanton in her praise; for what is *beauty* but a toy, that fans the blaze of warm desires? My Mary has a mind formed for the enjoyment of the most exalted friendship. Come then, O come to my expecting arms; come naked, destitute, or poor, thou’lt find a ready welcome. But I am disturbed; what can Peter want at this *late* hour?” Our hero quitted writing, and in a pettish tone, ordered him to come in. His half-asleep servant accordingly entered, bearing a draught, sent by the doctor. “’Tis well, Peter; *this* I see must be taken at once. I *have* a glass; you may to-bed.” “But, your Honour.” “Good heavens!” exclaimed Strickland, “*What* can the fellow linger for? *To bed*, I say; to bed, Sirrah!” Peter stared, scratched his head, and with a plausible look, turning to his angry and expectant master, said, “Mayhap your Honour could oblige a body with an old pair of boots. I’m crippled with the corns, and—” “Surely, Peter,” replied Strickland, “you cannot possibly have chosen this unseasonable time to make such a request. Is *this* the only cause of your disobeying my orders?” “Why, your Honour, I don’t like to intrude; and nobody can say, as Peter is given to listening; but, if your Honour recollects, I was near the door, and heard it all.” “What, in the name of the Pope, can all this preamble tend to? Tell me at once what you mean, Sir; nor stand chattering there with the door

half open all night." "Why, I hope no offence, your Honour," continued Peter; "but I am sure you said you were come to look for a woman; a 'lovely relative,' I think your Honour said; now, who knows, thought I to myself, that—" "That, that, what, Peter? speak, my good fellow." "That, that there woman might be she." "What woman," interrupted Strickland; "speak at once, and let me know." "Why, if your Honour will just give me time to tell the story as it happened, you shall know all. But praps your Honour had better go to bed, and follow the doctor's advice. I'll tell ye all in the morning; good night, Sir." "Stay! I *command* you, Sir. I am determined to know *this* instant." "Well, if your Honour must, you know you must. You'll please not to forget about the boots." "Go on, Sir, I say." "Well, 'tisn't Peter's fault if you neglects to obey the doctor. But, I see you are a little matter impatient or so, Sir—well then, your Honour, as I was coming through the market, two or three days ago, I said to myself, says I, what can that lady want following me wherever I go? At first, your Honour, I took her for some body else, but found her rotunditty a precious deal smaller. The servant maids, your Honour, often stares at me; and so I thought, praps my fortune is made, who knows, says I to myself—says—" "Go on, Peter, my patience is exhausted." "Well, your Honour, *she*, that is, the lady, would you believe it? watched me as far as the door. She must be, says I to myself, some *great* one, for when she saw me coming in, she muffled up her face." "What then, Peter?" "Why nothing, *then*, your Honour; but this morning, as I was going for the newspaper, what

shoul  
the c  
be t'  
I har  
on—"  
I's;  
tion,  
I sha  
hear  
He  
seizin  
vocife  
sirrah  
so, I  
she e  
collar  
good  
said;  
be so  
know  
Str  
wisel,  
way.  
not C  
says I  
stand  
says  
just  
Give  
what!  
own t'  
with t  
"We

should I see, your Honour, but a woman standing at the corner of the street, and muffled too. *That* must be the great lady, said I to myself; recollected that I had washed my face, combed my whiskers, and put on—

“D—— your whiskers, fellow, and your says I’s; did the lady speak to ye? answer me *that* question, Sir?”

“Why, your Honour is so cross. I see I shall have no boots. Praps your Honour had better hear it to-morrow.”

Here,—Strickland, ill as he was, jumped up, and seizing his tiresome domestic by the collar, loudly vociferated, “Did the lady *speak*, I say?—Speak, sirrah!”

“Lord bless your Honour, you frighten me so, I shall forget all about it. Let me see, what did she say *first*? O, *now* I have it; but pray let go my collar, master. She said to me, says she, ‘Pray, my good feller.’—Yes, your Honour, ’pon my soul she said *good feller*. Says I to myself, says I, this must be some old acquaintance, or *how*, Sir, could she have known that I was *good*?”

Strickland, at this stage of the story, sat down, wisely determining to let Peter proceed in his *own* way.

“‘Pray, my good feller,’ says she, ‘are you not Captain Strickland’s servant?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ says I, with a low bow, (your Honour knows I understands manners,) ‘and a very good master he is,’ says I too; ’pon my word, your Honour, I said so, just as much as thof you had given me the boots.

‘Give this to your master,’ says she.”

“What, what!” exclaimed Strickland; “but, go on, in your own tiresome way.”

“‘Very well, Ma’am,’ says I; with that, she thrusts a large letter into my hand.”

“Well, well, Sir!” said our hero. “‘I am going out

of town directly,' says she, 'but don't deliver the letter till to-morrow.' 'Let me alone for that, Ma'am,' says I. I could see, your Honour, that she was going out of town, for she jumped into a calash, waiting for her at the opposite corner." "Well, Sir, did any thing else take place?" "The most *important* part of the business is to come yet, Sir." "What, what?" "Why, she slipped a half crown into my hand; not a farthing more, your Honour, as I hope to be *married*." "Now, Sir, give me the letter." "Recollect my *promise*, your Honour." "Fetch it, I say, instantly." Peter grumblingly quitted the room, and then returned with the letter. "'Tis her's—'tis her's!" exclaimed Strickland. "Get out of the room, Peter. There—there—I'll shut the door. Pshaw! talk about the boots to-morrow." Our hero having *himself* closed the door, sat down, with a beating heart, to read the following letter:—

"O Strickland,

"My *once* husband, these eyes have again beheld you; but, oh! how altered. Is it for *me*, unworthy wretch that I am, that care and grief have imprinted their deep furrows on thy noble countenance? I am lost to you, Strickland, for ever; ere these lines reach you, I shall be many miles from Montreal. Cease, cease then the vain, the useless pursuit; nor bestow another thought on one so vile. How can I suppose for a moment, that you will pollute your hand by touching this contaminated paper? Say, rather will you not start from it, as from a reptile, a serpent, a cookatrice? Yet, ere I am silent to you for ever, let me avow, that I am convinced of your fidelity—of

your tenderness. Alas! unhappy woman that I am, I deserved not such a husband in my *better* days, how much less then *now*? Return to your country—seek out our boy: I am persuaded he still lives—will be restored to you; and, when he sits with you, at our once, though now, no longer *my* happy fire-side, when the dear youth looks up inquiringly, and asks for his unhappy mother, do not, do not, O Strickland, if ever you loved me, tell him how abandoned a woman she is. Think, think sometimes with pity, with kindness of me; my heart is breaking, witness the tears which bedew this paper. God shower down his choicest blessings, and gladden your afflicted heart. Let not *another* occupy my ——; but what right have I? *I*, the *faithless, treacherous* wife, to make such a request?—Why clings my pen, with such obstinacy, to the paper? It is, Strickland, to tell you that I am *penitent*; that I have quitted the base villain for ever; would that I had never seen him, never listened to his base lies, nor read his *forged* letters. Ought I not to have better known your hand, have better estimated your heart? *Once* seduced and betrayed from my home and thee, he confessed the treachery, of which *I* was the victim; I remained not another hour with him. Heaven is witness to my sorrow; but, can whole ages of penitence remove the foul stain from my conscience? Alas! No. If ever thou meetest him—him—the unprincipled seducer—the destroyer of my peace and virtue, embroe not your hands, Strickland, in his guilty blood; leave that vengeance to Heaven. Be assured, that ingratitude (full well I know it) never did, no, nor never *will*, go *unpunished*. But he is far off; he knows not my retreat, nor ever

shall he. O, Strickland! I *feel* that I am a pilgrim, an outcast, without home, or friend; yet, 'tis but what I deserve; oh, yes! what I *deserve*, and much less than my deserts. Grant my request, the last request of a repentant wife: leave Montreal—quit Canada, that I may again bend my steps towards this city, and once more follow that peaceful occupation, by which I obtain a livelihood. Hasten, nor remain to deprive me of my *only* means of support. I cannot return until I am convinced that you are embarked, and have sailed for England.

“Adieu! oh, that heart-rending word; could I but once more be restored to that virtue I have lost, with what joy, what rapture, could I meet you? but *now*, it must not, cannot be. Even couldst thou pardon, I cannot come, a guilty, polluted wretch, and throw myself again into those arms. Shall I *further* degrade you in the eyes of the world? Heaven forbid. Farewell. Adieu for ever; yes, Strickland, my once dear Strickland: and now that I have *lost* you, my more than ever *adored* husband, she must quit you for ever—she—the guilty,

“But now truly penitent,

“ (And may I add, *wife*?)

“ MARY STRICKLAND.

“Montreal, Sept. 1813.”

“Poor victim!” exclaimed Strickland. “Alas! of what a treasure has that villain despoiled me? Her’s is the language of an elevated heart—her’s the sincere penitence of one, who having *once* deviated from the path of rectitude, thinks no repentance adequate to restore her to her lost place in society. Would that

Barnard were but here, to advise me how to act—how to find her; 'tis time I heard from him. I am in a difficulty, from which I know not how to extricate myself. That she has left Montreal I am certain. I can place every confidence in her declaration, even was it not backed by Peter's testimony, who saw her jump into the calash. Whither shall I turn me? 'tis now fast verging towards midnight. Hark! I hear it strike—one—two——the solemn hour of twelve. Exhausted nature needs repose; to-morrow will I call upon the friendly doctor; if I can but discover where she *has* lived, it may afford a clue to her *present retreat*. Now let me to bed, and carry with me the consoling thought, that though my Mary is for the present lost to *me*, yet she is not in the possession of another. The foul spoiler, thank heaven, no longer riots in the full enjoyment of her soul-subduing charms. Oh, how sickening, how agonizing is the humiliating thought that ever he should have done so! My brain whirls—my mind's a chaos. How, great heaven, how? can I again clasp to this madly beating heart, the woman who has left me for another? Has she not, inconstant, base, ungenerous as she is, at least to *me*, surrendered up *willingly* to a villain, my prior rights in her? But whither will this madness carry me. Father of spirits! If a frail erring worm, a being who knows not what he would *have*, nor what he would *shun*, may be permitted to address Thee:—teach me, I beseech thee, to know *myself*—to analyse my feelings; for, at *one* moment would I spurn her to the remotest corner of the habitable globe; at the *next*, lay down my honour and my life before her feet. But, she has quitted the

villain ; how noble, how refined are the feelings which breathe through her whole letter, as though she had said—‘ Having *once* betrayed my trust, I am no longer worthy your confidence.’ By heaven! I love her better than ever. I knew not what a wife I possessed, until this bitter calamity called forth her exalted principles into full exercise. Joy—joy—unspeakable. I shall no longer press a widowed pillow. Great heaven! I thank thee, that thou art pouring out my coming joys by *measure*. First, I discover that she is alive, and in the same country with me; next, that she is repentant, and therefore again worthy my love; and, finally, that I shall press her to my glowing bosom—that these arms shall be once more her constant cradle; had all these joys poured *collectively* on my ravished soul, *death*—a death of joy—might have proved to me, the fatal consequence. Yes, heaven, I thank thee, I shall yet find her—yet press to my heart a *reality*—but to *rest*. Oh, how I long for the morrow, and chide the tardy-footed time. Even now the hour of morn is come, and some few fleeting hours, once overpast, the welcome harbinger of still more welcome day, will sound a requiem to expiring night.”

On the following morning, soon after breakfast, Strickland repaired to the house of Dr. C., on entering whose study, he said, “ Knowing, Sir, that your *morning* time, in particular, is most precious, I shall at once proceed to the business I came about; know then, that a letter has been conveyed to me from the person I seek, and who has, I am fully satisfied, quitted Montreal; but I will read you a passage. ‘ Quit Canada, that I may again bend my steps towards this

city,  
by  
Doc  
Shal  
whic  
only  
Cap  
read  
plic  
pati  
cien  
to be  
she i  
“  
is?  
her  
wher  
netra  
plain  
ough  
howe  
nute,  
I hav  
mina  
seen  
Sir,  
suade  
the m  
profe  
of ac  
serve  
music  
sion c



city, and once more follow that peaceful occupation by which I obtain a livelihood.' Now what can I *do*, Doctor? I cannot, will not, return without her. Shall all the agitating moments of hope and fear, which I have experienced in the pursuit of her, end only in *disappointment*?" "A thought strikes me, Captain Strickland; will you oblige me by again reading the passage?" "Most certainly, Sir," replied our hero. "It was the words, '*peaceful occupation*,' which attracted my notice. Are you sufficiently acquainted, Sir, with the lady's acquirements, to be able to form a judgment as to what occupation she is able to pursue?"

"If I am not," thought Strickland, "who else is? She was, Doctor, (and I *well* recollect it), in her *younger* days a governess in a nobleman's family, whence she married." Here the Doctor cast a penetrating look towards the speaker, which spoke as plainly as looks can speak—I suspect you are, or ought to be, united together by the tenderest ties; he, however, said nothing: then, after musing for a minute, he suddenly broke out—"Captain Strickland, I have it; she must have been a teacher in some seminary in this place; and now, I think on't, I have seen such a one—spoke she *French*?"—"Yes, yes, Sir, French, Italian, and Spanish." "I am persuaded, then, 'twas her. But to the point—I attend the most respectable ladies' seminary in the city in a professional way, and have often felt a great degree of admiration and respect for a female I have observed in it. She was at the head of the drawing and music department. The chaste dignity, and expression of deep sorrow depicted in her pale countenance,

attracted my attention, and excited my sympathy. I believe she resided there two months. Yesterday afternoon I called to visit a patient, and missed the elegant stranger. On inquiring for her, the principal informed me that she had the same morning quitted town on important and private business of her own, and that the period of her return is quite uncertain." For this information, which convinced our hero that the stranger was none other than his lost wife; he returned the Doctor his most grateful acknowledgments. "Remain but an hour *here*, Sir," continued Doctor C., "I have promised to pay the seminary a morning visit. On my return I will disclose to you what I may further learn concerning the lady; be assured I will make it my particular business to glean all the information I can for you, without disclosing my motives for inquiring. Here, Sir, is the latest English paper. Ere you have digested its contents, I am with you." With a mind but ill qualified for the act, our hero sat down to read; but the bustling old Doctor detained him not long. The clock on the landing struck eleven, when he heard the creaking of his well-polished and silver-buckled shoes. Strickland threw by the paper, and ran to meet him. "'Tis she, 'tis she," complacently exclaimed the Doctor; "for once I was *right*; but pray be seated, Sir, you will be gratified to hear part of the conversation which took place between Madame Durant and myself." The listener bowed. "Here, Timothy, take my hat and cane; and, d'ye hear, bring up some wine and glasses." "Yes, Sir." "Bless me!—I am quite in a perspiration. Ho! Timothy, put up the window, I shall take cold. For a man of my age, Captain, I

have  
 whe:  
 S  
 ye,  
 hint  
 broi  
 bro..  
 usua  
 curi.  
 I so  
 too;  
 this  
 tific  
 off  
 pair  
 he,  
 the  
 with  
 mort  
 and  
 "  
 if a  
 hour.  
 You  
 them  
 Mea  
 come  
 Ther  
 that's  
 manr  
 By  
 'like  
 replie

have made most extraordinary exertion, I don't know *when*, I have jumped about so briskly."

Strickland ejaculated an impatient—"I thank ye, Sir." But the Doctor seemed not to take the hint: he deliberately hemmed, fumbled in his embroidered coat-pocket for a handkerchief, wiped his brow carefully, re-deposited said handkerchief in its usual place; and then, after shaking his powdered curls, he commenced:—"You must know, Sir, that I soon reached the school, and pretty fatigued I felt too; but excuse me, Sir, just for *one* instant." At this stage of the proceedings, Strickland had the mortification to sit observing Timothy cautiously pulling off his master's shoes, and accommodating him with a pair of slippers. "Confound the Doctor," thought he, "surely I have fallen into the hands of *Peter the Second*.—'Tis my lot, I believe, to be pestered with these dilatory, slow-moving, *creeping* devils of mortals. I begin to wish the Doctor, pills, gallipots, and all, ninety-nine miles beyond Jericho."

"Now, Timothy, I feel pretty comfortable—mind if any visitors come, I am not at home for half an hour. I don't mean *customers*, d'ye hear, Timothy? You have been long enough with me to distinguish *them* from mere visitors of ceremony." "Oh! yes, Measter, Ize up to that; them ere gustomers do always come wi plaguy long looks and whry vaces, Measter. Then zays I to myself, I knows that be a gustomer, that's how I knows um, Zur—I then puts on my best manners.—Don't I, Measter?—and I axes 'em in."

By this time Strickland had discovered that it was 'like master like man.' "But you see, Timothy," replied the Doctor, "that this gentleman and I are

about to converse on business of importance. Hie thee down, and have an eye to the shop, while Richard runs to Madam Pigot's, the leech merchant's." "Yes, Zur." "You are, perhaps, *surprised*, Captain, at my calling Madam Pigot a leech-merchant; but all dealers here are styled merchants. We have our tripe-merchants, our pie-merchants, and even our venders of matches are styled *Les Marchands des Lumettes*. Stop, Timothy—get the clyster pipe in readiness—I must again, this afternoon, to the seminary, and operate upon a patient." "Take care, Measter, what you be about; I hopes as how the young lady be willing." "Well, Sir?" said the Doctor. "That be *all*, Measter—cause I recollects the haction of assault and battery, as how you stained, Zur, for glister-piping that ere tailor; and trouble enough we had. Dang un, he did so riggle and twist about, Zur, (turning to Strickland), that Measter had hard work to get at un. Lord, Zur! I shall never, in all my born days, vorget how the varlet roared."

"Where will all this end," thought Strickland; "surely the precious pair cannot mean to operate upon me; I begin to wish myself safe out of the house."

"Come, Timothy, *below*, I say," said the Doctor, "and attend to business. Send Richard for the leeches—wash out all the empty gallipots—rub down the counter—clean the windows—sweep the shop and pavement—scrape the lint—wash up the dirty bandages—pulverize the Gum Arabic—look up all the empty vials—and, d'ye hear, when Richard comes back, run to the cork-cutter's, and order half a gross of small corks—then step to Mr. Ding's, and fetch him to repair the wire of the night-bell."

"A famous place this, Sir, for the professors of midwifery. Your Montreal women are exceedingly prolific. Scarce a night in the week but I am rung up; why it costs me, on an average, Captain, twenty shillings a year for bell-strings. Heaven knows what they will do when I retire from business; but that you know, Sir, is *their* look out. But, d'ye hear, Timothy?" "Yes, Measter, I *do* hear—but I ha already forgot half of them ere things you told me."

"Then haste to execute the *other* half, Sir; here is the Captain groaning with impatience, while you stand there chattering." "No, no, Measter, there you be wrong, *I* be only *listening*." "Get out of my sight, fellow!—I say get out!" Here the Doctor

attempted to snatch off a slipper to fling after his man; but unluckily with a sudden jerk of his elbow, sent the decanter of wine spinning to the remotest corner of the room, at the same time exclaiming:

"Curse the fellow, get out of the room, I say, nor meddle with the pieces. 'Pon my honour, Captain Strickland, I would sooner have spilt half the tinctures in my shop. It grieves my heart to see good liquor wasted. I am bound to apologize for not proceeding to acquaint you with the success of my mission. I must just though take time to tell you the story about the clyster-pipe, while I think of it. I know you will be delighted with it." (This love of talking, thought Strickland, must be a *natural* infirmity; yet heaven defend me from sitting with my legs under the table of one of these *eternal* clackers!)

"One day, about this hour," said the doctor, "I was called into the shop, to wait on a smart gentleman, attended by a livery servant; he was rather

portly, and I judged he wanted tapping for the dropsy, cutting for the stone,"—("I wish to God you were cut for the *simples*," half thought, half uttered Strickland,)—"or some other expensive operation: I was already calculating in my mind upon the profits likely to arise from his visit. He seems rather plethoric, thought I, and may be made to *bleed* pretty freely. Such ideas, Captain, seldom occupy my brain; but at that time business was extremely dull. I had laboured for months under a want of occupation, from the *unfortunate* prevalence of a long healthy season. The poor undertakers were actually starving: I felt for *them*, Sir, as well as for *myself*."—Flesh and blood could bear *this* no longer: Strickland writhed in his chair, made wry faces, and exhibited every symptom of being tired with the subject and disgusted with the narrator. "Bless me, my dear Sir," said the anxious doctor, "you seem to be *extremely* ill, and in great pain; perhaps the loss of a few ounces of blood may be of service to you. I see from your increasing colour, 'tis a rushing of the blood to the region of the—but there is no time to be lost. O, Timothy, Timothy, d'ye hear? at once bring up my instruments, bandages, and a pewter basin, and let it be a *clean* one." All this took place as quick as thought, and ere our astonished hero could frame a reply. Is it possible, thought he, that the fellow can be so dull sighted as not to penetrate my feelings? I'll quit the house this moment; at the same time rising hastily, he exclaimed, "Doctor, I must depart: I'll stay no longer. I came *here* to learn intelligence of my *friend*; and, bad manners as it may seem, I am constrained to aver, that my patience is quite ex-

hausted  
knows  
"I beg  
same y  
your cu  
story f  
down.  
but tw  
he had  
mer; t  
me wit  
but alr  
doctor,  
—a sor  
heaven  
a journ  
house,  
family,  
clothes.  
clothes.  
(you are  
tleman  
to rise,  
ceed, or  
now do  
S.'s sho  
dred tir  
quite de  
say too,  
without  
way to  
out."—  
Strickla

hausted with hearing about clyster-pipes, and heaven knows what,—matters which do not all concern me.”—  
“I beg ten thousand pardons, Captain; but pray resume your seat. I will proceed instantly to gratify your curiosity, and *hurry* through a most *delightful* story for that purpose.” Strickland reluctantly sat down. “The gentleman, to my mortification, wanted but two ounces of magnesia. He informed me that he had taken the great house on the hill, for the summer; that he had a large family, and should favour me with all his custom. He then quitted the shop; but almost instantly returned, saying, ‘By the bye, doctor, I have a servant that is occasionally deranged—a sort of scullery man—and when the fit is on, heaven and earth cannot persuade him that he is not a journeyman tailor. He goes bellowing about the house, to the extreme annoyance of my peaceable family,—I say I *am* a journeyman tailor! Pay for the clothes. I came *here* for payment of three suits of clothes.—Now I have been thinking, doctor,’ said he, (you are to understand, captain, that the strange gentleman is the speaker)—*Here* our hero offered again to rise, ejaculating, “For Heaven’s sake, doctor, proceed, or at once quit the subject.”—“*There*, there, now *do* sit still,” (placing his hand heavily on Captain S.’s shoulder,) “*do* hear it out. I’ve told it a *hundred* times, and every body that ever heard it was quite delighted, and so will *you* be, and that you’ll say too, when you’ve heard it. Now, *let me* go on without interruption. Why, I should have got half-way to the middle of it, but for *your* putting me out.”—“Proceed then, Sir, proceed,” angrily replied Strickland, who at that moment felt as if his bones

were melting to a jelly, and who was more than half disposed to soundly drub his tormentor with his own cane. The doctor hemmed, and with provoking deliberation continued. " ' I have been thinking,' says he, that is the stranger, Sir, ' that a good clyster, administered by so skilful a hand as yours, (I bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment,) will be calculated to scare such tantrums out of his head.' It struck me as rather an odd idea, that such an operation on the *tail* should produce any salutary effect on the tailor's *head*. But, not to detain you, Captain. ' Will he consent to this salutary measure?' said I. ' Perhaps not,' rejoined the stranger; ' but provide three or four stout fellows to hold him down. I'll bring him to-morrow morning about eight o'clock, and leave him with you. His expressions of feeling will be doubtless loud on the occasion; but let not that deter you: and I sincerely hope,' added he, with tears, ' that it may prove of benefit to the *poor* creature. He has been in my service some years; and nought but the regard I have for him could prompt me to take this trouble and incur such an expense; for, depend upon it, doctor, both *you* and your assistants will be *well* paid for your trouble. But do not, I pray, put the mad creature to any *unnecessary* pain. Farewell.' Luckily on the following morning, about half past seven, the steward and cook of a vessel, two sturdy fellows, called for a medicine chest I had fitted up; *these* I prevailed upon to remain and assist, who, with the help of a strapping youth I then kept, and my Timothy, I thought would be sufficient force. I then provided strong ropes to fasten him to the counter; and placed a constable outside to keep off the

mob,  
cries.  
man  
warr  
one  
had p  
and f  
was t  
while  
£2. 7.  
" "  
vibrat  
shop  
' You  
' O ye  
prepa  
partec  
low, a  
stripp  
in a tr  
appea  
knigh  
ensuec  
after  
curtain  
this l  
sons o  
ly follc  
perfor  
kept t  
promis  
' Swea  
Timoth



mob, whom I thought likely to be attracted by his cries. Unfortunately I had forgot to ask the gentleman whether he wished me to administer a cold or a warm clyster; but thinking that a warm emollient one would be most comfortable to his intestines, I had prepared one. The big bell was striking eight; and fearing the mixture might be too hot, Timothy was busily employed stirring it with all his might, while I was making out the bill. I charged him but £2. 7s. 9d. for myself, attendants, constable, &c.

“The sound of the last stroke of the bell was still vibrating in my ear, when the gentleman opened the shop door, handing in the madman, and exclaiming, ‘You will pay the journeyman tailor for the *clothes*.’ ‘O yes, Sir,’ replied I, delighted to find that all my preparations were not made in vain. He then departed. The sailors instantly seized the resisting fellow, and in spite of kicks, oaths, and protestations, stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and laid him bare in a trice. He was a stout lusty fellow, and in fact appeared like any thing but a puny tailor. [Ye knights of the *thimble*, excuse me.] Much trouble ensued ere we could properly tie him to the counter; after which, the shop door being secured, and the curtains decently drawn,—and by the bye, captain, this last word, *decently*, induces me, for special reasons of state, to draw a curtain over what immediately followed. In short, after great difficulty, having performed the operation to my entire satisfaction, I kept the patient tied some time, indeed until he had promised to depart peaceably about his business. ‘Swear it,’ said Timothy. I think I never saw my Timothy so frightened before.

“ Having sent the madman off, muttering a thousand curses, I paid the sailors handsomely for their trouble: we were clearing away the preparations, and I anxiously awaiting the gentleman to pay me, when, all of a sudden, my ears were stunned by the noise of loud voices coming rapidly down the street ; some vociferating, ‘ Damn the villain, drag him out of his shop!’ others, ‘ Pound the wretch in his own mortar!’ they approached the door, the hubbub increased. Perhaps, thought I, they may mean *me*. I at once jumped over the counter, fastened the shop-door, at which they were by this time loudly thumping, and made a hasty retreat into the cellar, the door of which I proceeded to barricade with casks, and whatever else, in my fright, I could lay my hands on. What have I done, thought I, to excite all this fury on the part of my neighbours ?” Here Strickland, in spite of his impatience, clapped his hands to his sides and burst into a loud fit of laughter, an inclination to which he had for some minutes endeavoured to resist. “ Bravo! bravissimo!” shouted the delighted doctor, heartily joining him, “ did I not say that you would be highly gratified? With the exception of being barricadoed in the cellar, ’twas the most ludicrous affair I ever had a hand in. But, to proceed, I never cut it so short before in my life.” (Strange! incomprehensible! thought Strickland, that any mortal should feel such pleasure in publishing his *own* folly and disgrace! I see through it all, the fellow certainly was a *tailor*. and the doctor hoaxed.) “ Snug, as I said before, secured in the cellar, I defied the devil and all his imps to get at me. Presently after, I heard the shop-door burst open, a crashing of glass, a confused sound

of voice  
pots ;  
my ter  
door, f  
an inc  
me, an  
draw t  
can I  
treatr  
free w  
though  
I bega  
to dea  
voice,  
brough  
much f  
succeed  
the wc  
could s  
into a l  
Captai  
whelm  
sufferec  
cuffings  
that I  
the cor  
packing  
I could  
and dec  
was lef  
ties wer  
while p  
awful p

of voices, and the breaking of jars, bottles, and gallipots; but all was soon after silent as the grave. In my terror I had rolled a full cask into a hole near the door, and all my might would not suffice to remove it an inch; I began to think my servants had forgotten me, and yet was afraid to call out, lest my cries should draw the attention of my enemies to the spot. *What can I have done, thought I, to merit this shameful treatment? That it all arose from my making too free with my clyster-pipe did not once enter into my thoughts.* An hour elapsed in horrible suspense, and I began to think that I was forsaken,—left to starve to death; this terrific thought lent strength to my voice, and, by dint of half an hour's loud bawling, I brought Timothy and the lad to the door. With much pulling on my part, and shoving on theirs, we succeeded in opening it; and here I was struck by the woeful appearance of my servants; my Timothy could scarcely see, and the lad's head was almost beat into a linseed poultice. And, would you believe it, Captain? the audacious rascals proceeded to overwhelm me with a torrent of abuse; *I*, who had already suffered so much, blaming *me* for all their kickings and cuffings. The young one in particular was so violent, that I was compelled to add another kick or two to the complement he had already received, and sent him packing about his business. On ascending to my shop, I could scarcely credit my eyes, such a scene of ruin and desolation did it present; scarce a whole pane was left in my window, the *few* remaining whole bottles were beplastered with cow-dung and rotten eggs, while pills, pill-boxes, and boluses lay scattered in *woful* profusion! Ah! *you* may laugh, Sir, but this is

far from being the most laughable part of the story. I soon learnt that the patient, the (by me) supposed madman, worked for a master tailor in the next street, and that the consummate impostor, who induced me to operate, had ordered clothes to the amount of one hundred and forty dollars. That the poor patient was on his way to his pretended residence, bearing the goods and a receipt, expecting to return with the money." "Well," interrupted Strickland, "he entrapped the tailor into your house, took the clothes from him at the door, you administered to him an emollient clyster, *he* raised the neighbourhood, who nearly pulled your shop and bottles about your ears, and thus ended the matter. And now, Sir, let me entreat you to proceed with the information I so ardently long to learn." "I am about to commence, Sir, but just hear the sequel. The arch rogue had so well timed the affair, that he just reached the packet as she shoved off for Quebec, and we heard no more of him. I stood an action, but no *malice* being proved, was, to the infinite diversion of the court, only nominally cast, and got out of it by paying the costs of trial. But this was not the first time I had been tricked; for you must know, that soon after I was married, Sir,"—Here Peter called, and sent up word to his master, that two letters had arrived for him, one of which bore the Kingston post-mark. "You see, doctor," said Strickland, with warmth, "we have spent the whole morning, and I am little wiser than before; I must now leave you, the letters, I am convinced, are of importance, and require an immediate perusal." "Nay, then," said the doctor, "I have occasion to go part of your way, and will endeavour

to ma  
street,  
my pa  
Durar  
you se  
two a  
witho  
her qu  
and be  
able d  
ference  
pent it  
advice,  
ed a wc  
her pup  
with di  
witness  
while ir  
recogni  
time sh  
day mo  
princip  
for her  
time to  
her dep  
this ind  
the ext  
turned i  
for his v  
feeling  
door of  
first gla  
letter, o

to make amends on the road." Having gained the street, he continued, "After having attended upon my patient, I entered into conversation with Madame Durant, from whom I gathered, that the lady whom you seek, had applied to her for employment, between two and three months ago, an entire stranger and without recommendations. That having examined her qualifications, she was most agreeably surprised, and being also pleased with her dignified and respectable deportment, she waived all consideration of reference, and engaged her; nor had she reason to repent it, the stranger's virtuous example and excellent advice, even in that short space of time, having effected a wonderful change in the manners and conduct of her pupils. She was pious, melancholy, and reserved; with difficulty was she prevailed on by Madame D. to witness the performance of a mass for my brother, and while in the church, was much affected by the sudden recognition of some old acquaintance, since which time she became agitated and unsettled, and yesterday morning quitted the seminary and the city; the principal kindly promising to keep the situation open for her a month, in case she should be enabled in that time to settle the private business which occasioned her departure." Strickland had now no doubt as to this individual being his wife; and felt gratified in the extreme to learn that she had so decidedly returned to virtue. He returned thanks to the doctor for his valuable information, and, with some difficulty, (feeling a wish to be alone,) he shook him off at the door of his lodging. Then entering his apartment, he first glanced his eye at the superscription of the larger letter, or paquet. "'Tis from James Clark," thought

he, "and a continuation of the cabin-boy's adventures, it shall be read at a more convenient season. *This*, from Barnard, requires my more immediate attention."

" Dear Strickland,

" Rejoice with me, your letter reached this place but a few days before my arrival ; I lost no time in proceeding to the spot Graham pointed out, and found three of our old passengers, from two of whom I learnt that my brother landed with them at St. Francis's, and that they all travelled together about eighty miles to Sherbrooke ; but finding the country hilly, desolate, and thickly overgrown with wood, the two returned again, crossed the river, and proceeded to where they are now, proposing to settle as soon as the present ferment of war has subsided. Barnard, I learn, was induced to continue his route by an American whom he met with, who described his residence to be about fifteen miles further, nearly in the same line towards the States. With this man, or *near* him, I have no doubt he is settled ; my boy and his own children and wife are with him. A severe cold, and the anxiety and fatigues of travelling have left me in a very weak state, nevertheless, I shall return to Montreal by as rapid journeys as possible. And now, Captain Strickland, if you have, as I hope, fully recovered your health, do, my dear Sir, proceed to the retreat of my brother, and snatch from him my child, or, ere my strength suffice to enable me to do it myself, he may again be removed far beyond my reach. This, my letter, will be sufficient authority for you to demand him ; but should Barnard, or Hastie, (as he is pleased to call himself,) refuse, pray remain near.

to see  
trust.  
have  
believ  
would  
brace  
and d  
kindn  
I alre  
that h  
dear S

" Kn  
"  
all my  
junctic  
joice  
Mary  
for pre  
rang f  
wish fo  
shall p  
far yo  
be cau  
too hac  
bless y  
ing sor  
bissness  
to-night  
self a r  
prepar

to see if he is removed, and but a few days will, I trust, find me with you. I sincerely hope that you have heard something satisfactory in your own affairs, believe me, that next to finding my child, nothing would give me greater pleasure,—I yearn to embrace him. Fly, then, fly, Strickland, I beseech you, and do all you can for me. I know your heart, its kindness and disposition to serve me, and fancy that I already see you on your journey. Go, then, and that heaven may crown your efforts with success, is, dear Sir, the prayer

“ Of your most sincere

“ And ever obliged friend,

“ A. BARNARD.

“ Kingston, Sept. — 1813.”

“ ’Tis well. I *do* rejoice with thee, Barnard, with all my heart, and will most willingly follow your injunctions: it will soon, I trust, be also for *you* to rejoice with me. I *must* needs again meet my beloved Mary; meet such a wife as reason will not chide me for pressing to my bereaved heart.” Peter was then rang for, to whom turning, Strickland said, “ You wish for a fortnight’s holiday: take it. To-morrow I shall proceed by daybreak for Rivière du Loup; so far you can travel with me. I guess your business: be *cautious*, Peter. As I wish you well, make not too hasty a bargain. Beware—it is for *life*.” “ Lord bless your honour, I knew the widder had been saying something to you about it; but I have also other bisness at Quebec.” “ *You* know best. You will to-night order me a calash and conducteur, and yourself a roadster, to be ready by the first blush of morn: prepare also yourself to accompany me as far as I

travel your way. Now leave me." " Good night, and thank your honour." " Ere I sleep I'll see what's come from James. First then, a short note."

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

How sweet those lips! which, pouting to be prest,  
Kindle new fires within my youthful breast.

" Dear Sir,

" ACCORDING to promise, I herewith forward you a continuation of the manuscript. My father desires me to say, that he has made every inquiry in his power respecting the persons you and Mr. B. seek, but, I am sorry to say, without success. Charlotte is with us, and promises that you shall read the packet she received from little Edward by the pilot. The unkind girl refuses *me* that favour: I think she acts very unjustly. I am convinced it was addressed to me, for he promised to do so. The family send their respects; and father longs to hear how you succeed up the country, and no less, I assure you, Sir, does,

Your obliged servant,

JAMES CLARK."

" Thanks, James, to thy kindness. Let me now, for an hour, strive to forget my own afflictions in the contemplation of those of the little cabin-boy."

I like this place (Quebec) vastly. This, then, is the town so remarkable for having proved the goal of General Wolfe's victorious race. *Here*, on the long-



to-be-remembered plains of Abraham, he fell gloriously fighting his country's battles.

' Green grow the sod o'er the warrior's grave.'

The town, generally speaking, is far from having any peculiar claims to beauty, being very irregularly built; but its charming environs, and the romantic novelty of its situation, delight me. The *upper* town is strongly fortified, and being built on a lofty rock, looks down with towering majesty on the *lower*, grovelling, as it were, at its base.

I believe it was about July 3, 1809—[A pretty fellow am I, James, to attempt to write a journal; but you must take it as it comes. Alas! I have but too much other occupation; and here, if you find me speak somewhat highly of yourself or family, think it not flattery; it never entered into my thoughts that you would ever peruse it. But to proceed.] About July 3, we hove out our ballast, hauled along-side the quay, and struck the top-gallant masts; after which the cook and I accompanied the Captain on shore, and returned heavily laden with fresh beef, vegetables, &c. for the crew, and poultry and fish for the cabin. 4th. We knocked out the stern-port; several rafts of fine oak were brought along-side, and a stevedore, with a gang of thirteen Canadians, came on board, who commenced stowing the timber in the hold, while our own crew was employed hoisting it in. I was and still am highly amused by the lively strains of the different crews, while at their work; the whole port seems a scene of bustle and cheerfulness: the sounds of 'Haul, boys, haul!' 'Pull away, my jolly boys!' 'Haul, Nancy, O!' 'Hurra, for pretty Nancy, O!' resound from thousands of voices.

My master has profited by the cheapness of spars here, having put in a new bowsprit, fore-topsail yard, and main-boom. Whether he fears that I shall now slip through his fingers, or not, I cannot say ; but to *hear* and *observe* his kind words and gentle actions, no one would suppose him to be the same individual who so recently used his foot with such dexterity, and tickled my nether end (Heaven bless the mark !) with a stout rope's end. *N'import* what the change arises from. Long life to his reformation, say I.

I had not been here many days before I fell in with a Mr. Clark, formerly servant to my own father, in Cornwall. He being in business here, connected with the shipping, by mere accident recognised the son of his old master. To *his* kindness I feel myself deeply indebted. He invited me to dine with him on the following Sunday. Our Captain then happening to dine on board another vessel, I obtained leave of absence for the afternoon. Oh, how I enjoyed the pleasure of being my *own* master, even for a few hours ! Dear liberty ! precious, inestimable gift, I adore thee ! As may be guessed, I lost but little time in reaching the house of my kind inviter, who welcomed me with a cordial shake of the hand. How strange, that I do not recollect him ; and yet I think I have heard my departed father speak often in his praise. To meet with a man who once knew and dwelt with my *father*, is *indeed* a treat.

We, that is to say, Mr. Clark, his wife, son, and daughter, together with your humble servant, sat down to an excellent dinner. The cloth was no sooner removed, than Mr. C. proposed a trip on the water ; accordingly we proceeded to the boat, four in

number—himself, myself, (but *that* you might have been sure of, or how could I have introduced the pronoun *we*?) his son, (a fine boy of about thirteen,) and lastly, though not leastly, his daughter—and such a daughter too! But let me not forget my little playmate at home. There can be no harm, however, in stating that she appeared to be about fourteen. We directed our course towards the island of Orleans, purposing in our way back to take a tour and view the Falls of Montmorenci. My friend laid in a plentiful stock of excellent provisions, wines, &c. and informed me, that, though a Protestant, he had not lived five years in a country where Roman Catholicism prevails without having acquired some of the habits of the Canadians, who make it a custom to enjoy themselves on a Sunday afternoon, by way of rubbing off the rust of the preceding week's fatigue; at the same time assuring me, that both rich and poor in Quebec considered that there is no impropriety in thus indulging themselves. For my *own* part, I considered myself as a bird just escaped from its cage, and, being ripe for any pleasure or amusement, I cheerfully acquiesced to all his opinions. Surely, thought I, for this once, though it may not be right, I ought to be excused; for many months, to my cost, have elapsed since I enjoyed either pleasure or content. There was, however, little time for reflection: Mr. C. plied me (nothing loth) with repeated bumpers of excellent old wine, till all the ships in the harbour seemed to dance round our boat, like witches round a cauldron. We had not been long on the water ere James pulled out of his pocket a flute, and played a beautiful French air in masterly style, which his sister

accompanied with one of the finest voices I had ever heard. All thoughts of my state as a cabin-boy, and the labours of the morrow, were absorbed in the raptures I felt. The taste, the sight, the ear, all, all, were equally gratified. The river was covered with boats and canoes. The ships decked with their gayest colours ; while the Canadian boat-song floated harmoniously over the bosom of the glassy stream. Expressing my admiration of its melody, Mr. C. politely sang it, his son and daughter adding a cheerful chorus. 'Twas thus we spent the happy moments, until 2½ p.m., when we landed on the island. It is not yet thickly inhabited, the greater part of it remaining overspread with lofty trees and thick underwood. How beautiful was the day! How charming the scene! We walked along the shore, amidst the loud carolling of the pretty warblers ; the frequenters, or rather the inhabitants of the groves and forests of the island. Mr. C. had before told me that Canada is remarkable for the paucity of its singing birds ; yet most certainly I heard *some*, and their shrill notes were rendered doubly sweet to me, from having, for a long season, been deprived of them. In the latter part of our walk, James kindly lent me his umbrella to screen me from the piercing rays of the sun. Methinks I see my reader smile at the idea of an insignificant cabin-boy perambulating along the coasts of an island, with an umbrella extended to preserve his complexion. Smile on, I would not have you *weep* ; but a cabin-boy has his feelings ! Thank heaven, I have *mine* ; and am as alive to pleasure and pain as a port-admiral. But we'll contrive to get in out of the sun, and furl up the umbrella. On reaching the door of a

little wooden habitation, Mr. C. gently lifted the latch, and ushered us in without further ceremony. The inmates appeared to be familiarly acquainted with him. The rustic table was surrounded by seven or eight persons, who, from the similarity of their features, appeared most of them to belong to the family; but, as in duty bound, to begin with the ladies; and, excuse me if I commence with the *youngest*: for to say the truth, there is no *old* woman upon earth that I love. Avast heaving, Ned: I must make an exception of poor old Granny. Bless her kind heart; may I and she both *live* to meet again. Pshaw!—What has all this to do with the log-cottage? There were two girls, from fifteen to seventeen, (the former a handsome brunette), a woman about thirty,—the master and mistress of the house, perhaps turned of fifty, with a young and a middle-aged rustic, all happily engaged playing a game at cards, here called ‘*Trou de Cul*:’ (English this for yourselves); while a venerable old man sat on one side the hearth, with ‘spectacled nose’ poring over ‘*Les Vêpres* ;’ or afternoon service of his church; and on the opposite side, a lusty boy, his grand, or great grandson, reading a small book, intitled: ‘*Chansons Choisies* ;’ or, Choice Songs. I could scarcely take my eyes off the old man, so much was my attention riveted by his venerable appearance. At least eighty winters seemed to have rolled over his now hoary head. I could not but admire the perfect harmony which appeared to reign among the inmates of this Canadian hut, though they were engaged in such opposite pursuits. They all rose to accommodate us with seats; the alacrity with which they did so, charmed me: their eyes beaming

an unaffected welcome. Mr. Clark speaks French fluently; and supposing me to be quite ignorant of the language, spoke freely before me. Addressing himself with respect to the aged grandsire, (who had laid by his book, and was wiping his spectacles), "I came purposely to give my little companion a view of Canadian manners. He is an Englishman (*Il est Anglois*), and was never before in this country." Observing that the old man eyed me attentively, he added: "True—you see him in the garb of a common sailor; but his mother, in her youthful days, was opulent and respectable; and his late father, my best, my dearest friend, nor am I ashamed to own it, my kindest master. I grieve to see a son of his thus reduced, but cannot *tell* him so; for if he possesses but a spark of his *father's* feelings, the remark would inflict."— Here I could not help dropping a foolish tear, which convinced the speaker that I understood at least a part of his subject; for changing his discourse, in apparent confusion, he said "Come, come, my friends, put on the kettle—we intend to make free, and drink tea on the green before the cottage door." Prompt to gratify his request, the cards vanished in a trice. The old milk-white table was carried out, and the younger maiden of the card-party busily employed herself in arranging on it the best tea-cups. After an excellent cup of tea, and a plentiful cold collation, we rose refreshed. The old man having been the only one of the Canadians who partook with us, the remainder having stedfastly resisted all our importunities. I say *our*, for having once broken the ice of cold ceremony, *I* chattered away as fast as any of them. "Now," said the cheerful old

man, "my children shall entertain le petit bon homme Anglois with a dance." While the youth Jacques was despatched to the house of a neighbouring farmer, who played a pretty good stroke on the fiddle, the rest of us did ample justice to Mr. C.'s wine. The merry fiddler soon arrived with the younger branches of his family, and 'struck up a lilt sae braely.' The joyous notes of his instrument at once set all the youthful part of the company to dancing, with such animation, as proved that their whole heart was centered in the graceful amusement. In the intervals of dancing, several French songs were sung, accompanied by the violin and James's flute; and lastly, 'God save the King;' in which I joined fervently, concluded the musical part of the afternoon's entertainment. Was my loyalty to be estimated by my noise, I should be ranked among his Majesty's most faithful subjects. On entering the cottage, we prepared to take leave of these truly friendly people, when the old man begged that I would accept a little bark canoe, about two feet long, made by the Indians, and a complete model of their larger ones: thinking that it will be a curiosity in England, my desire to possess it, so far overcame my good manners, (if I have any,) as to induce me eagerly to accept it at the first offer. I only regretted that I had nothing to give in return for their kindness. Oh, what an iron tie is *poverty*! How cruelly does it arrest the hand which would willingly extend itself in offices of benevolence! When on the threshold of the cottage to depart, Jacques desired that I would run down with him to the beach, distant about one hundred paces, to view a canoe, out of which some

Indians had disembarked in the morning ;—promising Mr. C. to speedily return ;—off he and I, and James, scampered, striving who could run fastest. On reaching the water, we saw a canoe, about twelve feet long, made of bark, and formed inside with ribs or flat hoops. The different pieces of bark were sewn together with the fibrous roots of a tree split for the purpose, and the seams paid over with a gum which plentifully exudes from the fir tree. I had been engaged but a moment in regarding it, when my new acquaintance, Jacques, jumped in ; who, on my offering to follow him, drily observed that I had better stay out if I valued a *dry skin*. When *he* jumped out, feeling somewhat insulted by his remark, and an unaccountable wish to shew my dexterity, I suddenly jumped in ; but, melancholy to relate, my mother's son, not happening to pitch right in the centre, and consequently pitching a little on one side, (I like to be explicit), the treacherous canoe upset ; and before I scarcely knew where I was, canted me cleverly into the water like a soused puppy, in a place where that element was upwards of four feet deep. *How* I got out I can hardly tell. My readers must, I trust by this time, know, from my general steadiness, good demeanour, &c. &c., that though I had been drinking wine, I could not possibly have been, what our Captain calls ' tippy bobby,' (consult your dictionaries.) Regaining the house, heartily vexed and ashamed of my folly, the good people would needs insist that I should go to bed in an adjoining room, while *they* improved the fire to dry my clothes. To so reasonable a proposition, I at once acceded. Into bed I jumped like a callow bird, and if not quite so *innocent*



as Adam, in his primitive state, at least, quite as *naked*. I soon fell asleep, but awoke with horror, after dreaming that I was pinioned to the bed by robbers and gypsies, from the hands of whom my departed father was, in vain, endeavouring to rescue me; I also saw, or thought I saw, a stranger in the back ground. I sat up, looked around me, and through the crannies of the door espied the sparkling fire, with the young maidens before it drying my clothes, and joking about my late accident. "We'll have some fun," observed the elder, "when they are dry let's tumble them into a pail of water, as if by accident, and keep the young Englishman here all night." "Non, non, pour l'amour Dieu!" (but I am forgetting that all my readers cannot speak French.) "No, no, for the love of God!" replied the younger, "if he is not aboard to-night, he will be scolded, perhaps *beaten*; you would not like to have him *hurt*, would you?" I admired the soft insinuating voice with which this was spoken, as well as the tender look with which the kind interrogative was accompanied, and laughing at my late fears, said to myself, "'Twas but a *dream* then." I assayed to sleep, but *in vain*; I still felt uneasy, and laid dozing, when I heard the door gently open, and observed the two girls stealing softly towards my bedside, as if to perceive whether I was asleep or not; when a sudden whim induced me to feign myself in a profound slumber. Presently after this, I thought I heard the elder whisper "*I will, if you will!*" and felt, from the pressure of the clothes, that one of them was bending towards me, when, scarcely being able to refrain from laughter, I suffered the elder to kiss me (my head lying passive,

and my eyes almost shut,) I soon perceived that she had been eating either garlic or onions. Copious draughts of exhilarating port had imparted to my cheeks a more than usual bloom, which was heightened by the consciousness of the sly part I was acting, for as I lay trembling, I felt the blood rising to my face. I was not, however, doomed to long suspense, for the younger exclaiming, "Il est joli!" "Here goes to kiss an Englishman!" eagerly drew nigh, glued her ruby lips to mine, imprinting on them a gentle though burning kiss, and, as though she derived pleasure from the playful act, seemed to hang over me in a transport of fondness. To say that this was *agreeable* to me is saying nothing at all,—I had never before experienced a moment of such ecstasy, her breath seemed a compound of roses and new-mown hay: it was the sweetest kiss—But what nonsense! yet I *must* set it down, I never wish to forget it. I laid still, *still* as marble, in expectation of another; nor was I disappointed, a more glowing kiss being the reward of my perseverance. Suddenly, I pretended to awake, and threw my arms round the neck of the welcome intruder. *She* struggled to extricate herself, while *I*, employing all my strength to detain her, was drawn full three-fourths out of bed, ere I quitted my hold, nor had I done so then, but for the unwelcome intrusion of the old man. Thanks to our stars! he could not see far beyond his nose without spectacles. I was under the bed-clothes in a twinkling, while the abashed girls speedily withdrew.\* On

\* The author begs that those *few* of his fair readers who are decided enemies to kissing, will excuse the fidelity with which he

rising, I found that this little incident afforded much mirth to the whole company, who justly looked upon it as a youthful frolic. It being now past seven, we found it high time to retrace our steps. The family accompanied us to the boat; the young Marianne carrying my little canoe to the shore for me, leaning on my shoulder and whispering, "I shall never forget your visit, my charming little Englishman!" while her mother reproved her with an expressive frown; but we had *all* drank rather too freely. Mr. C. with much difficulty prevailed upon our kind entertainers to retain the remnant of provisions and liquors, in return for their hospitality.

We put off from the shore amidst numerous "Adieus!" Marianne warmly exclaiming, "Que le bon Dieu vous bennissât! mon joli petit Anglois!" Need I say that I quitted this charming island, and amiable family, with *regret*. The wind blowing fresh, together with the lateness of the evening, prevented our visiting the '*Falls*,' we therefore made the best of our way towards the city. Charlotte, I fancied, treated me with more coolness than on our passage down, which I attributed to her being shocked at my excessive rudeness in the chamber scene, and whispered my suspicions to James, who softly replied, "Out you fool! don't you see she's *jealous*?" Whether the last word caught her attentive ear, I know not, but she cast on him so contemptuous a frown as I had *before* thought her amiable features incapable of producing. I supped at Mr. C.'s, and, receiving

has *here* copied the cabin-boy's manuscript, assuring them that on this particular scene depends a discovery of importance, as the sequel will prove; he therefore, could not, with propriety, omit it.

a friendly invitation to repeat my visits at all opportunities, took leave of him and his family, and at about eleven got on board the Goddess. On approaching the companion, my ears were saluted by the sounds of boisterous mirth. The Captain and mate being both on shore, Clapper was left in charge of the cabin, and my friend Bob, taking opportunity by the forelock, had invited on board a number of cabin-boys, and other apprentices, from the adjoining ships, and spent the evening in drinking, &c. Going down below I observed a large party seated behind long pipes, and through a cloud of tobacco smoke, just discerned gentleman Bob, at the head of the table, in the midst of a smutty song. "Holloa, gentlemen!" I exclaimed, "High life below stairs!" All my remonstrances proved unavailing to clear the cabin of these troublesome guests, until I had condescended (*condescended*, mind that!) to drink a *glass* with them, and until they had seen the bottom of a large case bottle of rum they had purchased by subscription. I dreaded momentarily the arrival of the Captain: it was after midnight when they departed; and it then took me till near one, and a nice job I had of it, to escort the drunken young scoundrels to their respective ships, they being too far gone to pilot themselves. But not a word about *drunkenness*, friend Ned, thou wast, at least, three sheets in the wind *thyself*; but *I*, in good society, could not possibly have gotten drunk, for in such cases, let a person drink as much as he pleases, to use the common phrases, he only becomes 'a little fresh'—'rather mellow'—'warmed with the juice of the grape'—'half seas over'—and, at the worst, but 'a little in-

toxicated.' None but the vulgar are accused of the crime of absolute drunkenness.

July 20th. We have taken in 100 tons of oak, and been for some days past taking in pine, with a view to stow the heavier part of the cargo at the bottom, thus superseding, to a certain degree, the necessity of taking in ballast; it would be unwise, indeed, if, like the young gents abovementioned, we managed to take in our cargo in such *quantities* and *qualities* as would render us top-heavy.

Sunday. This morning I have been ashore with the Skipper (Captain) to carry a parcel, and found time on my way back, to pry into the Roman Catholic cathedral, when, to my *great edification*, I witnessed high mass celebrated in all its pomp and splendour. I am now, in conjunction with Dennis, about to prepare a sumptuous dinner for a party expected on board at three; must therefore, reader, without delay, quit the *pen* for the *rolling-pin*.

Night. After a great bustle of preparation, seven or eight Captains came on board, with my master, to dine. Abundance of good things were devoured on the occasion, and an elegant desert followed. I have paid dearly to-day for my last Sunday afternoon's holiday; never before having had my hands so full of work, I am quite exhausted. These nautical gents (confound them) exact as much homage and attendance as a bashaw. Each Captain was accommodated with a napkin, and two pair of nut-crackers—his own, and an artificial pair. Thanks to my extraordinary merit! I have received great praise from the guests, and what's better, a present of five shillings (about 9½d. each!) This tends to heighten the Captain's

good opinion of me, relying, I suppose, on the *judgment* of these gentlemen, as his empty bottles must convincingly prove to him that they are, at least, men of *taste*. At six P. M. I had the honour to serve them with coffee, and at dark they all staggered on shore (only 'somewhat mellow,') one of the party kindly undertaking to pilot his companions to a house of *genteel* accommodation. So, so, thought I, the coast is clear for the night, I shall see no more of my Bacchus, Venus-loving master till late in the morning. I hastened to clear away the wreck of the entertainment, intending to ask the mate's leave to go ashore and visit Mr. Clark, but discovering that the cook and Bob are not aboard, nor any body else to assist me in the important offices of dish-washing, &c. I am compelled to remain on board. 'Tis now a late hour, and I warrant I shall sleep without rocking.

"And so, I hope, shall I," ejaculated Strickland. "I feel interested in the youth's adventures, I know not why. I shall endeavour to procure from Miss Clark the residue."

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Loud howls the rising storm ; the mighty thunders roar ;  
Swift flies our boat, as still we ply the lab'ring oar.

CRACK ! went the whip of the conducteur, as our hero quitted Montreal, before sunrise. Peter, jogging on, on a sure-footed nag in the rear, and dreaming over the reception he was likely to meet with from the warm and plump *widder* at Quebec, as well

as anticipating the friendly welcome he should receive from Blackee and his wife. Strickland, though it was still early, breakfasted at Point aux Trembles, and then pushed on for the Traverse: the which having crossed in safety, and with comparative expedition, he turned to Peter, and with a smile, observed, "We are now in the latitude of *cow-dung!*" "Aye, your Honour, and of dogs and ganders. I wouldn't lay out a penny in the place, if I was starving." "Not if you were just landed from the Newfoundland schooner, Peter, and had been fed a fortnight upon cod-fish?" "I don't know, Sir; I think I might be somewhat tempted."

At this moment the travellers' ears were saluted by some melodious notes, poured forth by a French bugle. The early musician was at no great distance, and suffered his canoe to float passively down with the current. As he passed from solemn to cheerful, and thence to desponding notes, *so* rose and fell our hero's spirits. For some minutes he listened, his soul as it were, wrapped up by the magic of sweet harmony;—presently afterwards the author of it was lost to their view, behind the shady trees. All else seemed still, as if with one consent; hushed nature listened with delight. "I am not at a loss," thought Strickland, "for the meaning of that beautiful passage in the '*Tempest*,' commencing, 'Where should this music be?—in air or earth?'" It had ceased. "How liked you *that*?"—turning to his still listening domestic. "Delightful! delightful! your Honour.

"'Music has charms to smooth (soothe) the savage beast.'"

"Bravo! Peter, thou art becoming quite classical;

and, quitting the methodistical fashion of saying, ' Thus said our parson,' or, ' The parson of our village used to say,—you quote elegant passages from the best authors. Do you spend much time in reading, Peter ?' " Yes, Sir, and much more in *spelling*. I never like to jump over the hard words. Perhaps your Honour can just tell me how to spell *widder* ?" " Is it *widder*, or *wi-der*, you mean ?" " Ah ! now, I see your Honour is joking about her rotundity ; why, I begin to grow rather plumpish *myself* ; she an't a bit too fat for Peter." " Oh ! I perceive, since there is a *lady* in the case, 'tis *wi-dow* you mean. I'll write it down for thee, Peter, that thy memory may not betray thee in a matter of such moment ; and at the same time would have thee beware of widows : they are cunning rogues, Peter, and one may prove too much for thee." " Ah ! your Honour's very *kind*. Your advice puts me in *mind* of the old song—

' Two wives I've got in the army :  
But *one* is too many for me.'

But mine, your Honour, is ' a widow indeed.' " *Indeed*, is she ?" archly replied Strickland.

How long this learned discourse, on the danger to be apprehended from having any thing to do with a widow, might have continued, we know not. Unfortunately for the world, a sudden interruption cut it short ; for in a narrow angle of the road they met with another calash, in which two couple were closely packed ; one of the females was decorated with vast bunches of flowers, tastefully arranged. They proved to be a party of the conducteur's country friends, on their way to a neighbouring church, whither the



younger couple were proceeding to be married. On commencing a journey in Canada, a bottle of rum is considered as essential an appendage to the travelling equipage, as a whip, the wheels, or indeed the *horse* himself. After mutual inquiries about the state of the roads, which the guides represented as much worse (if possible) than they really were, and ending in a eulogium on the good qualities of their cattle, Strickland's conducteur requested his friends to "Arrêtez et prend une petite goutte." While they were wiping their mouths, and making cheerful preparations for the expected treat, the poor Canadian was fumbling among the straw at the bottom of the calash for the bottle, when, to his extreme mortification, he discovered the bottle uncorked, and what's worse, bottom up; upon which his friends, notwithstanding their disappointment, set up a loud laugh, and drove on. It was highly diverting, if not edifying, to hear the pious petitions he put up in behalf of mine hostess of the Croix d'Or, whom he honoured with some epithets that beggar description; among which *Bougresse* and *Chienne*, were the most prominent. This ridiculous occurrence furnished Strickland with food for laughter for many a mile. "Surely," thought he, "I am *spell-bound*, or whence this irresistible propensity to laugh? when I know it to be so uncongenial to the old man's feelings." Peter was not disposed to view the accident in quite so comic a light as his master, either from pure sympathy, or because he had expected to go snacks in the contents of the bottle. They baited the horses at Lavaltré, and here Peter and the conducteur made themselves so ample an amends for their late misfortune. that

Strickland almost feared to embark with so unsteady a pilot. They dined late at Berthier, and wishing to reach Rivière du Loup that evening, by dint of some persuasion, and a little money, the conducteur consented to push on, leaving his own horses, and hiring fresh ones from the innkeeper. Started again on the road, Peter bore no unapt resemblance to the humorous Sancho Panza ; but the nag he bestrode agreed better with the description of Rosinante, the famed steed of that renowned hero, Don Quixote, the knight of the rueful countenance. The moon had just risen, when they crossed the bridge of the little Rivière du Loup, and arrived at the door of their old inn ; and here Strickland was amazed by the loud groans of Peter. " Oh ! your Honour, my sufferings are horrible. I never rode so far in one day in my life before ; what a pickle am I in ! Could the widdler but *now* see me, how would she pity me ! This is but the ghost—the 'natomy of a horse—a bag of bones—too hard and sharp for the back-side (I beg your Honour's pardon) of a *negro*, let alone a *man*, and a *Christian*." The poor fellow was so chafed in parts which necessarily came in contact with the horse's back, or rather, the apology for a saddle, that it was found necessary to assist him to alight, he all the time exclaiming, " Oh ! oh ! your Honour !—gently ! oh ! I'd sooner travel barefoot from Bath to Bethlehem. So wretched a beast is not worth cutting up for dogs' meat ! " Our hero being constrained to leave Peter at the inn, walked over to the house of Mr. White. That gentleman rejoiced to see him ; and on being made acquainted with his wish to cross the Lake, replied, " Sir, I have a little sail fitted to my canoe ;

my son, and a stout lad I have upon the farm, shall accompany you; I can trust them to bring her safe back. My boy, though but fourteen, from his frequent excursions on the Lake, a fishing, and little trips up our river, among the rapids, to gather berries, and snare wood-pigeons, is as skilful as a *man*, and what is more, as the canoe is but small, is much *lighter* than one."

Matters being thus arranged to our hero's satisfaction, he accepted a pressing invitation to lodge there for the night, supped, took a friendly hand of cards with the family, and at his usual hour retired to his chamber. It was one of those sultry Canadian nights, rendered more oppressive than a night under the tropics, from the absence of sea and land breezes. The musquitoes were exceedingly troublesome; and Strickland, not feeling inclined to sleep, walked to the window. The moon shone brightly upon the two tinned spires of the church of St. Antoine, and gilded the face of the river with light and beauty. "In such a night as this," thought Strickland, "how pleasant would it be with a friend to rove through the woods and meadows! 'Twas on such nights as these, I travelled many a delightful mile to woo my Mary,—my poor wanderer. Alas! where is she now? Is she from her casement,—her window, regarding the fickle moon, and thinking on her unhappy Strickland? But, hark! I hear the pleasing sound of the boat-song, and the regular splashing of the paddles. With such a prospect, and music too, one might almost fancy one's self in the poets' famed Elysium; every thing around me, but the troublesome flies, invites to soothing melancholy and pensive contemplation. But all

this is empty, transitory, fleeting, like human joys, and human friendships. This moon, which now sheds her mild lustre over the face of nature, may, ere morning's dawn, be obscured by clouds and tempests; the still, placid surface of that glassy stream, be agitated into convulsive waves; and the wide-spreading trees, which *now* maintain a solemn stillness, wave mournfully to the impelling storm! What dependence have we *here*? Ere morning dawns, this peaceful cottage may be enveloped in flames of fire,—the work of some incendiary, effect of accident, or stroke of fire electric; the sudden swelling of this little river may sweep, ere day, that church, this cottage, and the neighbouring barns, into the bowels of yon placid lake. What is there, then, for man to call his own? Yet, hark! a whisper softly answers my inquiring heart, and says,—‘*Religion.*’

‘Religion!—Providence!—an after state!  
*Here* is firm footing,—*here* is solid rock.  
*This* can support us: all is sea besides,  
 Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.  
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.’

“But here on *earth* we have duties to perform. I am not created for the purpose of spending whole nights in unprofitably gazing at the moon; but am engaged in the important task of rescuing an ill-treated child from the tyrannic grasp of a ruffian uncle,—to restore him to the arms of a fond parent, that *he*, like the ivy twining round the sinewy oak, may derive support and protection from his powerful shade. Shall I want Peter? I am well armed in case of necessity; these

pistols have been well tried; they were a present from the immortal Nelson, but a few weeks after the memorable battle of the Nile. Besides, I have given Peter leave. He has his objects of pursuit, as well as I: 'twere cruel, then, to disappoint him. Does the paltry difference of possessing a few more bits of shining clay, make my feelings more susceptible than his? Or does his want of this world's goods depute to me the right of doing with him as I please? Forbid it, Heaven! Formed of the same dust, in the same image as myself, let me, when I study my own prosperity or ease, learn also to consult the peace and happiness of those whom Heaven has, for the present, placed beneath me; for who can say, I never shall have a master? But, 'tis time to rest my weary limbs on yonder humble pallet; and may to-morrow's setting sun bid me its evening farewell many miles on my way to the American's cottage on the border."

"'Tis time to start," thought Strickland, as he arose early—

' For look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.'

After breakfast, he crossed over to the main village in a *wooden* canoe, while the bark one was being repaired, to waft him over the Lake. At the inn he found Peter, still unfit to sit on horseback; and after advising him to rest there, and on the following day proceed to Quebec, he took a friendly leave of the humorous fellow, and returned to Mr. W.'s, a rustic bearing his valise. *Here* he was mortified, on discovering that the canoe, from having remained some days on the bank, exposed to the rays of the sun, had

become leaky, and required a fresh daubing of gum, ere she would be sea—or rather, *lake*-worthy. This process, together with dining, leave-taking, &c., retarded his departure till near four in the afternoon; still was there left sufficient time to make the passage before sunset. A small keg of water, two large stones, and Strickland's valise, were placed on the fore and aft plank of the canoe's bottom, when, with Master White, and the young labourer, they pushed off, amidst the kind farewells of Mr. W., and his strict injunctions to the lads to return early in the morning. The faint air of wind which occasionally ruffled the surface of the river, was rather against them. At half-past five they entered the lake, and paddled up along the shore, among some sand banks and rushes, in the slack current, to enable them to fetch across to St. Francis. Thus far all went on swimmingly. The lads then took in their paddles; Strickland shipped the mast, hoisted the lug, and turned the boat's head towards the offing. Presently afterwards the distant thunder rumbled solemnly, on the further side of St. Antoine, accompanied by faint flashes of lightning, the air being extremely sultry. Strickland allayed the fears of the elder lad, by assuring him (and that with apparent truth,) that the storm was far to leeward, and therefore every moment necessarily increased its distance. At about a quarter past six they passed close by an immense raft of timber, upon which there were upwards of fifty individuals, who seemed not to apprehend the least danger; for upon Strickland's accosting them, they civilly wished him a pleasant passage. Yet, not ten minutes had elapsed ere he was surprised to observe, nearly over their heads,

an immense collection of dense clouds, rolling over each other, and whirling about with inconceivable and terrific rapidity. "Out paddles, my boys, and pull her round again! Let's make to shore!" At this moment, a tremendous gust of wind struck the canoe with such violence, as to make her seem as if ready to quit her usual element, and traverse through the air. "Down! down boys into the bottom of the boat! Fear not! If I can but keep her right *before* it, we shall all yet be safe." Yet, Strickland thought not so. If ever fear of instant death had crept over his undaunted mind, it was on this awful night; for night it might already be termed—premature night;—thick darkness had spread its awful mantle over the waters of St. Peter, while astounding thunder, nearer and nearer rolling, was attended by instantly repeated flashes of forked lightning, which seemed to hover and curl round the already torrent-drenched sail of their frail vessel. "Such waves as *these*," thought Strickland, "I have only seen on the Atlantic; such storms, only in the vicinity of Table Mountain. Nought but the rapidity with which we fly, prevents the pursuing billows from swallowing us up." "She'll fill before we reach land!" exclaimed the *elder* boy, in the bow of the canoe, at every break, between the partly Protestant, partly Catholic prayers he put up for deliverance; while the *younger*, at every vivid flash of lightning, silently looked up, to gather assurance from the countenance of Strickland. The rain poured down in such torrents, that but a *short* time would have sufficed to sink them; already were they half filled with water, not daring to move, lest they should capsize their fragile boat. Strickland exerted

himself with a long paddle, to keep her right before it. "Surely," thought he, "the elements themselves have conspired against me, to overwhelm me with a speedy destruction—a horrible calamity! I feel as if I was already near the gates of death; and *these boys*—Oh! fell, fatal return for the *father's* kindness, should *I* be even the unintentional cause of the *son's* death. Alas! should he perish while under my charge, *I*, unprepared as I am, *I* too must perish with him. But surely, at the amazing rate at which we fly, we must now be near the other side; yet, going right or wrong, we must pursue our course: to yaw but one point, right or left, is certain death." "Hark! Oh!—Mercy!—Great God preserve us!" A dreadful clap of thunder now awfully burst over their heads, and by its accompanying flash, he for a moment discovered the white spire of what they supposed to be the church of La Baie, about two miles distant, and rather on their left. This sudden clap in a moment suspended the angry wind, and left them in a profound calm, which stopped the way of the canoe, and rendered her still more liable to be swamped. She shipped one wave. "This sudden change," thought Strickland, (still possessed of coolness,) "can only arise from a more powerful storm meeting with, and arresting the progress of *this*." "Round with her instantly!" Quick as thought he and young White turned her head, while the elder boy dropped his paddle overboard, through fright; and but a few seconds had elapsed ere the canoe might, by the glare of the lightning, be seen scudding again across the lake, towards Yamachiche, or Point du Lac. One hour of painful and terrific suspense passed over



them, in which life and death seemed to hang in equal balance; the thunder and lightning then seemed to have exhausted all their force, while three barns, or houses, in different directions, sent up smoke and flames. It was by this time clearer, and they discerned the land a-head;—the canoe still flying before the unsubdued wind, presently afterwards entered a shallow, thickly overgrown with reeds and rushes, whose friendly shelter, as they advanced, defended them from the violence of the waves. Soon after nine, she gently touched the shore. “Thank Heaven we are safe!” said Strickland; “but *where*, I know not. Should I have thought it possible that any wind could force a canoe through so vast a forest of thick reeds? But for *them*, we might have been dashed to pieces against the shore.” “I see we are just above Point du Lac,” said White. “Let me conduct you to the inn, Sir; it cannot be half a mile distant. Had we been driven in but a short distance lower, we should have been wrecked on the large rocks and stones, which extend out thence to a considerable distance. Come, Sir, let’s onward; the canoe will be safe, concealed among the rushes, till morning.” Strickland’s heart was too full of gratitude for so miraculous a deliverance, to say much on the occasion. *Miraculous*, I do not hesitate to call it; for, in a frail bark canoe, in thick darkness, storm and tempest, they had been powerfully impelled over a distance of at least thirty miles, and that guided too by a man totally unacquainted with the management of such a vessel, and but for whose prompt and wise decisions, they all must have perished. Part of their wearisome way on the shore was through deep swamps, and even

on gaining the high road, so heavy had been the rain, they were often knee deep in water.

It was near ten when our hero tapped at the inn door; "Who's there?" said a voice within. "Travellers; we want a bed." "You can have none *here*, we're full." "At least," replied Strickland, "you can afford us a shelter." Presently the landlord came to the door, (who seemed to push the former speaker on one side,) and opening it, with the usual Canadian politeness, said, "Entrez, Messieurs." *Here* a motley group were huddled together, partly Borderers, partly Canadians. Some were drying their clothes before a blazing fire on the hearth, some loudly snoring on the bare plank, and others drinking and smoking. They willingly made way to admit our party to the fire; meanwhile a tall, brawny-built fellow, calling himself a Frenchman born, though now a British subject, was in the midst of a frothy discussion of the battle of Trafalgar, and plausibly attempting to prove that the English papers, like the English people, *lied*: and that the French not only killed Nelson in that engagement, but also destroyed the greater part of our fleet, which, he said, vastly exceeded theirs in force. The few Canadian travellers who had taken shelter here from the storm, listened to him with astonishment, while some of the Borderers, (neither Yankees nor Canadians,) bore witness to the truth of all he asserted. At every fresh declamation against the English, he cast a look of triumph towards Strickland, who, though completely drenched and fatigued, could no longer sit tamely and hear his country thus run down; he therefore warmly took up the subject, and challenged the stranger as a most notorious liar.

“And pray *who* are *you*, Sir?” replied he, “that pretends to know so much about the naval engagements which have taken place in Europe.” “I *am*, Sir, (though I feel ashamed to be found in *such company*,) a Captain in the British navy; but as for *you*, Sir, you are *no* Frenchman, a real Frenchman possesses too much good sense to touch upon a subject so much to *his* disgrace and *our* triumph; and too much politeness to utter in company even a *truth* that would wound the feelings of a stranger, much less then would he spend a whole evening in telling downright *falsehoods*.” “Ha, ha, ha! *Captain*, if I heard aright, *Captain*, I think you said. *Captain*, I suppose, of that canoe which passed our raft; and these gentlemen, no doubt, (pointing to the lads,) are the *brave Captain's* crew,—his ship's company; damn me, if this doesn't tickle my fancy, ha, ha, ha!” Our hero at once darted up, and was about to pounce upon the liar; but was with great difficulty withheld by the more respectable part of the company; while mine host, hearing the rank of Strickland, gave up his *own* bed, and offered to take charge of, and dry their clothes by the fire; upon which, drawing from the would-be Frenchman an awkward apology for his falsehoods and abuse, and from his own pockets his purse and pistols, our hero, with the lads, retired to rest; he fearing to leave them to the mercy of the drunken party, and also objecting to their lying on the floor in their wet clothes: they all then turned in together, the lads quite naked, Strickland himself having borrowed an apology for a shirt from the squat landlord.

The greater number of the troublesome inmates of the inn had been upon the large raft, which, by the

violence of the storm, was broken ; and, (as our hero afterwards found,) they had reached the shore by clinging to different pieces of the timber. " I hope the fellows will not steal our clothes," said Strickland, turning to young White. " Ah ! Sir," replied he, " if they do *that*, we shall be in a pretty pickle, we shall be obliged to rise wrapped up in the blankets ; but here comes the landlord for the things." Mine host silently gathered them up, and, wishing his guests a *bon nuit*, departed with the light. " I have my pistols, 'tis true," said Strickland, " but they need fresh charging ; jump out, Master White, and see if the door is well secured." " I will, Sir. A very indifferent lock this, Captain, by the feel." " Place the table and chairs, then, against the door, that if any intruders force themselves in, we may have notice of their coming." " Now I'm in again," said White, " I shiver like an aspen." About '*the very witching time of night*,' they were awakened by the sudden falling of the table and chairs, the door was burst open, and in stalked a long fearful apparition, clad in white, flourishing in his right hand a bull's pizzle, and bearing in his left a lantern. Our hero had but just time to leap out of bed, and seize a certain utensil within reach, as a weapon of defence, ere another uncouth being, covered with hair, and with a pair of immense horns, limping in—seized the white spectre by the throat, and nailed him to the ground. This friendly ghost, thought Strickland, seems to be more powerful than his adversary, I must therefore second his motions, at the same time advancing, he discharged the contents of the aforesaid utensil full in the face of ghost the first, who lay on his back gasping for breath.

The noise soon brought all the inmates of the inn to the scene of confusion, when Strickland jumped into bed to hide his callow condition, while the horny-pated demon threw off a bullock's hide, and in a fit of laughter, exhibited to Strickland's astonished eyes, the identical figure of Peter Philpot, admirer extraordinary of the plump widder Brown. "Are you not a pretty scoundrel to play me this trick?" said Strickland. "*Trick*, indeed! well, I admire that; why, I came but just in time to prevent others from playing you a *trick*. Your Honour must know, that in the afternoon I heard of a calash going to Three Rivers; says I to myself says I, better get a cheap lift, Peter Philpot, than hire a calash, as your Honour knows that my—my hinder parts are too tender to ride on horseback." "Damn your *hinder* parts, Sir, to the point at once; and, d'ye hear, landlord? let the room be cleared of every body else instantly; pretty treatment *this* for a gentleman!" Here the rogue, who had laid snugly concealed under his white mantle, attempted to crawl out on his hands and knees. "Gently, gently;" exclaimed Peter,

"Whither, O wanton, would you be  
Half so happy, half so happy as with me?"

(at the same time chirruping to his finger, like the girl in the Padlock;) "I must insist upon your uncovering;" so saying, Peter seized the sheet, and with one tug rending it in twain, the Baron Munchausen—or liar in chief of the raftsmen stood full confessed to view. "And now, Messhear, I must also insist upon exercising upon *yourself* the formidable weapon you brought to belabour my master's hide.

with." Peter at once laid about him so nimbly, that he cleared the room in a trice ; the disappointed ghost screaming and groaning, and the rest of the party tumbled out convulsed with laughter. " *There*, your Honour, I have secured the door ; *me*, a pretty scoundrel, and play tricks indeed ! Lord bless your"—" Come, come, Peter, I perceive that what you have done is purely in my defence ; you had better plank it *here* till daybreak, and now tell me how came you here ? and let the story be somewhat short ; you know how I mean." " Let me alone for that, your Honour. Well, as I was a saying,—I said to myself says I ; Peter, you will soon have a large family to provide for, ' Your sons will grow up like young planks, (plants,) and your daughters like the polished corners of the temple,' it behoves you, therefore, to be careful, Peter Philpot." " Well, well, go on." " I will, Sir ; but doesn't your Honour think I reasoned *wisely* ?" " Most *sagely* !—but pray go on." " Well, Sir, I drove a hard bargain with a queer-looking Canadian, who had a long tail, to take me to Three Rivers, and just as we reached this door the storm was coming on, so says I to myself, better pig in here for the night, Peter ; so I hustled in, looking big,—*appearance* is every thing, your Honour. But excuse me,—your Honour must *excuse* me,—were I to be flayed alive for it, I *must* laugh.—What a rum figure you cut when I came in,—*you*, Sir, with the member-mug and the pillow before ye—and the ghost with the lantern and the—Ha, ha, ha ! Oh, Lord, gemini ! I shall burst—my poor sides are a cracking—Ha, ha, ha !"—" Come, Sir, avast there ! no impudent prating ; you fancy the service you have rendered me licences you to be im-

pertinent; proceed, I say, Sir." "Yes, your Honour, certainly I will; but I thought, when the light was here, I saw two other heads peeping out from under the blankets, some *female* strangers which you have charitably taken in; Ha, ha, ha!—but nobody can say that P. P.'s a tell-tit"—"By heaven, Peter, trifle not with me in this manner, or I shall jump out of bed, naked as I am, and give you a taste of the pizzle you but now flourished so ably." "Yes, yes, Sir, I will; well then, not being able to get a bed, I borrowed of the landlord a pillow, and with the bullock's hide I saw hanging up in the yard, made me a bed in one corner of the kitchen. The storm whistled upon the thatch; his Honour's safe over the herring-pond, said I to myself, or wouldn't *he* catch it sweetly? Towards eight or nine I heard a large party clamouring at the door to get in; better take possession of your quarters, Peter Philpot, said I to myself, or you will get nothing to rest your hinder, that is, (your Honour,) your *bones* upon but the bare boards." "Well, you laid down." "Let me alone for that, and slept soundly too—till about an hour ago, when I was awoke by two or three fellows talking about a Captain in the navy, who had been banged about in a canoe, and was gone to bed in the house. This must be my master, says I, but to myself, your Honour.—I unhooked my ears and listened tentively; presently I heard one feller roll over his straw towards another, and say, 'this *sheet* will do,'—'pizzle in the yard.' The villains are going to whallop my dear—(I did say *dear*) master, said I to myself, and toss him in a sheet, perhaps duck him in a horse-pond—or"—"Go on;" peevishly interrupted Strickland. "Presently after-

wards, the '*long one*' and two others got up, muttering something about a purse well-lined. They then lighted a candle by the fire, placed it in a lantern, and I heard them go out at the back-door.—Going to act the ghost, thought I, and frighten his Honour out of his poor wits ; but I'll out-ghost them. As fast as the state of my backs—that is, my *bones* would permit, I huddled on the bullock's hide, and had but just time to get in at the heels of the white ghost, his two companions behind, taking to their legs, as thof the devil had kicked them, as soon as they saw *me*." "That is, as soon as they saw your *horns*, Peter ; but enough, you have done bravely, now to sleep, they'll hardly venture to visit us again this morning."

On rising, Strickland went to his window, it looked out upon the lake ; the sun shone brilliantly on its still ruffled bosom, the waves as it were gladly dancing to reflect his welcome rays. *Who* would imagine, thought he, that its beautiful surface was but last night the scene of such terror and dismay ? On demanding from the landlord an explanation of the last night's outrage, he discovered that the raftsmen had decamped before daybreak, without beat of drum, leaving mine host minus the chief part of the reckoning. Two calashes, bound different ways, stood at the door ; by the *one* he started Peter on his journey, with a handsome present for his fidelity ; and by the *other* he forwarded a letter to Mr. White, to allay the anxiety he must have laboured under for their safety. These affairs, and the time necessarily taken up in proceeding through the mud to the canoe, occupied him till eleven o'clock. But for the mast appearing above the rushes, 'tis probable they had not



found her near so soon. As the wind had fallen, so had the water receded to its usual level, leaving the canoe grounded on a sloping bank. The boys at once fell to to bail her out, after which they carried her to the water, jumped in, and pushed on for a place about half a league lower, on the bank of the river, whence it is usual to cross to Nicolet. They then hoisted sail. "When I look upon this great sheet of water upon our right," said Strickland to young White, "and think of the late fearful storm, I can hardly believe it possible that this little ark, this nutshell, could have twice crossed it, or nearly so, and then have borne us to a place of shelter. The river is here, I should think, not three miles wide; half an hour will suffice to bring us to its opposite bank, do *you* return the same way, nor venture again to cross the lake, the weather is still unsettled. Yonder, I see, is a schooner on shore, and far as the eye can reach, both upwards and downwards, are scattered innumerable pieces of timber, and other too evident marks of the late boisterous weather."

On reaching Nicolet, the party repaired to the inn, and had just made a hearty lunch, when they observed the whole village, young and old, making their way to the river, shouting, "Un homme noyer, un homme noyer!" Strickland and the two lads, following the general stream, made the best of their way to the river's brink, and, close to their canoe, observed a crowd of people gazing with idle curiosity over each other's shoulders at the body of a drowned man just brought in. Had this been *all* the matter, though a *solemn* one, it would have interfered but little with the proceedings of the Captain, as from the late wea-

ther, nothing less could have been expected. He pressed forward in agony to view the body, conceiving it possible that it might be Barnard himself who had thus perished in crossing St. Peter's, to search out and rescue his boy. To his great joy he discovered that his fears were groundless. I'll write him word to remain at Montreal, thought he, and send the letter across by the boys. "But *alás!* White, White, they are destroying the canoe!" 'Twas now too late to prevent the accident. The crowd, which was immense, pressing on each other's backs, those outside had clambered upon, and into their little ark, (to catch a glimpse of the dead man,) and completely broke it to pieces. "What,—what shall we, or at least *you do now?*" exclaimed the mortified Strickland to his companions, "not a canoe or boat of any description is to be *seen* here. Yonder, full a mile distant, and making for Point du Lac, I perceive a canoe, the one, I suppose, which brought in the corpse."

By this time almost as great a crowd had collected round Strickland, they heard his exclamations, and perceived his distress, but from their *little* knowledge of English, divined not the cause. Some said, "Il est sans doute *son frère!*" some, "Pauvre malheureux!" others, "Ne pousse pas, respectez son douleur!" Meanwhile, a respectable elderly man invited Strickland to follow him. By him he was conducted into a well-built log-house, and our hero related to him his difficulties in French. An Englishman would have smiled to see the hospitable Canadian's shrug of astonishment, accompanied by an emphatic "*Mon Dieu! est il possible?*" when he

learnt how the Captain had been buffeted about on the lake. "Prend patience!" "Take patience, Sir," continued he, "all our canoes and boats went yesterday to Three Rivers' Market, and I hope put back last night to avoid the effects of the storm; and, unfortunately, the ferry barge is out of repair. In an hour, at furthest, some of our boats will return, when, I have no doubt, you may either purchase, or hire one." "Here, Francis!" turning to his son, "make haste! run down to the river, and bring up the two young strangers; and do you, Sir, be seated, and consider *yourself*, as *I* consider you, *at home*; if you have any luggage, make free, send for it, all shall be free and welcome under the roof of Antoine Picotte. I, myself, have been a traveller for the north-west company, and know well what it is to be taken aback on a lee shore." Strickland, gratefully thanked the stranger, and the two lads having reached the house, he sent the elder to the inn for his valise, and profiting by his host's hospitality, he spread out its contents in the garden to dry. The party were all comfortably dining, when they heard that two canoes had arrived. Our hero finished his dinner with expedition, and hastening down to the river, for eight dollars purchased an excellent canoe, with three paddles, though without a sail (as indeed they all generally are.) He then saw his two companions embark, after first praising and rewarding the late intrepidity of master White. He anxiously followed them with his eye, until they were out of sight, and, as he judged, near to Point du Lac. *This*, then, thought he, is so far settled to my satisfaction, and the letter, I have directed George to put in the post on the other side, if Barnard has not

already left Montreal, will detain him there, till he hears further from me.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

Each onward step brings doubt and danger near,  
Yet *still* my quarrel's just—what need I fear?

RETURNED to the house of his entertainer, he expressed a wish to proceed to St. Francis that afternoon. The courteous Antoine soon brought to him a Bourgeois, who promised to call for him in half an hour (which, by the by, he made an hour of.) The interim our hero spent in fresh charging his pistols, and in re-packing his valise, in which operations he was cheerfully assisted by Antoine, and his son Louis. On taking leave, the Captain endeavoured to thrust into the hand of the younger Picotte a dollar, which he obstinately refused. "He were no son of the old traveller Picotte," said the father, "if he accepted payment for exercising the rights of hospitality towards a stranger." "Nicolet is some miles astern," observed Strickland to himself, as he wrapped his cloke more closely round him, "I have caught a cold, and the evenings begin to get chilly; would that I was safe returned from this journeying, and had possession of the boy I seek. The moon is rising, the lake looks like an immense mirror. Why, O moon! should thy bright face always remind me of my lost Mary? Why have I not with me some sympathising companion, to whom I could unbosom my

the  
his  
put  
vell  
this  
you  
the  
I  
Fra  
firs  
and  
by  
for  
and  
pae  
the  
afte

smi  
the  
Au:  
lanc  
mc  
pist  
the  
alor

thoughts? This conducteur is an idiot; crack! goes his whip, slowly moves the crazy vehicle, and briskly puffs he at his pipe. But these are the comforts of travelling, exposed as you are to danger all day, and in this almost uninhabited country, not knowing where you shall lay your weary head at night. I like not the unsuccessful commencement of this journey."

It was rather late when the Captain arrived at St. Francis, after a journey of about fourteen miles. His first affair there, was to hire a man with a good horse and calash, by the day, to proceed towards the States, by way of Sherbrooke. Having arranged every thing for an early departure, he retired to rest. He turned and turned upon his tumbled bed, looked back on past joys, by-gone days of bliss, reviewed and weighed the actions of his younger days; nor fell asleep till after midnight.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep;  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where fortune smiles! the wretched he forsakes!  
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

The young-eyed day, with rosy cheeks, peeped smiling through his lattice, when the hoarse voice of the conducteur summoned him to arise, "Aux route! Aux route, Monsieur! il est deja fort tard!" Strickland lost not a moment in obeying the welcome summons. Leaving his valise at the inn, he pocketed his pistols, and a change of linen, and then jumped into the carriage. Smack! went the whip, as they whirled along the banks of the river St. Francis. Less than

half an hour brought them to the Indian village, which consists of a few miserable log-houses, and a larger building of the same description, which our hero took to be a place of worship. A person, thought he, might almost fancy himself transported to another country. The little half-civilized children of their, perhaps, still less civilized parents, wanton round my calash ; will not my pockets furnish them with a few coppers ? Let me, at least, gladden the hearts of some human beings in my *wearisome* pilgrimage. " There ! there, my dears ! " I am repaid, *well* repaid, thought he, their dark wild eyes shoot forth expressive rays of delight, while their grateful smiles exhibit to my view the finest teeth I ever beheld. These Indians, though poor, seem a free, happy people, while I am restless, discontented, and miserable. Oh ! if I could but forget the past, fain would I be one of them—hunt, fish, and war among them, and after the labours of a scorching day, sit down before the door of my peaceful hut, and, with my dark partner, watch our children gambol on the green. Harvest is not here all in : as yet some Indian corn waves high, the golden wheat bows down with gratitude, and yields the labourer a rich return for all his toil. *Here* no proud landlord knocks—*here* no keen tythingman, or hard exciseman, worms from the happy Indian's home his little crop ; enough for him, he suffers Adam's curse. How different is the lot of others ? Ask the English peasant, the little farmer, who sweats indeed, nor sweats alone for *himself* and *his*, but for his richer neighbours. His little sheaf convulsed with many a shock, when *all* have had their shake, what more is left him than the

*straw?* But why this waste of words? The Indian has neither parsons,\* lawyers, nor tax-gatherers, *ergo*, the Indian must be *happy*. But I am almost ashamed of my thoughts, not at peace with myself, I war with others. All these individuals, whose presence I have described as the cause of misery, under certain restrictions, are beneficial (but one may have too much of a good thing.) How sweet! how soothing in the hour of affliction, when the pulse beats low, and the struggling soul irresolutely flutters 'twixt time and dread eternity, to have

“Beside the bed, where parting life is laid,  
(With sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed),  
A reverend champion stand.”

“With such a clergyman as Goldsmith has described (and many such I know there are), who would refuse to share his meal? to such an one who would refuse to pay a tithe? But is it for the *village curate* that we toil? Ask lordly bishops, deans, and rectors. 'Tis not alone to lodge, to feed, to clothe, the houseless, hungry, naked poor, we labour, for that, indeed, would be a duty and a pleasure; but 'tis for—but I am done with the subject, thought Strickland, my cash is at a low ebb, and heaven knows how soon I may have to do *myself* with overseers, churchwardens, vestry clerks, select vestries, and God knows whom; I must not offend them: ‘they are all honourable men.’ Allons conducteur, marchons plus vite!” Such was the train of ideas the sight of an Indian village had called up in the mind of Strickland, and, as a

\* Those Indians who have embraced the Romish faith, certainly contribute their mite towards the support of their priests; but in the shape of voluntary gifts, not *tithes*.

faithful historian, I am bound to narrate them. Astonishing thoughts! wonderful! that such absurd reflections should enter into the mind of an enlightened man; we may, reader, I think, without mistake, conclude that Strickland was, for the moment, to all intents and purposes, downright mad. For what Englishman, in his sober senses, is there, who would not delight to see in what splendour and magnificence our worthy prelates ride about; and who would not, also, feel himself aggrandized by reflecting, "All this, I pay for;" and what man, let me ask, is there, in full possession of all his faculties, who could, for a moment, imagine that any part of the rate collected for the *poor* ever found its way into the pockets of *select vestrymen, &c.*?

The road being but little beaten and the country hilly, it was two in the afternoon before they reached Drummondville, distant about twenty-four miles; here they dined and rested the horse, and by the advice of the conducteur (as they were about to travel through a country still less inhabited) laid in some provisions and liqueur, together with some provender for the horse. The guide examined his tobacco pouch, and tried his materials for striking a light.

Drummondville is but an infant and almost exclusively a Protestant settlement, and according to the conducteur's account not likely to become a very thriving place, the soil being barren and sandy, which disadvantage had already induced many of the persons who attempted to settle here to remove to other parts of the country.

About two leagues down the river is a saw-mill, near to which reside a few thriving settlers, who, in



addition to planting and sowing, are profitably occupied in cutting down timber, sawing it into plank, and rafting it down to Quebec. They also make a few pot and pearl-ashes.

Leaving this place, the way led for nearly two leagues through a thick wood ; sometimes it was with much difficulty that they traced it. The dark foliage of the lofty trees hid from their eyes the face of heaven, and reflected a sombre shade on the almost impervious underwood. The afternoon was sultry, and, except when a slight gust of wind shook the melancholy-looking trees, not a sound was to be heard. Strickland felt oppressed, he imagined that for want of a sufficient circulation of the air he breathed a stagnant, damp, unwholesome atmosphere. Not a note of a singing-bird, thought he, can I hear,—a solitary squirrel here and there hops from branch to branch, but for whose wanton gambols, I could almost imagine that myself and Jean were the only living creatures existing in this wild, solitary country ! Having happily again emerged into daylight, they stopped hard by the wood side, at the house of a Mr. P. ; here they remained but a short time, resolving if possible, to reach the village of Shipton, distant twenty miles, that night. Our hero would fain have treated himself with a cup of tea, but none here was to be obtained but bush tea, which the forests yield in abundance, and in great varieties : this, with a little sugar, is far from being unpalatable, and is reckoned extremely wholesome. There are several varieties of plants used as tea, by the Indians, and even by the Canadians themselves, among which are Maiden-hair, or as it is sometimes called, Gold-thread,

from its being a fibrous creeping plant, and when the leaves drop off, and it is perfectly dry, appearing of a beautiful yellow. The tea made from this is highly medicinal, and accounted an excellent remedy for the pleurisy. Another plant is called the Sanspareil. There is also what is called Winter-green tea, a species of evergreen, and Velvet-tea, which is only found in low moist situations, and is distinguished from many other plants which otherwise resemble it,—from one side of its leaf being a fine green, while the other is a pure yellow. The inner bark of the Maple tree is also occasionally used as a substitute for tea.

As our traveller proceeded forward, the country became more and more woody, mountainous and barren, with scarcely a vestige of a human habitation : repeatedly he urged the conducteur to quicken his pace, dreading to even think of being benighted in so desolate a place. At the distance of ten miles from Mr. P.'s, and near the road side, he observed an immense snake of a blackish hue, curled securely round the stump of a tree which appeared to have been recently shattered by lightning ; this, to *him*, novel sight, was far from reconciling him to the idea of lying abroad all night ; 'tis true they had the means of making a fire, a secure defence it is believed, against snakes and bears : from the latter there being but little danger to apprehend during the day, Bruin never attempting then to attack a man unless first annoyed, or very hungry : he seldom indeed quits his den by daylight. They were overtaken by dusk a few miles from Ship-ton ; the horse had performed a long journey in a bad road, and *here* the hills were exceedingly steep and numerous. No sooner had the poor jaded beast

reached the summit of one than it descended to reach but the foot of another. Strickland and the conducteur now walked, and the eased animal proceeded at a brisker pace. It was eight when they entered Shipton, and put up for the night at the only inn the place afforded. Before resting his own wearied limbs, our hero proceeded with the guide to the stable, to see proper attention paid to the fatigued horse. Too early for bed, our hero sought for some intelligent companion with whom to spend an hour in social conversation, but in vain he sought one among the group assembled to smoke their evening pipe at the village inn. He therefore sat musing in one corner till about nine o'clock, when he heard a calash drive up to the door, shortly after which a stranger of imposing appearance walked into the room. Strickland was not used to be awed by the presence of any man, yet was there something in the keen, penetrating glance of the traveller that prevented him, he knew not why, from feeling himself perfectly at his ease. The stranger hastily glanced around the room, as if to find some one on whom he might fix all his attention, and then sat down right opposite to our hero. The latter then took an opportunity to observe him more closely. He seems but *young*, thought he, to have a head already white and venerable. "Travelling southward I guess, Sir?" said the traveller. "You have guessed right, Sir." "To *Boston*, may be?" "May be not, Sir." "Roads down below pretty confounded bad, I *calculate*?" "You calculate *right*, Sir." "I suppose you travel *armed*, Sir?" "Why do you *suppose* so, Sir? It really seems rather *singular* that you should select *me*, Sir, an entire stran-

ger, from among the whole company, to put so many questions to." "Why I must confess, Sir," replied the stranger, "that to *you* it may seem *so*; but I am a traveller by profession, and have often agreeably spent many an hour which would have been otherwise tedious, by meeting with some other gentleman, with whom to converse: can it seem *strange* then, Sir, that I should single out you for that purpose, when I calculate that there is no other *real* gentleman in the room? Believe me, Sir," continued he, "much valuable time is lost in travelling that might be profitably employed, for example: when a company are jumbled together in a stage coach (though by the way, *I* generally travel, I guess, with my own horses) the greater part of the journey is passed in silently estimating each other's characters, conning over appearances, &c., nor till the last mile of the last stage do they at all become familiar: then on alighting they regret that they had not been acquainted sooner; let not this, I beg, be *our* case, Sir. Those are *your* pistols I calculate, Sir?"—no reply. "Come, Sir, here's your health, wishing you safe over the Border; shall just step into the stable and be with you again in a twinkling." Strickland followed him with his eye towards the door, then looking round the room, he observed the Canadians regarding each other with mute astonishment; when a young fellow with a comely wench on his knee, said to one who occupied the next chair, "Do you *know* him?" "Know *who*?" was the reply, "Why the smart dashing Yankee just gone out?" "Not *I*, all I know is, the *less* we know of the Yankees the better." Here the landlord interrupted the last speaker, saying, "I wish, Gaultier, I

could meet with somebody that *does* know him, he has been here three or four times and pays like a gentleman; but what puzzles me is, that when he calls he's going *down*; he starts to go *down*; a day or two after he calls again, he's still going down, mais par Christ! I never see him going *up*; there is but *one* road that I know of, how then can he get *back*? There is no other inn within twenty miles in any direction, so that one would think that he *must* call here." "Mum," said an old Canadian, who had not yet taken any part in the conversation, "he says he's going down, par Dieu! take my word for it he's going *up*." At the same time expressively placing his fore finger under his left ear, jerking it upwards, and imitating the shriek or groan supposed to accompany the most important operation of the 'finisher of the law.' "*Honesty* needs no disguise, I saw him at La Baie, not three months ago, he *now* looks twenty years older; but mind! *I've* said *nothing*;" bowing his head on his hand, and pretending to doze.

Here the stranger, with grace and confidence, again glided into the room, drew his chair nearer to Strickland, sat down, and observed, in a friendly tone, "But for *you*, Sir, I should have passed a most uncomfortable evening, I reckon, among these uncultivated rustics; had you been travelling towards the St. Lawrence, I might have presumed to calculate upon having your valuable company on the road. I travel purely for *information's* sake: *here*, Sir," laying on the table before Strickland, a pocket book, "here are some remarks I have made on whatever I thought interesting. Nay, Sir, no ceremony, let me beg; you are welcome to peruse them, or make extracts. *That*

*man* in the stable, who does not speak *our* language, is your *servant* or *guide*, I guess?" "He is the *latter*, Sir." "I start *early* in the morning; so do you, I presume?" Without waiting a reply, he arose, wished our hero a good night, and calling for the landlord, was shown to his chamber. From the *con-ducteur*, Strickland learnt, that the stranger drove a valuable fleet blood-mare; and had also, in his light and elegant carriage, a superb bridle and saddle. "You sleep, I understand," said the Captain, "in the hay-loft: keep a watchful eye over the traveller, and should he depart ere I rise in the morning, *satisfy* yourself as to whether he travels upwards or down; and if any thing happens in the night, do not fail to tap with your whip at yon chamber window. Be vigilant! be cautious! I like not the appearance of this intruding stranger," thought Strickland, as he retired to his chamber. "It is yet early, let me see what information or amusement his *book* contains." He reads, — 'Bears are not so plentiful in *Lower* Canada as in *Upper*, there the forests are much infested with them; as I never met with one myself during my travels in this country, I shall insert some information I have received concerning them, from an old English serjeant. Englishmen *sometimes* speak truth,' (Thankee for the compliment, thought Strickland,) 'and on *his* veracity I think I can depend. He relates, that in travelling he perceived a bear at about one hundred and fifty paces distance, upon which, flattering himself that the animal had not seen him, and knowing that the enemy was much stronger than himself, like a prudent soldier he resolved to decamp as expeditiously as possible. His antagonist, however, per-

ceived, and followed him at nearly as great a speed as a dog would have done. The serjeant swimming well, soused plump into a large pond, but, unfortunately, found that his pursuer gained greater advantage over him in swimming than in running. On landing, finding himself fatigued, and flight unavailing, he posted his back against the largest tree he could meet with, and had just time to arm himself with a long knife, ere the bear was close upon him. At the distance of about six paces, the huge brute reared himself on his hind legs, and darting suddenly forward, endeavoured to grasp his intended victim by the shoulders; but the serjeant, being a tall, active man, sprang up a little, elevating his arms, when the bear seized him, together with the tree, rather below the armpits, leaving his arms at liberty. Had the tree been somewhat less in girth, the powerful pressure of the animal's paws would have caused instant death: as it was, finding the tree an impediment to his manœuvre, he pressed his breast with great force against the belly of the man; at the same time squeezing him, by drawing together the joints of his fore legs; he then made a sudden push with his head towards the serjeant's throat, when the latter, dexterously stooping on one side, buried his knife deep in the bowels of his formidable adversary, which, groaning aloud, fell lifeless at his feet.

‘When a bear climbs a tree in pursuit of a man, the best way to escape is to drop from the extremity of a moderate sized branch to the ground, upon which the animal, not being able to descend in any other way, will come down the trunk of the tree, hind fore-

most ; *then* be ready to stab him in the quarter ere he reaches the ground.

‘Wolves are seldom seen on the main continent below Montreal, though I am told that many of the islands, particularly Anticosti, abound with them. It is well known,’ continues the American traveller, ‘that the British army, during our glorious struggle for independence, was followed by immense troops of them, whose dreadful howlings were, no doubt, an unpleasant accompaniment to the privations it experienced in the dreary wilds and forests of Canada, for *we* took special care that they should not penetrate far into the States, I guess. It seems that these ferocious beasts prefer English flesh to any other carrion,’ (Thankee again, thought Strickland, this fellow’s impudence amuses me,) ‘seeing that they tore up the dead bodies from the *grave* ;—that is to say, when we gave the rascals *time to bury* their dead.

‘A *single* wolf, unless very hungry, will scarce ever dare to attack a man, without the man shews fear, by flying ; the wolf then shrewdly calculates what sort of a pretty considerable coward he has to cope with, and acts accordingly. These animals possess great instinct, and generally, when in troops, provide a sort of centinel, who, when he perceives a man, by a howl familiar to themselves, assembles the whole troop, which fall to, with voracious appetites, and speedily devour him, looking round again, I reckon, pretty keenly, to spy out another victim. The wolf is not so expert at climbing a tree as the bear, and when he discovers a man taking shelter in one, contents himself with watching at the foot of it, until fatigue or hunger causes

hic  
'ti.  
lc  
ov  
ot  
ar  
  
at  
wi  
Ti  
tit  
sc  
ar.  
lik  
the  
let  
&c  
bu  
thc  
  
mi  
the  
lo.  
to  
lin  
ble  
wi  
ex  
Uf  
wa.  
rat  
par  
he



his prey either to *fall* or *come* down. In this case, 'tis a trial between the two, as to which can fast longest. Sometimes the keen appetite of the wolf overcomes his patience, and he decamps in search of other food, leaving the half-starved man to descend and shift for himself.

'Lake St. Peter's, and most parts of the grand river, at the proper season, abound with excellent shad, which are pretty good eating when smoked, I guess. Their approach is always indicated by immense quantities of flies; hence called *shad*-flies, and which are sometimes sufficiently numerous to darken the air; and have often been seen on the banks of the river, like the froth cast upon the sea-shore by the waves of the ocean. They are a long slender fly, measuring in length about seven-eighths of an inch; genus, species, &c. to deponent *unknown*. They have two wings, and but *one* head.' (Sublime and accurate description! thought Strickland.)

'Upper Canada abounds with snakes, the most formidable of which are the rattle-snake, the hoop, and the black snake. The bite of the first is generally followed by speedy death. The only *certain* remedy is, to instantly cut out the part bitten; and if it be a limb, in most cases, immediate amputation is advisable, the deadly venom of the reptile spreading like wildfire through the veins. An instance of this was exhibited a few years ago, about eighteen miles below Upper York. Three men were mowing, one of whom was at some distance from the other two, when the rattle of a snake was heard very near him; his companions called aloud to warn him of his danger, but he carelessly replied, "I'll cut him with the scythe."

Presently he exclaimed, " O Lord, I am bit!" The bite was in the ancle ; and while one of his comrades ran for a surgeon, the foot began to swell and turn black, when the wounded man, with astonishing fortitude, saved his life, by hacking off the leg with his scythe. On the surgeon's arrival, he dressed the stump, and in a short time a perfect cure was performed. But the most curious part of the circumstance is that, when about an hour and a half had elapsed from the time of the accident, the other two men proceeded to bury the amputated limb, they, to their astonishment, discovered that it was not only black all over, but full of longitudinal splits, and abounding with maggots.' By this time Strickland was half asleep, and his candle nearly consumed, he therefore retired to rest.

Early in the morning he arose, and on entering the stable the first thing he observed, was the absence of the stranger's horse ; " He departed," said the conducteur, " before day-light ; and just before he went, I heard a rustling noise : when descending from the hay-loft, I found him with a lantern near my horse ; it appeared as though he had been examining his feet, or doing something which he should not, for on perceiving me, he sidled over towards his mare, in confusion." " All this is *strange!*" said Strickland, " if not *suspicious*, Jean. Saw you which way he took?" " I watched him, Sir, and by the faint dawning, saw him mount yon hill, pushing forwards towards St. Francis." " You have done well, conducteur! 'tis *early* for breakfast ; I am informed there is a house at the traverse, six miles distant ; while *I* settle the reckoning, do *you* harness the horse ; but let me look

at him." I am glad to find, thought Strickland, that whether the American intended it or not, the beast has sustained no injury. "Bonne voyage, Monsieur! Bonne voyage!" exclaimed Boniface, at the door of his castle, while our hero and his guide drove off from the inn at Shipton.

For a mile or two they travelled in silence; after which Strickland, addressing himself to the conducteur, said, "We must try to dine at Sherbrooke, and that *early* too, Jean; it is but twenty-four miles from Shipton: the roads seem better, and the country about here rather more thickly inhabited. This, I suppose, is the Traverse. I can hardly believe that we have performed the distance in so short a time." "What *hoa!* house! house there, I say. Confound these people,—'tis near eight o'clock: it seems as though they intended to sleep till the resurrection gun fires. But I had forgot—perhaps they do not speak *English*. *Hoa, a la maison—dit-don—ouvrez la porte.*" "Who's there?" replied a gruff voice; "we don't parley-*voo here.*" "Travellers—we want to be ferried across. Let us in, if you please."—"Come, come, no hurry, Sir: you'll give an old man time to put his breeches on, I suppose." "Most certainly." In the course of a few minutes Strickland and his guide were admitted. "You lie *late*, old gentleman." "We were up *late* last night, Sir. The d—d smugglers expect to be ferried over at all hours. I heartily wish I had been at old Nick when I first took this place." "You had better," said Strickland, "defer that wish till colder weather; I should think, from what I have heard of your winters here, a man might almost be tempted to desire to

spend his Christmas holidays in a warmer climate." "In Wales," said the grumbling old man, "one might keep a turnpike-gate, and lay in bed and pull it open with a string." The Captain laughingly inquired, "whether he could collect the *toll* by the same contrivance?" "As for that, Sir, (scratching his head,) I wasn't, d'ye see, just thinking about it."

Finding no fire in here, the travellers hastily swallowed some cold grog, ate a snack, and jumped into the ferry-boat. When about half-way across the St. Francis, Strickland inquired of the boatman, whether he had been called up before in the course of the morning, to convey any other passengers across? On being answered in the negative, and also learning that there was no other ferry for some miles, either upwards or downwards, he felt satisfied that the American could not be on the road before them. Arrived at the other bank of the river, our hero regretted to find that two hours had been spent in waking the old man, embarking and disembarking the horse and calash, and effecting the Traverse. "Now, Jean," said he, "let's push on for Sherbrooke." The country presented a wild, mountainous, and desolate appearance, without trace of cultivation. "Rest thou here, (thought Strickland,) my trusty well-trying pistols. Robbers or no robbers, ye are not bad companions. Either that American is a robber or smuggler;—or *both*. I fear not *one* man; but may he not be connected with a *gang*?" "The roads are good," exclaimed Jean, with an air of satisfaction, as he cheerfully drove over a wooden bridge, and entered the little romantic village of Sherbrooke.

It was about mid-day when they drew up to the

inn; and here the Captain was surrounded by a posse of little squalid beggars, some in French, others in English, soliciting an alms. "Alas! (thought Strickland,) even *here*, I see, wretchedness, poverty, and rags are to be found." It being necessary to rest the horse, our hero bespoke a dinner, amusing himself in the interim by strolling about the place. It consists of but few inhabitants, though of that few above one-half are Protestants, partly British, partly Americans.

It may seem strange to you, reader, that this part of the country is not described as exhibiting more of the traits of open war; but it is no less true than strange, that, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of action, (Upper Canada,) every thing remained almost as tranquil as during a time of profound peace. The war having been carried on almost exclusively by the troops of both nations actually engaged in it; while the Canadians and Americans, who were not actively employed in it, continued mute and anxious spectators of the conflict. Travelers from the neighbouring States frequently journeyed for miles into Canada, while the Canadians as often pursued their business within the boundary of the States. This was a mutual convenience, and as such was winked at by (if even known to) the authorities who led the contending parties. It is a well known fact, that many Americans resided, during the whole war, within the supposed boundary of Canada; and it is probable, that many Canadians and British took the liberty to trespass in like manner on the soil of the enemy.

A stream or gully of water runs through Sherbrooke, which serves to turn a grist and saw mill:

the banks of the rivulet are exceedingly steep ; many of the houses are built close upon their edge. A great deal of land appeared cleared in the neighbourhood ; and, as far as the Captain could judge, the soil is excellent, and the general appearance of the place, (if we except the beggars,) indicative of increasing prosperity.

Returning to the inn, several strangers had arrived, while two carriages of American construction stood at the door. " The spot I seek (thought he) must be about fifteen or twenty miles further. I shall make no inquiries here ; for should Hastie by any means receive notice of my approach, he'll *yet* elude my grasp." It was near three, and dinner some time over, ere Jean pronounced the horse fit for the road : then taking leave of the village, with a beating heart he proceeded onwards. For a mile or two they perceived here and there a house ; but the further they went the more desolate the country became, as though no one cared to fix his habitation in a spot, as it were neither under the protection of England nor America.\*

They travelled, to Strickland's mortification, but slowly. It was considerably after five, when they espied a little neat cottage on the left. It is rather different from the style of Canadian houses, thought he. Can we *now* have crossed the border ? I regret that I did not inquire at Sherbrooke. " There is a calash at the door, Jean : let us drive up and

\* The lines or boundary between Canada and the States are not yet marked out. Strickland here supposes himself to be in the disputed territory ; but the author has reason to think, that what is generally called the lines, lie at a greater distance from Sherbrooke than the Captain imagined.

make some inquiries ; it is but little out of our way."

Unfortunately, in turning off, over a rough piece of road, the horse stumbled, and broke a shaft of the carriage. "What shall we do *now*, Jean?" exclaimed the Captain. "We had better, Sir, tie the horse to this tree ; *you* can walk in and rest, while *I* borrow an axe, and step into the wood and cut a piece of timber ; in a short time I shall be able to knock up something that will serve us for a shaft, until we can have a suitable one. Our hero soon reached the door ; Jean following closely at his heels. The only inmates appeared to be a wrinkled old woman, of extremely forbidding aspect, and a stout, ferocious looking youth of about eighteen, apparently ready for any mischief : at the table, quaffing rum and spruce, and picking the bones of a cold fowl, sat the traveller, whose calash was at the door. He ate in haste ; at first regarding Strickland with evident alarm ; but the frank appearance and friendly manner of the latter soon dispelled the stranger's apprehensions. "Excuse me, Sir," said he, "for having exhibited some symptoms of fear and distrust when you entered ; I am a Jew, as you may guess, and on my way to visit a friend at Three Rivers. This is the first time I have been in this part of the country ; and I am credibly informed, that the road for several miles back is infested by a newly formed gang of robbers : I have travelled the last fifteen miles with speed, and in continual fear ; nor would I have halted here, but that the beast and I were almost famished ; I have seen several suspicious ill-looking fellows about ; but driving on furiously with a pistol cocked in

my hand, the *honest* folks, if I met any, must have taken me for a madman—while the thieves seemed afraid to approach me. I like not this house, as I hope to be saved, nor the looks of that old woman."

"I feel much obliged to you, Sir, for your intelligence, though it certainly gives me some alarm; but I am on an affair of such importance, that I cannot, must not turn back." Here the Jew laid his hand on his pockets, and commenced gathering up the remains of his repast; while Strickland was about to ask the old woman some questions. "Let her alone," said the Jew, "she will do you no coot—and you will only betray your ignorance of the countrish." The Captain followed his advice. "Ten miles," said the Jew, as he proceeded to the door, "ten miles, I think you said, to Sherbrooke?" Our hero answered, "Yes." At this moment a smart young officer rode by. "I wish," said the Jew, "he vas going my vay." Strickland glanced his eye towards him; but he rode too fast to enable him to observe more than that he was dressed in the uniform of one of the States. The Hebrew threw a shilling on the table, and taking leave, mounted his calash, and drove off at full speed.

On returning to his seat, the Captain observed the shilling still lying on the table. "What can this mean?" thought he. "She seems to be miserably poor, and yet regards not the traveller's gift any more than if it was but a button. All is not right here; all is not as it should be;" casting a scrutinizing glance around him, "that old woman watches my every look! What, in the name of Heaven, can detain the conducteur so *long* in the wood? Surely,



by this time he and the stripling might have cut down wood enough to *build* a calash! Can *he* be a *traitor*? Beset as I am with dangers on every side, I suspect *all* men. For *myself* I heed not; but to be deprived of the pleasure of rescuing the poor kidnapped boy! By Heaven, it must not be. I'll still push forward." At the same time cheering himself by repeating his favourite motto:—

"Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just."

A tedious hour and a half had elapsed, ere Jean returned with a suitable piece of wood; he then entered both sweating and swearing: "What *now*, mon bon homme," said Strickland, "has happened to thus ruffle your temper, and what *detained* you?" "This boy," said he, "either purposely hid the axe, or accidentally lost it in the wood, and I have spent the greater part of the time in looking for it;—to tell you the truth, Sir, (drawing near and whispering) I like not this house, these people, nor this country; and but that I engaged, and still *wish* to serve you, the blessed Virgin, (crossing himself), knows that I would rather turn back—but let's away—allons, Monsieur; I can make *this* do; for a shaft." Strickland's suspicions, not to say his *alarm*, increased; yet he endeavoured to appear composed and unsuspecting before the old woman. "Poh, poh! Jean," said he, smilingly, "do not be apt to spy out dangers where there are none. *Here*, my good woman, is half a crown for you, for the trouble I have put you to, and one for you, my smart young fellow." The cottagers, who had begun to seem uneasy, looked more composed, and the old harridan herself had

even the civility to thank the Captain for his bounty. Less than a quarter of an hour sufficed to fix their temporary shaft, when our hero deliberately jumped in to the calash, and they drove off.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

Thank Heav'n! at length I've reach'd the prize I sought,  
Though *dangers* throng'd, and *robbers* cross'd my path.

By this time it was fast verging towards dusk, and the excessive heat, with the dark, lowering appearance of the atmosphere, indicated the approach of a thunder-storm. Jean applied his whip more briskly, and ever and anon directed his apprehensive eyes towards the heavens. Both travellers, for upwards of an hour, remained silent; the reflections of each being far from pleasing. At length Strickland saw that the conducteur began to fidget about in his seat, and grow very uneasy. "I feel little *less* so myself," thought he, "I'll enter into conversation with him, with a view to cheer him up and beguile the tedious moments." But *this* Jean prevented him from doing, by suddenly breaking out into a "Pour l'amour Dieu! (or, For the love of God), Sir, *where* are we going to? It grows dark; a storm is at hand, and for miles over this wilderness I see not a human habitation." "Fear not! take heart, Jean, but a *few* miles further there is, there *must be*, a cottage, the cottage I seek; but whether we find *it* or not, we will endeavour to put up for the night at the first house we meet with. I liked not that last house any

more than you did, nor would I have lodged there on any account. Come, my boy, push on, less than an hour will, I trust, see us in safety; there is yet a drop in the bottle. Drink! no ceremony, we are equals in danger! Drink, mon bon homme, and pass the flask to me." "This is very comforting, and warms one's inside," said Jean, as he corked the bottle, and was restoring it to its place. At this moment they were at once enveloped in profound darkness, an awful thunder-cloud burst over their heads, and the rain poured down copiously. The horse no longer needed the whip; but plunging forward, whirled them along with amazing speed. Crack went the thunder, peal after peal, while flashes of dreadful lightning succeeded each other in rapid succession. For a considerable time the horse galloped on, they knew not whither, when Strickland cried out "Halt! I spy a cottage on the right." Jean, in attempting to arrest the progress of the storm-frighted beast, turned the carriage a little out of the track, when one of the wheels coming in contact with a tree, it overturned, pitching the Captain and his guide with violence into the road, the horse at the same time stopping. Some minutes were spent in getting up the carriage, when Strickland tying the horse to a tree, stole softly towards the cottage door, drawing Jean cautiously after him, and whispering, "Say not a word for your life! there are *robbers* about. Let us *first* see who are within." Clash went another clap of astounding thunder. "Heaven defend the benighted traveller!" exclaimed a young female voice within, "and preserve my dear father from the peltings of this pitiless storm." Strickland peeped through the broken case-

ment, and observed a young maid pressing closer to a frugal fire, while her mother added an emphatic "Amen! *May* heaven defend him! child," continued she, "for upon *his* fate depends your *own*, and that of your poor brothers, whose little appetites are craving for that support which it is not in my power to give them. Hark! the deep thunder nearer rolls, and nought pervades the forest's settled gloom but lightning's transient glare. Your poor father, too—alas! doomed as he is to wander forth, while others *rest*, to seek a scanty pittance for his famished babes! 'tis too much, my Adelaide, a greater weight of woes presses on me than I am able to bear." "Can the head of such a family be a *robber*?" thought Strickland; "but, hush! 'tis the voice of the daughter." "Cheer up, dear mother, nor give way to doubt; that Providence, who delights to protect the innocent, and feed the hungry, will not forget us. Ere long my father will return, then let us raise the fire to dry his weary limbs." "Alas! my dear, 'tis past his usual hour; the storm with double fury rages: Hark! how the cold rain beats on our shattered roof: haste and remove the boys ere they get wet; but do it softly, lest they awake to a sense of those wants their unhappy mother cannot satisfy." "Knock, Jean; knock *gently*," said Strickland; "though but a *poor* shelter; *here*, at least we have nothing to *fear*." The Captain still kept at his post; while Jean, anxious to get in, thumped loudly at the battered door. "Hark!" said the mother, "what means that dreadful knocking at the door? haste child and see; but, *no*, I'll go *myself*—perhaps 'tis the banditti of the forest; if 'tis why let them come; we have nought to lose but life,

and that is scarcely worth the keeping." "Nay, dearest mother, do *not* go;—again they knock—the door flies open." On seeing Jean enter, the elder female drew back from him with dignity and reserve, while Strickland, now entering, said, "Fear not, good woman, not for worlds would we harm thee or thine. My carriage was upset not many paces from your door: I seek but a shelter by your friendly fire, a temporary refuge from the fury of the contending elements." The dame was not backward in paying every civility to her guests; expressing her sorrow that poverty prevented her from entertaining them in a manner more agreeably to her feelings. Strickland drew from his pocket a cake, which he divided between the boys, who were now awake, and crying for bread; he also sent Jean out for the provision basket and liquor, and shared with the wretched family a plentiful meal. But what was to be done with the poor *horse*?—neither shed nor other shelter was here to be obtained; and though the thunder and lightning had ceased, it still rained. "Alas!" said the poor cottager, "it was not always thus with us; but one short month ago we could have accommodated you well. The owners of a neighbouring cottage"—"There is then another *cottage* near?" eagerly interrupted Strickland. "There is, Sir, to our sorrow. Until the present people had it, we lived in peace and harmony: these new comers offered to buy our house and little stock, which Stephen refused to sell; since *then*, all has gone wrong<sup>1</sup> with us; our fire-wood has been stolen, our crop destroyed; and, heaven forgive me, when I think they are not guiltless of the deed. To add to our distress, the neigh-

bourhood is infested with banditti, who have stolen our horse and cow, and fired the stable; and but for the rain which fell in torrents on that awful night, we had not now a home wherein to hide our wretched heads. Poverty too has driven my husband to associate, why need I hide it?—it is no fault of his—to herd with smugglers. This night I await his coming, and hope success has crowned his arduous labours; we wish but to amass a little money, and then remove to some far distant spot.” “ Know you aught of the inmates of that cottage?” asked Strickland.

“ But some few months ago it was purchased by an American, who kept, and still keeps, much company. He afterwards brought home an old mad-woman, whom we suppose to be his mother; within these few weeks too, a tall, black-whiskered Englishman has taken up his abode there also.” “ Speak, my good woman, *speak!*—are there not yet more than *these?*” “ Adelaide says she’s sure she saw a pretty boy.” “ ’Tis he! tis he! the man, the boy I seek!” exclaimed the Captain, “ I come to seek the child, direct me but to the cottage!” Here the poor woman evinced alarm; perhaps she feared she had said too much respecting her unwelcome neighbours. “ Surely, Sir,” said she, “ you must *well* know *them*, and the *spot*, or *how* found you the way to this cottage? you are miles from the highway which links the border countries!” “ Can it be *possible* then? gracious Heaven!” said Strickland, “ that thou hast sent this storm to drive our affrighted horse into the very track leading to the place I sought?—It *must*, O Providence, inscrutable Providence, it *must* be so!—Be not alarmed, good woman, I am anything but a *friend* to the in-

mates of that cottage—anything but a *foe* to you: show me to the spot; the weather clears up, and here is money to relieve your present wants: I'll call again." Repairing to the door, the timid moon peered slyly out between the retiring clouds, as through a curtain, as if to see what mischief wind, lightning, thunder, and fast-falling rain had done. "'Tis well, good dame, I thank you, it seems but fifty paces distant." "Nor is it *more*, Sir; but betwixt us, and it, a raging torrent pours; you'll follow close the beaten track, which winds and turns, until it brings you to the cottage door: good night! Heaven speed your journey *thither*, and send you safe away again." Jumping into the calash, while Jean willingly untied his drenched beast, our hero heard the artless Adelaide exclaim—"There now, mother! did I not say that God would feed the *hungry*? and He will yet, I'm *sure*, preserve the *innocent*—will restore to our expecting arms my poor father." The wind still whistled mournfully among the branches of the tall dark trees, which every time they shook, profusely besprinkled the anxious travellers with the water collected on their leaves. "Doucement! drive gently, Jean, and give me time to think;—we are near some water-fall, I hear it plainly dashing down from rock to rock. It seems a mysterious melancholy night, a certain chillness irresistibly creeps over me; but as my errand is just, so, I hope, will heaven defend me. Sleep not, Jean, but be ready to start again at the first word; we are full in view of the cottage I sought: should there be danger, be valiant, act towards me a *man's* part; and if my attempt succeeds, double pay shall be your reward. But what do I see?

a figure clothed in white, and that a *female* too, just gliding from the rear of the cottage, and stealing forth as if to meet us—Halt! Jean, she wants to speak!" She looked round her with caution, while a moon-beam settling on her pallid features discovered a few loose locks of venerable grey. Elevating her forefinger, as if to command silence, she broke out in a *low*, though mild tone—

"Though cloth'd in woman's garb and form,  
I bear the soul, the heart, and mind of *man* ;  
Mad, wand'ring Marg'ret Brown, I'm call'd,  
From house to house my well-known name is bawl'd.  
When infant's muling, dainty, or perverse,  
Refuse the pap, cry loud, and scratch the nurse ;  
'Tis by my name, that pow'ful magic spell,  
Their cries they soothe, their angry passions quell.  
'Hush! hush!' says nurse, 'nor fright the peaceful town,  
Here comes to whip you, mad-brain'd Marg'ry Brown!  
Yet am I not so mad as they pretend to think,  
Nor am I e'en so far as madness' fearful brink.  
Lo! here I'm plac'd the way-worn traveller to snare,  
Yet bid you of yon cottage, and its fiends beware!"

Here the mysterious female raised her voice; her limbs became more agitated, and while her eyes beamed with more than common fire, she continued with warmth and trepidation—

"*Beware!* shut not your wakeful watching eye,  
Lest danger, robbery, or death be nigh ;  
Put off dull, drowsy, unsuspecting sleep,  
Your wakeful eyelids watching keep.  
But for one hopeful, tender, rosy boy,  
Would I with fire the baneful nest destroy—  
Root out with mighty hand the horrid crew,—  
That *deed*, brave stranger, Margery leaves to *you*.  
Adieu! wait but a moment, till I'am safe within the door,  
And then, own not for *worlds*, that e'er we met before."



So saying, with almost supernatural haste she glided round the cottage, and was at once lost to their view. "If, as I am informed, there are but *two* to meet," thought Strickland, "the *odds* is on our side—*one* friend, it seems, we have within the garrison; I've gone too *far* to think of drawing back—Drive boldly to the cottage door, *I'll* jump out and knock." "Who's there?" called out a voice within. "Travellers! friend, we seek a shelter for the night!" "Come in, and welcome!" "What *hoa!* Marg'ry, Marg'ry Brown, I say; I've called you once before! I calculate you were taking a pretty comfortable nap, or singing mad sonnets to the sickly moon." Certainly, thought Strickland, I have heard that voice before, but *where*, I cannot call to mind. Here the aged female entered, and cast a look of well-feigned astonishment at Strickland. "Fetch out another log, old woman! bring out some wine and brandy, and the supper; meanwhile, I'll to the stable, and assist the guide." "With your permission, I'll follow," said our hero: to this his host appeared to agree with some reluctance. "An *eight*-stalled stable, to a little house like *this*," thought Strickland, "I'm in a den of thieves; there is but one horse here besides our own." Here Jean whispered, "*The blood mare!*" "I know then whose guest I am: happily for us, his comrades must be out on some excursion; in every manger I perceive the remains of chaff and oats; not many hours ago this place was full of beasts." "We keep a *roomy* stable, Sir," observed the American, "as inns are bad, and few about the country, we often entertain a *traveller*." "Rub down the horse," said Strickland, "and throw him down a truss of hay to munch, when

he has ate all his oats, and then hasten in to supper, Jean." "Oui, oui, Monsieur!" "Now, Sir," said the officious host, "perhaps 't may please ye to walk in, ere this the supper's ready." "Sit down, Sir—here's to ye! and success to the Borderers!" (sings.)

"The glasses sparkle on the board,  
The wine is ruby bright."

"How like you *this*, Sir? some of the right sort, I calculate?" "It is excellent, Sir, and so are your viands; you have other lodgers, Sir, I suppose, besides yourself and that old woman?" "I have, but not at home—a Mr. Hastie, a countryman of yours, I take it; I expect him instantly. But pull off your cloak, Sir: let me place your arms in yonder cupboard (you're now with *friends*,) pray hand them me." "Not so, Sir," answered Strickland, "if you please I'll leave them in my belt, I am accustomed to take them with me to my chamber." "Just as you please, Sir—but here's your man." "Seem not afraid, but eat with cheerfulness," *whispered* Strickland—"Sir?" interrupted the American; the which interrogative the Captain thought it inconvenient to *hear*, for turning to his host, he said, "*Where*, Sir, is my guide to sleep?" "He sleeps, Sir, in the stable, than which we have no other place to lodge him; old Marg'ry shall give him some clean sheets and bed-clothes." Confound this Argus, thought Strickland, he watches my every motion; how shall I prevent this separation? how caution the poor fellow not to *sleep*? This crafty knave, I am persuaded, understands *French*. "You'll not pull off your clothes, Jean, the nights are raw?" "I'll *not*, Sir;" and, as if he divined his master's

thoughts, he added, "I shall not sleep much, I think,—nor never *do*, when far from home." "Come! come!" said the American, "here is the old woman with the bed-clothes and the lantern; you can make your bed in any corner you like best." "Bon nuit, Monsieur! bon nuit!" After a short pause, the Captain observed, "It grows late, Sir, with your permission I'll retire—but hark! I hear horses at the door," at the same time jumping up towards it. "By Heaven, Sir!" exclaimed the robber, snatching one of Strickland's pistols, "you stir not hence!" A violent struggle for the pistol ensued; it went off with a loud report, and in rushed Long Tom; who for a moment seemed as if entranced. "*What! Captain Strickland here!* of all men, *one* only excepted, the very man I never again desired to see; but sit down, Sir, no violence is intended, and was it so, resistance would be vain." Strickland resumed his seat, still *firmly* grasping his remaining pistol. At this moment he heard the cries of a boy, in one of the upper rooms. Hastie instantly called the old woman, and whispering to her, sent her up stairs. All this was but the work of a moment, and Strickland, turning to him, said, "Surely, if 'no violence is intended,' what mean these arms? these outrageous proceedings?" "We live upon the borders, Sir; our trade is smuggling; perhaps you think us something *worse*, by G—d! then be it so; but whoever comes beneath this roof, may eat and drink, and sleep, but *must* say nothing; I'll see you safe to rest *myself*, you then may bar your door and sleep in safety;—*bad*, profligate as I am, Tom deals not yet in *murders*;—to-morrow you may go in peace; but *mind!* I expect you will pledge your honour, Sir,

never to divulge what passes here: I guess your errand; but how you was directed to this *remote* spot, Heaven only knows! The boy you seek is safe, and with my daughters at Montreal."—"Tis false! false as hell! but now I'm sure I heard his cries within these walls."—"Hold! Sir—peace I say! you talk too *loudly!* bear in mind, that whatever *I* may purpose, I cannot answer for my *companions*. Take my advice (I tell you for your good), and ere the rest enter retire to rest. I have my reasons for keeping that boy, nor shall he ever, while I live, again behold his father; 'this is my *just revenge!* Did he not steal from me the affections of my much loved parents? did he not marry the object of my early *choice?*—but no more, I'll hear no more, Sir, on this subject: painful recollections are working me up into a fit of madness, so much so, that I cannot even answer for the *boy's life*; in this house he is not; this I'll swear! so spare your pains." "Would not," said Strickland, "a handsome ransom, such as would enable you to live a life of peace and ease?"—"No more, Sir, not for crowns, would I give him up!—come, Sir! this way, if you please?—Captain Strickland, I esteem your valour, and respect your motives. I pledge myself you are in safety *here*, only remain silent: good night! the door has strong fastenings!"

"Great God! am I ever to be tantalized thus," thought Strickland; while in an agony of grief he flung himself into a chair; "I'll *not* to bed; I'll sit and *watch*, perhaps I yet may hear a cry, or discover some other clue to the child's hiding place; he is here, I'm sure, nor has there yet been time to remove him far; this window commands a view of the only road

leading from the house. The moon shines bright; here then let me sit and watch." Two tedious gloomy hours passed without his hearing a single sound, save that now and then he fancied he heard the low voices of men below, as if in consultation. At length, overpowered with sorrow and fatigue, he resolved to lie down in his clothes, and leave his candle burning. In turning down the sheets, an object met his astonished eyes—"What's *this*, great powers?" said he, "a blood-stained paper? and *writing* on it too."

"I heard your voice below—I have no ink—in the shed next to the stable, there you'll find me locked—lose not a moment—seven or eight more robbers will be here to-night. R. B."

"Thank heaven, they are not *yet* come," thought Strickland. "Would that I had seen this paper sooner. I'll drop from the chamber window: no one watches without—all is silent—solemn as the grave. This then, I think, must be the shed." He gently tapped at the door, whispering, "Are you *there*, Robert?" "Yes, dear Sir," joyfully answered the expecting boy; "but my uncle has the key." "Is there no chimney, *no* aperture by which you may escape?" "Not any, Sir. I have loosened two screws of the lock; apply your shoulder smartly to the door, I think 'twill open." "I know not what to do, child; we shall alarm the house." "Heed it not, Sir—do, Sir—do—before they overtake us, we shall reach the other cottage;—I know a *shorter* way;—haste, Sir! for mercy's sake; I hear the distant trampling of their horses' feet." Bang went the door! "This way! this way,

Sir!" exclaimed the intrepid boy—"follow me;" at the same time darting along with the rapidity of an arrow. They heard the house in motion, and the footsteps of pursuers, but had no time to look behind. "Haste, haste, Sir! they are close at hand;—upon our heels." Here they reached the torrent, over which was placed an old slippery tree to serve as a bridge. "Cross, Sir; dear Sir, cross;—fear not, you see I am over safe." At infinite peril Strickland followed him; and as he stepped *off* the bridge the American stepped *on*. At once our hero faced about, exclaiming, "Fly, my boy!" and firing, wounded his pursuer, who turned back. At this moment the Captain was joined by a stranger, who fired, and wounded Hastie ere he reached the bridge; while the other robber, darting on it, was nearly half across, with a loaded pistol in each hand, Strickland and his friend, now left unarmed; when the latter, at this critical moment, seizing the end of the tree with all his might, dislodged it from the torrent's brink; down! down it fell! and with it fell the robber too, full thirty feet, into the foaming cataract, which raged beneath! "'Tis well!" breathlessly exclaimed Strickland, "yet like I *not*, this deed of *blood*." "Nor I, Sir," said the stranger, "but had *he* not *fallen*, either *you*, or *I*, or *both*, had breathed our last." "But who am I to thank for this, so *timely* aid?" "I am, Sir, the owner of your cottage: the father of those children you so kindly fed: the husband of that wife whose wants you charitably relieved. Hearing on my return, that you was gone to the cottage, and knowing more of its inmates than I ever dared to tell my wife, I resolved to follow you, and, in case of danger, lend my aid;—but,

surely I hear groans beneath? The robber yet *lives*?" — "Oh, haste then!" said Strickland, "fetch a rope, and lower me down the torrent, we yet may *save* him." In a few minutes Stephen returned with a long rope, and fastening one end round Strickland's middle, took the other to a tree, and lowered him gently down: "Softly, Sir! take time; should the whole gang approach (and, hark! I hear them near the cottage) you have nought to *fear*: here come my trusty friends, well armed, my fellow smugglers, and at their head, your boy; all, all is safe." On reaching near to the bottom, all was here so dark, and the foaming of the waters such, that he could neither hear nor see. "What, ho!" cried he with all his might, "Is any body here *alive*?—No answer, and yet methinks I hear a groan. Speak! if you *live*, and let me help you out." "Oh, oh! your help is late—too—late, alas! I die. But, oh! that voice—that dreadful voice—Strick——, Strickland is it? forgive! for" ————. A solemn silence, interrupted only by the mournful falling of the waters, ensued. "His guilty soul is fled!" exclaimed the astonished Strickland, "and is perhaps already rendering its sad account, at the dread tribunal of Omnipotence! Mysterious Providence! that I should thus be led to hear the last groans of my *once* friend, the seducer of my much loved Mary. What, ho! above! pull up there." "Aye, aye, Sir! here's plenty of hands at the rope." "Thanks, thanks, friends, all further aid below is useless: by day-light we will come, and if we find the corpse give it a decent burial." He is now no more, thought he, and be all malice buried in his grave. "Come, my boy; come little *once* lost, but *now* found

sheep ; but a few days more, and I shall place you in the arms of a kind and wealthy parent." " I know no *parent*, Sir," replied the youth ; " my father left me young ; I cannot recollect him ; and when I find him, shall I love him more than I do *you*? Oh, no, dear Sir! indeed I'm sure I shall not." Here the grateful boy burst into a flood of tears. " What trouble," continued he, " have I not put you to! You saved my life in sickness—instructed me—and now have risked your life to snatch me from my uncle." " Enough, enough, Robert! to all that I have done, you are truly welcome: but see, we are at the cottage door." A blazing fire shed a cheerful gleam around as the whole party sat before it; while the smugglers drew from their greasy wallets, provisions of the best in great abundance, and opened wide their stores of silks and teas. The merry toast went round, and all seemed cheerful, except our hero, who, though truly grateful for the boy's and his own deliverance, still felt sorry for the blood the night's affray had spilt, and anxious for the fate of Jean. I must, thought he, beg the assistance of these sturdy fellows, to search my poor conducteur out, and liberate him. He immediately made the proposition, and the whole party started up to join him, but were spared the trouble of a journey by the entrance of the very man they were about to seek. " 'Tis well that thou art come, mon bon homme: but how didst thou escape? come, let us have thy tale?" " I was preparing to lie down in the stable, when two horsemen arrived and entered, doubly armed; at that moment I heard the report of fire-arms in the cottage, and snatching up a pitchfork I was about to rush to your defence; one stranger left

me  
hea  
He  
was  
with  
led  
som  
doc  
and  
und  
lent  
litt!  
corr  
sigh  
mea  
plai  
I tr  
nor  
elap  
and  
wor  
she  
fro-  
folle  
assi.  
carr  
tran  
My  
rou  
the  
she  
hors  
mer



me quickly, while the other presenting a pistol to my head, commanded me, on pain of death, to *stand*. He stood watching over me nearly half an hour, and was then joined by his comrade, and the American with whom I left you. After blindfolding me, they led me cautiously through many doors, and down some steps: at length I heard them open a strong door; and having thrust me in, they double locked it, and retired, exclaiming in French, 'You may *now* undo the bandage, but, if you value your life, be silent.' On uncovering my eyes I found myself in a little cell, a lamp burning by me, some straw in a corner, and on an oaken table store of food. This sight somewhat restored me to myself; how long they mean to keep me here, thought I; I know not; 'tis plain, however, that they do not intend to starve me. I truly told you, Sir, that I should sleep but little, nor did I. About two hours or something more had elapsed, when I heard the house in great confusion, and soon afterwards, through a grate, espied the old woman descending with a key, and in her hand a lamp; she spoke, but my ignorance of English prevented me from understanding her: she then beckoned me to follow her;—in haste we ascended to the stable; she assisted me to harness the horse; I linked him to the carriage, while I heard firing in one direction, and the trampling of horses' feet approaching from another. My conductress jumped in, and drove me quickly round to a place at some distance from the back of the cottage; then motioning for me to remain still, she suddenly quitted me. I heard a party arrive on horseback, and shortly after the groans of wounded men; I trembled, lest any one from a back window

should observe me; but, when more than half resolved to fly in any direction rather than remain longer in such a state of alarm and suspense, the old female again joined me, and pointing to this cottage, beckoned me to drive off."

"How much," said Strickland, "are we indebted to that kind and highly courageous woman? I am sick at heart while I reflect upon the risk she has run. Can I sit here in peace, and take my rest, while *she* is, perhaps, this moment paying a fatal forfeit for the services she has rendered me." "Be composed, I pray Sir," said Robert, "my uncle and the gang are so fully persuaded of poor Margery's madness, (so well she feigns it,) that I lay my life they will not so much as *suspect* her. Moreover it will perhaps be late in the morning before they discover his absence." "Stay where you are, Sir;" said Stephen's hospitable wife, "*here* you are in safety; rest till to-morrow night sets in, for then my husband and his friends will quit this spot for Lake St. Peter's. Go you with them; not a man is there among them, *well* I know, who will not bravely hazard his life to guard you." "We will, we will!" responded all. "My friends, I truly thank you;" said Strickland, "but sure we all *now* need rest. I think you said," turning to the wife, "when I was here before, that your cottage afforded but one sorry bed; not on any account will I deprive you of it. *Here* in this corner, on my cloak, (now dried,) I'll place the sleepy boy, and take my station near him beside your fire. Lie down, Robert, my boy, and sleep in peace; I'm near at hand to guard you." "Good night, heaven bless you, Sir! I feel no danger while you are near." "Thou doest *well*," said Strickland, after a short

paus  
than  
tinue  
but  
TH  
wate  
ren  
part  
coat.  
Step  
of ci  
drew  
the c  
calm  
reco  
fessi  
I, th  
my e  
dent  
"Fe  
the  
for r  
vise  
way  
quite  
Rai  
ven  
soug  
frier  
dera  
life

pause, "to offer up thy evening, or rather *midnight* thanks to Him who has, and will *still*, I trust, continue to watch over both of us." Would that I could but also find my *own* lost child, thought Strickland.

The smugglers, vigilant and cautious, agreed to watch by turns without the door. The wife and children then retired to rest, and the remainder of their party, with one exception, contentedly spread their coats and laid their weary limbs upon the floor. Poor Stephen *only*, the smuggler from necessity, the child of circumstances, unhappy and distressed, respectfully drew his chair nearer to our still-waking hero, while the others snored aloud. "See, Sir," said he, "how calmly and contentedly my partners sleep; habit has reconciled *them* to their dangerous and unlawful profession, the profession perhaps of their choice, while *I*, the forced-to-be, unwilling smuggler, cannot close my eyes. How—when shall I become again the prudent, industrious little farmer I was six weeks ago?" "Fear not," said Strickland, "rest to-night in peace; the fatigues of the last few eventful hours call loudly for repose; to-morrow, perhaps, I may be able to devise a plan whereby you may quit your precarious way of life; having already the *desire* to amend, be quite assured the *means* are to be found—Good night!" Rain sprinkles on the casement, thought he, but heaven be praised, I am housed, have found the boy I sought, and *humble* though my shelter be, it is amidst friends:—Stephen's case deserves my serious consideration, he merits it, I owe him much, perhaps even life itself.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The raging flames mount high, the burning cottage falls,  
And one sad penitent to heaven for mercy calls.

It was a dark and gloomy morn when Strickland awoke. What! thought he, the should-be-watchful centinel *asleep!*—and all besides fast locked in temporary death. Then 'tis time I looked about and took a turn to watch *myself*. The boy still sleeps; sleep on sweet boy! how beauteous is the sight of sleeping youth, when joined with rosy health and white-robed innocence? But what *means* this crimson glow—this more than common light which beams still brighter through the lattice? The moon has long retired to rest, and late as it is, the struggling sun not yet has power to break the morning mist; I'll out and see.—“Awake, arouse! what is it I behold? yon cottage is in flames;—the wounded man and poor old Margery; up, up, I say, and let us to the spot,” The whole party alarmed, and some still half asleep, quickly gain the plat before the door, and, snatching up their arms, swiftly bend their way to cross the torrent by the longer road. “Now a chimney falls! see, see! the sun breaks forth; and swiftly winding up yon hill, on horseback mounted, behold the robbers, on one stout horse rides *two*;—while on yon bank, it is—it is poor Margery, there she stands exultingly to watch the burning ruin.” Speedily the party reached the spot; Strickland and young Barnard bent their steps towards old Margery; seizing her by the willing hand, he thanked her for her kindness to himself, the boy,

and Jean. "Has any life been lost?" asked he. "Not one;—all have retired in safety, and mean not to return; the wounded robbers are but slightly hurt; this packet I was to deliver to you, Sir." As the old woman appeared quite exhausted, the Captain recommended her to the care of Dame Bussel, who kindly conducted her home. In the mean time, an explosion of gunpowder took place, the last vestige of the bandits' cot was hurried high in air, and, as the burning fragments fell, they burnt and bruised several of the smuggler's party. "This is indeed a day of joy," said our hero, who, with young Barnard slowly bent his steps towards the dread spot over which once stood the slippery bridge. "*Here* Robert," said he, "let us pause awhile, and see whether we can espy the body of the unfortunate who last night met his death. The water gushes clearly down, I see to the bottom of the fall distinctly, and yet discern no traces of him. Has he become the prey of wolves, or have the waters washed him far beyond my reach? Is this then the fearful end of *ingratitude*?" thought Strickland, while he shuddered at the reflection. "Let us go round, Robert, *here* we can do *no* good; the tree I see has fallen but half way down, still, still it forms a sort of bridge below, *there* will it rot. Alas; as the tree and the man have fallen, so must they lie. Truth itself hath said, 'There is no repentance in the grave.' The smoke still ascends," said Strickland, as they walked towards Stephen's cottage.

The Captain found Margery by the cottage fire. "Well, Sir," said she, "you have got the boy. Last night, when their second leader fell, the other two, wounded and disheartened, returned; their captain,

the American, was but slightly injured. The other seven about the same time arriving, wished at once to speed them hither and take a full revenge. 'Not so,' said the Englishman, 'I'm sorely hurt, that ball which grazed my head went nigh to take my life, our refuge is discovered, and so is our way of living;—oh! help me to depart: do you and I retire far from this fatal spot; not many hours are like to pass, (*wild* as the place is,) ere the stern hand of justice will reach us; what *then* will be the scene?—a scene of blood. We have enough; let us divide the spoil; mount the horses, seek the road and separate, each man to save *himself*.' To this they all agreed. While *they* were employed in rummaging their cave, I dressed poor Hastie's wound: with tearful eyes he thanked me, exclaiming, 'Alas! I fear I'm wise *too late*. I feel most faint, fetch me a pen and ink.' How much he wrote, or what, I know not; but on delivering the packet to me, he said, 'This deliver, on your life, to Captain Strickland,' (making me, at the same time, a handsome present.) 'I go,—be *sure*—to be a better man, the hand of heaven is plainly against me; but oh! my brother, at length I have done you *justice*.' Here a violent quarrel took place among the others about the division of the plunder, when suddenly the flames broke out, and all agreed that it was best to fly with what they could, and halt at a convenient spot to settle their disputes. 'Those cows,' (said Hastie,) 'and that horse, and all this lumber which we cannot take, we had better give to him we robbed.' Then seizing a card, he wrote Stephen, and bid me nail it to a box. The house was now too hot to hold us. I removed the chest, tied up the horse, and then

was  
He  
Sir,  
hear  
wou

“  
your  
this  
flow  
the  
whic  
hear  
to r  
will  
with  
pau.  
viat  
But  
tent.  
trem

“  
conc  
how  
boy  
I c  
my  
how  
tion

“

was called to help the repentant robber to his horse. He rode behind another man; I have skill in wounds, Sir, and am sure he will survive. Ah! had you but heard his groans,—but seen his piteous looks, you would indeed say, ‘truly he is a *penitent*.’”

“The restitution of this poor cottager’s property by your uncle,” said Strickland, “argues *well*, my Robert: this one *deed* is preferable to twenty thousand high-flown *words*, which breathe a *lip* repentance.” Here the youth burst into tears. “Dry up those tears, which well become your eyes, and speak the *feeling* heart,” continued our hero; “you have rather cause to *rejoice*. It is almost certain that your uncle yet will *live*—live to be restored to peace of mind, to peace with God, and peace with man. *How* should we pause—*how* should we reflect, when tempted to deviate from the safe and salutary path of rectitude! But let us to the garden, and there inspect the contents of *this*. The hand which wrote this letter surely trembled—shook exceedingly.”

“Strickland and Heaven—happily for me, ye have conquered! I feel as though another man. Oh! how have I abused the best of talents! Conduct the boy in safety to his father, and with him the enclosed.—I can no more;—my time is short. Joy beams upon my heart at the resolution I have taken to amend; how much more will it do so, when I put the resolution into practice? Farewell!

“No doubt for ever,

“The repentant

“T. BARNARD.

“N. B. Stephen may rest secure; none of us, I

am sure, will ever return again to harm him. There is money in the chest—may it perish! Dear, injured, patient Robert, pray forgive me—pray.”

“Heaven send him help, to put his wise resolves in practice!” said Strickland. “But where are his wife and children, Robert?” “He sent them on, Sir, to the States, whither he himself, no doubt, intends to go.” “I have yet another question to ask him,” thought the Captain; “but cannot put it now. Is it pride, or what, that prevents me from asking him whether my Mary was ever a tenant of that wretched hovel?” On again entering, he found Dame Bussel rummaging over the contents of her newly-acquired chest. He sat down beside her, and read to her the postscript of Hastie’s letter. “I am glad to hear it, Sir,” said she; “and see, I have found a purse! This cottage, miserable as it is, was the dear home of a beloved mother: I wish to *live*—to *die* within its walls; and as no church-yard is near, to be interred beneath the old pear tree in the garden. Stephen will, I am sure, remain at home, work all the winter, stock our little garden, till our land, and repair our dwelling;—with cash, a friend, our enemies fled, and health and strength to toil, we yet may thrive. Here’s many things, Sir,” continued she, “within this chest, of use to *me* and *mine*, though of little worth to men. These muslins will make dresses for my daughter. Lo! here are ear-rings, and a watch. Run! Adelaide, my dear; fetch down the little box in which I keep my baubles, and the lady’s keepsake.” Quick as thought the obedient maiden stepped up stairs, and soon returning, placed upon the table a small morocco-



covered box. "I've store of nic-nacs here, you see; and when I die, my girl, they will all be yours. Look, Sir! I believe you never saw such work as *this* before." The Captain dropped the object from his hand, and sat in mute astonishment. It was a pin-cushion, most beautifully worked in gold and silver, and in its centre ornamented with a large M. S. "Some *water!*—Stephen!—Adelaide!—Quick! quick I say; the gentleman is ill." "Nay, Dame," said Strickland, "be not alarmed. How came you by this cushion? Quickly tell me; but let us be *alone.*" Stephen and his daughter retired. "That *cushion*, Sir?—but why all this agitation?" "I'll tell you, Dame: it is the work of a much-loved, long-lost *sister*,—of one whom I am come to Canada to seek." "Yon cottage," replied the matron, "is destroyed, and the robbers far from hence; I therefore need no longer keep the secret. Some three months past, late on one blustering night, barefooted, and with hair dishevelled, a lady, unattended, knocked loudly at our door. She had fled, she said, from the other cottage. I took her in, lent her my shoes, and having a widow lady here on a visit, gave up to them my bed. Stephen was gone to Sherbrooke. During the night, my friend the widow, and the stranger, so well arranged their matters, that early in the morning the former departed in her gig, and took the owner of this cushion with her. The stranger, when about to quit our threshold, sadly said, 'I have no *wealth*: accept this trifle; and when you gaze upon it, reflect that it is the gift of one, at length returned to *virtue.*' I asked no return for the trifling favour I had conferred; but it was in vain I refused the gift. I have

never heard from, nor seen the lady since ; but my friend's address I can give you ; in this box I have her card : perhaps she herself can tell you more." "Thanks ! Madam, thanks ! This is indeed a gift ; yet speak not of what has passed between us, as you value me." The Captain, then rising from his seat, hurried forth into the neglected garden, to conceal his emotions. "I am *doubly* paid," thought he, "for travelling *here*. With this kind widow,—with this friendly lady, (now that my Mary has left the seminary at Montreal,) she doubtless finds a peaceful refuge." Here he was interrupted by Jean. "The day advances, Sir ; we have not much time to spare, to get to Sherbrooke to-night ; so, please you, let us journey on : I have had so many causes for alarm, that I long again to see my peaceful home." "It shall be so, Jean ; put in the horse ; I long, as much as you, to reach St. Francis ; nor need we *now* await an escort. But ere I enter," thought he, "let me once more look upon the card :

'Madame Renvoyzé,

'Trois Rivières.'

"This is fortunate : I meant not to cross the lake with Robert ; and from Point du Lac, Three Rivers is but nine miles. But here comes my little protégé. How *sad* he looks ! What *now*, my boy ?—what means this gloom ?" "I thought, Sir,"—"Thought what, Robert ?" "I thought that I had done something to offend you, Sir. I stopped but a moment at the door, and when about to follow you in, the cottager rudely desired me to remain without,—told me that you wished to be alone. But sure you did not, could not wish to be *alone* from *me*." "Indeed, my

boy,  
you  
fende  
is at  
and  
" "  
Ere  
" I  
our h  
for y  
smug  
are r  
your  
horse  
the p  
said  
take  
Aye,  
have  
your  
our  
on h  
our  
gling

boy, I *did*. I had at that moment private business, and you were banished from my thoughts. When I am offended, Robert, I'll tell you plainly;—but see, the horse is at the door; we have nought to do but to depart, and join your father. I am sure he longs to see you."

"Forgive, Sir," said the youth, "my foolish fears." Ere Strickland could reply, Stephen joined them. "I hope, Sir," said he, "you do not mean to quit our house so soon; (for *house* I now may call it). But for *you*, Sir, I still might live the vagrant, night-bird smuggler. Our dinner is ready, stop and dine. You are miles from the high road, or any inn. Thanks to your well-timed visit and to *you*, I have again a horse; and after dinner I will ride, and guide you into the proper track." "Your proffered services, friend," said our hero, "I thankfully accept. We will also take a cheerful dinner with you. Come in, my boy. Aye, *now* you smile, and look just like yourself. You have had your *days* of sorrow; hence come, I hope, your *years* of joy." Seated at the well-stocked board, our hero saw with joy, peace and content sit smiling on his hostess' brow. "Stephen will leave us—quit our joyous trade," exclaimed a partner in the smuggling line; "We blame him not."

"He has a wife, has children dear,  
 Would stay at home, and see all's right.  
 He's promis'd us a welcome here,  
 Come we by day, or come by night.  
 His health let's drink in claret clear.  
 Let girl or boy still crown each year.  
 Your health too, stranger, let us drink,  
 Till Bacchus makes our peepers blink;  
 We wish you well, most truly so;  
 Whate'er you do—where'er you go."

“ Thanks, my poetical friend,” said Strickland. “ Ah! Sir,” said Stephen, “ *wait* but till he has emptied another bottle, and he’ll rhyme you as fast as horses gallop.” “ But we *cannot* wait,” said the Captain; “ myself and the conducteur feel a wish to jog it onwards. I fear I have already quaffed too deeply. Good bye! my friends; and if ye needs must smugglers be, success and wealth attend you.”

After a delightful ride of about six miles, through wild, mountainous and forest land, they reached the main road. “ *Here*,” said Stephen, “ you must have turned off to reach our cottage. You see the track is narrow, and so little frequented, as to be scarce perceptible by *daylight*. How your horse bore you in safety along it, during the last night’s storm, is to me a *wonder*, Sir. In some parts fallen trees lie more than half-way across the path; and in one part I observed, by the traces, you passed within a foot of the edge of a fearful ravine.” “ I see my deliverance,” said Strickland, “ and feel *grateful*; but had you not better now turn back?” “ I have time to go a little further, Sir.” On passing the cottage where our hero had met the Jew—“ That cabin, on the right,” said Stephen, “ is kept by some in league with the departed robbers; but from them you have nought to fear, Sir, *now*. They must seek another calling.” Here Stephen reluctantly took his leave; and after many farewells, summing up all by exclaiming with warmth, “ Two hours’ ride will bring you safe to Sherbrooke; and remember, should you ever again be travelling *this way*, Stephen, and all that is his, are pledged to make you *welcome*.” Dusk had already set in, when our three travellers drove up to the inn

at Sher  
Strickl  
and wa  
the on  
peace  
conten

“

when

“ See,

already

you lo

conduc

Monsie

man, j

stored

breakf

loud h

while

brooke

to inte

St. Pe

breakf

your s

said y

“ Wil

ecat, a

“ His

tain.

child,

flatter

“ It w

safe l

cheris

at Sherbrooke; when Robert, feeling sleepy, and Strickland, exhausted from his last night's exertions and want of rest, they supped early; and retiring to the only bed the house afforded, slept this night in peace and safety; while the poor conducteur was content to take up his quarters in the hay-loft.

"Slow broke the light, and sweet breathed the morn," when Strickland awoke from his slumbers at dawn. "See, see! my boy," said he, "the glorious sun already tinges with beauteous light, the summits of yon lofty hills. Let us prosecute our journey. Ho, conducteur, 'au route, au route.'" "Tout et prêt, Monsieur; allons, allons, au chemin." "Come, my man, jump in," said Strickland, "our carriage is well stored with choice provision, we'll lose no time, but breakfast on the road." The chearful Jean smacked loud his ponderous whip, and hummed a lively strain; while the party whisked over the old bridge of Sherbrooke. "This night, conducteur, if nought occurs to interrupt our progress, we sleep not far from Lake St. Peter's; at any rate I hope to take to-morrow's breakfast at your house;—your wife will joy to meet your safe return; the little prattlers too, (I think you said you had children?)"—"Oui, oui, Monsieur." "Will crowd around your knees, eagerly pluck your coat, and strive who first shall snatch the kiss of love." "His *wife!* his *children!*" thought the bereaved Captain. "Why, why, am I, without a wife, without a child, to bid me welcome back? But hope, thou little flatterer! dear deceit! thou whisperest to my soul, 'It will not *always* be so; you will find your wife safe lodged at that same widow's, whose card you cherish.' Barnard can have no further cause to stay

at Montreal ; I will write him word to meet me at Three Rivers ; and should I find my Mary, my lost, though much-sought Mary, *there*, we will all travel to Quebec together ; Graham is, by this time, on his passage out. Drive on, my boy ; nor let us lose a moment—we lunch, you know, at Shipton.” Shortly after this, the travellers reached the foot of a steep hill, whose sides and summit were thickly covered with lofty trees, when Strickland and Robert got out to walk up it. “ Far on the left,” said the former, “ I espy an Indian camp. See where the smoke high mounting into air, points out their little wigwams ; it is a pleasing sight ; their presence seems to say, that ‘ rude and uncultivated as all appears, as far as the eye can reach, this earth is trod by other feet than ours.’ What is man without society ? Our first parent, Adam, needed an helpmate for him ; nor was it an Eden, a paradise, in which he dwelt, until his kind Creator formed *one*. Robert, I trust you read your Bible, child ?” “ I *do*, Sir.” “ ‘Tis well.” After a short pause, he asked, “ How *feel* you, boy ? Art thou happy in thy recent change ?” “ Most happy, Sir ; and most *grateful* too to you who have caused it.” “ But *tell* me, child, how has passed your time since you left Hare Island ? I traced you there, and heard of your proceeding to its further side.” “ I have led, Sir, as you may guess, a very so so life. Early the next morning we sailed from thence, and passed close by the Falls of Montmorenci, near to which my uncle found a little creek, into which he put the boat, and covered her with reeds and rushes : then taking lodgings at a cottage near, we there remained some days, during which his mind seemed ill

at ease  
got out  
dral b  
Quebe  
daybre  
bound  
board,  
the V  
remain  
was c  
for t.  
place.’  
and th  
but I  
—I’ll  
learnt  
am su  
I wer  
the w  
ful-li  
“ The  
people  
from  
ceive  
howe:  
oppo  
where  
Yond  
place.  
ed ar  
Stric’  
be be  
Jean,

at ease. One night, in haste, he packed up all, and got out the boat. The tide ran upwards: the cathedral bell tolled the hour of midnight as we passed Quebec. Proceeding slowly onwards, an hour after daybreak, we were overtaken by a little schooner, bound to the village of St. Francis; she took us on board, where we found two passengers that had left the *Venus*. The next day we all landed. *Here* we remained but one night;—I recollect it well; uncle was cross, and beat me with a whip, saying, ‘But for *thee*, unlucky boy, I need not fly from place to place.’ But, Sir, the carriage waits upon the hill, and the driver beckons us to follow, let us walk faster; but I had forgot your legs are not so young as mine;—I’ll carry your cloak, Sir, do, *pray* let me. I have learnt in the woods to run and jump about, till few, I am sure, can beat me. When poor old Margery and I were left at home, I used to chop and fetch her in the wood: she was kind to me, Sir, and *I, ungrateful-like*, hasted away, nor bid her once ‘Good bye.’”

“That was certainly an omission, Robert. Elderly people, in particular, look for those little attentions from youth, and feel highly gratified when they receive them. *Haste* must plead your excuse; but, however, she purposes to travel to Quebec by the first opportunity, and has promised to call at Mr. Clark’s, where your father and I lodge. But step in, my boy. Yonder I see Shipton.” On just entering the latter place, the unfortunate shaft, which all along had cracked and strained, gave way. “Employ a man,” said Strickland, “to thoroughly repair it; perhaps it will be better to buy a new pair at once; attend to it, Jean, while we walk in. *This* might have been done

last night at Sherbrooke." At the door of the inn, the landlord met our hero. "What, Sir," said he, "you are safe returned.—Saw you the robbers?" "You *knew* then that there were robbers, did you? then why not have told me so, when I passed this way before?" "Simply, Sir," said Boniface; "because I did not *then* know it, nor do I *now*. I only heard it from a travelling Jew, who passed but yesterday; and they, you know, so lie through thick and thin, their word, like them, is but of *little* worth." "Your prejudices, Sir, stick closely to you; a little travel, perhaps, would rub them off;—learn that for once, although a Jew, the *man* spoke *truth*. But I have better tidings for you. They have left the country; from a distance I observed their flight, and saw the burning ruins of their late retreat. *This* information you may safely rely on; unless, indeed," said he with warmth, "you think a *protestant*, a *heretic*, as great a liar as a Jew." "I thank you, Sir; and firmly believe your intelligence: the post-boy is now in the stable, about to travel downwards; I'll haste and drop a line to some friends living on the road; who may, perhaps, feel some alarm." "When starts he, Sir?" said Strickland. "Immediately; but he dearly loves a drop; set but a full decanter before him, glass or no glass, I'll warrant I detain him till I have written my letters." "Furnish me too with writing materials," said our hero. "I will seize this opportunity to write myself. What shall I say?" thought he. "Shall I state at once that we are upon the road to meet him? No, no; the joyful news would burst so suddenly upon his ravished soul, that even death itself might follow it.—I'll word it thus:

"D  
"  
ant—w  
not wi  
you wi  
have be  
*myself*.  
Montre  
Lac; c  
will lea  
Rivers  
coming  
both.

"Shipto

From  
weathe  
letter.

Soor  
and dis  
said St  
with h  
ready t  
informe  
the fell  
Strickl  
to the  
tinued

"W  
night.  
vellers



“DEAR BARNARD,

“I have found your brother—found him repentant—willing at length to do you justice; your child is not with him, but from the clue he gave me, I hope you will recover him *in*, or *near* Three Rivers. I have heard some tidings too, which intimately concern *myself*. You had better give our lodgings up at Montreal, our game lies *lower*. I cross to Point du Lac; call at the inn there; if I have then passed, I will leave a note where you may find me at Three Rivers; but if I have not called, pray *there* await my coming. Cheer up! a brighter day I trust, awaits us both. Farewell—in haste.

“Your more than ever cheerful,

“STRICKLAND.

“Shipton, Sept. 1813.”

From the post boy, Strickland learnt, that if the weather offered no impediment to cross the Lake, the letter would reach Montreal late on the following night.

Soon afterwards poor Jean entered, quite grieved and disconcerted. “What has now fallen out amiss?” said Strickland. “The man, Sir, proceeds so slowly with his work, that I fear the carriage will not be ready before sunset.”—“This, Jean, is most mortifying information; but what can we do? we must even wait the fellow’s time.” There will be time enough, thought Strickland to dine; having communicated his wishes to the landlord, he turned to Robert, who thus continued his recital:

“We staid, Sir, at St. Francis, as I said before, one night. In the morning my uncle and his fellow travellers hired a cart to convey themselves and luggage,

and late that night we reached this very house ; and here we met the American you saw at the cottage, which was his own : my uncle sat up late in close discourse with him, drank pretty freely, nor did he awake till late next morning. Our fellow travellers, vexed at the delay, murmured, and talked of turning back. ‘ I see no lands this way worth having,’ said the one ; ‘ I like not Long Tom nor his new companion,’ muttered the other. We reached Sherbrooke early that evening ; the American, in farmer’s dress, continuing with us, my uncle having ridden all the day in his calash. In the morning, the other Englishmen took their leave, to again cross the Grand River, and settle on the other side ; my uncle all but beat my aunt for wishing to return too. ‘ You fool,’ said he, ‘ you know not what is for your *good* ; this gentleman possesses land, a house too, in which we may all lodge, and—but why do I waste time in words ? you *know* my determination, and, woman, I mean to be *obeyed*.’ That afternoon we reached the cottage. Not many days had passed, in constant quarrels, before my aunt persisted in her resolution to quit the place ; with my uncle I accompanied her some miles towards the States. He gave her money, and promised to send her more : we all wept at parting. I loved my aunt and cousins, and am sure that my uncle loved them too. The last words I heard my aunt say, were, ‘ You are so *perverse*, you will have your own way ; in no *distress* would I ever consent to leave you, but abide with robbers, and be their *servant* too, I cannot ; may you never have sad cause to repent this, Thomas ; make up your mind to come with me, sure some *honest* means of living may be found ; but even rather let us

beg th  
claimi  
made

“Ti  
my au  
cottage  
rode c  
The A  
to trav  
an off  
when  
In ans  
answer  
at horr  
with a  
tage.  
home r  
course  
her m  
called  
detai  
before  
in has  
second  
(My or  
Strickl  
rob yo  
not.”  
its own  
surely  
child.”  
as she  
him he

beg than *steal*.' He turned from her in anger, exclaiming ' Good bye, I say, you know I have already made up my mind.'

"Time passed but wearily with me after I had lost my aunt. Several ill-looking fellows resorted to the cottage every night, and twice or thrice a week they rode out at dusk, and seldom returned till daybreak. The American whom they called their Captain, used to travel about disguised as a farmer, a merchant, or an officer, and return with information to the rest, when any suitable victim was travelling that way." In answer to a question put by Strickland, Robert answered, " No one that ever *I* knew of, was robbed at home ; I had full liberty to range a mile or two, with a caution never to approach our neighbour's cottage. The day after my aunt's departure they brought home poor Margery, employed her as their cook, discoursed of all their affairs freely before her, (supposing her mad,) and telling her, that, if ever travellers called while they were out, to treat them kindly, and detain them if she could till their return. Two hours before you reached the cottage the captain rode home in haste, dressed as an officer ; my uncle and the second captain, an Englishman, were then from home." (My once lieutenant, my *ungrateful friend*, thought Strickland.) " He sent the others out to way-lay and rob you on the road ; how they missed you I know not." " *Guilt*, my boy," said Strickland, " oft defeats its own purposes ; had they remained at home, I had surely been robbed, perhaps murdered ; but proceed, child." " Margery heard their plans, and whispered as she conveyed me up to bed, ' Let them but bring him here, and be he whom he may, *I* will defend him ;

*I will spoil their sport.*' When you arrived, she by uncle's orders, took me down a back flight of stairs, and locked me in the shed, and also by my directions, placed the paper in your bed ; you doubtless, know, Sir, what I used for ink."

At the conclusion of Master Barnard's narrative, the landlady entered and laid the cloth. Two smoking fowls, with suitable appendages, decked the board ; when Strickland, hastening to the door, called out, " What, hoa ! mon conducteur, come in and dine with us, we drank freely together when in *danger*, so let us dine together, now that we are in *safety*." Jean, devoutly crossing himself, sat down to meat. After a cheerful meal, the travellers discovered that the iron-work of the new shaft was still far from completed. " The afternoon looks dark and lowering," said Jean, " not much unlike the appearance which preceded the other night's storm ; I think, Sir, we had better remain for the night : we shall be able to reach St. Francis in good time to-morrow evening." To this proposition the Captain agreed—" Perhaps it is best," thought he, " for Barnard, if he speeds, may now reach Point du Lac almost as soon as we. His poor Robert once delivered into his hands, I then can prosecute my *own* affair with less incumbrance." " Hark !" said our hero, towards evening, " the rain already falls—Robert, you are but thinly clad, my boy, you need a coat : think, if it rains to-morrow, you cannot *go* without one ! yet, rain or no rain, time presses, I must push on." " *Sure*, Sir," replied the alarmed youth, " you would not think of *leaving* me."—" No, *indeed* : I've been too far to *find* thee, boy ; we never part until I have placed you in the hands of the only man to whom

I wo  
about  
a coe  
Capt  
Stric  
Robe  
such  
quali  
right  
witho  
than  
parer  
prou  
heav'  
old s  
while  
intell  
ing s  
they  
forwa  
TH  
wher  
little  
overj  
home  
poor  
no l  
main  
thou  
a cup  
wife  
door.  
" et

I would give you up: our landlord has got a son about your size, from him, perhaps we may procure a coat or cloak; I'll call him in."—On learning the Captain's wishes the landlord soon produced two coats; Strickland purchased the better one, and turning to Robert, said, "It is but of common stuff, my boy, such as is worn by farmers' sons, but never heed its quality, it will shelter you from cold and wet; if all is right *within*, it is but of minor importance how we look *without*." "It is good enough, Sir, better indeed than I have yet been used to wear; and though my parent is wealthy, why should his riches make me *proud*? Sir, I thank you." The time passed rather heavily until the hour of rest; Strickland, though an old sea-captain, was but little used to smoking, yet whiled away the time in conversation with his little intelligent companion and his pipe. The early morning saw them on their way to Drummondville: there they rested full an hour, took lunch, and then pushed forward for St. Francis.

The sun was fast retiring to the bosom of the deep, when they passed the Indian village. "I spy my little cot, my peaceful habitation," exclaimed the overjoyed conducteur. "At length I shall reach my home in safety, Sir; I did not think so *once*. The poor *horse*, too, as though he snuffed his native air, no longer needs the whip or call." Strickland remained silent. "We are at the door, Monsieur; though past the usual hour, my wife shall make us all a cup of cheerful tea." Here they alighted. Jean's wife and children quickly thronged to the cottage door. "Entrez! entrez, Monsieur!" exclaimed she; "et mon pauvre mari, je suis bien aise de vous voir."

Strickland could not but feel interested at their joyful meeting. "It is hard," thought he, "to tell, whether pleasure or pain predominates within my breast, when I see their fond embracings: surely I am not yet grown so selfish, so base, as to envy *them* a happiness denied to *me*?—Oh! no. Had not this poor fellow escaped the dangers which I have led him into,—had he never returned in safety, oh! what a scene of misery had been here." After tea, Robert felt ill. "Perhaps," said the Captain to him, "you need rest; we might, indeed, reach La Baie to-night; but as you are poorly, we will remain here. I wish to put into your father's hands, a son all health, all happiness, and what is still preferable—all *innocence*. Perhaps, Jean, we can sleep *here*?" "Rest here in welcome, Sir: we have a bed to spare; and if we had not, we would give up our own. From your kindness to me on our journey, and the sum just put within my hand, (much more than I at all expected,) I deem it but my duty to strain a point to serve you. I have another horse, and will take you to Nicolet as early as you please to-morrow." The matron of the house prescribed for Robert, while Strickland looked on. "It is but a cold, Sir," said she. "When I have bathed his feet, and warmed his bed, we'll put him in; I'll make some posset for him, and warrant me he will be well to-morrow." "Thanks, Madam,—I thank your friendly care." "Habit," thought Strickland, "begins to make me love smoking. It is still too soon for bed." In feeling in his pocket for his pouch, he stumbled over the book which he had received from the American at Shipton, and laying down his pipe, began to read:—

In this country are three sorts of squirrels: the red, the black, and the flying squirrel; weasels and martins are extremely numerous. The water, or musk-rat, an amphibious creature, as well as the otter and beaver, are used as articles of food by the Canadians during the season of Lent. There are several pieces of ground in Canada, called beaver-meadows, all cleared of wood, and overgrown with high rank grass; the draining off of the water, and the removing of the timber, having been performed by these industrious and highly sagacious creatures. There is great reason to believe that there were once great numbers of these animals in Rivière du Loup; for a true-born American, an acquaintance of mine, formerly residing there, caused some Englishman to dig a ditch in his garden, when, at about two feet below the surface, they discovered a vast number of sticks, which had evidently been cut by the teeth of the beaver. Buffon describes the elk to be an animal inhabiting only the northern parts of Europe, and from central to northern America; but in proportion as a country is cleared of wood, and drained, so does its climate become milder, and therefore less adapted to the wants of this animal, which, gradually retiring from the haunts of man, is now only to be found at a pretty considerable distance from towns and villages. The best way to form an estimate of the elk's size and shape, is to compare him with the stag: than which he is much taller, larger, and standing more stiffly and erect; his horns are more solid, and notched as it were at the end; he has also longer hair under his neck, and wags a shorter tail. (Charming description! thought the Captain.) He walks not with a leap and spring,

as do the stag and roe-buck, but *trots* along with ease and expedition ; and is capable of undergoing much fatigue. Elks delight in low lands and forests, and are sometimes seen in herds ; they never submit to domestication, as do the rein-deer. When they run, or move swiftly, their hoofs and legs make a loud crackling noise, as though their bones were breaking ; it is by this noise, as well as by the scent, I calculate, that the wolves discover their vicinity, and seize them as lawful prey. Though this animal is often larger than a horse, and possesses strength enough to sometimes kill a wolf with one kick of his foot, yet the glutton, (sometimes called the quincajou,) an animal scarcely as big as a badger, will venture to come behind, attack, and often overpower him. The hair and skin of the elk are so thick as to be in some parts nearly proof against musket ball. Upon being dislodged, and closely pursued by the hunters, he will sometimes fall suddenly down, without the slightest wound, from strong emotions of fear. The vulgar imagine its falling to be caused by fits of epilepsy, and wear rings, containing small bits of elk-horn, to preserve them from the like disease. The elk is found in great numbers in Canada, and its haunts are easily discovered by the marks it leaves upon the trees, as he chiefly feeds on shoots and tender sprigs ; his flesh is excellent. The Indians are best acquainted with the method of hunting and taking them : they follow their track sometimes during a chace of several days, in winter wearing rackets, or snow shoes, which being of an extended surface, prevent their feet from sinking. In this season the animal is soon overtaken, his weight and the smallness of his feet occasioning him



to sink knee deep in the snow at every step. When the Indians came up with him, they formerly darted a spear towards the animal, pointed with hard bone, and seldom failed to do so with sufficient dexterity and force to kill, or severely wound him. Since the use of fire-arms has become more general among the savages, the elk is more frequently shot than speared; the keen hunters knowing well how to aim at the tenderest part of his skin.

'A friend of mine (at least I calculate he's one,) informs me, that at Prarie du Chien, on the Missisipi, he saw a steep, barren rock, out of the holes of which, on every returning spring, issued thousands and thousands of snakes. A pretty d—d considerable number, I guess! Rattle-snakes dread pigs to so extraordinary a degree, that when they see one they become as if petrified; their animal functions are instantly suspended, leaving the porker to separate their heads from their bodies, the former of which he instinctively rejects, while he voraciously devours the latter. Indeed pigs devour snakes of every description, and thrive wonderfully on such strange food: as a proof of which, I recollect once having been wrecked myself in a large batteaux, laden with hogs, on a small island, a few leagues above Montreal; I and my men escaped in a canoe to the main land: on returning, a fortnight afterwards, to recover my property, I found the pigs, which had before been exceedingly lean, feeding heartily on snakes, and almost too fat to move.'

"The boy sleeps soundly," said Strickland, as he retired to rest.

## CHAPTER XXII.

All hail ! the joyous meeting hail !  
Which brings together sire and son.

SOON after sunrise Strickland arose ; so did his youthful charge, full of health and spirits. "How fares my little man?" said their hostess, as they sat down to an early breakfast. "Thanks to your care, my good woman," replied the Captain, "never better." After many kind farewells on all sides, Strickland and Robert, with their old conducteur, Jean, drove from the cottage door. Ere noon they lunched at the village of La Baie, and then drove on to Nicolet. *Here*, at the house of his old entertainer, the north-west traveller, our hero alighted, and partook of a cold dinner with himself and family. "It is two hours," said old Antoine, "since we dined, and by this time you see we are able to play our parts, as well as you." The cheerful meal ended, Jean took leave to go home. "It will be late, conducteur," said Strickland, "before you reach St. Francis." "Never heed it, Sir; the old horse and I know every inch of the road; it is not as when we travelled upon the American borders, bestormed, and scared by robbers. I wish you a safe passage over the river; and you, my little man, though you understand me not. To *you*, Sir," turning again to Strickland, "I owe many thanks, many obligations—*more*, most likely, than I shall ever have an opportunity to repay; yet Jean will not fail to make it up to the first Englishman he meets, who may

need his aid." "Farewell, my honest guide. I ask no thanks. Your kindness and your rare fidelity richly deserve all I have paid you. My valise, I believe, is safe within?" "It is, Sir." "Then now, farewell! Come, my Robert,—my new-found child: the sight of you warms my heart; let us to the river, and seek a means to cross." The friendly Antoine accompanied them. "This fine youth," said he, "is your son, I suppose, Sir?" "Almost," replied our hero; "yet I trust this night, or by to-morrow, at the farthest, he will be safely hugged within the arms of an anxiously expecting father. I *have*, alas! lost a child myself; but *this* is also the child,—the son of my adoption: and well he merits it; henceforth he has two friends,—*two* fathers." The ferry-boat, which had only this day began again to ply, had not long started for the other side; which circumstance occasioned a delay of nearly two hours. Our hero, with Robert, sat at tea, when Louis ran up to say, "The boat is come." "Come, then, my child," said Strickland; "I long again to cross this river, to render up a joyful account of the success of my expedition. Kind friends, farewell! Monsieur Picotte, je suis votre débiteur." "Pointe de toute, c'est rien—bon voyage! bon voyage, Monsieur."

"Step gently, child," said Strickland, "this boat is commodious, we shall reach the other side by dusk, and there, perhaps, await your father; he cannot, I think have reached the place before us. How feel you, Robert? speak, my boy; does not your heart bound high, anticipating the joyful meeting?" "It does, Sir, truly does; nor shall I ever forget that to *your* kindness, to *your* courage, I shall owe it? I

long indeed to see that father whom I do not recollect ; but, Sir, can it appear *strange*, that I look forward with pain to the moment when I shall be taken from *you* ?” “ Cheer up, my lad, cheer up, nor dwell so sadly on a thing that may not for a long time happen ; and see, we are more than half across. We land, I find, below the point ; jump out ; had you not told me so, I see you are pretty active. We have now above a mile to walk back to the inn, *my* business lies *lower* ; but it is growing dark, and your father, if not already at Point du Lac, will soon be there, and either expect there to *see* or hear from me ; we must therefore turn back : there is here no conveyance, and I have also the valise to carry, a journey of *one* mile, Robert, under these circumstances, is preferable to one of *eight*.” “ *Wherever* you please, Sir ; pray let *me* carry the valise, it is through me, and *me* alone, that you have to carry it at all.” Strickland, rather than disappoint the willing youth, allowed him to take hold of one end, and thus supporting the weight between them, at dark they reached the inn. “ Have you any traveller here from Montreal ?” said our hero to the landlord. “ Not any, Sir.” If I leave a note for Barnard, hire a calash and proceed to-night to Three Rivers, it will be too late to make any inquiries there, and to-morrow I can reach that place by breakfast-time : I ll e'en stay *here* to-night, thought Strickland.

With much difficulty he obtained a private room to sit in, and two beds in case of his friend's arrival. “ You will cook some fowls for supper,” said he to the landlord, “ and let them be ready by ten ; the evening is keen and so are our appetites, and should we even have to sup alone, we'll do your supper am-

ple justice." "It shall be done, Sir." For some time Strickland, or part of Strickland, sat in silence before the fire, his nobler part, his heart, his soul, had winged its way to Three Rivers; he again and again looked upon the widow's card, and dwelt in imagination on a joyful meeting with his Mary. Then turning to Robert, he said, "Keep up your heart, my brave boy, in a few hours, I am persuaded, you may expect to meet your father; he must not see you suddenly, when we hear of his approach, do you retire, and leave me to prepare him for the joyful meeting." "All shall be ordered, Sir, as you think fit; but pray talk no more on the subject, if you love me; I'll into the garden, Sir, and be with you again presently." "Sweet boy!" exclaimed Strickland, "the tear of genuine sensibility sparkles in his eye, he is but gone out to hide his strong emotions."

The cloth was laid in the inner room, our two travellers sat in anxious expectation; Strickland ever and anon pulled out his watch, counted the tardy moments, and redeposited—but to take it out again. "It wants but five minutes to ten. Landlady!" "Monsieur!" "Put back the supper half an hour." "I will, Sir." "'Tis twenty minutes past, and—hark! my child, I hear the sound of approaching wheels; perhaps—yes—something tells me 'tis your father; *speed* to the back door, and there remain till I call you." Poor Robert promptly obeyed his commands. Strickland reached the front door just as Mr. Barnard jumped down from his carriage. The latter at once rushed into his friend's arms, exclaiming, "Oh! Strickland, I have spent a miserable time in anxious hope to see you; my boy, where is he?" "Walk in,

Sir, step in here, your son is safe, I have heard fresh tidings of him, to-morrow's sun will see him circled by your arms. Sit down, Sir. Here, landlord, bring some wine! serve up the supper. This, Mr. Barnard, is *indeed* a happy meeting,—happy to me, the bearer of good tidings, and to you, the glad receiver." "But, Strickland, you are *sure, quite* sure, that to-morrow I shall see my son; why not *to-night*?" "Perhaps you *may*, Sir; I *here* attend him, be composed. I pledge my word that he is safe." "He's here, he's *here!* I'll swear my child is *here*, or *why* these plates for *three*? Oh! bring him, bring him, Strickland, quickly to me." "Have fortitude, Sir," said the Captain, "as well for your own sake as for your *son's*. Sit down, remove not hence, many strangers are in the outer room, compose yourself, I'll fetch him to you." Poor Robert wept for joy without. "Come, my boy," taking him by the hand, "keep up your courage, be a man; I *now* conduct you to a father. My hand trembles on the lock, child; I'll shew you in, and for some minutes leave you." How can I, thought he, witness so tender a scene? The door gently opened, "Here, my friend," said Strickland, "here, Mr. Barnard, is"—"It is, great God! I thank thee!" (hugging him to his bosom,) "it is indeed my child, the living image of his sainted mother."

By this time Strickland had retreated, and from the next apartment, heard the delighted parent sob aloud in ecstasy. My heart too, even *mine*, thought Strickland, beats high, not more perhaps with *hope* than joy. I thank thee, thank thee truly, Heaven, that I have been the means to bring about this meeting. But the door opens, the happy parent seeks me; let

me then enter, and participate their joys. Strickland was soon seated, the delighted boy sat between him and his no less happy father, each held a hand. "Oh! Strickland, Strickland!" after a pause, exclaimed the grateful Barnard, "how much, how *much* I owe you: my child has told me of part of the perils which you encountered on your journey," "No more, Sir; all that I have done has pleased myself; and see, the supper waits, we'll have no explanation *now*, we all want rest. Your son is now under *your* charge, I give him up to you." Here Robert quitting his father's hand, fixing his grateful arms round Strickland's neck, and hiding his head in the latter's bosom, sobbed, "I shall never forget that *you* are my *second* father, Sir." "I'll be sworn, my boy, you will not." "I'll be sworn," (promptly rejoined Barnard,) "that he *shall* not;—to *you* he owes a father; but for *you* 'tis like I never had seen him. Come, now, my child, and you, my more than brother, turn to the table." A light supper quickly passed in silence, all were too full of joy to talk. Our hero observed with what kindness the transported father culled the choicest bits for his new-found child, and how he left off eating to devour him with his eyes. He thought also that he heard him ejaculate "Fine boy! lovely youth! dear child! who would have thought he had grown so big?" The supper table being cleared, "I wish," said Strickland, "to jog it onwards early to Three Rivers; *your* business *now* is not so pressing; take your time, Mr. Barnard, ride over with your son in the afternoon, for *there* I'll wait your coming." "By heaven!" (exclaimed the impetuous East Indian,) "it shall *not* be so. Start *now*, or an hour after mid-

night, both me and mine are ready to attend you ; no, no, we part not *so*. Can you, for a moment, think I love my bed more than the friend who risked his life to save my child ? Good night, Sir, you will find us waking." " Good night, Sir, too," exclaimed the boy, closely pressing Strickland's hand, " I am glad my father means us *all* to go together." Thus, thought the Captain, as he entered his chamber, one important duty's done, another yet remains to come ; heaven help me in the last as in the first, and *ever* make me grateful.

It is *strange*, thought Strickland, as he rose sometimes, that this pursuit of Robert, should so have diverted my attention from my *own* affairs ; but now that Mr. Barnard's business is so happily settled, they press upon me with a double weight, I long, I burn to quit this place and reach Three Rivers. I'll see if Barnard's stirring. What, up before me, my indolence then does indeed shame me. Good morning, Sir ; how liked you your little bed-fellow ?" " How can you ask me, Strickland ? you see we have not kept you waiting ; and, while the horses are preparing, let us take a turn together in the garden, Robert will remain here." " It is what I wished," said Strickland. On reaching the garden, " Now, friend," said Mr. B., " what are the joyful tidings you so shortly hinted at in your *short* letter ?" Strickland here produced the card, and then described the means by which he had obtained it. " Bravo ! bravo ! my friend," exclaimed the overjoyed Barnard, " I see that all is right, we'll go this instant. My son, of course, knows nought of the affair ?" " He does not, Sir, nor do I *wish* him to"—" He *shall* not, Captain :



I perfectly understand you. *In*, my friend, ours is a spanking pair of horses, we have room enough, and all shall ride together." They all jumped into the carriage. "Drive on," said Barnard. "How fine the day;" said Strickland, "the river seems all alive, we are near the crucifix, and one *short* half hour will bring us to the town. But, Mr. Barnard, how have you managed about our luggage? I see it is not with you." "You shall hear, Sir: I arrived at Montreal on the very day with your first letter, advising me to remain there; and not being able to rest in peace, I made up my mind to ride down to Mr. White's, and meet you. I packed up the trunks, and directed them to Mr. Clark's, in case we should send for them, and had just stepped into my calash, when the postman brought your second letter, advising me to meet you at Point du Lac. I immediately changed my calash for a carriage and pair, settled our bill, and ordered the luggage to be forwarded at once to Quebec; it is most likely now upon the road. I changed horses three times, and scarcely stopped on the way, except at Mr. White's. His son described the dreadful storm you met with, and I insisted upon making him a small present, as I said, to purchase a new sail for the canoe. But we are at the inn; jump down, my boy. See, Strickland, he already possesses the activity of a man." "He *does*, Sir, and will, I hope and trust, make both a bright and a happy one." "I hope so too, Sir," said the lively youth.

Breakfast was on the table; our hero swallowed but one hasty cup, and apologizing to Barnard, (a trouble which he might have well spared himself,) with trembling steps, and a beating heart, he bent his

way towards the house of Madame Renvoyzé. "Gracious heaven! sure the house is not *deserted*," said he. He knocked, and knocked again; his agitation and despair increasing momentarily, when a female from the adjoining house stepped out and said, "Whom *seek* you, Sir?" "Madame Renvoyzé." "She has lately left this place, (*I* have the house to let,) and now resides at Quebec." Here Strickland groaned. "If you have any business with her, Sir, I have her card, and can give it you." "I thank you, Madam, *do*." "Here, Janette! Janette! fetch me one of Madam R.'s cards." On this, a pretty neat female came to the door. "Sure you forget, Mama," said she, "that we gave the last to the handsome English lady." "*English!* what English lady?" interrupted Strickland. "One that called *here*, Sir, a few weeks ago; one that returned with Madam some months before, from a visit she had made a great way on the other side of the lake." "'Tis she, thank heaven! 'tis *she*; and though I have not *now* found her, I shall certainly meet her at Quebec." "You seem *anxious*, Sir; I can write you down the address, and if you seek your countrywoman, be sure you'll find her *there*. She appeared disconcerted; said she would go at once, for that she had no other *friend* in Canada." Did she not know that I am *here*? thought Strickland, with a sigh. On receiving the direction, he thanked his communicative informant, and again bent his lonely steps towards the inn. At the door he was met by the anxious Barnard, exclaiming, "What news? what news, my friend? I fear you have returned too soon." Here Strickland related all the particulars; and concluded by saying, "I hear that a packet

will sail within an hour for Quebec. What *say* you, Sir; shall you be ready to accompany me?" "*Really?*" "Aye, my boy; ready and delighted too. Come, come, cheer up, your news is good; step in, and take another cup, the pot is by the fire, and then aboard. We'll have a little cabin to ourselves, if possible."

On their way to the water our hero inquired after his old friend the Quaker; learnt that he was doing well, but had not time to visit him. "We are safe aboard, Sir," said Strickland; "the wind sets fair; I hope our passage will be but a short one." "I hope so too, Sir; *sincerely* do I hope, on *your* account. But in our haste, *one* thing we have certainly forgot, and that is, to lay in a supply of provisions." "We have indeed, Sir," said Strickland, "and if none are to be obtained *here*, we must even go upon short allowance: the steward will be upon deck presently, I'll make inquiry; this oversight proves the utility of having so careful a purveyor with us as Peter; I'll warrant ye, had *he* been here, he would rather have lost his passage than embark without the provision basket. I wish to see the honest fellow, and to learn how goes his affair with the widow: but, Mr. B., I have an apology to make; I must beg to be excused for omitting to deliver to you a letter from your brother, it is *here*." "I knew you had it, Sir; my son informed me, and described poor Thomas's penitence. I have no doubt that it is a sad and melancholy tale, and would last night but have damped our joy; come, Sir, below, let us read it; I have no secrets you know from *you*." "I will but exchange a word with the steward, and be with you." "Well, Sir, what says he," said Mr. B. to the Captain, as he

entered the cabin ; “ are there any hopes, or must we fast ? ” “ *Pray*—Sir, as much as you please ; but, if you fast *here*, it will not be the steward’s fault, his lockers are well stored, and dinner will be ready by two.” “ Now then for the letter, friend ; all the other passengers are upon deck. Robert, my boy, you need not leave us ; I can trust your prudence and your secrecy, or I am much *deceived* ; (Robert bowed) the letter of a penitent may prove a useful lesson.”

“ O Robert,

“ My *once* brother, at length your child is snatched from me ; I am wounded, but it is not *there* that I feel the smart : yes, seared as it is, I still feel that I have a conscience. From almost infancy, Cain-like, I hated you : your better conduct won our parents’ better love ; my jealous eye soon spied the fact—I hated but the more—I pause—I am faint—I have much to say, but time is short ; I and the horrid crew with whom I am joined, are about to fly—*fly*, no doubt, we shall, nor will the arm of *temporal* justice overtake us ; but who, my wronged brother, *who* will screen us from the impending stroke of the *Eternal* ? My blood curdles while I write : sure, Robert, I have sinned beyond, far, far beyond the reach of mercy. One, one unhappy circumstance fanned up the blaze of *hatred* to the fire of *madness*. I loved, oh, yes ! (*heaven* knows how dearly) I loved the maid you afterwards pressed to your bosom as a *wife*.” ( ‘ Can it be possible ! ’ exclaimed Mr. B. ‘ and I so dull, so short-sighted as never to suspect it ? ’ ) Long before this, you know I fled my father’s dwelling ; yet, naked, distressed, forlorn, once more I came, found

you a widower, you kindly bade me welcome. Some faint desires towards a reformation, and a change of feeling towards you, warmed my heart; and yet at times I groaned to think I shared the bounties—accepted the bread of the man I *still* hated. You left me, and with me left your child. I married his nurse. Your prudent eye no longer near to overawe my doings, I fell again into debauch and riot, spent nights and nights at the gaming table: my excesses maddened and impoverished me. I neglected the boy as well as my own children, yet more and more; and one fell night, just after I had been stripped of every shilling at a gaming house, I received a letter, advising me of your speedy return. I dreaded to render up an account; and, urged on by shame, despair, and madness, I sold all off, and even fired the house, and fled the country. The boy I loved; I regarded him as a relique of his once loved mother. In taking *him*, thought I, at once I gratify my love and my revenge; you know the rest. *My associates!!* I tremble to think I have such. I hear them coming, quarrelling too. I'll to my wife—my ill-used wife—my children. Robert, farewell. I have done wrong; yet God—but what has He to do with a wretch like me? yet, if He had, He could bear witness to my penitence. Farewell, my time is short; something I fear burns without, an echo to the fire which glows *within*. Farewell. Brother, adieu! Forgive, for heaven's sake! Robert, forgive

“ Your penitent,

“ Afflicted, and sorrowing brother,

“ T. BARNARD.

“ P. S. Those other papers enclosed, dear Robert, will enable you to procure back some of what you think is lost. Forgive; again I repeat, *forgive*.”

Barnard doubled up the papers, and a pause of some minutes ensued, (during which his son sobbed loudly;) at length he exclaimed, “ From my heart do I *forgive* thee, and may'st thou as readily find forgiveness above. Oh! that accursed vice of *gaming*, the fountain whence spring, *madness, murders, suicides*: Yes, Strickland, let me but see a man at the gaming table, and I at once set him down as *lost*. I little thought that poor Thomas had any cause to hate me—little thought I was his *rival*.” “ Come, Sir,” interrupted our hero, “ let us no longer dwell upon the painful subject; he is *now* an altered character, and will yet, I hope, make a good, and consequently, a happy man: ere this perhaps he has joined his wife and children: the steward comes to lay the cloth. Let us upon deck. How sweet the breeze! merrily cut we through it: the prospect is charming, and hark! we have music too below. The voice is Irish; dearly I love the Irish melodies, they remind me of my home, my country: perhaps, ere many weeks are past, we shall again be ploughing the vast Atlantic, again be on our way to white-cliff Albion. But listen! the melodist begins again.”

“ Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, O.

Erin ma vourmeen—slan laght go bragh.”

Strickland and his companions listened till the steward summoned them to dinner; returned again upon deck with recruited strength and spirits, they

observed the poor Irishman whose strains had so much pleased and amused them, and discovering that he was in years and in rather humble circumstances, Strickland treated him with a dinner and gave him a half-crown to drink his health. "Arrah! good luck to ye'se Sir, long life to your honour, say I. I am not without a little of the *nadeful*; but my brother Paddy and I have been after clearing a bit of the turf, over forenent Glengary; and as they say (bad luck to them) that I am too *old* to fight, I'm just going home, sure, to fetch out the wife and the young ones; and so thinks I to myself, Barney yese mustn't spend much on the passage, yese mustn't be after taking large sups at the whiskey bottle, or ye'll not have enough left to bring out the mistress." "*Mind* Barney," replied our hero, "that you do not break so good a resolution." "Never fear me for that, Sir." "Your brother, I suppose, will manage your affairs during your absence?" "Faith and he will, Sir; Isn't he the boy, who *else*, your honour? He expects soon, to be after marrying a Scotch heiress." "*Indeed!* Barney, I am glad to hear it." "*Mighty rich!* I suppose," said Mr. Barnard. "By my sowl! and yese may say that: besides three cows, some sheep, and a power of pigs, she has a snug cabin, some fields, and a pratey garden: perhaps as you go back you'll be after giving Paddy a call, your honours, ye have only to say ye have been kind to the boy Barney, and he'll trait yese jonteelly." "Here is a card of mine," said Strickland, "you can *read* I suppose?" "Thanks to the parish priest and my uncle O'Sullivan, I am the boy as can." "You'll call on me then, in a day or two Mr. Barney, perhaps I may be able to procure

you a cheap passage." "Arrah now, long life to your honour's honour : faith, and wont I be *there*?" Here Barney bowed with true Connaught grace and illigance, and our passengers turned aft : Strickland proposing to Mr. B. that, in case they should find Peter married, to hire Barney in his stead. " I like the fellow's appearance well enough," replied he, "but abominate so much blarney, or carney, whichever they call it." " Pooh, pooh ! Mr. Barnard, be not *hard* upon the poor fellow ; the lower order of Irish are so inured to rough usage and contemptuous treatment, that when noticed and done *well* by, they know not how enough to shew their gratitude : that he is not *all* blarney, I would almost swear ; a certain warmth of expression which I perceived, convinces me that his heart went at least, *half-way* with his tongue."

Ere daybreak the packet anchored at Quebec. Strickland was the first to awake, and starting upon deck he exclaimed, " What ! already anchored off the Cul-de-sac ? surely I must have slept soundly, not to have heard the anchor let go. I'll call up Barnard instantly : the sun already shines with brilliancy on the steeples ; the mariners in the port have commenced their daily labour ; from ship to ship I hear their cheerful strains. What ! both asleep ? and sleeping *soundly* too ; the son rests his rosy cheeks in peaceful, blest security upon the bosom of a father ; how sweet the sight ! yet sweeter far the thought, that *I* have, been the means to find that child so soft a pillow. 'Twere almost sacrilege to disturb their peaceful slumbers, and yet, I long to land : I'll up, and call a boat." By the time the boatman reached the vessel, Barnard and his son gained the quarter-deck. " 'Tis well—



well, Sir, you have risen, I had half a mind to go without you." "But look, Sir, look," said Mr. B. "is that the *Venus*, lying light below? It is, or my eyes deceive me." Our hero turned his inquiring looks that way, and exclaimed, "It is! it is the old *Venus*; and I hope, her brave commander, *Grabam*; I long again to look upon his honest face. How *quick* their voyage: he is just come in I see, his sails are still bent to his yards. Come, Mr. *Barnard*, let us land; and while I prosecute my *own* affair, after breakfast perhaps you will push aboard and bid the friendly tar a welcome to *Quebec*." "I will, Sir: and now, my *Robert*, you see this place in all its splendour, by the bright light of a fine autumnal day; when last you passed, it was at the hour of midnight: what think you of it *now*, my child?" "I admire it, Sir; but sure, my father, with you and Captain *Strickland* *near*, would not *all* places be alike pleasant and agreeable?" The flattered parent, and his friend, were both about to reply, when they reached the landing. At the door of Mr. *Clark* they were kindly received by that gentleman himself, and soon sat down with all the family to a plentiful breakfast. "What! *Charlotte* here too," said *Strickland*; "recollect, friend *James*, I expect you will use your influence with your sister, to procure me a sight of the papers sent from *Bic* by the cabin-boy, and which she so fondly keeps possession of." "I have not lost sight of my promise, Sir, the little prudish jade has partly consented, it remains with you to do the rest." The young lady gracefully acceded to the Captain's request: and breakfast being ended, with a beating heart, our hero reached the street, and proceeded

towards the new residence of Madame Renvoyzé. "Now, kind heaven!" ejaculated he, but *this once*, befriend me, and all my life to come I'll strive to prove my gratitude. May I but find my penitent Mary, and also find her *willing* to be reunited to me; for, not for worlds, (lonely as I am) would I urge her to again share my humble income and my bed, against her inclinations.—No. 31.—But here comes my new acquaintance, the Irishman, had I not better send him? should the lady be from home, on her return, the servant may describe my person so correctly, that my wife may suspect that *I* am the inquirer, and perhaps, again fly from me. A lucky thought! *Here*, Barney, take this card to 31, and inquire for Madame Renvoyzé." "And is it after the ladies your honour's a looking? faith, then you may trust *me*. I am the man for the ladies, sure; and yese need not be jealous, I've a wife of my own sure, Mrs. O'Sullivan, long life to her." "I am not afraid to *trust* ye, Mr. O'Sullivan. You will proceed to the house, and inquire whether the lady has not a house to let in Three Rivers, and ask the rent; and, d'ye hear, Barney! take notice whether you see any body else there." "By my sowl! then, I will; but may be, your honour had better be after going into the public-house, till I come back." "Right, Barney, I will,—be *expeditious*." Strickland turned to enter. "What!" said he, "the very identical house of widow Brown, by all that's lovely. Good morning, Madam! How is Mr. Philpot? he is within, I *suppose*?" "I suppose not, Sir; but pray, be seated." Here the sweet-tempered, melting widow, let fall some tears. "Pray, Madam," said Strickland, "what *means* this? he is not dead!

Has any accident befallen him?" "Ah! me, Sir, he is pressed, and safe aboard the frigate." "Is *that* all, Madam? I'll find means, don't doubt, to clear him:—this is strange! most strange!! *He* pressed! it almost makes me laugh; he looks like anything but a sailor." "'Tis true," sobbed the widow, "*too* true, for all that; we had a quarrel when he first came down, about a letter he sent me. I ordered him to quit the house, but little thought he would so soon *obey* me:—cruel man! and now he's in distress—he knows I have the *will*—the *power*, too, to help him; as far as *cash* will go, might, may be, get him off; and yet he never sends. Oh! Sir, when we frail women set our mind upon a man, and he once *knows* it, how are we neglected, forsaken, and despised." "I'll go aboard," said Strickland, "and"—Here they were interrupted by a rough voice at the door, bawling, "Arrah, Mistress! Mistress, I say, is not one Captain Strickland, a jontleman every inch of him, in your house?—I'm after wanting to spake to him." "'Tis *me* he wants," said our hero; "pray show him in." "And—what! indeed, must we leave talking about poor Mr. Philpot, and planning how to get him off, to attend to this Bogtrotter?" By this time Barney hearing the Captain's voice, had reached the parlour door. "*Bogtrotter*, indeed! and was it bogtrotter you said? and was it my own swate self you meant, Mussa? and if ye did, yese much mistaken—no more of a bogtrotter than your ladyship, at all at all." "Peace! Mr. O'Sullivan," said Strickland, "peace! and *you*, Mrs. Brown, leave us together, for a moment."

The widow stiffly curtsied, scornfully muttering as she strutted out, "Irish warment! swarming over

here in shoals!" "Well, your Honour, I found out *all*, who but *I*?" "Found out *what*? did you see her?" "By my sowl I did?" "Who? the lady? how *many* of them?" "Faith, then, I saw but one, and that was the sarvant, a stout strapping hussey, that put me in mind, your Honour, of Mrs. O'Sul"— "Pshaw!" exclaimed Strickland, "what said she?" "Belike your Honour doesn't care much about Mrs. O'Sullivan, but, by the powers, *I do*!" "Be brief, Barney, I say! what said the maid?" "What said she, Sir! faith and troth, what should she say, but the truth? the naked truth? She said the ladies were gone over to Point Leavy, and would'nt be after coming back at all till past tay-time." "You are *sure*, Barney, she said *ladies*?" "Faith! and I am, Sir! and thinks I to myself, Mr. Barney, you know his Honour is a divil for the ladies; perhaps he'd like to know, sure, how many there is of 'em; so says I tapping the swate cratur under the chin, 'By my sowl you're handsome! how many ladies, sure, are gone over to Point Leavy, girl? and are they all as illegant as your swate self?' 'There be but *two*, Sir,' said she, 'my mistress and an English lady, who has been here most a fortnight.'" "Enough! enough! Mr. Sullivan (I have forgotten the *O*), you have performed your errand to a marvel; here is a crown to drink my health; at a distance watch *well* that door, and the instant you see the ladies come, fly to Mr. Clark's (you have the address) and let me know—stick closely to your post; mind I shall come occasionally to see whether you are watching." "Faith! and your Honour may spare yourself that trouble; I'll watch till midnight, and all night afterwards!" "'Tis

we  
Pe  
tak  
ing  
ing  
tat  
M.  
the

bo  
to  
the  
a  
tog  
(as  
to  
me  
rec  
ing  
to  
toi  
att  
sto  
pac

well! farewell. Mrs. Brown! trust *me* to obtain Peter's freedom—there is; there must be, some mistake!" The widow followed him to the door, curtsying her most grateful acknowledgements. On reaching his lodgings, Charlotte had gone out; but on the table lay a little packet, directed 'Capt. Strickland.' My mind's a chaos, a compound of hopes and fears, thought he, I'll sit down and read.

---

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Adieu! adieu thy shores, O Canada!  
To *Albion's* coast I shape my willing course.

#### *Continuation of the cabin-boy's narrative.*

ABOUT ten in the morning, the Captain came on board, repaired his disordered dress, and ordered me to see the boat cleaned out by two o'clock, to spread the ensign in the stern-sheets, and to put on board her a cold turkey, with ham, bread, wine, groceries, &c. together with a tea-kettle, and tinder-box, intimating (as he step on shore) his intention, with a small party, to take an excursion up the river. To the stock above mentioned I added, *without* orders, a piece of cold roast beef, and some biscuits for the men, well knowing that while the *pleasure* of the trip would accrue to the company, the boat's crew must encounter the *toil*. I feel a great wish to accompany, or rather attend the party (I hope I make my meaning understood), but did not dare to hint my desires. At half-past two my master made his appearance,

(“ For I have a master, and I am his man,  
Gallop[ing] dreary dun, ”)

and three other Captains, two of whom were provided with, or perhaps I should say, *accompanied* by, ladies; whether their own legal property, or not, is of no consequence to either *you* or *I*, reader; but you understand me! I was busily employed rummaging the cabin-lockers for shot, and handing up fowling pieces, powder horns, &c. &c., when the Skipper called me up upon the quarter-deck. Here I found him in a friendly contest with one of the Captains, as to whether his steward or I should attend the party. The stranger observed, that it was hardly fair to require me to attend a party two days running; but, by the bye, said he, as my rascal has an unfortunate trick of lifting his hand to his head, I believe we must trouble Edward to be our valet on this expedition, and my drunken steward shall take his watch upon deck next time. “ Like rascal—like master,” thought I; at the same moment I caught him whispering to Captain English, “ ’Tis as well as it is; I forgot my scoundrel knew I was a married man.” Our Captain must needs take his dog Boy with him. “ Boy!” said he, “ is true breed: a dog of the right sort, and I’ll warrant ye will help us mightily in picking up the game!” which, indeed, I found to be a truth. Now we are all fairly started, and with the usual “ give way, boys!”—“ long strokes!”—“ all together!” &c. we landed safe at Point Levi. I love to find out the derivation of words; how came it by this name? can it be derived from “ levez,” get up; or “ I’ll leave ye?” addressed to some unfortunate animal possessing a

soul, and who might have been left behind here with the christian satisfaction of seeing his enemies sail safe away with a fair wind? or was it? no, no, it cannot be that. Perhaps some of Jacob's family might have migrated to this place? and if so, quite as likely some of Levi's sons, who thus named it in honour of their father. I take it that it could not have been so called before the flood. Dear reader, I am, sorry, *truly* sorry to leave you, and myself too, in the dark, on this important point—important it truly must be, for I recollect poring for an hour over fifteen pages of jaw-breaking words, printed in a book now in the possession of Mr. Clark, for the purpose of proving that—that, let me see what? it has just slipped my memory: I shall endeavour to get another peep; but this I know, that it was of much less importance, than whether the Jews or Christians so named this point—Point Levi, I mean; but friends, I'll leave ye to clear up the point yourselves, and now proceed to relate what happened when we landed here, which will, perhaps, be more to the point than anything I have lately said; and as I spent but little time in bringing you to the Point, perhaps I may be excused for having detained you there so long.

Here we met with nothing extraordinary, unless a small party of Indians may be considered so, we therefore took advantage of a flood tide, embarked, and again landed about three miles further up the river. While the party were strolling through the woods, with their fowling pieces eagerly cocked, in search of game, the men and I were employed breaking down branches of trees, and soon succeeded

in making a blazing fire. Though the weather was intolerably hot, we were compelled to do so, not only for the purpose of boiling the kettle, but with a view to keep the musquitoes at a respectful distance; as the woods, to the cost of much precious blood, we found to be intolerably infested with them. Impudent vermin! to suck a man's blood, and look in his face! What a happiness it is that *we* never serve one another *so*? By the time the party returned the cloth was spread upon the grass, and every thing laid out in apple-pie order. They were about to be seated, and *gormandizing* become the order of the day, when "Boy" suddenly discovering that he had as good an appetite as the bipeds, and, perhaps, anxious to prove his abilities in the way of picking up *game*, bolted with the turkey. Recollect, reader, that there is a material difference between bolting a thing, and bolting *with* a thing. Now it would have been almost as easy for Jonah to have swallowed a whale, as for Boy to bolt a turkey. Boy therefore wisely bolted, or ran away with the turkey, in search, no doubt, of a convenient and private situation, where he might comfortably bolt it by piecemeal. (If bolting a thing by piecemeal is a *bull*, pray excuse it.) But enough of the *quadruped*, let us return to the *bipeds*. Consternation was instantly depicted in the countenances of the whole company. Immediate pursuit ensued; the fowl was recovered, but alas, the day! in so lacerated a state, that "one and all" (as the Cornish say) swore they could not touch it. I could perceive, from the malignant scowl on Captain E.'s brow, that he blamed *me* for the loss.



More fool *he!* I had done *my* duty by placing the turkey before them; it was *their* business, I should think, to see that it was not snatched away.

When I perceived that hearty appetites began to reconcile them to the thoughts of attacking the mangled turkey, I produced the cold roast beef, which, like a magic talisman, instantly lit up their faces with smiles, and restored tranquillity and good humour. The dons and their ladyships, *of course*, first gratified their natural cravings, and then condescendingly withdrew to some distance, while I and the men sat down to eat up the fragments; after which, as none of the party had had any luck in picking up game but Boy, and his prize, poor dog! was snatched from him in the moment of enjoyment, two of the men were ordered into the boat to bring her down along shore, while the rest of the party proceeded on foot towards the Point. But, unfortunately, there was nought to be picked up on the way, the birds, from more than natural instinct, knowing with what famous shots they had to deal, wisely studied their own safety by keeping aloof. On the high land at Point Levi, I made a fire, and put on the kettle; while the company and the boat's crew sauntered into the woods. Being left by myself, I took out a pencil and paper, and noted down most of the preceding remarks, as well as endeavoured to draw out a view of Quebec. My performance is a complete failure; I find I want a few more lessons from Dennis. I was just pocketing my writing materials, when two Indians advanced to within a few paces of where I sat, and stood for a moment regarding me. If I had not seen Indians before, I should have been greatly alarmed, they put me so much in

mind of the gypsies I saw in my dream. Of *gypsies* I have always been taught to have a dread, as I was stolen away from home when quite an infant, and—

\* [“ Gracious heaven!” exclaimed Strickland, dropping the manuscript, and falling back into his chair, “ What do I read!—Can it be?—Oh! no, it cannot; and yet the circumstances seem to agree so well with what happened to my own dear boy! But let me proceed; perhaps what follows may throw some light upon this mysterious subject.” He hastily resumed the paper.]

Of *gypsies* I have always been taught to have a dread, as I was stolen away from home when quite an infant, and not rescued from their hands till near three years of age. My mother never thought she could enough impress upon my mind the necessity of avoiding them; but as it was I felt a sort of instinctive dread; nor did my fears immediately subside.

[“ This then is all the boy seems to say concerning the gypsies; a transient beam of hope darted into my mind that this poor wanderer, this little cabin-boy, might have been my *own* poor kidnapped child. But does he not speak of his mother?—Who else could have been his mother but Mrs. Williams? *She*, who throughout the piece has done so well a mother’s duty by him. He cannot be *mine*—the child of my erring Mary!—Oh, that he was! With what activity would I search the world around until I found him! But why do I sigh!—am I any worse than before I read the boy’s narrative? No, *surely* not; then let me proceed—let me see, where did I leave off?”]

\* Those portions which are circumflexed, contain the Captain’s observations on the boy’s narrative.

Nor did my fears immediately subside. They slowly advanced, discoursing with each other in their own language, which seems to be spoken in an effeminate, singing, under-tone. They were a tall man and a youth of about fourteen. The man was nearly naked, having nothing on but a very small apron, whether of fig-leaves or not I could not at first say, as I felt too much abashed to examine its texture too closely; yet curiosity prompting me to take another peep, I discovered that it was about a foot long, and nearly the same width, and made of deer or other skin; the hairy side outward, ornamented with beads, and the feathers of birds, and tied behind with a leathern string. Knowing that it would be a charity to give them something to drink, especially as our noble commanders were already unable to distinguish a crow from a goose, (I wish them good luck at their shooting), I asked them in *English* to take a glass of wine; this they cheerfully accepted; thanking me in *French*, (their knowledge of English proving to be extremely superficial). Then I found my little stock of French of great use to me. The youth I discovered had recently lost his uncle, who was drowned in a storm, with another man and woman, in attempting to cross Lake St. Peter's, a place somewhat higher up the river. He told me it was twenty or thirty miles long, and ten or fifteen wide, and agreeably interspersed with several small islands, where wild fowl is very plentiful. They expressed their happiness on finding me a native of England, declaring their unqualified dislike to the *Americans*; whether this feeling is general among them or not, I leave for older heads to determine. Observing that they cast

their longing eyes towards the remains of the often-mentioned turkey, I made them a present of it; being, at the same time much too good a judge to relate Boy's prowess in the affair. To the youth I presented a pocket-knife, in return for a warm pair of mittens he gave me. They then withdrew, all equally satisfied with each other. I could not but remark that man is man under every shade of colour—under every zone. What but gratitude and love could have induced the poor, though sprightly little Indian to give his mittens to an entire stranger? Perhaps they had been but just made, and were on the road to a place of safety, wherein to be deposited against the certain intense cold of a Canadian winter; a winter whose chilling breath, I'm told, turns all to ice. But the grace with which he handed them to me, enhanced the value of the gift. "I give them," said he, "not because I think you are unprovided with such things: but the 'Red Englishman,' in your country, over the great Lake, do not make such." The delicacy of the sentiment, and fineness of the feeling, were such as might raise a blush on the front of many of the educated natives of the more civilized and highly favoured nations of Europe. I was now again left to myself, and night, with her sable mantle, silently and almost imperceptibly began to obscure the lofty citadel of Quebec, and cast a cloak of grey over the proud promontory of Cape Diamond. Some sensations of terror induced me to regret the early departure of my friendly Indians. As I had been told that bears were not uncommon, and snakes very numerous in the woods, I with my cap fanned the fire into a cheerful blaze, (by the way I discovered it wanted a bit of new

blue ribbon: 'True blue for ever!') and laid on a fresh supply of branches to serve the double purpose of repelling such noxious intruders, and pointing out the spot to the party, lest they should miss it in their return. Though highly fond of the romantic and picturesque, and the scene before me novel and majestically grand,—as behind, and over my head waved the lofty branches of the fir, the larch, and maple; before me, in the dim twilight, towered the capital of British America; and beneath my feet rolled the vast waters of the St. Lawrence; I could not but heave a sigh when I thought of dear, dear England! the land of my birth—the dwelling-place of my friends!

["Boy!" exclaimed Strickland to himself, as he paused; "how astonishingly does thy heart beat in unison with mine!—Thy artless expressions of love for 'dear, dear England,' as thou callest it, awakens the same sentiments in my happy bosom, now that I have found my long-lost Mary; and found her, all I hoped (for so I think I may safely say): to England, to England let me hie. But let me finish."]

It required but a little stretch of the imagination, as Quebec became more and more veiled in darkness, to fancy myself left in a desolate island, and the St. Lawrence the mighty ocean surrounding my isolated habitation. I was then transported by the same wild, warm, luxuriant fancy to the banks of Lake St. Peter; and conjured up to my mind the awful storm, whose dire effects the little Indian felt so much. Under the influence of this fancy, I sketched out the following lines by fire-light. Be not severe, reader, whoever thou art, they are but the production of a *child*; and if I have copied from Cowper's sweet verses, (supposed

to have been written by Selkirk), blame me not; 'twas impossible, in my *then* state of mind, to avoid doing so.

The sun veils his face in the deep,  
The mountains are gilded with light,  
All nature repairs to sweet sleep,  
The moon on the water shines bright.

How sweet is the prospect I see,  
Of yon beautiful bubbling lake,  
Enriched with mountain and tree,  
And many a woodland and brake.

While islands of beautiful green,  
On its wide wat'ry bosom I spy,  
Oh! England, I think of thy scenes,  
And still while I think, heave a sigh.

By fancy convey'd o'er the main,  
I revisit my own native shore ;  
But, alas ! I may ne'er see again  
That land, and those friends I adore.

Kind Heaven ! look down on their state,  
Preserve them from evil alarms,  
And grant that it may be my fate  
Once more to be press'd in their arms.

But the moon's overspread with a cloud,  
The scud flieth swift o'er the sky,  
The wind 'gins to whistle aloud,  
And birds to their covert do fly.

Far over the treacherous wave  
Poor Indians impel their canoe ;  
I fear that a dread wat'ry grave  
Will (in spite of all efforts) ensue.

Now mounting aloft on the surge,  
Conspicu'us they stand to my sight ;

Still onward their frail bark they urge,  
And with billows they manfully fight.

Bleak lashes the storm on the flood !  
Again they mount up to the skies !  
The thunder roars mighty and loud ;  
Dread Heaven its pity denies.

Chill torrents of rain drench their head ;  
The lightning strikes dread to their soul ;  
Ah ! they sink to the realms of the dead,  
And o'er them the fierce billows roll.

My soul turns aghast from the sight ;  
I fain would have given relief.  
I'll fly from this pitiless night,  
And speed to my home, lost in grief.

Great Father of spirits ! they're thine ;  
The beings thy power did create ;  
Oh ! grant them thy blessings divine :  
Thou canst not regard them with hate.

Had they liv'd in a far favour'd land,  
Where the light of thy Gospel is known,  
'Mongst Christians they'd taken their stand,  
And like stars in the firmament shone.

But no more, my wayward fancy. Shall *I*, a frail worm, dare to pry into the counsels of the Almighty ? The immeasurable distance betwixt man and man's Creator is such as strikes presumption dumb. But am disturbed.

(Aboard.) Once more I resume my favourite occupation. Night had so completely set in ere the party returned, that even the not distant river vanished from my inquisitive gaze, and as the wind

began to fan the blaze with more than common violence, we (*mind that!*) hastily partook of some hot grog, as a substitute for tea, and regained the boat. A spanking breeze, and our famous shoulder of mutton sail, spun us over to Quebec at a brisk rate. We landed the party (rather mellow) at the Cul-de-sac, and returned with the boat to the Goddess; when, after discharging our unconsumed stores, as I knew the ship would be soon ready to sail, I thought this as favourable an opportunity as any to visit Mr. Clark. Obtaining the mate's leave, I sallied ashore for that purpose. As it was already growing late, you may be sure I "tripped it lightly" all the way to his friendly door. Mr. C. and his wife received me affectionately; James was gone to spend a few days with his friends. After an excellent supper, (I am afraid Captain English has initiated me into the mysteries of belly worship,) I briefly related to him all that befel my family, since he quitted my father at Fowey. He heard me with much interest; and having acquainted him that you (you coaxing rogue, you!\*) were in possession of all the particulars of my life, up to within a few days, he prevailed on me to forward to you, by the Pilot, a copy of the remainder, up to the time he quitted the ship. (This, you see, I have performed. How d'ye like it? I think I hear you say, "But so-so." Never mind, Jemmy; I know you *love* me, and yet methinks you must love my learned production too. "Love me, love my dog," you know. But I must hasten; we are near Bic, and the pilot will quit the ship ere I have finished the

\* Alluding to James Clark.



copy, and also disappoint me in sending a letter I have made up my mind to oblige you with. Mind that Jemmy: oblige you.)

Mr. C. favoured me with an elaborate description of the animal productions of Canada, &c.; but amidst the necessary bustle attending a preparation for sea, I had not an immediate opportunity to commit his observations to paper: but, as it may be recollected I started with an intention rather to relate my own history than that of Canada, (to do which is highly above my feeble powers,) I shall therefore be the more easily excused for confining myself chiefly to my own *important* narrative. We had by this time so far encroached upon the hours of rest, that Mr. C. proffered to accompany me to the ship, not only with a view to protect me from the dangers I might meet with in the way, but to apologize for my late return, should the Captain happen to be on board. Feeling, as I did, *almost* assured that this was likely to be a parting visit, I could not quit them without a strong feeling of regret. Their kind society, and cheerful entertainments had beguiled and made happy many an hour during my stay here, which would otherwise (perhaps) have been insupportably tedious. Our parting would have been much less disagreeable, had not my acquaintance, James been absent. His sister, Charlotte, kindly favoured me with a parting kiss; when, she, nothing lothe, accepted one for herself, or rather, took it back again. (I don't know, Jemmy, that I ought to tell you this; but I promised to copy all. I meant no harm; and I have too good an opinion of your pretty sister, for a moment to think *she* did. I wonder what the devil, at my age, makes me

so fond of kissing? Perhaps it is the *devil*. My in-offensive little shipmate, Scotch Jemmy, (as we call him,) tells me—alas! poor boy—that the devil is the “father of *lies* ;” so tells *me* my Bible; but I never yet heard that he was the father of *kissing*. Never mind my boy, our daddies did so before us.)

Mr. C. kindly presented me with a jar of preserved pumpkins for my mother, some handsome fur gloves for my sisters, and a new hat for myself—poor grandmother was forgotten; but *I, I* will buy something for thee who endured so much to take a sad farewell of *me*. On our way to the ship, my feelings were much embittered by the thoughts of having nothing to return for all their kindnesses. “Oh!” thought I, “why do not poverty and hard hearts always march together hand in hand? how inconceivable, to the *selfish*, is the pain arising from a desire to *give* without the *ability*?” I had but four shillings; they were consecrated to my grandmother, dear old soul! can I break the solemn purpose? my heart says “no!” At three in the morning (the Captain not being on board) Mr. Clark parted from me on the quarter-deck of the Goddess, and I retired, or in regular sea phrase, “turned in,” not to *rest*, but to *reflect*. At first my thoughts were lively, cheering, and delightful,—Soon, soon, said I, shall I reach my native country; soon shall I behold my dear friends; I am transported, by imagination, to the well-known door, and feel the tear, a tear of joy, distilled,—a precious drop descending from a mother’s eye upon my sun-burnt neck. But such, alas! is my folly—why should I spend *one* half of my life in miserably anticipating the afflictions I may meet with in the *other*?—these dreams of

hope and joy were fleeting, transient, evanescent; something unkindly whispered, "French and American privateers are out!"—"Storms are prevalent on the Atlantic!" My own judgment tells me, that the Goddess, so far from being immortal, waxes old and crazy, and is not well ballasted. The rats, which were before most numerous, have forsaken her, and this, old seamen say, is a sign she's past sea service. I was weak enough to give in to the same superstition, and falling asleep in a state of mind by no means enviable, I awoke an hour later than my usual time, unrefreshed in *body*, much distressed in *mind*. I have had many, many painful dreams, one I cannot forget,—I dreamt that I was surrounded by a body of strong armed men, that they were forcing on me a pair of handcuffs, that my poor mother was frantically crying, "Hurt not his little wrists!" "Where am I, dear mother?" said I, "Hush!" she replied, in a heart-rending solemn tone, "you are"—"Where? what?" I exclaimed. "A French prisoner!" was the reply; this is all I can recollect distinctly of this ominous dream, and yet methinks I saw a stranger: 'twas not my father; and as the dream closed, methought I heard him whisper, "Fear not! I seek thee but to *save*,—poor kidnapped, wandering boy!"

["My blood curdles!" exclaimed Strickland. "What? Oh! what, great Heaven, can all this mean? but a few minutes ago I spoke, I thought of my poor kidnapped child. *This boy* in a dream, a vision of the night, has been, by Providence, informed that he's a kidnapped child. My hopes revive; if this is not my child, I strangely err; else why, O God! should this mysterious tale, I know not how,

have met my eye? can it be, that in wandering to seek one lost sheep, I've gained a clue to find the *other*? Oh! Heaven send it may be so! I'll talk again with Clark, perhaps I yet may get some further information. Let me read on—read on, happy Strickland, my heart dances with hope and joy; I'm almost sure 'tis he; oh! that I could strike that *almost*, cruel *almost*, from the sentence!"]

At ten (the same morning, August 5th,) the Captain came on board, and having completed our cargo, we cast off from the wharf, and anchored out in the river, several ships at the same time arrived from Montreal to join convoy. This afternoon I went ashore with the Captain, who purchased a large stock of poultry, wine, liquors, &c., in short, every thing necessary, as far as eating and drinking will go, to make *himself* (and, as a matter of course, your humble servant) comfortable on our passage. I also took this opportunity to buy a silk handkerchief for poor grandmother, would that it had been a shawl, a gown, or anything more valuable. Master is gone to bed; *it* lies before me; could true affection transform the little present to anything more valuable, in proportion to that affection, how great, indeed, might this small gift become?

August 6th. My mind is very uneasy. I feel an unaccountable impulse to run away. I am sure to procure a passage home in some other vessel; the press, the cruel press is so hot, that most of the fleet are ill-manned; but I am an apprentice, how can I? — 'Tis past ten; this has been, indeed, a sorrowful evening. 'Twas just dusk, and Captain English ashore, when I was writing the above,—tears now wet my paper; alas! poor, good-natured little Scotch

—Pshaw! why *Scotch*? Poor little Jemmy! I suddenly heard a cry, as from some one drowning, and a strange bustle upon the quarter-deck. I flew up the companion ladder; the men were jumping into the boat, and soon found that my fellow apprentice, James, had fallen overboard in attempting to ascend one of the stern ladders from the boat. Several ships lying near, instantly put off their boats to save him; *thrice* I saw his flaxen curly head elevated high above the water, screaming, at each time, in a more and more feeble voice for help, as the strong ebb tide hurried him further and further from the ship, and just when a boat approached so near as to touch him with an oar, the unfortunate lad sank—sank to the bottom! perhaps ne'er to rise again till the last trumpet blows a solemn blast, awakes the dead, and loud proclaims, “Arise to judgment!”

“Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast!  
 Poor Jem’s mizen topsail is laid to the mast;  
 He’ll never turn out, or more heave the lead;  
 He’s now all a-back, nor with sails shoot a-head.  
 He ever was brisk, and though now gone to wreck,  
 When he hears the last whistle he’ll jump upon deck.”

Poor fellow! poor boy! I cannot have done with the subject. Though a native of Scotland, his mother resides at Newcastle, a venerable old woman, he is the last of a long list of children. She had been wealthy, and what is more, *respectable*; is she not respectable *now*? Surely yes, ’tis virtue, *merit* only that should command respect. But an hour ago, poor boy! he was congratulating me on the pleasing prospect of soon re-visiting our homes, showing me a well-read bible, and a horn spoon which his aged

mother had given him with her maternal blessing. How fondly did the dear lad glut his eyes with the little baubles he had gleaned to present to such a mother. Oh ! how will she bear the dreadful tidings ? and who will be so cruel as to convey them ? I can no more—it has unmanned me—let me have done with the subject, and strive, if possible, to forget it for ever. He is, I trust, happier, infinitely happier than I.

Our Captain has this day visited the falls of Montmorenci, I much regretted not having been of the party ; and though the time passes gloomily, alas ! much too gloomily, and exhausted nature requires repose, I cannot go to bed ; the last screams of James, and “ you are a French prisoner,” repeatedly sound in the ears of my disordered imagination. Nor, reader, blame me too severely ; after my rescue from the gypsies, I was nursed by one of those foolish old women who think it a part of their duty to terrify children by representing that “ black bogey” is ready to carry them away whenever they are naughty ; egad, if that were the case, I think poor bogey would indeed have plenty of occupation ; and, to allow him reasonable repose, there would be wanted almost as many bogeys as there are children. Until I was five or six years old, I firmly believed that my own shadow was Moses, appointed by heaven to watch when I committed any bad action, and not to *watch* alone was he intent, but when he faulty found me, to inflict a just and necessary punishment. I drop this hint, (boy as I am, you know not what I may do when I am a man,) to shew the absurdity of injecting this and such like stuff into the minds of infants.

Aug. 8. This morning we sailed, under the convoy

of the Foxhound, with about fifty other vessels, and our Commodore has made sail with a fair wind for the Isle of Bic, leaving the fleet to follow. The day is delightful; we have just passed the Isle of Orleans, and I observed individuals at the door of the house where I have been so hospitably entertained; perhaps little Canadian Marianne stood there, and, turning to her mother, said, "in some ship in that vast fleet sails the poor young Englishman, I hope he may reach in safety his friends and country." "Amen," replies the aged grandfather. But what folly to imagine that their thoughts are occupied by *me*. I find I possess a *little* vanity, my reader is perhaps apt to think a *great deal*. I cannot help it, gentle reader; I am but young, I'll try to mend.

9th. Last night we passed the Brandy-pots, and are, this afternoon, off Green Island. I have not time, I find, to write you a letter, Jemmy, heaven knows if I shall find time to write any more at all, as Captain English seems to have already encountered an attack of his old complaint, the fidgets.

11th. We are in sight of Bic, the pilot is preparing to land; adieu! James, perhaps you may never hear again, perhaps you will scarcely ever think again of the little cabin-boy Edward; but, trust me, Jemmy, he will often think of *thee*. A few days will see us safe launched out into the wide ocean, which, may God make auspicious to our wishes, by conveying us in safety to our home and native country, Amen; then

"Of all the airs the wind can blow,  
I dearly love the west;  
For its sweet gales shall waft me on  
To those I love the best."

But think not, dear James, while thinking of *them*, I have already forgotten *you*; no, no, nor ever—I can no more. Adieu! ad——

“This, then,” said Strickland, sighing and folding up the manuscript, “is all we know of the little cabin-boy, perhaps all we ever shall; and yet my mind is far from easy, I’ll inquire again of Clark.” Can this be he or not, thought Strickland, after a long pause; if not, what means the agitation of my bosom?—is it God himself thus urges me to inquire further and sift the matter out?—I think it must be.—That I *will* do so I’m resolved; I’ll again visit the island, converse with the cottagers where he spent so many hours, and—great powers! a thought this instant strikes my mind, a new idea fills my brain; if *he*, why then the girls could not but see the *mark*, ’twas too conspicuous to be overlooked. Let me but settle the affair in hand, I’ll instantly attend to this. But to the street, and see if Barney’s watching, if not, I’ll watch *myself*.

---

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Joy! joy! ’tis she, ’tis she herself, my long-lost Mary;  
Great Heaven! I truly thank thee, that again she’s mine.

JUST as our hero reached the street door, he was met by Mr. Barnard and Robert, returned from aboard the *Venus*. Graham had not long gone ashore, and was not expected aboard again till evening.—“And feeling anxious,” said Mr. B., “to hear



how your affair went on, I returned immediately." "You're come in time, Sir, dinner is just ready, I'm going a little way, and will be back by the time it is served up." "And then, I suppose, report progress, eh, Strickland?" "I will, Sir; but should I be detained longer than I expect, read the manuscript upon my dressing-table, and tell me what you think of it; you'll there find that a gleam of fresh light, of fresh hope beams upon me." "Say you so, Strickland; I'll read it ere I dine, till then farewell. Come, Robert, my boy, come in, we'll read together. I know your little heart will rejoice to hear of any thing that tends to the happiness of your deliverer; he seeks a son, as *I* did, and *now* hopes soon to find him. See with what hasty steps our friend hies up the street, success and happiness attend him, we owe him every thing."

"Still at your post, Barney," said Strickland. "Faith and I am, sure your Honour never knew of an Irishman's breaking his word: by my sowl if you did he's no countryman of mine." "'Tis well; have you seen no one pass in or out?" "Is it pass in or out your honour manes? then, by the powers, I have not." "'Tis time you took refreshment, I believe—'tis past your dinner hour—step in to Mrs. Brown's." "Is it into that fat woman's, that was so howdacious as to call meself, Mr. Barney O'Sullivan, a *bog-trotter*, that your honour manes?—Faith then I had rather run a mile first. Almost forenent the market-place sure, there lives a snug little countrywoman of my own, your honour: I'll be there and back again in twenty minutes. *I* am the boy for a clane pair of heels." "Run then, Barney." "Faith and your

honour may fancy me half there already. I'll be round the corner before your honour can say, ' Long life to St. Patrick!—Success to old Ireland!' " " A lively brisk fellow this for his age, and willing too," said Strickland. " I'll get him a passage in the *Venus*, if honest Geordie can find room to stow him.—But I shall be late to dinner;—yet what care I for dinner! What a *supper* will be mine! If I guess right, the time's almost up. No Barney yet?—When he returns I'll into Widow Brown's, and try to get a peep at Peter's letter. I suppose he styles her 'Lovely Widder?'—Poor fellow! he's now almost as badly off as when on board the Newfoundland schooner. But here comes O'Sullivan. I mean to call in here," said the Captain. " Be vigilant as you value my friendship: if any one comes before I quit the house, call *here*; if *afterwards*, run for me at Mr. Clark's."— " Arrah now shouldn't it be run *to* ye, your honour? By St. Patrick that's an English bull!" " Mind what I've said to ye, Barney." " Never fear me for that, Sir." " Now, Mrs. Brown, I have, I believe, an hour to spare: let's you and I contrive to liberate poor Peter. Come, Madam, set your woman's wits to work, and tell me what's to be done?" " Indeed, Sir, I know not that I shall take any further trouble about the fellow. I might have put up with an insult or two in consideration of the love, that is to say, *friendship* I felt for him; but *now* I'm half inclined to give him up for ever." " Why, Ma'am, *why*?—You seemed not so severe when I was here this morning?" " Since that I've had fresh cause, Sir. But now, the black, (Mr. Smith, I mean)." " Aye, aye. I recollect Teapot, or Quimbo." " Well, Sir, Kim-

be round  
ng life to  
A lively  
too," said  
Venus, if  
.—But I  
r dinner  
right, the  
e returns  
a peep at  
vely Wid-  
dly off as  
ner. But  
ere," said  
y friend-  
ouse, call  
ark's."—  
r honour?  
find what  
e for that,  
believe, an  
o liberate  
n's wits to  
" Indeed,  
er trouble  
an insult  
is to say,  
f inclined  
1, *why?*—  
this morn-  
Sir. But  
Aye, aye.  
Sir, Kim-

bow has been here; and would you believe it, Sir? O the villanous seducing man! I'm quite ashamed (hiding her face), the false man has been—has been (sobbing), hankering after my old servant, Kimbow's wife, —and—and—has s—e— e—e sent (crying), a love letter to her. Kimbow told me *all*. He and Mrs. Smith quarrelled vastly about it; and Mr. Kimbow, I mean Mr. Smith, got him pressed for spite." "I'm sorry, *sorry* for it, Ma'am, is that his return for my servant's kindness?—I can't believe he ever thought of Mrs. Smith, nor *won't*—there's some mistake—'tis but a scheme of that black rascal's to remove him from the spot, and cheat him." "No, Sir, I'm sure 'tis all *too* true. Smith does not want to cheat him: he's paid him back most all he borrowed: and now he is trying to raise the rest before the ship leaves the place, that he may not lose by his kindness. He says, if any one else had so insulted him, and sought to abuse his wife, he'd be hung for 'em." "This is a strange affair, Mrs. Brown; and I begin *myself* to think that Peter is far from faultless. Could you not send for Mrs. Smith? Perhaps we could clear the matter up." "I will, Sir;—'tis a lucky thought; I'll have her here in a few minutes, if you'll just step into the closet (but mind the punch bowls), you'll hear all." "Madam, I thank you; but let's have all *fair* and above board. I seek only to do my servant *justice* if he's innocent; to *forgive* (though not esteem him), if he's guilty. But here she comes."

"Now, Mrs. Smith, 'tis like you recollect me?" "I do, Sir." "You've had a letter from my servant?" "Well, Sir?" "May I peruse it?" "No," Sir." "Surely, Madam, you cannot think the

worse of the poor fellow for loving you ; nor would wish him to remain cooped up aboard of a man of war against his will? I have the ability to liberate him, and ask but a sight of that letter for my trouble." " Why, as how to be sure, Sir," simpered Mrs. Smith, " I do not wish the fellow harm ; he has been good to us ; and, as you says, Sir, the poor man cannot help *seeing* ; for, barring a scar on my right cheek, I was always reckoned handsome." " Pshaw !" thought Strickland—the widow frowned, and cast a side glance at her looking-glass, tossing up her head, as if to say, " I suffer not by the comparison ;" or, " I'm as good as you any day." " Come, Mrs. Smith, I know you will *oblige* me, and my time's short." " Lord, Sir ! I'm so ashamed ; but 'tis not my fault. If you *yourself* was to take a liking to me, how could *I* help it." " Come, Ma'am, if you please, the letter." " There, Sir ; but do not read it out."

Strickland read to himself:

" Dear Mary, most charming and most beautiful widder ! (Oh, oh ! I smell a rat already, hem !) get the bed ready, (hem !) No more at present from he that will be soon your loving husband till death.—

PETER PHILPOT."

" Now, really, Mrs. Smith, is it possible that you and your husband could be so dull as not to see that there's a mistake ? or if intended for you, does it not presuppose that your husband is dead ; and, therefore, no blame could be attached to a man for making love to you ? It begins plainly, ' Most charming and most beautiful widder.' " " That's me !—*me*," exclaimed Mrs. Brown : "'tis mine !" jumping forward, and

snate  
dear.  
" M  
liber  
kno  
—ha  
any c  
Mrs.  
Bro  
direc  
give  
it.  
into  
jump  
dear  
noth  
me  
" H  
" T  
man'  
Stric  
bette  
what  
Mrs.  
read  
is yo  
' a y  
fathe  
no r  
as c  
mull  
ver  
put  
" W

snatching from Strickland's hand the letter. "The dear, dear fellow!—I thought he was not guilty!" "Marry come up, Madam. I thinks you takes great liberties with that ere letter; which, for ought I know, is still mine. Come, hand it back instantly—hand it back, I say, Madam:—well, I'm sure, did any one ever see such impudence!" "Peace, peace! Mrs. Smith," said our hero; "all is right. Mrs. Brown has *your* letter in a mistake; they were mis-directed. Now she has got her *own*, she'll certainly give you *your's*." "That I will; I'll step and fetch it. I'll give ye any thing—take what you like—walk into the bar.—Come, let's be friends." Up stairs she jumped, kissing the letter, and exclaiming: "Poor dear, ill-treated, innocent fellow!" "I shall take nothing—not *I*," angrily muttered Mrs. Smith; "let me have *one* of the letters—the one I likes best." "Hush! Ma'am, be patient; here comes the widow." "There! Captain," said the latter; "there's the dear man's letter: I'm sure it's meant for Mrs. Smith." Strickland reads (hem!) "A black man is, you know, better than *no* man;" "Well, pray Mrs. Brown, what's that to *laugh* at?" interrupted the irritable Mrs. S. "Patience, patience! woman," said the reader, "I want but to be convinced that the letter is your's, and then you shall have it: (reads) hem! 'a young mullatto will be hatched—shall stand god-father.' Here, Mrs. Smith, 'tis yours—I need read no more." "Oh! yes, Sir," said the widow; "'tis as clear as day. Heaven defend *me* from hatching mullattoes!" "Marry come up! *Madam—you* never hatched any thing but a"—(Here Strickland put his hand gently on the irritated lady's mouth). "Well, I'm sure, *M-a-d-a-m*, a better woman than

you any day—.” “ Come, come, Mrs. Smith,” said Strickland, “ you have what is yours—now part *friends*.” Here Mrs. S. took her leave, muttering: “ Well, I’m sure!” two or three “ Marry, come ups,” and “ hatch mullatoes too. Dang me if that don’t beat cockfighting!” “ Now, Mrs. Brown,” said Strickland, “ in settling this business between you ladies.” “ *Ladies!*—Captain, I hope you do not mean to compare me to—.” “ Not in the least, Madam. When I said *ladies*, I spoke in reference to the *sex*, not to the *qualifications* of the parties. I should have said, between you and that abusive woman—I mean that I am much too late for dinner, can you—?” “ O yes, Sir, any thing—any thing that the house affords. The dear fellow! if there’s any expenses I’ll—.” “ There will not be—I’ll settle all that; but cannot do it ’till to-morrow.” To this the impatient widow was obliged to reconcile herself.

After taking a slight dinner, and having ascertained that Barney was still at his post, Strickland bent his steps towards his lodgings, resolved to watch himself, at dark. He walked but slowly. As the moments roll tardily on, thought he, how does my soul become more and more agitated? The rattling of each carriage wheel seems to penetrate my inmost fibres. Oh, what a season is this, of hopes and fears! Fly swift, ye lazy moments fly; this dread suspense is worse than certain knowledge of the worst calamity. But I’m at home. Oh! how I long for the happy hour, in which with joy I’ll say—will pour into a much-loved partner’s ear—‘ Now love *we* are at home.’ I hate that selfish pronoun *I*. Oh! what is man without a friend to share his woes—a partner to partake his joys? Tea was on the table when he entered.

“ I h  
waiti  
“ an  
could  
fathe  
and i  
upon  
hope  
me, S  
too,  
mela  
the f  
conte  
child  
know  
no te  
while  
I w  
“ He  
Mr. I  
caus  
*all*?  
attra  
hand  
have  
trust  
a let  
land-  
purs  
do I  
know  
yet

"I hope, my friends," said he, "I did not keep you waiting dinner?" Indeed you *did*, Sir," replied Mr. B.; "and here's my Robert (hold up your head, you ape) could scarcely eat; at every mouthful saying, 'But father, will not Captain Strickland think it *unkind*? and is it *not* unkind to eat, and wait no longer for him?' upon my word I already begin to feel jealous." "I hope not, Sir," said the Captain. "Nay, never heed me, Strickland; did he not love you, love you *dearly* too, he were not *mine*. But why that gloom, that melancholy? I trusted that we should meet you with the flush of joy, if not the smile of peace and calm content; is aught *amiss*?" "Not any thing; but child-like, I feel sad, peevish, or what you please, and know not why: I've but this moment dined, I need no tea; excuse me, Sir, I'll to my chamber for a while; perhaps you will join me there?" "I will, I will, Strickland, nor shall you await me long." "He's gone! a generous heart, a noble soul!" said Mr. B. All *loved* Strickland, and *why*? Was it because he loved and felt for *all*, relieved and pitied *all*? On reaching his chamber, our hero's eye was attracted by a letter; "What!" said he, "Frank's hand? this is indeed a day of wonders—this day I have almost learnt that yet I have a *son*—this day I trust I shall embrace a *wife*; and, to crown all, I have a letter from a *friend*; then why so *sad*?—say, Strickland—why so *melancholy*? After all my eager, warm pursuit—now that the object's just within my grasp—do I hesitate to seize it? I *do*—I *do*. The greatest knowledge, the rarest and most precious, I have not yet attained—

"Man—know thyself."

“ ’Tis true I love her, I adore her ; yet, shall I rest upon that bosom that once became a pillow to an ungrateful friend, a *base seducer*? My brain whirls ; I am sick, sick at heart ; my passions, feelings, love, direct me to one *point* ; while reason, judgment, and discretion, turn me to *another*. I cannot calmly think : then to the *letter*. The sun grows *low*, night crawl<sup>eth</sup> on apace ; this night, dread night, I fondly hoped would be a night of joy, and yet, ’tis little less than—— Ah! heart-rending, maddening thought! Should she be *pregnant*? If *so*: *Perish* the mis-begotten offspring of a villain! Turn, turn, O ye despairing thoughts, to somewhat else. It is his hand, ’tis Frank’s ; will *he* too prove untrue, *ungrateful*? *so* let him ;—Strickland lives—lives only while there is something worth living for ; and when there is not, Strickland *dies*. Yet such a death appals the trembling soul. When life’s curtain drops, shall I, like the beasts which perish, crumble into dust? no more perceive or feel? Or shall I, with the weight of thousand sins, lashed firmly to my shoulders, rush bloody, and unsummoned into the presence of that awful judge, before whose thunders nature bows? Methinks Barnard is *long* at tea. I dread *myself*. I fear to be alone ; yet am I not *alone*. One eye there is, whose piercing glance pervades all space, and dives into the innermost recesses of a mortal’s heart.

“ That there is a God, and an hereafter, the Bible and all creation speak aloud.

“ It must be so!

Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?

— — — — —

“  
feel  
havi  
seiz  
yes,  
nois  
alar  
trea  
my  
tati  
ene  
Wh  
lett  
yet  
my  
tro  
I  
hir  
anc  
len  
cie  
“C  
coc  
yet



'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

— — — — —  
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But thou (the soul) shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

“The blood flows sluggishly through my veins: I feel like the tired racer upon the turf, who, when having spent his *all* of strength, and just about to seize the prize, is suddenly benumbed, drops down—yes, the power of enjoyment's fled. Hark! I hear a noise, my trembling soul seems shaken with the least alarms; 'tis Barnard's foot; I hear his well-known tread; he comes to summon me to life.” “Why, my friend, so sad!” said Mr. B.; “and why this agitation? I heard you swiftly pace the room, and hastened up to learn the cause; sure there is nought *amiss*? What has happened thus to disturb your soul? That *letter*, brings it unwelcome news? Yet no, I see it yet remains unopened; open it, Strickland; open it, my friend, its glad contents may tend to ease your troubled soul.”

During the time that his friend was addressing him, our hero stood motionless, the picture of despair and perplexity; nor did he for some time reply; at length, turning to Mr. B., in a tone, which sufficiently expressed the anguish of his spirit, he said, “Oh, Barnard! you behold an *Inconstant*, a *Weathercock*: the prize I sought is just within my reach, and yet I hesitate to grasp it. Shall *I*, shall *I*, eat of the

*fallen* fruit? or batten on the rind and shell, when *he* enjoyed the kernel? Indeed I cannot—*will* not.’

“ But, Strickland, dispel these painful thoughts, my friend ;—I have read the *manuscript*, and yet, you have a *son*, who not *only* needs a *father*, such as you, but he, poor wandering boy, will also need a *mother*. When both were *far* beyond your réach, you eagerly pursued; yet now that heaven has placed them almost full before your view, you turn, and will not stretch your palsied hand to reach them. Fie! fie! think on the counsel that you once gave *me*; apply it to *yourself*, and strive to banish this despair. Come, come—my brother—friend—partner of my joys and griefs; I’ll break the seal—sit down and read the letter.”

“ Dear Sir,

“ I have just received your kind letter, and hearing that the *Venus* is about to sail, I sit down to answer it. I have called on Mr. Cole, your agent, and have received from him £100. on your account; enclosed you will find a draft on Hamilton and Co. for that sum. Your house seemed ruining, and the furniture spoiling for want of a tenant, we therefore thought it best to let it by the week (at three guineas) that should you suddenly return you may at once have it. I hope that what we have done meets your approbation; we did it for the best. And now, Sir, let me hear from you—hear *often*: you *must* know that no one feels more interested in your welfare than myself. I hope you have found the dear object of your search; *if* so—enjoy—forget—*forgive*. Let not a slavish fear of the world’s opinion alter your settled purpose; once

more united, Sir, you may, in some small village on the coast, reside in peace, unknowing and unknown. I know not what prompts me to make thus *free*, and offer my unasked advice ; but pray excuse me ; I am not a friend, an acquaintance but of *yesterday* : I know your sense of honour, your delicacy of feeling ; but let them not outweigh your sense of religion, justice, *mercy*. Strickland, my friend, I leave it to yourself ; if you hesitate whether to again accept or not ;—act as you would be acted by, and let it be in such a way, that on your dying pillow, you may have cause to say—‘ If I have erred, ’tis on the side of mercy’—then may you with confidence put in the plea—

“ That mercy I to *others* shewed,  
That mercy shew to me.

“ Write soon, dear Sir, to him who longs to hear further from you, and who ever continues

“ Your true friend,

“ F. NOBLE.

“ London, ———, 1813.”

“ Strickland !” exclaimed Mr. Barnard, “ you are blessed in having such a friend. He writes by inspiration ; his hand is guided by a superior power. That at such a moment, when such advice is truly wanted, it should so opportunely come, astonishes me. Come, Sir, come down—cheer up, and play the *man* ;—have you not prayed—supplicated Heaven for that dear gift, which may in a few hours be yours ? I know you have. And will you, ungrateful-like, *now* spurn it from you ? You cannot, must not, dare not. Come, we’ll walk out.” Here he placed his hand in

Strickland's arm, and led him passively into the street. "It is now dark," said the latter: "I will relieve the Irishman." "I will walk with you," said Mr. B.; "and when she arrives, see you safely enter. One sight again of her you love, will set all this to rights—think what a pleasure it will be to your poor cabin-boy—your defenceless son, when again you meet, (for I am sure 'tis he, and sure you *will* meet,) to find a father and a mother, happy and united? nor need he ever know it e'er was otherwise. Call mild persuasion into your countenance: it is not a common, *vulgar* mind with which you have to do; you know that she has carefully avoided you: that soul must needs be *virtuous*, that feels so great a weight of shame for *one* past fault, that bravely dares to mend, and bravely puts that daring into practice." Strickland's heart was too full to say *much*. He merely answered, "Your *brotherly* counsel, Barnard, and Noble's letter, have decided the conflict. I have made up my mind,—made it up before I left the house; the only doubt which now perplexes my soul is, as to whether she will have *me*." Having relieved Barney, they walked together a considerable time; during which Mr. B. informed our hero that he had received a pleasing letter from his daughter by the Venus. "It is almost nine," said the Captain; "she comes not yet: why tarry her chariot wheels? I am sick of hope—tired of delay: would that this night—this eventful night were passed.—But hark!—a carriage! it is—sustain me, Heaven!—'tis she herself alights! Grant me but strength to reach the door—to undergo this joyous, painful interview." "Hush!—rest awhile," said Barnard; "be composed—we are ob-

serv  
the  
gen  
—sc  
you  
in;  
per  
He  
out  
thou  
dull  
he  
eas  
with  
swe  
full  
He  
me  
how  
his  
ter  
Bar  
tho  
the  
the  
goc  
A  
re-p  
for  
the  
pre.  
"I  
you

served—I will without await your coming—Hush! the calash drives off—we are at the door. Knock gently, Strickland—you tremble!—I'll knock for you;—some one comes: I'm gone. Now, Strickland, if you love *me*—love *her*, play the man.” “He is gone in; he is entered,” thought Barnard; “Heaven prosper him! From my very soul I pity and respect him. He feels as I should feel myself; for could he, without an emotion of pain, take back to his arms a guilty, though penitent wife, I should indeed not envy his dull feelings. The night is cold—is bleak; methinks he is long. Poor Robert, too, I am sure will be uneasy; he knows not where I am: I left the house without so much as speaking to him. Dear boy!—sweet bud! that soon, I hope, will blossom into the full rose of happy manhood. But the door opens!—He comes—quite faint, exhausted. Strickland, let me take your arm. Come, my friend, let's home;—how fares it with you?” The Captain firmly grasped his friend's hand, but answered not a word. The latter felt most deeply for him. When half way home, Barnard regarded him attentively. “He's *pale*,” thought he; “his fine dark eyes are moistened with the tear of feeling and of tenderness.” On reaching their lodgings, Strickland at once bade his friend good night, and retired to his chamber to reflect alone.

About an hour had elapsed, and he had just finished re-perusing Mr. Noble's letter, when Robert tapped for admittance. “Come in, my boy; come in,” said the Captain, “Mrs. Clark has sent you *this*, Sir;” presenting a dry toast, and some port wine negus. “I hope you feel better, Sir; I'll sit and read by you as well as I am able, if you please;—perhaps

you would like me to stay all night;—I'm sure papa will let me." Here Mr. Barnard entered. "'Tis well!" said Strickland. "I can appreciate your kindness, Sir: I see you are about to ask me how I do. To spare the trouble, Sir, I am better; a night's repose will restore me to health and happiness. Robert has kindly offered to remain all night; I truly thank him, but shall decline his friendly offer. Good night, my boy; it is time you were in bed; I wish now to speak with your father." "Good night, Sir. Good night, papa; I shall be asleep before you come." Here the happy father whispered to his son. "I feel sufficiently recovered, Sir," said Strickland, "to give you an account of my interview with my Mary; for *mine* she truly is. I love her more than ever. I was shown into a parlour, and Madam Renvoyzé entered. 'You have a friend—a lodger—a companion with you, Madam?' said I. 'May I be permitted but to speak with her?' 'Certainly, Sir, if she is willing; I will step and ask her.' For a minute I seemed as if riveted to my chair. I heard her foot descend the stairs,—heard her with a trembling voice say, '*Who* can it be?' She entered; but oh! so *altered*, Barnard; could you have but seen what *once* she was, and see her *now*. She almost reached my chair, ere she discovered who I was, and then, overpowered with astonishment, she sank motionless upon a sofa. Till then, I had not had power to rise; but at *this* sight I ran—I *flew*, and pressed her to my bosom—to that bosom now *ever* reconciled to her. Madam R. and I restored her to herself. But *why* need I dwell upon the meeting? She accepts my protection on the passage home, but only as

the protection of a *brother*. 'Let twelve months pass,' said she, 'from my recovery, and though I shall never think myself worthy Strickland, if *you* then think so, then—*then* I am yours, but not before.' To-morrow morning I shall repeat my visit: I will trust to time and assiduity to overcome her resolution." "She has acted wisely, *prudently*, not to rush at once into your expectant arms," said Barnard; "and for so resolving, deserves still more your love and your esteem. Visit her, my friend; introduce her here, if she is agreeable; call her your widowed sister, just arrived from Kingston, to accompany you to England; no one *here* but *myself*, and perhaps, Madam Renvoyzé, knows to the contrary—but I hear my son upon the stairs. You need repose: to-night he is your bed-fellow." "This is kind, Sir; and yet I *see* through it all: you fear to trust me by *myself*: and *well* you may, after the specimen of weakness you have seen this afternoon; but it is all over, Barnard;—I knew not what a wife I had lost, nor can enough rejoice that *now* I have found her. Come in, Robert; I see you have brought your night-clothes with you." "Good night Sir. Good night, my child," said Mr. B., laying his hand upon his son's head, and with eyes uplifted, ejaculating, "Heaven bless, defend, and watch over you to-night and ever!" The youth knelt down with reverence, received the impressive blessing, then rose, and showed his parent out. "Now, Robert, my boy," said Strickland, "it is not enough that you possess the blessing of your *earthly* father: kneel down, and beg the blessing of your *heavenly* Parent; *that done*, put out the light, and into bed."

Strickland and his little companion, contrary to the expectation of the former, were soon fast locked in the arms of sleep. "Oh! how I rejoice," said Barnard, as he pressed his lonely pillow, "in Strickland's happiness; I have done well to let him have my son, although I miss him *here*; should the poor gentleman remain awake, relapse into his melancholy mood, the cheerful prattle of my boy will tend to enliven, to tranquillize his soul. I have cautioned him to remain *awake* until his friend is *asleep*."

Now, gentle-reader, having already overstepped the limits I had assigned myself, and having attained the chief object I had in view—the recovery of the 'Fugitives,' I think I might, without impropriety, now drop the curtain on this my little drama. But it may be recollected that I have brought an old acquaintance (Peter) into a scrape; and it is as contrary to my principles, as I trust it is to *yours*, not to use my endeavours to extricate him; the poor widow, too, now burns with expectation to bid him a welcome home. Nor have I yet discovered whether the poor 'cabin-boy,' (whose little tale has, I trust, afforded thee some amusement,) is or is not Strickland's son. From all these considerations, I am induced to tax thy patience a little longer; assuring thee, that I shall, in the remainder of our journey together, study brevity, as much as the *importance* of the subject will permit.

C  
I  
  
T  
Mr.  
bre  
rep  
mil  
no  
imp  
to b  
nar  
join  
Kir  
cen  
gloc  
finc  
not  
am  
too  
the  
anc  
res  
the  
Sir  
Ca  
us,  
offi  
Ro



## CHAPTER XXV.

Oh! bounteous heaven, and is there yet more joy in store?  
I thank thee for thy gifts, and ask but *one* boon more.

THE whole family, including the lodgers, surrounded Mr. Clark's breakfast table, sooner than usual. "We breakfast *early*," said Strickland. "We do, Sir," replied Mr. C.; "my daughter is governess, in a family at Loretto; her time of leave expires to-day, we now intend to see her back." "But that I have an important visit to pay," said the Captain, "I should beg to be one of the party." "Yes, Madam," said Barnard, turning to Mrs. Clark, "my friend has been joined here by a much-loved relation, his sister from Kingston, one whom the cruel chances of war has recently deprived of a husband:—nay, chace away that gloom, Strickland, *all* must *die*; she, perhaps, may find a *better* partner; egad! if she wanted one, and I not quite so old, for the respect I bear the brother, I am sure I should love the *sister*, aye! and wed her, too, myself. You smile, Sir, smile on; but only say the word, that you are tired of being her protector, and I'll take that office on *myself*." "Nay, Mr. B.," resumed Mrs. Clark, "you are *premature*; first give the Captain time to try, he cannot *yet* be tired: besides, Sir, how know you that the lady will like you? Come, Captain Strickland, bring her hither, introduce her to us, and if Mr. B. is really serious, I will use my good offices to promote the match." "What say you, Robert, to a mother?" said Mr. B. turning to his son,

"How should you like one?" "Dearly! dearly, father, *if* she is Captain Strickland's sister; for then, you know, Sir, (turning to our hero) you would be my *uncle*." "All this chit-chat," said Clark, "is mighty well—come, Charlotte, *eat*, my girl; if these good people choose to talk the breakfast cold, *you*, you know, have no time to lose." "I thank you for the hint, Sir," said Strickland, "I want to be stirring abroad early too; and Mr. B., as you propose writing to England this morning, by the time you have finished, I will join you, and beg your company, in a little trip that I have planned out, when I shall have the pleasure to introduce you to an *old* acquaintance, in a *new* situation—nay, nay, no explanations *now*;—Farewell!"

"He is gone," said Barnard, "and, thank heaven, in spirits too."—"Is it true, papa, that the Captain's sister is come?" "True! child,—why should you doubt it, did you not hear me say *so*, but just now." "Forgive me, Sir, pray, be not angry, but you said it with such an unusual look—I thought, perhaps, you was in jest; or,"—"Enough! my child, (I am glad to find, thought Barnard, that a lie sits on me with such an awkward grace, that even this child perceives there's somewhat incorrect; but he must not suspect the truth,) she is really come, Robert, and we all purpose to embark for England together." "I am glad to hear it, Sir; but, papa, I have not yet seen Peter, whom I have heard you speak about?" "Nor I, my boy; perhaps, he is the old acquaintance Strickland spoke about, and now standing in the *new* situation of a husband; and as no vessel will sail before the Venus; I'll put my letter off. Put on your hat, my

boy, we'll steal a march upon the Captain, and see how master Peter looks as landlord: I'll warrant me now, he looks as jolly as rosy-faced Bacchus himself, astriding a tun."

Mr. Barnard had had but just time to obtain an account from the widow, of the mistake occasioned by the letters, and Peter's subsequent impressment, before he was joined by our hero, from a morning visit he had paid to his (now) sister. "What!" said he, smiling, "you have guessed, Sir, to whom I meant to introduce you, eh? Now, Mrs. Brown, one cup of your best, and I am off, aboard the frigate. I shall, I hope, deliver Peter from the KING, and give him up to *you*, the *queen*, of hearts." The widow simpered, bridled up and produced a bottle of her 'particular;' and Mr. B. and Robert having agreed to accompany our hero, they were about to depart, when Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "Bless me, gentlemen, as I live, here comes Blackee; I mean Mr. Smith, posting up the street. Poor fellow! he is in great distress, since he found out the mistake, and doing all he can to get my—I mean, to get Mr. Philpot off." "Ask him into the parlour, Mrs. Brown," said Strickland. "What! Massa Stricklant, Massa Barnart here!" said Quimbo, "Your serbant, gentlymen." "Harkee! fellow," said Barnard, elevating his voice in feigned anger, "what have you done with Peter, Sir? You have got him pressed, I hear; but d—n your black hide, if we do not get him off again, devil take me but I'll tan it white." "Me sorry, Massa, berry sorry; me lub poor Peter, but me tink him lub my wife." "'Tis well, Sir," said Strickland, "and when he is liberated, we expect you will make an apology for your ill treat-

ment of him." " Me beg him pardon, Massa, me beg him pardon." " Now then, Mrs. Brown, if we succeed, within two hours you will see us here again." " Thanks, Sir, heaven speed you in your errand."

" Now then, for the frigate, gentlemen: the widow is, I find, already making preparations for a sumptuous dinner,—I heard her whisper to the girl, ' sirloin of beef, a goose, some fruit.' " She has already discovered, I suppose," said Mr. B., " that her *charming* fellow loves his belly; but it pours a torrent, jump, my boy! jump, Strickland, into this little ale-house, for a moment." " What! Barney here?" said the Captain. " Faith, and I am, your honour, who but meself? and this good jontlewoman is my countrywoman; she and meself comes from three miles beyond swate Tipperary. Was yese after wanting Barney, sure, or was it the rane that fetched your honour in?" " Should it not be, *drove* you in?" " By me sowl, and yese may say that; it is a bit of an Irish bull sure." " Now *mind* me, Mr. Sul—O'Sullivan, I mean, I expect to see my friend, the captain of the *Venus*, to-morrow; do you call at my lodgings, to-morrow night, and I will let you know what he says about your passage." " Won't I be there then? and couldn't he be after taking *two*, your honour; here's my croney, Tim, and a tight boy he is, as ever flourished a shillelah." " That is an *after* consideration," tartly replied the Captain, " make sure of *your own* passage first. Come, Sirs, let us proceed, it holds up." The gentlemen were followed to the door by the two Paddies, with many illegant bows, sure, and plenty of ' Long life's to your honour.'

Strickland and his friends were soon introduced to

the  
in f  
mac  
shoc  
per  
if I  
Nel  
gen  
my  
the  
Eng  
and  
dri  
sha  
Sir  
I h  
the  
of-  
laug  
oug  
lanc  
ser-  
you  
tha  
the  
you  
last  
cap  
sku  
ser-  
chc  
I fe  
nig

the noble commander of the frigate, who was attired in full uniform, and about to go ashore. Upon being made acquainted with our hero's name, &c. he heartily shook his hand, saying, "I have not the honour of a *personal* knowledge of you, Captain Strickland, but, if I recollect aright, you fought under the immortal Nelson, at Trafalgar." "The same, Sir." "Come, gentlemen, walk into the cabin—take seats: and you, my little fellow, (turning to Robert), perhaps this is the first time you ever visited the wooden walls of old England, Great Britain's pride, her glory, the dread, and envy of her overweening foes? You shall first drink 'success to the navy,' and then a midshipman shall show you over the ship." "With your leave, Sir," said Mr. B. "I will accompany them;—though I have been many years at Bengal, and thrice across the seas, it is the first time I set foot on board a man-of-war." "You are welcome, Sir." After which, laughing, the commander added, "But first, you ought to pay your footing." "Now Captain Strickland, is there any way in which a brother officer can serve you? sure you have not been *shipwrecked*—lost your vessel upon the coast?" "Not quite so bad as that, Sir; I am on the half-pay list." "What! on the list! young as you are, and in the height of war? you quite surprise me." "It is no less *true*:—the last action I was in, was in the Mediterranean; we captured our antagonist, but I was fractured in the skull; and yet, so slightly, Sir, that I am as fit for service *now*, as ever; but some Jacks in office do not choose to think so." "I am sorry, truly sorry; it is, I fear, many a brave man's case. We sail in a fortnight, if you want a passage, I will accommodate you,

and your friends : you half-pay officers, no doubt, see many banyan days, eh ? Come, Strickland, tell me, is there any thing else I can do for you ; my time, just now, is short ; I have an appointment with the deputy governor." " I thank you, Sir, heartily, but my sister and friends are already provided with a passage. The chief cause of my visit is simply this : we have been some distance up the country ; meanwhile, your men have pressed my servant." " If that's all, Captain, he is yours this instant ; a note, a word would have done the business : what is his name, Sir ?" upon being informed, he added, " Here ! Quarter-master, send aft Peter Philpot. Should you change your mind, Sir," said he, turning to Strickland, " in the frigate, with your friends, you are welcome to take your passage : but here comes your man, I take it ; — Mr. Newton, let this man be instantly set on shore ; and you, Captain, will, perhaps, land with *me*. On Wednesday I shall be on board all day ; perhaps, it will suit you, and your little party, to then come aboard, and dine with me ?" Strickland gratefully accepted the invitation ; and while the boatswain, with his shrill whistle, and with a hoarse voice, exclaimed, " Pass the word for the gig's crew !" our hero told Barnard, he would await him on the beach.

But a few minutes sufficed to land the Captains, when, Captain —, turning to Strickland, said, " I'm d—d sorry to sheer off so soon, but 'needs must when the devil drives ;' if you were but rigged in uniform, I would introduce you to the dons at the castle,—but I must needs say farewell ! yet harkee, Sir, you are far from home, excuse my freedom, if you are unfortunately taken aback, you know where to come

to, a  
Sir,  
your  
poss  
out  
land  
fore  
Bar  
forg  
let r  
your  
son  
" H  
ing  
" as  
Bro  
Pet  
othe  
so h  
you  
that  
mir  
my  
gru  
" V  
Bro  
did  
are  
was  
dor  
cle  
we  
bus

to, at any rate I hope again to see you." "You shall, Sir, I feel too highly flattered and obliged to neglect your invitation." The Captain, thought Strickland, possesses the warm heart of an English sailor, without a seaman's roughness; but the boat is at hand, is landed. "Avast there, Peter, what? jump out before your master?" "He's his *own* master," said Barnard, "and seems so glad to find it so, that he forgets himself and us." "Not so, your Honour, let me alone for recollecting all your kindnesses,—young master there, I suppose, is your little long-lost son; he's more like you, Sir, than Capt. Strickland." "He is my son," said Barnard, involuntarily squeezing Robert's hand. "And now," said Strickland, "as it is in our way, we mean to pilot you to widow Brown's, your quarrel is all made up; come on then, Peter, she expects your coming, a smoking goose and other dainties await thee; but perhaps you have fed so heartily in the frigate that you will now turn up your nose at goose?" "Let me alone for not doing that, your Honour. At first the allowance put me in mind of that confounded Newfoundlander; says I to myself says I, you must cast about, Peter, to get more grub, and so, your Honour, I made love to the cook." "What! what? make love, and so forget poor widow Brown!" "Lord bless your Honour, just as if you didn't know the cook was a *man*; but I see, Sir, you are having a game with me; I offered to assist, to wash up, to clean out dishes, and"—"Oh, devil doubt ye," said Barnard, "if you mean cleaning or clearing out dishes, he found ye very handy; but *here* we are." Poor Peter hesitated to go in, the widow bustled to the door to welcome him. "Avast, widow!"

said Strickland, "the cruel man has been making love to a *cook*, you know not *all*."

By this time Peter had led (without much difficulty,) the yielding widow into an adjoining room. "Upon my word," said Strickland, purposely raising his voice, "*this* is, I think, a sweet reception; Master Philpot is ushered into the private room, while *we*, who have rescued him from the 'bilboes,' are left to stare at each other without a 'thank ye' for our pains." "But see, they come," said Barnard, laughing, "sure such a pair." "Pray, gentlemen," said the blushing widow, (mind, she *really blushed*; I merely repeat it, as many of my readers, if ever I have the luck to get many, may be apt to think that a *widow's* blushing days are over,) "pray be seated, I return you many thanks for this act of kindness." "And so do *I*, your Honours," said Peter; "says I to myself, I'm sure when Captain Strickland hears I am *here*, that is gentlemen, on board the frigate, he'll, that is *your Honour*, will get me off; but, gentlemen, perhaps you'll stay and dine, they're heartily welcome, arn't they, Mary? I think you said a goose, is it a *big* one, and a sirloin?" Confound the fellow's impudence, thought Barnard, he already thinks himself *at home*. "Pray stay," said the widow, "you are very welcome."

Our friends, however, declined the invitation, and dined at their lodgings. After which, Strickland once more bent his willing steps towards the centre of his hope,—his love. Returning rather late, he took Mr. B. aside, saying, "It is my happiness, Sir, to inform you, that I have spent a few of the pleasantest, sweetest hours of my life. Madam R., kindly guessing

tha  
sist  
abo  
She  
me  
resp  
cier  
que  
del  
ver  
the  
hea  
lop  
kne  
pos  
hap  
pe  
he  
ma  
us ;  
br  
tr  
tha  
my  
kne  
he  
th  
tion  
to-  
poc  
on  
for  
on



that we wished to be alone, leaving me with my—sister, to enjoy an uninterrupted conversation of above two hours, which seemed to me but a moment. She has not yet overcome the shock occasioned by our meeting. I have told her the hopes I entertain as it respects our son, and she has promised, when sufficiently recovered, to accompany me to Orleans, and question the girls herself, wisely imagining that their delicacy may prevent them from making any discoveries to a *man*. To-morrow I pass the day with her, the thought of again embracing our child cheers her heart: this conversation with her, Barnard, has developed her principles, her information; and, *much* as I knew before, I confess, the fund of knowledge she possesses quite astonishes me. Oh! my friend, I am happy, *happy*; it is not the mere possession of her person that I seek. I am richly blest in having gained her heart. I have told her that an English gentleman, and his son, intend to take their passage with us; that you are a stranger to the business which brought me to Canada. I have also promised to introduce you to her as soon as she gets better.” “I thank you, Strickland, and will set such a watch upon my lips,—my looks, that she shall never suspect I know the secret; but what name do you intend to call her?” “Madam Belcour, her maiden name; for, though a native of England, she is of French extraction. Robert I intend, if you please, to take with me to-morrow.” “I’m glad on’t, glad on’t, Strickland, poor child! he needs a mother; if Madam Belcour, on our passage home, will in some wise overlook and form him, she will indeed confer a mighty obligation on me: and mind me, Captain, I am a man of but

few words, yet, when you have found your son, as I am almost sure you will, recollect I will do for *him* what once you wished to do for mine ; that is, provide for him handsomely, and lend him a helping hand through life ; there, there now, this calls for no reply, it is a thing settled in *my* mind, and 'pon my word it *shall* be so."

Strickland felt the full force of Barnard's friendship, and shook his hand in warmth of gratitude ; after which, the two friends having agreed to write word to Graham of their intention to dine aboard with him on Saturday, they sat down to supper. " Now, my boy," said Strickland, turning to Robert, " how fare ye ? think not that though I have another object now to attract my notice, it engrosses *all* my heart ; I still think of *you*, my man." (Robert bowed.) " How liked you our wooden bulwark, our British frigate ? shows she not her teeth bravely, child ?" " She *does*, Sir, if by her *teeth* you mean her *guns*." " I do, my boy, *well* guessed, I see there's store of brains in that same little noddle, you will do well to cultivate them ; I will buy some books, your dad, (excuse the *freedom*, Sir,) and I upon the passage will take our turns to instruct you ; it is hard indeed, if, between us and the blessing of Providence co-operating, we do not succeed in making a man of you, an *honest* man, I aim at nothing higher, for justly has the poet said,

" An honest man is the noblest work of God."

" I thank you, Sir," replied the youth, " and if you find me a dull scholar, I hope it will not be from want of attention ; nor will I, if I at all can help it, shame your pains." " I will be sworn thou wilt not."

N  
tain  
I al  
nat-  
lips,  
Sure  
thou  
have  
retu  
He h  
will  
thou  
W  
to h  
sobe  
ing i  
they  
or P  
cast.  
man  
the  
could  
day,  
arriv  
Pete  
and  
has l  
upon  
to th  
in th  
St  
from  
by h

Now to write to honest Graham, thought the Captain, as he shut the chamber door. I know not why I always apply the term *honest* to him, it comes as naturally into my mind, and passes as freely from my lips, as though 'twere part and parcel of his name. Surely he will not suspect that she is not my sister, thought Strickland, as he folded up the letter. I have already promised the poor fellow that I would return with him, how can I, then, disappoint him? He has met with many losses too,—our passage-money will be a little lift,—it *must* be so. Now, O bed! though still a *lonely* bed, contentedly I'll press thee.

What up, what risen before the sun? said our hero to himself, tis true, I am; grey morning streaks with sober light the summits of yon lofty trees, which, towering in the mist, seem loftier, larger, and nearer than they really are. One might almost think Point Levi, or Point Leavy, as Barney calls it, was but a stone's cast. I'll look up the different parts of Edward's manuscript, and read them to my Mary. *Edward!* the name sounds sweetly to my ear, would that I could say, *my* Edward;—perchance at some not distant day, such, such may be my happy lot. No luggage arrived yet? I feel a little anxious too about poor Peter; surely he is not deceiving that *fond* woman, and wedding her merely for her *wealth*? Barnard has little to do: I'll get him to question him closely upon the subject; to prevent misery is almost equal to the conferring happiness. There's no one stirring in the house, I'll forth and take the morning air.

Strickland strolled carelessly along the water side from wharf to wharf, while the brisk Canadians bustled by him to gain their ships, and resume their daily

labour. Vast quantities of fish were being landed near the market, and boats with meat, poultry, and vegetables from various parts pushed in, in swift succession. How many *work*, thought he, while others *sleep*? How many an idler is there resting many hours after the sun, who will haggle for a penny in the price of an article he needs, forgetting that the poor slave who brings his produce to market, has, perhaps, toiled all night in cold and rain, needs every farthing he can scratch together, to pay his rent, to feed and clothe his children; this conduct on the part of the opulent is *not well*. But passengers, I see, are landing, and here's Barney too, with some of his countrymen, looking out for a job; the fellow is industrious, and therefore the more deserving of what I mean to do for him.

Our hero's kind heart was doubly gratified, by discovering that his and his fellow traveller's luggage had arrived, and by being able to give Mr. O'Sullivan and his croney, Tim, a job to convey it to Mr. Clark's. "Long life to your Honour!" said Barney, "we are the boys, sure, that will take them, won't we, Tim?" "Arrah, faith! and yese may say that!" The Captain soon joined the family at the breakfast table. "You have gained the start of us to-day, Sir," said Mr. B. "but you know *I* am a lay a bed—here's Robert longs to accompany you in your morning rambles." "I do, Sir; perhaps, Captain, when you walk again, you will very gently knock at the chamber door, so as not to awake my father, I'll quickly dress, and if you please, walk with you?" "What says your father to it?" said Strickland. "I am most willing, Sir," said he. "the little flatterer has taken such possession of my heart, that he already knows I cannot refuse him any

thir  
lon  
hav  
ant  
saic  
wrc  
att  
of  
ful  
anc  
bee  
bu  
sio  
tur  
he  
  
aft  
mu  
'M  
fee  
ou  
"r  
E.  
co  
fin  
pk  
D.  
pr  
ca  
or  
sa  
ct  
he

thing." After breakfast, Strickland spent the live-long day with his sister, and thought it short; to have seen him hang upon her chair, watch every look, anticipate each little want, a stranger would have said, "*This*, this is an adoring *lover*, rather than a wronged *husband*;" but her's were accomplishments, attractions, far above the common sort,—to a figure of imposing majesty, a gait of dignity, fine features, full, expressive eyes;—was joined the softness, grace, and delicacy of a virgin in her teens; but had *this* been all, it had not been enough to captivate our hero, but when she spoke, such elegance, such soft persuasion dwelt upon her pouting lips, that he hung enraptured o'er her,—seemed not to move, or breathe, lest he should lose one honeyed accent.

Madam Renvoyzé, who was an adept at music, after tea sat down to the piano; and, by dint of much persuasion, Strickland's sister played and sang 'My Native Highland Home,' with such taste and feeling, as drew a tear of hope, of retrospection into our hero's eye. "Thank Heaven!" thought he, "my Mary and myself will soon behold our native *English* home." "I love music," said Madam Belcour, "love it dearly, cheerful or sad, I can always find an air to please me; with Madam R. I have often played and sang that favourite ballad, 'Mary's Dream;' her voice is an excellent second." "Then, pray, my dear, let us have it now! *my* presence cannot, of course, at all affect the performance; then *one* more air is all I'll ask you for to-night." She sat down to the instrument, it was twilight, and its chaste light beamed full upon her lofty marble forehead, her fine eyes were uplifted, and her fingers wan-

dering o'er the keys by way of prelude—Strickland felt entranced, and whispered to himself, "And is that being once again my own? She *is*, I feel it *here*," laying his hand impressively upon his heart; "but list! my soul, nor lose one tender plaintive note—

"The moon had climb'd the highest hill,  
Which borders o'er the face of Dee."

---

At the conclusion of the song, her pensive face was bathed in tears, she turned a look of tenderness, of supplication, towards her faithful Strickland. "I am *ill*, Robert, leave me, now, to take repose; but first I will play you the air you mean—the air I nightly played when you were in the 'service,' when absent fighting your country's battles, and bravely warring for your country's king. I mourned your absence, but still looked forward with hope, with *confidence*, for your return; I anticipated the pleasure of meeting you; yes, a faithful wife longed for the quick return of a no less faithful husband. But, Oh! Strickland, how is it with me *now*? I feel abashed to meet your tender gaze—I feel—forgive me!—go—stay not so long to-morrow, use me, Robert, to see you by degrees." "No more, my Mary! no more, my *love*! you have forgotten our solemn contract—that all that is past is never again to be dwelt upon, no, not even in thought; come, my love, shake off these gloomy retrospections, and play the air, and let me see if you have guessed the one I mean.

"Oh where! and Oh where! is your Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the French for King George upon his throne;  
And its Oh! in my heart, and I wish him safe at home."

"T  
ceed r  
embri  
spend  
which  
"V  
"mae  
in lov  
Brow  
to giv  
wed a  
and h  
you h  
*dearl*  
lar fe  
thus e  
the w  
in all  
servir  
'Be t  
for th  
it is a  
comfc  
I hav  
bring  
said S  
and  
their  
heart  
Stric  
spirit  
less g  
mind

“Thanks! thanks, my dear! it is the same, proceed no farther, it is too much for you. One chaste embrace, and then farewell; to-morrow I will but spend an hour with you, and then aboard the ship in which we intend to sail, to dine.”

“Well, Strickland,” said Barnard after supper, “master Peter, it seems, is *really* over head and ears in love with that same plump, blooming widow, Mrs. Brown. I asked him if it was *cash* he wanted, offered to give, or lend him some, rather than that he should wed a woman he did not love, and so deceive himself and her. He replied, ‘I thank your Honour, I thank you heartily, but I’ve made up my mind, I love her *dearly*, Sir.’ ‘And pray, Peter,’ said I, ‘what particular feature, attraction, charm, or accomplishment, has thus ensnared your amorous heart?’ ‘The *whole*, Sir, the whole, for take her all in all, there isn’t such another in all Quebec.’ In short, Sir, he concluded with observing, ‘I love *her*, because she dearly doats on *me*.’ ‘Be to her a kind husband, then,’ said I. ‘Let me alone for that, Sir,’ replied he. And now, Strickland, that it is a *done* thing, it strikes me, that they will be very comfortable, and what, perhaps, you will scarcely credit, I have partly promised to be at the wedding, and to bring you with me.” “Perhaps it is all for the best,” said Strickland, “the fellow is honest, and industrious, and well cut out for the profession; the difference of their ages is, at most, I should think, six years: I heartily wish him success.” Early in the morning, Strickland bounded from his bed full of life and spirits; a glass stood opposite, and as he took a careless glance, he observed to himself, “How much the mind sympathizes with the body? restored almost to

happiness, health begins again to resume her empire over my cheeks ; I look, and what is still better, I *feel* another man.—What ! raining ! then I and Robert lose our morning's walk ; I'll take him with me on my visit, his presence will prevent us from adverting to the painful topic—*past errors*."

On descending to breakfast, Strickland found his young friend there before him. "What ! first man at the breakfast table," said the Captain, "you growing youngsters feel no lack of appetite, eh ? did you hear me knock this morning ?" "No, Sir, nor do I think you did ; I laid awake, and heard the rain beat against the windows, and judged you would not walk this morning ; but *now*, Sir, see, it is *fine* !" "I see it is, my boy, and, with your father's permission, I'll take you with me to my *sister*." "With all my heart, Sir," said Mr. B., just entered. On their way, Robert turned to his friend, and asked, "What is your sister's name, Sir ?" "*Name*, child ? Oh ! *Madam Belcour*." "*Belcour* ! it is a pretty name ; she will not be angry at my coming ?" "No, no, my boy, she wishes for your coming, *expects* you." "I'm glad of it, Sir ; but see ! we are in the market-place, may I not buy some fruit to take the lady ?" "By all means, if you wish it ?" Strange ! thought he, that this idea should enter into the boy's mind ; in *my* visits I never so much as thought of taking her any thing—Robert has taught me a lesson ; he cannot have *already* discovered that ladies like little presents, little attentions, but if he has not, 'tis like, ere many years he will, and find out too, that they like *many* of them ; but here he comes, loaded, and putting up his purse, it seems too large a sum to intrust to the

hand.  
well  
of hi  
on n  
for t  
thoug  
" If  
the s  
you  
gene  
gant,  
which  
indus  
neve  
fathe  
for ac  
A  
velle  
his e  
natur  
the l  
twelv  
and  
the c  
Both  
delig  
pianc  
whisp  
the l  
A  
and  
Belc  
frien



hands of such a youth. Strickland might have as well *said* so, for the shrewd boy guessed the meaning of his astonished look, and said, "I spend but little on *myself*, Sir, and shall reserve the contents of this for those I may see in *want*." I could hug him, thought our hero, for possessing a feeling heart. "If such is the use, my boy, you mean to put it to, the sum can scarcely be too great; but let me caution you to let prudence and discrimination direct your generosity, otherwise, while you enrich the extravagant, the idle, and debauched, you exhaust that fund, which, if properly applied, might bless the unfortunate, industrious, and therefore, *deserving* poor." "I am never by myself, Sir," said the youth, "you, or my father, are always at hand, and I can apply to either for advice, before I dispose of any sum of consequence."

A few minutes sufficed to introduce our little traveller to Madam Belcour and her friend; he made his *entré*, and presented the fruit with such ease and natural politeness, as charmed our hero, and pleased the ladies. "Where can this child, who is scarcely twelve," thought he, "have acquired all this grace and politeness, it must be a natural gift, or is rather the offspring of good nature, of a desire to please." Both ladies played some airs to Robert, he was quite delighted, it was the first time the rich tunes of a piano had reached his ear, "May I come again, Sir?" whispered he to Strickland. "Let us first hear what the *ladies* say," was his reply.

A couple of hours passed in agreeable conversation, and when our hero rose to take his leave, Madam Belcour said, "You will let me often see your little friend, Sir; he is a man in miniature, and calls to

my mind such pleasing thoughts, such joyful hopes, that I think I should never be tired of his company." Robert felt his colour rise. Youth are not insensible to praise, "and from the lips of *such* a lady, too," thought he. He wished to *speak*, yet only bowed. "Your sister has but anticipated *my* wishes, Captain," said Madam R. "You will come and see us often, I hope, my little Sir?" "I *will*, Madam," eagerly replied the frank boy, "as often as you please, and thank ye too, ladies." "You see he will be a *man*," said Strickland, smiling.

At the gangway of the *Venus*, our friends were welcomed by the open-hearted Graham. "Strickland, my tar," said he, "I need not say how glad I am to see you; and you, Mr. Barnard. And here I see," turning to Robert, "is another old shipmate. I am rejoiced to see you, my little tar; you have *grown*, I find." "Surely, Graham," said our hero, "you take every body for *tars*?" "Every honest heart I do. But come below, my friends: I have been expecting you. The *Venus*, you see, has got safe back; the old girl still carries a clean pair of heels. We were too late for convoy, sailed a fortnight after the fleet, and after all, got here within a week as soon as they. I have mounted a couple of 'bull dogs' more;" (Robert stared: "*Teeth*,—teeth, child," whispered Strickland;) "with our six guns and two swivels, I'll warrant us a match for a privateer with fourteen."

An excellent dinner was soon served up, after which an arrangement was made for the passage of Mr. B. and his son, for Strickland and his sister, and also for a maid, whom he contemplated hiring. "We

shall be a snug party of ourselves," said Graham; "I'll take no more." Here Strickland took an opportunity to beg a passage for Barney. "Send the Pat aboard," said Graham; "I can employ him in scrubbing the sides, washing the decks, or manning the falls, and will pay him by the day, the same as the gang in the hold; for we must be ready in ten days, or we shall lose convoy: the other ships were partly laden when we arrived." "I am glad to hear we go so soon," said Strickland. Graham pushed the grog around. "And so, my little gentleman, we are to have you for a *cabin* passenger this time, it seems. Mind but your P's and Q's, and Strickland and I will teach you how to box the compass; and if you choose to be a sailor, who knows but we may fit you to be made an admiral? Here's your health my boy; and here's your sister's, old messmate. D—n me if I a'nt glad we are going to have a *woman* in the ship; it will be like living in a white-limed chamber;—you'll stay aboard all night? I'll contrive to stow ye away somewhere. Ho! boy! another decanter of brandy!—d'ye hear? I saw your daughter, Sir," turning to Barnard; "she's a sailor: I mean a *lady*, every inch of her." "I am glad you did, Captain," said Mr. B. "But it grows late: 'tis time we landed." In spite of honest George's importunities, our friends landed at an early hour, and Strickland sent word to Barney, to repair on board the *Venus* by daybreak on the following day.

While the party sat at supper, a knocking was heard at the door. "Sure," said Strickland, "I know that voice. 'Tis she herself—poor Margery Brown! and dripping too with wet. You *know* her, Robert?" "Indeed I do, Sir; I have reason to know and re-

spect her." "Walk in, and welcome," said our hero; "you have had a roughish journey of it?" "I have, Sir, but I am near at home; a few miles from this place, I have a sister; I only need a lodging for the night. Thank God! I have left my madness upon the 'Border.' I should not have hurried here so soon, Sir, but I thought, perhaps you might be gone; for a day or two ago, in looking over the chest, Dame Bussel found a little box, with this direction; it appears to have been *long* written:—'If aught betide me, *this* for R. Barnard, it is his own.—T. Barnard.' I thought, perhaps it might be of *consequence*." "I thank you, ma'am; we *all* thank you; but *this* is Robert's father: the box I'll hand to *him*." "So that the poor child *gets* it," said the old woman, "'tis all one to Margaret." Barnard opened the box, and hastily glancing at its contents, said to himself:—"This for Edward Williams; if he is Strickland's son, it shall be his own."

The faithful and kind-hearted old woman was promptly accommodated with a bed, and Strickland having requested that she would not leave Quebec on the morrow, before he had had some conversation with her, they all retired to rest.

---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"Then, oh! protect the hardy tar,—be mindful of his merit;  
And when again you're plung'd in war, he'll show his daring spirit."

STRICKLAND arose early. It was the morning of a fine autumnal day; the summer's sun had tinged the trees and fields with a golden tint; all was still and si-

lent in the port; the sturdy sons of labour had not yet left their balmy sleep; save when now and then a canoe or boat passed by for market, all seemed tranquil—calm as death. “How well,” thought he, “accords this peaceful scene with my *now* peaceful soul! I have found the dear object which I came to seek, and should Edward be my long-lost child, I yet may clasp a prize I fancied lost for ever. Is Robert awake, or sleeps he still? I’ll softly knock.” “I’m getting ready, Sir,” whispered the delighted boy, through the key-hole. In a few minutes they were in the street. “This is kind, very kind, Captain Strickland, to take so much trouble to oblige me. Papa is still asleep. It wants three hours to breakfast time.” “It does, my boy; we’ve ample time to take a round. This is the Roman Catholic cathedral, and though scarcely six o’clock, you see some aged women crossing its venerable portal, to pay their early devotions to the Virgin. Poor mistaken beings! And yet, alas! how few there are of us, with all our privileges of better knowledge,—sounder faith,—a purer creed, that pay that devotion to the true God, which they do to the Virgin, or her image? You hear a church bell chiming,—’tis the Angeleuse, or Ave Maria,—Hail! Mary, full of grace, &c.,—and rung in the Roman churches early each morning, in honour of her. Let’s in, my boy; we can return our thanks to our Creator for his blessings, and lay before him all our wants, in any place, and sure our prayers will not be less acceptable, though offered up in such a church as this.” On entering, Strickland whispered, “This, Robert, is holy water, with which the Catholics cross themselves on

entering their churches. *We* need it not ; for if our hearts are right with God, he will accept our prayers for his Son's sake : but if they are not, 'tis not a sea of holy *water* can make them so." Strickland knelt down, and at some distance from him, Robert. On quitting the cathedral, he turned to Robert : " I feel refreshed in soul, my boy. 'Tis well to know we have a Friend to fly to, when we need his aid ; 'tis also well to thank him when he has helped us. It is probable, my boy, we shall not spend many months together, and careless as I am myself, I am not often in a frame to give advice to you ; but bear in mind, my child, that if your God is not your friend, vain and futile is the friendship of the world. Wisdom, Robert, is good, and so is learning ; but while we strive to grow wiser, be it also our study to grow *better*." " I shall recollect your kind advice, Sir."

" But see," continued Strickland, " the busy bustling of the labouring world begins ; the people swarm into the streets, and the active hum of industry commences. Let us to the fields, Robert." Strickland and his young companion walked along the beach, until they reached Wolfe's Cove. " This cove, my boy, *now* lined with masts and timber, was once covered with British soldiers,—with Britons, whose valiant hearts beat high for fame, their country's glory, and the security of their own fire-sides. Up this steep passage, which was then more inaccessible, the General led his warlike band to victory. We will ascend : such exercise as this, Master Barnard, is good for youth, nor is it bad for age when with that age there's strength to take it."—" At length we've

reach  
and a  
to th  
many  
the  
del."  
humb  
his b  
and  
the g  
"  
thou  
home  
me c  
betw  
Stric  
her f  
stay  
" I h  
morr  
Que  
'tis h  
she  
cons  
inter  
S  
and  
thou  
like  
she  
old

reached the top. I'm almost out of breath. Before, and at our feet rolls the majestic river, in its passage to the sea, while on its bosom floats the wealth of many nations; on our left, and jutting out towards the river, is Cape Diamond, crowned with the citadel." And walking farther on, he observed, "These humble stones remind us of the fate of Wolfe, and of his brave adversary, Montcalm. Here, guns, ramparts, and ditches form a strong defence. We'll enter at the gate, and so pass through the upper town."

"Knock, Robert, we are at home. Home! *home!* thou pleasing sound! And yet 'tis but a temporary home. Speed—speed your labours, Graham, and let me once again traverse the mighty flood which rolls betwixt our country and America." Breakfast over, Strickland paid another visit to his sister, and with her fixed a day to visit the island of Orleans. His stay was short. "I'll call again, my dear," said he; "I have forgotten that a poor old woman expects this morning to see me; perhaps ere this she has left Quebec; both I and Mr. Barnard owe her much: 'tis hard indeed if we cannot between us aid her, if she needs our help." "Go, Strickland!—go! ever considerate, ever kind, and prosper in your beneficent intentions."

Strickland lost no time in reaching Mr. Clark's, and found old Margery preparing for departure. "I thought, Sir, you had forgotten a poor old woman like me, and was just a-going to my sister; perhaps *she* will forget me too; for *who* cares to recognise an old acquaintance in distress?"

“ Thus with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend :  
 Dear Dick, thou on my friendship may'st depend ;  
 I know thy fortune is but very scant,  
 But be assur'd I'll ne'er see Dick in want.  
 Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would free him  
 His word he kept—in want he ne'er would see him.”

“ But, my good Mrs. Brown, every man is not a Sir Edward. I am returned on purpose to inquire whether you need any assistance, for I am much indebted to your kindness.” “ Think not, Sir, I allude to *you*. I need no aid, and therefore shall accept none; but I thank your kindness just as much as if I did. My sister is well to do, and I am still young enough to pursue an early occupation—that of teaching a little village school. From such a school, in New England, I married Mr. Brown, a farmer in the neighbourhood, and many years of happiness we spent together, until the Indians,—the horrid savages, began to make incursions. We seemed as if signaled out as the objects of their peculiar resentment: *twice* was our cattle driven off, twice did they fire our out-houses, and once attempt to burn the cottage. We had no rest neither night nor day, but lived in continual apprehension of them.

“ One fatal night, when we had for some time heard nothing of them, and we were left alone with our two sons, one sixteen, the other eighteen, we retired to rest in fancied security. Soon after midnight, the house was broken into by a band of drunken savages. Never shall I forget their discordant yells; they robbed our dwelling, and in spite of our cries and resistance, bound and carried us off with them. From some distance I turned my head, and had the mortification



to see our once peaceful, respectable dwelling, our *all*, enveloped in flames. 'Twas *then* the first sparks of temporary madness flashed across my brain. We travelled with them many days; during which time we helped to carry their baggage, and the skins they took in hunting; and when hungry, fatigued, and sad, we loitered with our burdens, they whipped, and kicked us with the most brutal fury. My poor Brown, too, from his losses and ill-treatment, sustained this wretched life but a fortnight. My brain became more and more disordered. I recollect nothing that happened for a week or two afterwards, save that in a skirmish with the whites, while all the Indians were engaged, I fled. Since which I have travelled, sometimes barefoot, through all the Northern States; but no tidings have I ever heard, and *now*, alas! perhaps, I never shall, of my sweet boys. Oh, Sir, forgive my emotion!" "I do, I can, Mrs. Brown, appreciate your feelings." "Such noble-minded youths! so spirited, and yet so tractable! My poor husband, rest his soul, had no learning; and therefore laboured under many disadvantages. I resolved it should not be so with the boys, and taught them all I knew. They were looked up to as patterns by all the neighbouring villagers. If any asked, 'Whose sprightly boys are these?' the reply was, 'The well-instructed sons of farmer Brown.' Alas, these poor old eyes will ne'er again behold them. I am a poor bereaved, horribly bereaved, old woman. I must go, Sir, go at once, or I shall talk and think, and think and talk, 'till I relapse again to madness. The American took me home. I knew not then he was a robber; and when I did, resolved to fly the place. The very night

in which I intended to put my plan in execution, arrived the boy, my pretty darling! Robert. I saw he was unhappy—loved and pitied him for my own lost children's sake; and having learnt his little story, determined to wait an opportunity to fly together. Your timely visit, Sir, rescued the boy, put to flight the band, procured me wealth enough to soothe my declining age, as far as paltry wealth can do it; and to-night, I trust to sleep under the roof of a sister, whom I have not seen for years, but know to be alive." Here Mr. Barnard entered. "You are that child's father, Sir; let my old eyes but once more behold his rosy face! and then I quit your presence, gentlemen, for ever." "You shall, Ma'am. Here, Robert, my son, come in, come in, and take farewell of her who has been to you a friend, a benefactress." Robert entered, and with gratitude and affection, approached her. Her left hand rested on his head, while with her right she gently removed a solitary tress of grey. "Robert, I see 'tis you, and see you with a parent too. Heaven bless and prosper you, my child, where'er you go! and may my children find a parent, boy, as thou hast found. But it must not, *cannot* be: such a joy as this would be too great a boon to confer on poor old Marg'ry—widowed Marg'ry! One kiss! farewell! gentlemen, farewell!" She hastily quitted the room, her last look lingering on the boy. "She has drank deeply, too deeply of the cup of sorrow," thought Strickland. "May she find her children, find peace, find happiness to smoothe her now short passage to the grave! What, in tears, Robert, my man? why fall those pearly drops?" "I cannot stay them, Sir: for hours and hours, when we were left alone, she'd

sit and  
on the  
sons."  
by the  
Madar.  
coming  
nard, b  
his ad  
They b  
loud ra  
of the  
nearly  
with t  
observ  
had ne  
damn  
I shall  
betwee  
I'll wa  
dinner-  
fellow  
The b  
fill anc  
of it,—  
to kno  
shall  
whispe  
kitche  
see hir  
quired  
not?  
fellow  
have t

sit and weep on one side the fire, while I sat crying on the other, to hear the sad tale of how she lost her sons." Monday afternoon was most agreeably spent by the father and son and our hero, at the house of Madame Renvoyzé; and returning early to await the coming of Graham, who was expected, Mr. Barnard, by the way, expressed in the warmest manner his admiration and respect for Madam Belcour. They had scarcely entered and taken their seats, ere a loud rat-a-tat announced the arrival of the commander of the *Venus*. A bowl of punch was soon made, and nearly as soon emptied. Graham was highly amused with the account of Peter's intended wedding; but observed, "God help the poor widow; her pockets had need to be well lined with the yellow boys; or, damn the fellow, he'll eat her out of house and home; I shall never forget how he poked his queer phiz out between the dead eyes of the Newfoundland schooner: I'll warrant me he provides a substantial wedding dinner—let's all be there to see. I don't blame the fellow for making a match of it, if 'tis a good one. The bowl's empty; I say, Mrs. Clark, just please to fill another, and let it be sweet, hot, strong, and plenty of it,—you've lived long enough in Quebec, I'm sure, to know what sort of punch we sailors like." "It shall be to your liking, Sir." Here Mr. Barnard whispered to the landlord to take Robert into the kitchen to give him a slice of something good, and see him safe to bed. At the same time Strickland inquired whether Barney had paid the *Venus* a visit or not? "Indeed, *by my sowl, he has*; and a handy fellow he is too. He has one fault, for which I should have taken him to be a *Scot*." "What's that, Gra-

ham?" "Why, having got his little finger in, he strives to thrust in all his body." "How so?" "He has been boring me to take one Tim, a brother Pat, a *broth of a lad*, as he calls him, and fit for any thing *at all at all*: but damn me if I do; for Tim, perhaps, would be after wanting to recommend Paddy; and Paddy would beg for Dennis, till, by St. Patrick, we should all be Irish, and the ship's name Murphy. But what a time she is in making the punch! She wants the loan of my lemonsqueezers;" exhibiting a large pair of hands. "Bravo, bravo! mistress, this looks like something!—keep the water hot." "Why, surely, Sir, you will not want another?" "Then, surely, Ma'am, I shall. The *first* was Mr. Barnard's bowl—*this* is mine, and *Strickland's* is to come. Come, my boys, here's to ye!—better luck still. If the mistress was out of hearing, I'd give ye such a toast.—Here's what all sailors like." "'Tis a wonder then that you are not married?" "Not I, Strickland. When younger I had a wife in every port. Those were glorious days, my tar—I'm growing better." "Fie, fie! pray flatter not yourself that you quit your vices, when, man, 'tis but your vices quitting you." "*Vice*, indeed!—come, come, you won't mind that. What sailor ever thought that courting was a vice—dam'ne if I did not know you were a tar by the cut of your jib, I should take you for one of the lack-a-daisy folks." "Perhaps I am, Graham; and shall, therefore, give my advice as one," said our hero, laughing, "and that is—Marry, marry, Graham." "I have married, *Graham*, long enough; you mean marry first; I'll warrant me she's a *Graham* afterwards. To tell the truth, my tar, I begin to dislike this solitary,

mawk'  
bachel  
other  
and a  
plucks  
one w  
pectin  
such a  
ture  
' Wa  
father  
recom  
grand  
pass i  
" W  
seven  
ble; s  
with  
spoke  
news  
day)  
Grah  
widow  
obser  
bride  
blush  
much  
' Thi  
to w  
land,  
paid  
" B

mawkish life, this cursed old bachelorism. An old bachelor, like an old crow, is pecked at by all the other birds—your married folks, your single folks, and all your folks think him a lawful prey;—one plucks a feather—Oh, confound them all, I say; not one will sew a button on his breeches, without expecting back its weight in silver; and then there's such a one has got such a clever boy, 'The *very picture of you, Captain Graham,*' says the mother. 'Wants a little pushing in the world,' observes the father. 'He's very fond of you, perhaps you could recommend him—do something for him,' adds the grandam. Damn the whole set, say I. I mean to pass in future for a married man with seven children." "Why not *really* marry, and become the father of seven?" "Not I, faith. I begin to hate the trouble; some day, perhaps, you'll see me wed a widow, with seven ready made—'ready made; equal to bespoke.' Then what a flourish will there be in the newspaper—'Married on Monday, Tuesday, (or any day) last week, the respectable and intrepid Captain Graham, bachelor (there they are *out*), to the amiable widow Willing; and it gave us great pleasure to observe with what grace and elegance the youthful bridegroom (you know I am but fifty-three!), led the blushing widow to the hymeneal altar!' Confound much ado about nothing, say I. Why not say at once 'This day, Parson Tackem, spliced Captain Graham to widow Willing.'" "Ha, ha!" rejoined Strickland, "and to make it rhyme, put—'for which he paid a seven-shilling,—*piece,*' I see wont come in." "But," said Mr. Barnard, "it really makes one sick

to see such accounts in newspapers. What, in the name of heaven, can it concern the world, whether Captain Graham, Captain Strickland, or Mr. Barnard, is either married or buried? But I see the punch is out; 'tis growing late, Graham,—here's Mrs. Clark to lay the cloth. Come, take a snack of supper, and then we'll see you to the boat." "Avast there, my hearty! you don't see the back of Geordie Graham till he has seen the bottom of Strickland's bowl; I shall not heave a-head a minute before—if I do I'm a Dutchman."

Supper ended, the other bowl was brought—Graham drank, and sang—'Begone dull care.' "Here's a toast, gentleman, 'Here's the wind that blows—the ship that goes—and the lass that loves a sailor.' I haven't seen your sister yet, Strickland, she's a widow you know; I must be upon the look-out; get my razors new set.—It rains; would that it would but rain *punch*." "If it did," replied Barnard, "we should often, I think, see you standing in the street with your mouth wide open, or lying on your back at the bottom of a water-spout." "There, Sir, you are *out* for once; for in that case it would become a *punch-spout*."

"Round about the punch-bowl, see how we sit."

"Come, come, Graham," said our hero, in a friendly tone, "'tis no use sitting longer round it, you have seen the bottom of it; let's see ye to the boat." "Come along then, my hearties—empty, eh! why, and had it been as big as the devil's punch-bowl on Portsdown Hill, I'd strive hard to see the bottom of it."

After seeing the merry Captain to the boat, our friends returned, and with a skinful of punch retired to rest. It acted as an opiate on Strickland, inso-much that he lost his morning walk; and after breakfast left his friends to amuse themselves, while he spent the day with Madam Belcour. That evening, he resolved on the morrow to pay a visit, with Mr. Barnard and his son, to the Captain of the frigate. Accordingly, after his usual morning visit with the persons before alluded to, they proceeded on board the frigate, and were received by her noble commander with friendship and politeness. With him they partook of an excellent dinner, while a small but efficient band on the quarter-deck, played 'God save the King—Rule Britannia—Roast Beef—Hearts of Oak,' and several other national airs. The party then walked round the vessel, and our hero, though accustomed to the cleanliness and superior discipline of a British man of war, could not but admire the particular neatness and order which were here observable in every department. "Ah, Sir!" said her commander, "the successes of the Allies, now united in so great force, to curb the power, and clip the wings of the proud Corsican's ambition, will soon bring about a peace to Europe. I regret that *then*, so noble a piece of mechanism as *this*, and manned with such brave fellows, will be laid up, perhaps to rot, as a useless piece of furniture; perhaps some, the most of those fine fellows, will be turned adrift to shift for themselves, become a burden, an incumbrance to our already thickly populated country. I trust that military mania, that wish to keep an immense standing army, may not

exist when peace unfurls the white banner over the war-harassed kingdoms of the world. The navy, the immortal navy of Great Britain, is her best bulwark: her hardy tars, her chief defence; but, if in time of peace, their services no longer needful, employment scarce (and such it will be) they are discharged, neglected, left to pine in want and woe, in the country which their well tried valour has defended and preserved—*then* in disgust they'll turn their eyes to some asylum, far from their native shore, and where so likely as to America? She is a growing state, a maritime country, and will receive, with open arms, our unemployed mariners, our shipwrights, and all the other artificers of our country's glory. May heaven avert so dread a calamity to England, for in the event of another war with the States, it will not be only a hard contested scuffle, between England and her transatlantic descendants, but England's sons against their brothers; but this, gentlemen, is a gloomy picture, and such a looking forward to future events, as will, I trust, be falsified. But, Sirs, tea is ready."

Early in the evening our friends took leave, and reached their lodgings; here a note awaited our hero, 'twas from Peter.

"Honoured Sir,

"I have bought the licence, and to-morrow shall be married to the widder—a cut-and-come-again dinner will be ready at two; praps your Honour and Mr. Barnard, Master Robert and Captain Graham will just drop in or so, at pudding time—there will be galores of punch and other excellent drinkables on



the table of the old Ship, which to-morrow will call me  
master—me—your Honour's

“ Own servant,

“ Till death us do part,

“ PETER PHILPOT.

“ Quebec, October —, 1813.”

“ 'Tis well,” thought Strickland, “ I wish him prosperity; my friends may go to the dinner if they please; for my own part, though I may once more say, I am happy, yet still is my mind far from being in accordance with the sounds of boisterous mirth.”

On the following day, precisely at two, the guests invited above (with the exception of Strickland) assembled at the house of the no-longer-widder Brown, but Mrs. Philpot; and, as may easily be imagined, all was fun and frolic at Peter's wedding: the only thing which tended to damp the poor fellow's joy, was the absence of our hero. “ Be easy on that head, Peter,” said Mr. Barnard, “ the Captain has promised to look in, in the evening.”

In the course of this day, Strickland succeeded to his own and Madam Belcour's satisfaction, in procuring for that lady a servant, a respectable widow, named Dawson, whose husband had been killed during the spring, on Lake Ontario; and in the evening, pursuant to promise, he called in at the Ship, and wished Mr. Philpot and his spouse joy, according to the old vulgar custom; indeed there appeared to be a lack of any thing, rather than joy, on this happy evening;—Graham was already uproarious, and loudly vociferating, “ A song!—a song!—the landlord in the chair!” “ Silence for a song!” shouted the remainder of the

guests. Poor Peter, much against his inclination, and the inclination of his better half, was, with due formality, placed in the chair, and began to sing, or rather *say*—which you please, reader—

“A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,  
Which served him for parlour, for kitchen and hall.

Down, down, derry down.”

“Bravo, bravo!” roared Graham, as he thumped ‘down derry down’ on the table with his brawny fists, till decanters and glasses, if they did not improve the music, at least added greatly to the *noise*. “Go it my boy, give it mouth.” In the mean while Mrs. Philpot whispered her loving spouse, to which whisper he answered like an obedient husband, “I will—I will, my dear.” Telling him to skip, or I’m a Dutchman—thought Graham.

“He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
And to make way \_\_\_\_\_.”

“Avast there, avast! Belay that!” shouted Graham; “no skipping, no tricks upon travellers, my hearty. *I will*, eh? But it is, *I won’t*. Come, give it us all—lets have it—silence, gentlemen—order! order!” Yet, in spite of all the mirth-loving Captain’s importunities, mine host succeeded in extricating himself from his unsought-for post of honour, the chair; at the same time vowing and protesting, that Graham’s interruption had not only driven from his memory all that should have preceded the disputed verse, but also all that should have followed it. The party kept it up till after midnight; and Mr. Philpot promised Captain Graham, that the first boy should be called

Georg  
“ call  
of his  
stand  
our tw  
boat.

THE  
walk w  
siderat  
severa  
so haro  
much  
to giv  
he, “  
my chi  
this sic  
deep.”  
jumpec  
native  
presen  
floating  
dle str  
to sect  
which  
the floa  
outer s

George. "Right, right, my boy," said the latter; "call him George, in honour of our king, the father of his people, and in remembrance of me, and I'll stand godfather." The cathedral bell struck one, as our two friends conducted the honest Captain to his boat.

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

I wait thy joyful coming—smiling Peace,  
Swift wing thy flight—restore me to my son.

THE following morning our hero took his usual walk with Robert, they rambled up the beach a considerable way until they reached a spot in which were several boys swimming. His little companion begged so hard to be allowed to join them, that Strickland, much against his inclination, was at length induced to give permission. "The bottom's good," said he, "and the water shallow. Now, mind, Robert, my child, go not out beyond the timber; the water, this side, I see at most in no place is above three feet deep." Full of youth and buoyant spirits, the lively boy jumped and plunged about, as though he waded in his native element; the tide of ebb had just set down, and presently a long piece of drift timber reached the spot, floating downwards in a transverse direction, the middle struck against an upright piece of timber, drove in to secure the other timber lying on the shore, and which the tide was now fast leaving, the inner end of the floating piece almost touched the shore, while the outer stretched out towards the centre of the river.

The thoughtless Robert, and another no less rash youth, jumped up, upon the inner end, the tide running faster farther out, swift swung the timber round out into deeper water, and away it went with the two poor naked urchins on it. "Hold fast, hold fast, for God's sake!" exclaimed the distracted Strickland, scarce knowing what he did or what he said. Not heeding Robert's clothes, but leaving them on the beach, he flew along towards the town, to find a boat in which to put off and save his little friend. Near half a mile he ran until he found a boat left dry upon the shore, and fastened by a rope to a huge stone upon the beach; his trusty pocket-knife was soon employed to cut the painter, and with more than usual strength he launched her off. He soon found, to his mortification, that he was without an oar; for this his ready mind found a remedy, and unshipping the midship thwart he converted it into a paddle. The stream ran rapidly, the timber fast approached the shipping, and yet no one seemed to observe the perilous situation of the boys; meanwhile our hero paddled with all his might and main, calling out at the same time for assistance with a mighty voice, and, just as the timber went athwart hawse of a large ship, he succeeded in rescuing Robert, while the sudden shock, occasioned by the timber's striking against the ship's chain cable, jerked the other poor boy off to some distance. By this time the vessel's boat was close at hand, and succeeded in picking him up ere life was quite extinct; they also towed our hero alongside the ship, and after an hour's unremitting pains, succeeded in restoring the stranger boy to life. Strickland borrowed some clothes of the cabin-boy, with which he drest

the little fellows, and with the boat he had seized in tow, and in the vessel's skiff, he landed. Here, on the beach, an honest lad who had witnessed the whole transaction, awaited with the clothes of both the boys, they were soon clad, the young stranger appeared respectable, and Strickland learnt that he was the son of a wealthy merchant and factor in the city. "I almost pass the door, my boy, and on my way will see you home." "I thank you, Sir." "Rash boy," said he to Robert, "you know not the pain, the agony you've put me to; but I may thank myself, my mind misgave me, something told me all would not be well, but, in spite of this misgiving, I yielded to your importunities; I see I want firmness, fortitude, to resist a compliance with what I know is dangerous. How shall I acquaint your father with this accident? and how account for our long absence?" "I have done wrong, Sir, very wrong,—I've been a naughty boy,—I'm sorry; but what use is that? I know 'twill not remove the pain I've put you to; I'm vexed to think that I should prefer the pleasing of *myself* to pleasing *you*." "Come, come, my boy, joy for your safety more than counterbalances my pain. *This*, young gentleman, I believe is your father's door?" "It is, Sir." Here they were met by the anxious, misgiving mother, exclaiming, "'Tis he, it is, indeed, my child." She wept aloud, over him in an agony of joy. Strickland soon found, that when the boys were carried off by the tide, intelligence was swiftly conveyed to young Metcalfe's father, who was at this moment out in distraction seeking tidings of him; half a minute sufficed to bring him to the door. "I must away, Sir," said Strickland, "pray excuse this abrupt de-

parture, for this boy's father must feel anxious too." " You are the gentleman, I presume, who put off to their aid, whose intrepidity, whose cries brought assistance to my drowning son? Accept a father's thanks, a father's gratitude; my house is open to you, Sir, and though you leave me *now* in haste, I shall take it most unkind if you do not call again to see me."

Strickland and Robert hastened home, both somewhat ill and almost famished. " What, past eleven?" said our hero, looking at his watch, as he held the knocker, " what, Robert, what will your father think?" Barnard, in breathless haste, met them at the door; " You look pale, my child, and, Strickland so do you; what, what's the matter?" Our hero replied, " We have had a fright. Here, Mrs. Clark, see Master Barnard up to bed, and take him something warm, and mix something also up for *me*." Here our hero related the whole circumstance, just as it happened, extenuating poor Robert as much as possible. " You have acted wisely, Sir, in securing his retreat; the selfish, headstrong cur, when your goodness took him out to walk, it was his business to go where *you* went, do as *you* directed, nor have a will at all of his own, He seems born to be your plague." " Come, now, recollect, Mr. Barnard, he's but a child, do not expect him to be without a fault; had he been really drowned, and, instead of walking home with me, been brought home dead, what?"—" Cease, cease, Sir, the cruel supposition.—Dear, giddy boy!—let me go to him,—learn how he fares,—see what he wants." Barnard was quickly in his chamber, and Strickland quickly followed; here the fond parent acted so many extravagancies in his joy, that our hero thought to himself,

" What ries is mind c

Soor land w put off ebb tid Madam take ou Wedne come c well to furthes sailing like yo breeze further well ba her bef replied amine t ing pu Belcour bec, th St. Chr ing; ar not my scene;— and see favoura

“What a strange being, what a compound of contraries is weak, erring man! this conduct puts me in mind of an old epitaph;

“Here lies, fast asleep, awake me who can,  
That medley of passions and follies, a *man*.”

Soon after ten on Saturday morning, Captain Strickland with his sister, and Mr. Barnard with his son, put off from the Cul-de-sac, with a fine breeze and the ebb tide, for the island of Orleans. “That vessel, Madam,” said Strickland, “is the one in which we take our passage; the fleet will be ready for sea on Wednesday or Thursday; several vessels have already come down from Montreal to join it; we shall do well to get our things on board by Thursday at the *furthest*. And now, my little man, *you* are used to sailing in a boat, and therefore feel no fear; how like you this? we spank along most merrily; the breeze is fresh.—Please, Mr. Barnard, sit a little further round, and trim the boat; she is not quite so well ballasted, I see, as when Peter came with me in her before.” “We do not mean to go so far, Sir,” replied Mr. Barnard; “but when you come to examine the baskets, you’ll find I have not been a sparing purveyor. How like you the prospect, Madam Belcour? Hence we have a charming view of Quebec, the Bishop’s Palace, Point Levi, and the river St. Charles.” “I like it much, Sir; ’tis most charming; and yet something intimates most forcibly, ’tis not my home—my native land—delightful as is the scene;—I long again to cross the sea, to look around and see one vast expanse of sky and water; to see the favourable gale swell out the bellying canvass, and

look forward with hope towards our happy England. To stand upon the quarter-deck, and see the seamen heave the log, inquire the rate at which we are sailing, then sit down and calculate the probable time of our arrival." "This will furnish a reflecting, ardent mind," replied Mr. Barnard, "with pleasure and amusement; at this time of the year too, I am told the westerly winds are very prevalent, we may therefore expect a safe and speedy passage. Our friend Captain Graham purposes to take no cabin passengers but ourselves; we shall be a snug little united party, ready to render to each other every office of love and friendship; and here's my Robert, my newly found boy," (here Madam Belcour sighed; Strickland cast upon her an expressive look, which said as far as looks can speak—how well I know the meaning of that sigh—but cheer up, my love, we too shall find our boy.) "I mean to recommend him, Madam, to your kind care. Poor boy! he has no mother to attend to his little wants;—how much then shall I thank you, if in our passage you will prove a mother to him." Madam Belcour blushed and felt embarrassed, but replied, "All that my feeble powers can do to serve him, he is freely welcome to;" at the same time patting the little fellow on the head. "Surely," thought she, "as he thinks me a widow, he will not on our passage ask me to become Robert's mother indeed. I'm bound to check all such advances, for if 'twere possible he should once be brought to love me, how great will be his disappointment, when he learns, as then he *must* learn, that I am already, though, alas! a *guilty*, yet a wedded wife." For some minutes the party remained thoughtful and silent; they fast approached

the  
Poo  
this  
you  
I wo  
fore.  
same  
she  
unpr  
of a  
no.  
and  
wan  
"Pu  
this  
cotta  
very  
land  
Stri  
Belc  
tage  
crew  
stor  
quit  
were  
Satu  
a le  
Stri  
sion  
Clar  
ed,"  
him.  
seei



the island ; Strickland in part defined her thoughts. Poor penitent! poor Mary! you have no cause for this uneasiness ; he knows more of our sad story than you are willing that he should, and more perhaps than I would ever have told him, *friend* as he is, if I had foreseen that we should all take our passage in the same ship to England. But perhaps I am mistaken, she may be thinking of our wandering, persecuted, unprotected child. Within an hour, the little compass of a fleeting hour, I am to learn if he's my child or no. Kind heaven! still smile propitiously upon me; and if I find 'tis he indeed, oh! do thou guide my wandering steps to where I quick may find him! "Pull down the sails, my boys! and row her in." At this time, our hero, with the party, landed near the cottage door ; 'twas easy to distinguish it, it being the very house to which he was before directed when he landed here to inquire for Barnard's brother. While Strickland, with a beating heart, and with Madam Belcour hanging by his arm, tapped gently at the cottage door, Mr. Barnard called aloud to the boat's crew—"Tis near the hour of dinner, bring up the stores unto the house." "Aye, aye, Sir!" 'Twas quite dinner time with the cottagers, and happily they were all assembled round the old oaken table. Being Saturday, a day of abstinence in the Romish church, a lenten feast of fish and pancakes crowned the table. Strickland apologized for their unseasonable intrusion. "We are friends, Sir, and lodgers of Mr. Clark." "Pray, madam; pray, gentlemen—be seated," says the master. "I think," said he, addressing himself to Strickland, "I have had the pleasure of seeing you here before." "I had the pleasure of

seeing *you*, Sir, though but for a few minutes, about three or four months ago ; I was then on a voyage of discovery, so am I now." (All this was lost to Mr. B. and Robert, neither of them understanding French, and so would it be to many of my readers, did I not, good naturedly and considerately, English it.) " You had here on a visit, I think, in the latter part of the summer of 1809, a little cabin-boy, brought by the kindness of Mr. Clark." " We had, Sir," said Marianne, now grown a smart young woman : " don't you recollect, sister, the little Englishman, as we used to call him ? (at the same time blushing to the ears.) " 'Tis *him* we wish to inquire about." " Will you favour me," said Madam Belcour, " with a few minutes private conversation ?" " We will, Madam," replied the females, curtsying and showing her into the adjoining room. Mr. Barnard and his son, with our hero, sat in silence without. The former not being able to join in conversation ; the latter, anxious and impatient. When the door opened, he exclaimed, " *That—that's* the very bed on which he reposed his drenched limbs ; and *this* the fire by which the maidens dried his clothes ;—here sits the old spectacled grand-sire just as he described him, a few more winters only have passed over his hoary head ; he is a few steps nearer to his sad, but certain resting place. How I long to see the door open again, through which the maidens stole to seize a kiss—to hear that he is mine—is ours—my Mary's, and my own. Why does she still linger ; does she not know that this suspense is cruel ?" In a minute more, Madam Belcour entered, pale, and leaning on the shoulder of Marianne. " What am I to think of this, is it an omen of good,

or s  
our  
" O  
I an  
tear  
ing  
give  
me  
" I  
brin  
is to  
who  
wine  
to c  
map  
land  
hear  
mar.  
have  
wor.  
jour  
a sc  
turr  
all t  
fut.  
to r  
rem  
cor  
said  
so  
Wh  
row  
frie

or sign of evil—tidings?" She sat silently down by our hero, and pressing his extended hand, whispered, "Oh, Strickland! joy—joy—the boy indeed is ours—I am again a mother." "'Tis well, my love;" while a tear of gratitude swelled in our hero's eye, and turning to Mr. Barnard, he exclaimed, "Rejoice, Sir; give me joy, my friend; the boy is mine. Oh! let me but find him; smother him in my warm embrace." "I *do* rejoice, Sir, heartily rejoice. Here, men, bring in the dinner." "My heart," said Strickland, is too full of joy to let me eat; of course those may who *can*." The two delighted parents took a glass of wine and a biscuit, and leaving Mr. B. and the party to dine together, retired to the shade of a friendly maple, and there sat down sometime in silence. Strickland was the first to break it. "I feel, my love, my heart more closely knit to you, than when first we married; cheer up, my Mary, be yourself, we yet have many happy days in store. I see the wonder-working hand of Providence in all this; but for my journey to this country, we never had known we had a son alive. Why then regret the cause? Let's return to our friends, the boy we yet shall find;—perish all thoughts of the *past*, with joy let us anticipate the *future*. Come, my dear, *now* more than ever dear to me, let us again join our friends." Leaving the remains of their provisions to the kind cottagers, the company embarked for the city. "The tide of flood," said Strickland, "flows swiftly upwards, so mount, so flow my spirits, and so ascends my gratitude. What say you, Mary, and you, Mr. Barnard; to-morrow is almost certain to be our last Sunday on this friendly shore, had we not better go to church? we

all have much, much to be thankful for; and still need the sheltering wing of Providence—the protecting arm of dread Omnipotence.” “With pleasure, Strickland,” replied Madam Belcour. “I were indeed a heathen to object to so reasonable a proposition,” answered Barnard. At an early hour in the evening the party landed.

On Sunday, as per agreement, the party went to church, after which, on board the *Venus*, our hero learnt that some of the vessels from Montreal had arrived that forenoon, and found poor Graham, and all the crew, not excepting even Mr. Barney O’Sullivan, hard at work. “We shall scarce be ready, Strickland, by the day of sailing.” “And have you, Graham, really spared your boat and four of your best hands to me, in the midst of such a bustle? How much I’m bound to thank you!” “Pooh! pooh! there’s no need to make any palaver about it, my fine fellow, when you must know I would have spared the ship herself; but there shall be no obligations on either side: I expect you’ll work it out. You may save me at least a day, (an object, Sir, when you see we are obliged to work on a Sunday,) by overlooking the riggers, purchasing provisions, &c., and any thing, indeed you like to turn your hand to.” “I *will*, Graham, with all my heart. To-morrow will suffice, I hope, to arrange the chief part of my domestic affairs, and on Tuesday morning, ere the frigate’s gun fires to send up royal yards, you’ll find me aboard.” “Bravo!—well said, my tar! Such a lift as this will push the work along.” The greater part of Monday was spent by our hero in sending on board the necessary bedding, provision, &c.; and after tea, judging that

Mr. Metcalfe was as likely as any person to inform him whether the Goddess had arrived safe in England, and if so, perhaps what might have since become of her, he bent his inquiring steps towards his house. Here he was welcomed with unaffected kindness, and learnt that the ship in which had sailed young Edward, was water-logged, and deserted in the Western Ocean. "But the crew, Sir, the *crew*,—pray what became of them?" "They were all picked up, Sir, to a man, by another vessel in the fleet. But, if you will excuse me for a minute, among some dusty letters on a file, I have a letter from the ship's owner; I transacted business for him." Mr. Metcalfe retired, and soon returned with the document.

"Dear Sir,

"No doubt you have heard of the sad storm which befel the Quebec fleet, on the 1st of September, 1809. Among the many vessels that were then destroyed, my poor Goddess was one: nor is that my greatest loss. My unfortunate son, her Captain, with all the crew, after having been picked up by another vessel, were captured, September 15th, by a French privateer, landed near Morlaix, and marched up to Cambray, in French Flanders, where he and they now remain, to await the return of peace."

"The rest," interrupted Mr. Metcalfe, "is purely on business, but you may read, it, Sir, if you please." "It is not necessary, Sir, I thank you—thank you truly. The date, I see, is January 2, 1810. Poor unfortunate boy! my little sufferer, to remain a cap-

tive so many years to our country's enemies ; for there he must be still, if he yet lives." " Sir," interrupted Mr. Metcalfe, " I should feel sorry to divert the current of your hopes, but as you have applied to me for information, I must be faithful. If I recollect right, *all* of that vessel's crew sailed not in her from this port." " But I am sure, Sir, that *my child* did. I have the copy of a letter he sent to my landlord's son, by the pilot, from off the Isle of Bic." " You have removed a weight from off my mind, Sir.—I'm glad—heartily glad : but there was, I *know*, one of her apprentices drowned a day or two before she left the port." " You are quite right, Sir : in my Edward's letter to his friend, he makes mention of that sad occurrence. The poor boy so drowned was a native of Scotland, and went in the ship by the name of Scotch Jemmy." " Now I recollect : he did so, Sir." " Sure," thought Strickland, "'twas Heaven itself prompted the boy to write ; for without his narrative, I never should have heard of him ; and had he failed to write from Bic, according to his promise, I might have supposed *him* drowned. This more than ever proves to me the value of punctuality,—the propriety of keeping one's promise, even in the most trivial affairs. It would have been but a trifle, had he neglected to write to James Clark ; and yet the neglect of such a trifle would have, at this moment, overwhelmed me with doubt, if not despair."

Our hero left the house, as quickly as was consistent with politeness. 'Twas now late, and as Strickland turned towards his still lonely bed, with eyes and

hear  
cla'  
fou  
finc  
tha  
wa  
be  
I la  
hop  
wro  
def  
car  
C  
ren  
the  
Mc  
of  
anc  
to  
son  
bor  
fire  
sail  
the  
the  
cei  
pal  
her  
shi  
W  
exp  
the  
so

heart uplifted towards the Giver of all good, he exclaimed, "Bountiful Heaven! I thank thee I have found my Mary, learnt that I have a son, and hope to find him. These blessings, these precious gifts, more than repay me for all my woes; and as I looked toward thee in the gloom of *adversity*, so may I ever be found to look now in the sunshine of *prosperity*. I lay me down in peace; shall embark for England in hope, still trusting that the same hand which has wrought all this in my behalf, will still continue to defend me, and finish the work successfully thus far carried on."

Our hero went aboard, according to promise, and rendered Captain Graham essential service; and on the afternoon of Wednesday, all the ships from Montreal having joined the fleet, the male passengers of the *Venus* took a most affecting leave of Mr. Clark and his friendly family, (nor did Strickland forget to testify his gratitude for their kindnesses to his son,) and then took up their permanent lodgings on board that vessel. On Thursday morning the frigate fired a gun, loosed her foretopsail, and made signal for sailing. All was bustle and confusion, the boats of the merchant ships rowing from all directions with their Captains to the vessel of the Commodore to receive instructions. The port echoed again while the palls of the windlasses rattling down, and the "yo heave yoes" of hundreds of jolly tars unmooring their ships, added life and activity to the busy scene. Where was Strickland, the delighted husband, the expectant father, all this time? On the way off from the *Cul-de-sac* with the dear prize he had travelled so many weary miles to seek; he, that lady, and Mrs.

Dawson, had but ascended the side when Graham's tars shouted "She's a-weigh!"

Poor Peter, now landlord Philpot, not having a mind to let his old masters slip away without a friendly 'Good bye,' came alongside almost as soon as our hero, and with him Mrs. P., together with store of provisions and liquor. It was but a short visit, already had the frigate rounded Point Levi; the scene was affecting; surely, thought Strickland, with all his *oddities*, the poor fellow is truly grateful, so may he be truly *happy*. By the time the party had sat down to dinner, Quebec and all its picturesque beauties was hidden from their eyes; but little conversation took place at this meal. Graham was up upon deck, and down again every five minutes; but the expressive looks of his passengers plainly said we are happy, full of joy and full of hope.

On re-ascending to the quarter-deck, our friends perceived that they were nearly opposite to the Canadian cottage on the island of Orleans. Strickland took the spy-glass, and, drawing Madam Belcour to his side, then handed it to her, "Look, my love, before yon friendly door, behold the little family with eager eyes watching our departing fleet, and with as much reason may I now say, as once said our Edward, perhaps little Canadian Marianne is saying to her sister, in some ship in that fleet sails the father of the poor little Englishman. Do you not see them? raise the glass a little." "I see them, Strickland, and so plainly, that I even observe the hoary-headed grandsire, wiping his dusty spectacles; but *now* I've lost them, yon ship, like an envious cloud, has pushed in 'twixt us and them." "Pray, my dear, replace



the glass." Ere night the fleet had reached Hare Island, and at an early hour Madam Belcour and her servant retired to rest, nor were the gentlemen long in following so good an example. Day after day passed on contentedly, the wind, with little variation, continued favourable, and on the following Monday evening they cleared the Gulf. Madam Belcour sat up later than usual to take a last farewell of the shores of America:—nothing intervened between the Venus (now appointed stern commodore) and the land to interrupt her prospect; and as the gallant ship swiftly ploughed white furrows in the yielding water, she and Strickland leaned over the tafferil. The moon was partly clouded, and as they looked and looked in silence, the vessel's speed, together with the approaching darkness, soon hid from their view the fast receding shore. "Once more, my Mary, then," said Strickland, turning towards her, and tenderly pressing her hand, "once more we are on the bosom of the mighty deep; heaven make it favourable to our passage! so far have we proceeded with speed and safety. Blow on, ye gentle zephyrs, still fill our flowing sheets, and briskly waft us back to happy Albion's chalky shores. Land of my forefathers, land of my birth, how much I long to tread thy fertile soil. Bleak winter soon will stretch its frozen sceptre o'er thee; but, dressed in waving corn, or bound in ice, still, *still* thou art my country, still I love thee. Let's descend, my dear, we'll sup, and then retire to rest with this pleasing reflection, that, even while we take our ease in sleep, each minute brings us nearer to our country, nearer to our darling boy. What's say, Mr. Barnard, and you, my blooming Robert, had we not better sup?"

"We had, Sir," replied Mr. Barnard. "And you, my young pupil," added Strickland, "look out your books betimes, to-morrow myself and Madam Belcour intend to commence our lessons; are you ready?" "Yes, kind Sir, and *willing* too." "'Tis well, my boy, 'tis well."

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"For England, when with fav'ring gales,  
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd."

It would be tedious to myself and to the reader, to attempt to describe the petty occurrences of each day; let me therefore briefly observe that, whether from the reserved behaviour of Madam Belcour, or a suspicion on the part of Graham that she was Strickland's wife, or from some other cause, we do not pretend to know, but, most certainly, the Venus had scarcely quitted Quebec ere her worthy commander, finding it useless to try his luck *there*, laid close siege to the widow Dawson, Madam Belcour's servant. The other adult passengers spent much of their time in instructing Robert, who proved an apt scholar. As it respects our old acquaintance Robin, he lived, comparatively speaking, the life of a gentleman, from the assistance he received from Mrs. Dawson and Robert. Nor had our new acquaintance Barney any reason to regret his having procured a passage in the Venus. Our friends contrived to make him very useful in the vessel, and did him the justice to own, that he was not only an excellent cook,

but al  
the po  
there  
sailin  
her a  
and a  
often  
few d  
ten h  
four i  
dense  
stern  
were  
of eac  
gun, i  
to for  
was a  
the fie  
"Wh  
Nois  
With  
But t  
what  
tune's  
medle  
most  
pets,  
O'Sui  
Venu.  
to be  
fine e  
hatch  
ears

but also an adept at making of rolls, handy at feeding the poultry, and milking the goats, of which animals there were now two. And, as there was a very slow sailing vessel in the fleet, the Venus occasionally threw her a tow-rope; and in calm weather her Captain and a well-informed Canadian merchant, a passenger, often came on board and spent an hour or two. A few days brought the ship to the Banks, and here, for ten hours, that is to say, from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, the fleet were enveloped in so dense a fog, that it was impossible to see from the stern to the stem of the vessel. All manner of noises were made to prevent the vessels from falling aboard of each other, and every half hour the frigate fired a gun, to denote her position. Captain Graham hove to for an hour, with a hope to catch some cod, but was as unsuccessful at fishing as at fowling: probably the fish below were alarmed by the noises above.

“Who'er's had the luck to see Bartlemy fair,

Noises of all sorts are to be found there,

With their drums, and their fiddles, and trumpets, and all.”

But the noises at Bartholomew fair are nothing to what might have been heard here; sure father Neptune's ears had never before been greeted with such a medley of uproarious sounds. Among the instruments most in requisition were drums, horns, speaking-trumpets, bells, hammers, and anchor flukes. Mr. Barney O'Sullivan on this occasion spared the crew of the Venus much trouble, by making noise enough himself to be heard at the distance of above a furlong. Of a fine evening it was his custom to sit in the fore-hatches with the watch around him, and regale their ears with old Irish ditties. Our hero and his fellow-

passengers have often sat on the quarter-deck, and listened to his strains. He possessed much feeling, which he never failed to throw into the songs he sang, as well as a rich fund of broad humour. Robert and Mrs. Dawson were ready, as the latter observed, "to split their very sides with laughing," when Barney sang a ditty in character.

On a Saturday night it was Graham's custom to give the crew a gallon of rum to drink to "their sweethearts and wives;" and when the weather permitted, they sat on the quarter-deck, smoked their pipes, and sang merrily. On these occasions Madam Belcour generally retired to rest, for though speedily recovering a calm tranquillity of mind; her heart did not yet beat in unison with the notes of mirth and jollity. Strickland perceived it, and it had the effect of shedding a gloom over his spirit, otherwise disposed to be happy. Sometimes after she had retired to rest, he would steal unperceived below, leaving all the company to enjoy themselves upon deck, and turn over with greedy attention the leaves of his captive son's narrative. He longed for a map of France, whereon he might have even the pleasure of seeing marked the name of Cambray, and on which he might have the satisfaction to place his finger. But he had read, and re-read, the manuscript, until almost every word was impressed upon his memory. By the following Friday, the fleet had performed full half the distance to England; it was a profound calm—the lazy sails flagged against the masts by the pitching of the vessel. At 11 A.M. the Captain of the Speedwell (the vessel in tow), and the Canadian Merchant, came on board to dine. While dinner was preparing,

Mada  
priety  
dinner  
which  
" I w  
Soon  
terme  
from  
touch  
chant  
Surel  
purel  
plied  
me to  
likely  
mista  
lowe  
begin  
well's  
Here  
in, Si  
the fi  
Sir ;  
begin  
you l  
little  
the s  
sow i  
will y  
matic  
night  
to de  
she v

Madam Belcour hinted to Captain Graham the propriety of causing some salt fish to be added to the dinner, as it was a day of abstinence in the church, to which, in all probability, one of their guests belonged. "I will profit by the hint, Madam," replied Graham. Soon after noon the party sat down to what may be termed an elegant dinner, if we consider their distance from the nearest market. The fish remained untouched; and after the cloth was removed, the merchant said, "No one, I perceive, has tasted the fish. Surely, Captain Graham it was not brought to table purely on *my* account?" "Surely then, Sir," replied he, "it was." "Then, of course, you took me to be a Roman Catholic?" "We supposed it likely, Sir." "Then I am happy to say you are mistaken, Sir." Much agreeable conversation followed, until the mate called down the companion: "It begins to blow fresh, Captain Graham—the Speedwell's boat is along side." "Very well, my tar." Here the stranger rose. "Take care how you step in, Sir," said Strickland. "We shall see you again the first fine day?" "I shall do myself that honour, Sir; farewell." "And now, master Robert, we begin again to spin merrily through it. I dare say you long to see your sister? Profit, my boy, by the little instruction we are able to give you;—now is the spring of your life, your sowing time; and as you sow in spring, so with the showers of God's blessing, will you reap in harvest, and lay up a store of information against the winter of old age." The same night a strange sail joined the fleet, and carried a light to deceive some of the vessels into a supposition that she was the commodore; but without success. To-

wards daylight she sheered off. The frigate gave chase; but had not the slightest chance of catching her. "'Tis an American corvette," remarked Graham; "she sails like the wind. Why she has a cleaner pair of heels than the old Venus herself—there are several strange sail in sight; and see the frigate is making a signal. Step and answer it, Mr. Franks. It is for the headmost ships to shorten sail, to allow the lazy to come up. ' Throw out the tow-line again. Damn that fellow he ought to allow me part of his freight; for but for us he would have been miles astern; perhaps taking a snug breakfast aboard the Yankee this morning. Heave the log." "Aye, aye, Sir." "Well done, our noble selves; well done, old b—h!—What, running seven knots, with a box and heaters in tow!—Now, Captain Strickland, talking about towing, I have taken the widow in tow, got the weather gage of her; and, I'm a Dutchman, if we don't get spliced as soon as we reach Limehouse-hole." "Mind, my brave tar," said our hero, "that you are not going to the Isle of Dogs." "Never fear me, shipmate; she is sound wind and limb—will answer well her helm, and well ballasted with yellow boys. She has but one daughter, and she is provided for at her aunt's." "You will have some trouble, then," observed Strickland, smiling; "for instead of having, as you wished, seven ready made, it seems there is but *one*." "Never mind that; I mean to get to work in right earnest. But, mum, for all this—not a word to Madam Belcour." "Oh, certainly not, she is so blind, that of course she cannot see how the game goes on;—*women*, you know, are quite ignorant on these matters. But pray how long,

Geo  
there  
there  
how  
your  
'con  
those  
ing  
what  
to b  
both  
Ven  
ham  
' Y  
Stric  
and  
tain  
' S'  
dres.  
he e  
him  
only  
dress  
into  
sing  
your  
hear  
hair  
and  
be  
patc  
time

George, has her husband been dead?" " Oh, some three or four months; but that's neither here nor there; nobody in England knows how long it is, or how short. And, take my word for it, Strickland, your new made widows are more easily coaxed to 'commit matrimony,' (as an honest tar once said), than those of longer standing. Should I succeed in reaching England, I shall realize enough this trip, with what I have already in the bottom of an old stocking, to buy the other share of the old barquey, and be both owner and commander-in-chief of the good ship Venus, of the port of London." " Need I say, Graham, that I wish you success in your undertakings?" " You need not, Sir, for I *know* you do. And mind, Strickland, when you are bound to the land of frogs and Frenchmen, I join convoy. I can easily put a captain in for a month or two. Here, Mr. Franks!" " Sir," " Ask Barney if he knows how to kill and dress a pig?" " I will, Sir." " Well, what does he say?" " He says 'who but myself sure can kill him; and as for the dressing, never fear me for that; only let the Captain say, whether he would like it dressed in the oven, boiled in the copper, or made into an Irish stew; or—.'" " That's not the dressing I meant: I meant to take the hair off." " Faith, your honour," interrupted Barney, who was within hearing, " did ye think I should dress it with the hair on?" " Well, get to work." " By my sowl and I will, then, the offal, your honour knows, will be my parkazits?" " They will.—Come, come, despatch." " Faith and I'll despatch him before he has time to tell who hurted him. Harush! harush! there.

Och! and can't ye please to step this way; or must I be after taking the trouble to fetch yese?"

This being Saturday night, the usual toasts went round; and who so happy as the tars of the *Venus*? But it is not all sunshine. The ocean of life is not one continued calm;—if it were always fair gales with us, we should set but little value on the prosperous breezes. The merry party were disturbed from their potations by a sudden storm from the eastward. Striking top-gallant yards and reefing topsails, seemed to be the general occupation of the fleet, when early darkness spread her gloomy mantle over the bosom of the briskly agitated main. "Heaven send that the *Speedwell* may well speed," observed Graham; "she is but a bad sea-boat; and since we've, for our own security, cast her off, she is already far to leeward. Clew up the foretopsail there!" "Aye, aye, Sir!" "Jump up and hand him!" By night the ship was laid to under the close-reefed maintopsail. "Come, my dear," said Strickland to Madam Belcour; who seemed but the more dear to him from the peril they were in—"you had better retire to rest, and try to sleep; all will be well—this gale cannot last long. We have already made two-thirds of our distance; and even should we be delayed by foul winds for a week to come, we shall then have time to make a good passage;—come, will you go?" "I will, Strickland. Oh, Robert, even *here*, the hand of heaven seems to pursue me! I think I hear the solemn voice of retributive justice pealing high above the howling storm. Think not of *me*, my love—think not of *me*, but study to preserve yourself; *you* who have ever continued an ornament, a blessing to society."



“Peace! my Mary. Hush! compose those painful feelings:—if you have done *wrong*, and gracious Heaven *then* accorded protection, how much more may you reckon upon its aid when doing *right*;—come, my love, and let me shut you in. I hear Barnard’s foot upon the ladder, and with him Robert: keep up your spirits, nor let the boy perceive your despondency. One embrace—good night!—take care of yourself—keep up your heart—look above! Remember, Mary, that on *your* life depends that of Strickland. Once more, good night! Now, Mr. Barnard, how goes it upon deck—the ship rolls heavily.” “It blows harder and harder, my friend; and the night so very dark, Graham fears we shall run aboard some other vessel, or that some other ship will run afoul of us. The wind, he says, is chopping round more to the southward, and will, perhaps, be fair again by morning. It came on so suddenly, Strickland, I feel more alarmed than ever I did; surely after having succeeded thus far, happiness is not to be snatched from us in the moment of fruition.” “Pooh, pooh! Mr. Barnard. Robert, my dear, sit on the floor, or you will be pitched to leeward. Had he not better go to bed, Mr. Barnard?” “He shall, Sir, presently.” “Why, Mr. Barnard, the boy looks firm and courageous; pray let not *your* unreasonable fears, or rather your unseasonable moment of expressing them, damp that courage. It will not last, at least in *this* quarter; for if it is chopping round to the southward, in less than four and twenty-hours ’twill fix itself again in the west, its old quarter: it is getting late in the season; and surely you did not expect to cross the fickle Atlantic, in the month of November,

without meeting with a squall? Here, here! Robin, bring the brandy bottle; the nights are cold, we need something. Turn in, Mr. Barnard, and you, my child—*I'll* upon deck and relieve Graham." By the time Strickland gained the quarter-deck, the wind was due south; the foretopmast staysail, and the reefed mizzen set, the vessel laying her course, and some points free. "What think you of this, my tar?" joyfully exclaimed Graham.—"'Tis well, Sir; and the weather somewhat clearer. Now do I call to mind with gratitude," thought Strickland, "the remark of my poor boy on a like occasion:

' A sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft  
To keep watch for the life of poor Ned.'

Aye, and I trust for poor Ned's father, and his unhappy mother. But why do I call her unhappy?—is it not a blessing to have a deep sense of our former frailties?—Is it not a shield to prevent us from again falling into error?—but let me attend to the duties of friendship. Graham, step down and refresh yourself, and carry to our friends the joyful intelligence of the improved state of the weather. I will endeavour to supply your place here." "Thank you, Sir; but why say *endeavour*—who but you *can?* as Barney would say—but I'm off." Our hero turned to Mr. Franks.—"Well, Sir, the night, you see, as yet, turns out better than we expected;—this puff will subside to a brisk steady gale. The wind is now south-south west—and see the weather clearing up. See on the weather-bow the frigate is setting her mizzen-topsail; we might well carry our *fore* one.—"Holloa! Graham," shouted Strickland, "I'm going to set the fore-topsail, what d'ye say—shall I?" "Aye,

aye; carry on her, my boy." Ere midnight the *Venus*, the frigate, and what few ships there was light enough to discern, were running away free under their top-sails and fore-course for England. Graham relieved Mr. Franks; and our hero, descending to his cabin turned in, full of hope and spirits. "'Tis well," said he; "thank heaven it was no worse; this breeze, in a week or ten days, if it does but last, will carry us to our island,—

' Oh, the snug little island!

will waft us on to dear England. How do I long to see a newspaper!—to read, to hear, how goes on the warfare on the continent? Is the Emperor yet humbled?—Will he listen to reason?—Has he learnt humility? but, above all, is the white banner of peace unfurled?—are the swords of the nations yet beat into pruning-hooks? Heaven grant that they soon may be!" 'Twas late in the morning ere Strickland ascended the quarter-deck. "What, the fore and main-top gallant sails set?—this looks well," thought he. "The frigate is in chace again, my tar," said Graham. "There is a suspicious-looking vessel trying to cut off some of the sternmost ships; and damn me but I think 'tis the American corvette again, trying to pick up the wee things about the deck, as Sawney says; and if so, the Yankee will soon show Andrew Miller his backside. Bless ye, they are made with legs for running—for running after the *weak*, and running away from the *strong*." "This puts me in mind of a quaint epigram," replied our hero:

"The toast of each Briton in war's dread alarms,  
O'er bottle or bowl, is Success to our *arms*.  
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from each trench,  
Success to our *legs*, is the toast of the French."

But just lend me the glass, Sir, the frigate is wearing, and the stranger has sheered off. 'Tis our old drawback, the Speedwell, which the stranger wanted to take in tow ; but instead of her being 'ballasted with yellow boys,' Graham, she is loaded with deistical notions and infidelity, (for I have heard that the merchant, though a keen man of business, is a professed infidel.) Strange ! that men should be so clever and penetrating in mere worldly matters, and yet so dull and blind in concerns of infinitely greater importance. But here comes all the rest of our friends upon deck." " Well, Madam--well gentlemen, how like you this ?—All goes on swimmingly, eh ?" " It does, it does." " But breakfast, Sir, is on the table," observed Robert ; " and Barney says they are the best rolls we have had on the passage ;—I've just helped Robin to butter them—will you step down stairs while they are hot ?" " Avast there !" roared Graham : " *you* a sailor !—*you* be an admiral !—why you are only fit for a soldier !—let me never hear again about—' go down stairs !'—The proper English of it is, ' go below ;' so go, and we'll follow." After breakfast, the frigate made the signal for the headmost ships to heave to ; and having formed the fleet into compact order, they made sail with a favourable gale for England. The following Sunday evening they made the Lizard lights ; and our hero, and the other passengers, begged of Captain Graham to land them at Portsmouth, to avoid the tedious river navigation ; which the warm-hearted old gentleman promised, if possible, to do.

" We are approaching the land very rapidly," observed Strickland, to Mr. Barnard, " and should the

breeze hold good, and Graham keep his promise, by Tuesday we shall be safe landed on Point Beach. Now it is high time for me to begin to cast about for a little country residence;—my friends in London are not on any account to see Madam Belcour. I shall regret, Mr. Barnard, sincerely regret our separation; but it *must* be.” “My house, Strickland, is for the present and *ever* at your disposal. You will come with me and witness, *share* the joy you have done so much to create; your sister can remain for a few days, or, as long as she pleases, quite retired with us. My daughter knows nothing of your circumstances. Nay, consent at once; you have, I know, business to settle with Mr. Cole and Mr. Noble; and where can you be better lodged, in the mean time, than at my house? It is perhaps the last favour we shall have the opportunity of asking you, I say *we*, for I know my Robert would feel hurt at parting from you thus suddenly. The boy possesses an affectionate heart,—do you not think so, Strickland?” “I am *sure* of it, Sir.” “I am glad to hear you say so, for a father’s fondness often blinds him to the defects of his children:—but say that you consent.” “I do, Sir; and yet, Mr. Barnard, it grieves me to accept your offer, not because I esteem myself unwelcome, quite the reverse; but because I feel overwhelmed with a sense of your friendship and kindnesses, your soothing counsel in the moment I most needed it,—on the night I recovered my Mary was such, that I fear I shall never be able to repay the obligation; the delicacy with which you have treated her on the passage, and the” —“There! now, Strickland, I know all about what you intend to say, and therefore need not be told; but see, it spits with rain, ’tis late, Graham’s turned

in, let's below; to-morrow we shall gladden our eyes with a nearer view of old England, and perhaps the day after treat our stomachs with a joint of its far-famed roast-beef;—I already feel such a longing for *it*, and all connected with it, that now we are so near I can scarcely contain myself. To-morrow night, Capt. Strickland, I shall show you the contents of the box the poor mad woman brought from the American border." "I thank you, Sir, good night; Mr. Franks," continued Strickland, turning to the mate, "carry on her, my boy, make hay while the sun shines, this strong gale has ridden us of the *Speedwell*." "Good night, Sir, we'll do our best to keep the old ship a-moving."

Very early in the morning our hero rose; the vessel was off Falmouth harbour, and a large fishing-boat just along-side. Strickland immediately awaked Mr. Barnard, and consulted with him on the expediency of taking this opportunity to land; but, as the wind continued fair, after many arguments pro and con, it was determined to proceed onwards to Portsmouth, as their landing at Falmouth would have subjected Madam B. to the fatigues of a long journey by land. Soon after dinner they passed the Eddystone lighthouse, and some vessels hauled in for Plymouth-dock. Madam Belcour, feeling indisposed, retired for a few hours to her cabin, and, while Robert amused himself upon deck, Mr. Barnard and Strickland looked over the papers inclosed in the packet the former had received from his brother; among which was the copy of a lease of a cottage, with fifty acres of improved land in South Wales, and several other documents interesting to that gentleman. "And now, Strickland," observed he, "in the little trunk, written upon, 'this for Robert Barnard,' among other articles I

have found the original lease, with an account of the arrears of rent due. This I now hand over to you, in *trust* for your son; and recollect, Sir, I stand prepared to overrule all or any objections, for however *you* might feel justified in refusing the acceptance of it for *yourself*, to refuse it for your Edward would be highly imprudent. It wants not quite five weeks to Christmas, I am acquainted with the parties who occupy it, and who, to my certain knowledge, reside in town during the winter, I have no doubt of being able to persuade them to surrender the key by Christmas at farthest, perhaps immediately; when, if such a retirement suits your taste, and meets with the approbation of Madam B., you can go down and take possession, as a trustee for your son; but if you prefer a retired residence in the metropolis, I expect, as a favour, that my house shall be the place of your abode;—there, there, I'm off upon deck while you lock it up." "Sir, you lay me under the weight of so many obligations that"—"You see I am already at the cabin door,—pray,—no more on the subject; you know, Strickland, the state of my property, and that *this* is such a trifle, that I shall scarce miss it."—

Generous, grateful-hearted Barnard! observed our hero, when left to himself; what do I not owe thee? I accept thy liberal present, admire the refined principle that suggested the delicate mode of conferring it, and rejoice to think that I have such a provision in store for my little captive. Blow, good breezes, blow, keep steady to the west but one twenty-four hours longer: but surely I have forgot poor Graham. Blow thou balmy western gale, until thou hast wafted Neptune's daughter, the sprightly Venus, to the wealth-

fraught bosom of old father Thames,—until the good ship has cast her anchor within sight of thy stupendous dome St. Paul,—and brought the tributes of another world to lay as trophies at thy feet, O London!—mistress of cities! empress of commerce! and arbitress of Europe! To-morrow I hope to land at Portsmouth; but why *I*? *we, we*, blest social pronoun, *we*, my Mary and myself, hope to land at Portsmouth, and, by the following day, delight our eyes with thy proud spires, thy lofty turrets, and thy numerous bridges.

Fly swift, ye happy moments, fly!  
Nor linger long, ye leaden-winged hours!

I burn,—I long,—to read the state of Europe's warlike powers, to catch a gleam of hope, a glimpse of future joy.—I anticipate peace, a meeting with my child. The whole afternoon our cabin friends spent upon deck enraptured, gazing at the changing prospect. Strickland sat and pointed out to Madam Belcour each opening headland, and each friendly bay and haven; the channel seemed thickly covered with ships of war and ships of commerce, the one destined to guard our isle from hostile strangers, the other to pour the wealth of nations at our England's feet. "See, see!" exultingly cried our hero, "behold how majestically waves our country's flag, the sacred cross, in triumph o'er the seas; and see her hardy sons plowing their peculiar element to enrich her. Come down, my dear, and let's look out the little things we mean to take on shore with us, the rest we may safely intrust to Graham's honest care, who, if the wind holds, will reach Limehouse almost as soon as we the city; you know, my dear, he travels by night.



Towards night-fall the Commodore made signal for the whole fleet to shorten sail, purposing at daybreak, with the flood-tide, to make the passage of the Needles, as a few of the vessels were bound to Portsmouth. "This is most fortunate," observed our hero, "as the frigate will doubtless heave to at the Mother-bank, to land her letters, &c.; you, Captain Graham, can land us without danger of losing convoy."

After supper, Strickland proposed to Madam Belcour and Robert to retire early, as it seemed probable they would be aroused by times in the morning. The latter instantly obeyed. Widow Dawson had been safe moored in what Graham called Blanket Bay, above an hour, and Graham had the watch upon deck; but Madam B. still lingered up. "The truth is, Gentlemen," said she, "I cannot sleep. I long to know whether there are any tidings of peace; and cannot, dear Sir," turning to Mr. Barnard, "omit this opportunity to thank your liberality towards my dear, dear boy"—(Strickland looked at her significantly, but it was of no avail: overpowered by feelings of gratitude, she unthinkingly continued)—"towards my child—towards my hus"—"But, gracious Heaven! what has my imprudence betrayed me into?" Here the truly embarrassed lady hastily quitted the table, and scarcely faltering a good night, shut her cabin door, and retired to *bed*, (not to *rest*,) in unutterable confusion. Our two friends remained for some minutes in silence, and then adjourned to the quarter deck. The Needles' light was at no very considerable distance on the larboard bow: Strickland sorrowfully gazed upon it, and addressing himself to Mr. Barnard, observed, "*This*, my dear Sir, is most

unfortunate; this trip of the tongue has placed me in a dilemma, from which I know not how to extricate myself. Mary will feel ashamed to meet you in the morning; and as for my accepting your friendly offer, to reside with you for a little time in London, it *now* cannot be;—'tis even a doubt with me, whether she will be prevailed upon to land in the same boat with you. Most unfortunate ebullition of feeling!" "Most unfortunate, indeed!" replied Mr. Barnard; "but what is to be done? Graham will not be able to afford us more than one boat and crew; we can *now* decide upon nothing, my friend, but must await the morning, and act according to circumstances." The greater part of the night Strickland paced the deck, restless and agitated, nor did he retire to rest until the fleet had neared the Needle's Point. By seven, A. M. the ship was off Cowes, and at eight, the party, with the exception of Madam Belcour, sat down to breakfast; that lady pleaded indisposition, and had some tea and a roll handed in to her by Mrs. Dawson. Soon after breakfast, Strickland heard Graham upon deck, giving orders to his men to lower down the jolly boat. At this moment Mr. Barnard considerably took Robert by the hand, and allured the servant upon deck, when Strickland, gently tapping at his wife's cabin-door, inquired, "Are you *ready*, Mary?" "I am, Robert; but my dear, in landing, pray let us part from Mr. Barnard; I cannot bring myself to meet him; I would really prefer proceeding to London in the vessel, but that I fear his attachment to you would induce him to do so too." "I am glad, my dear, you have come to this resolution; for even if he landed here with his son, which I am sure he would do,

rather than inflict pain on you;—what would Graham think of this separation, after the amity he has observed so long existing among us?—but I hear the boat is down. Keep up your courage, love; you are *all* to me, be what you may to others. I'll see Mr. Barnard and his son in the boat, and then step down and fetch you."

By the time Strickland reached the deck, the frigate was hove to, and the *Venus*, with several other vessels, stretching over towards the harbour's mouth, (Portsmouth.) Mr. Barnard and Robert, by our hero's desire, first entered the boat, after which, in spite of Graham's entreaties, descended Widow Dawson. "You have Mr. Barnard's address, Graham: *there* you will either find or hear of me and of Mrs. Dawson," said Strickland; "and can you blame a female for fearing to remain in custody, without a protector, in the hands of a warm old bachelor? I am sure you cannot" "Such things must not be, Captain Graham," observed Mr. Barnard. In a few minutes our hero handed down Madam Belcour, and taking, for the present, a friendly leave of the truly friendly Graham,—accompanied by many "Long lives to your Honours, and long lives to your Honour's lady," from Barney, the boat pushed off, and speedily landed at the sallyport, where Strickland presented the crew with a guinea, to drink his health, and advising them to push aboard speedily, as the vessel was already wearing, they proceeded to an hotel, ordered two private apartments, and four bed rooms: one for Madam B., one for Mr. Barnard and his son, one for our hero, and one for Mrs. Dawson; and having ordered two post chaises to be ready by nine in the

morning, Mr. Barnard dispatched a letter that evening to his daughter, and Strickland spent the afternoon partly with Mr. B. and his still much-beloved Robert,—and partly with his wife. The following morning the party drove off, Mr. Barnard and son in the one carriage, and Captain Strickland and wife in the other, and Mrs. Dawson by the stage. They dined at Guildford ;—still *separately*.

Poor Robert wondered at these strange proceedings, and at the silence of Madam B. ; he often felt a wish to inquire the cause, but when prepared to ask, as if the father guessed the question, an affected coldness and reserve still held him dumb. “ Poor Captain Strickland,” thought he, “ is still unhappy ;—what would I not give to know the cause ? But why should I wish to know it ?—am I able to apply a remedy ? Alas ! oh ! no ; would that I were ! There is a strange coldness on the part of dear Madam Belcour ; I already see we shall soon part.” A melancholy also seemed to usurp its gloomy empire over the spirits of Mr. Barnard, and in this state of feeling our travellers entered London, by Hyde Park Corner, at seven in the evening. Mr. Barnard had given our hero the address of a respectable elderly couple, near Golden Square : thither he drove, and hired apartments for a week, during which time he daily visited Mr. Barnard ; and Robert daily visited Mrs. Strickland. The reception between father and daughter,—and brother and sister, was as cordial as might have been expected, as also between our hero, and his old friend, Mr. Noble, who sincerely rejoiced at Strickland’s having recovered his wife, as well as at the intelligence he had received of his son. In one thing—one thing

only, was Strickland disappointed; and that was in his researches after Mrs. Williams, the reputed mother of his captive Edward. "I am thoroughly satisfied," thought he, "that the dear boy is my own, yet long to recompense his foster mother." By Mr. Noble's assistance, he settled the business respecting his town house, received the rents, and determined to let the same person occupy it, till it could be sold by private contract. From Mr. Cole he also received the residue of his property—upwards of a thousand pounds; he likewise drew his half-pay, paid a farewell visit to Graham, (by this time safely arrived,) landed the luggage, witnessed the happy marriage of that worthy seaman with the no-less worthy Mrs. Dawson, gave the Captain his address in Wales, promising to advise him when he intended to depart for France, and taking a most cordial leave of Mr. Barnard and Robert, the latter of whom shed tears in abundance, our hero, with Mrs. Strickland, quitted London, for their new residence in Wales. In about a fortnight afterwards Mr. Barnard received the following letter from Captain Strickland:—

"Dear Friend,

"At length I and my Mary are happily united, and Madam Belcour no longer exists, save in the person of Mrs. Strickland. I have truly practised an act of self-denial, in not writing to you before, and did so while waiting with the hope to inform you of this joyful circumstance.

"Oh, Barnard, what happiness, what hope is mine! I know you participate my joy, as you once shared my sorrows. The present you have made my dear

boy is a princely donation. With what delight we stroll about the grounds, my Mary's taste suggesting this, that, and the other little improvement. But it was, as we found it, a little fairy palace;—how great, Mr. Barnard, must have been the friendship and generosity which prompted you so amply to furnish it, not even excepting the stocking the grounds with cattle, the stable with a pair of horses, and the yard with pigs and poultry! And what, *what* Sir, can I render you in return for all this bounty? Could you not send me my little adopted son, Robert? but would, indeed, be adding another to the many favours you have conferred upon me. But should you, at any period, feel disposed to send him to a boarding-school, pray place him, for at least the first twelve-month, under our care. You may depend upon it, Sir, such attention shall be paid to his comfort, morals and improvement, as you will in vain look for at public schools. Do *this*, Mr. Barnard, and thus help me to pay back (though by miserable instalments), to the *son*, the favours I have experienced at the hand of the *father*:—what a proof of your confidence would it be should you send him down immediately on the receipt of this letter. You will do well to do so; he is now growing a fine tall boy; and you have, therefore, no time to lose, as the proverb truly says: 'youth is the season for instruction.' It shall be my business, to the utmost of my abilities, to well-ground him in the solid, the essential elements of learning; while Mrs. Strickland will add, that beautiful, gentle polish, so becoming and engaging in a man at all periods of life, but more particularly so, at his first entrance into it. Perhaps you may imagine the air

here is very keen and searching—the season is truly a severe one; and yet I am persuaded that we experience less of the severity of the weather than you do in the metropolis. One favour let me beg of you, *en passant*, pray forward me the earliest intelligence of every fresh movement of the Allies; not only the newspaper account, but also the reports in circulation in the fashionable circles which you occasionally visit. From what I have already learnt, the war is advancing rapidly to a close. The first moment I can do it with safety, purpose landing at Ostend, and travelling: almost flying, to Cambray, to snatch from a French prison my dear boy. In a journey a fortnight ago to Swansea, I met with a Welsh captain, who has a brother confined in Cambray, and who has promised to send me an early notice should he hear of the prisoners being removed to any other part of the country. My lingering pen still hesitates to bid you adieu; and why?—my heart is full of my subject; and yet not so full as to exclude the warm feelings of gratitude and esteem I feel for you. I have confessed to Mrs. Strickland, that in an hour of confidence, long ere I recovered her, you were the faithful depository of our secret; and have no doubt but that in process of time, she may be brought to see you. Robert must be made to think that she resided in Canada for the benefit of her health; and chose to pass as my sister in the passage home. How seriously, my dear Sir, should we pause ere we stoop to falsehood or prevarication; when we see how many subsequent untruths we are often compelled to call in to the aid of the first. I have read a letter from Graham; and I am sure your friendly heart will de-

rive satisfaction from being informed that the generous old tar feels happy, to use his own words— ‘ Success, say I, to matrimony,—why, Strickland, I never was so happy and merry in my life. Betsey has already got a young one on the stocks. I have bought all the ship ; and nothing, I trust, will prevent me from sailing to France with you.’ Perhaps, Sir, I may also reckon upon the pleasure of *your* company: I am more and more persuaded my journey will not be delayed to a very distant period. If Edward has continued to write a journal,—from his increasing age, and the greater leisure he now possesses, I flatter myself it will be well worth reading: if so, I shall add to it an account of my journey in search of him, and publish the whole. Adieu! Sir. My best love to Robert and Miss Barnard. Accept the same, with my warmest gratitude, from,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your truly sincere friend and obliged Servant,

“ R. STRICKLAND.

“ P. S. Mrs. Strickland makes you all many compliments.

“ Dec. —, 1813.”

THE END.



ene-  
s—  
d, I  
has  
ght  
me  
; I  
ny:  
not  
has  
ge,  
ny-  
add  
and  
to  
ith  
  
nt,  
.  
om-