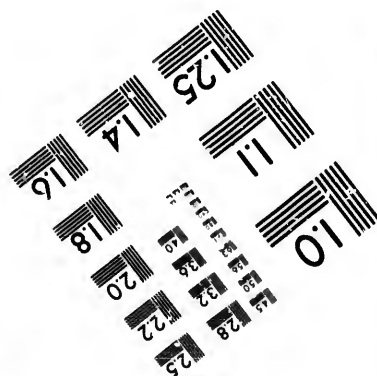
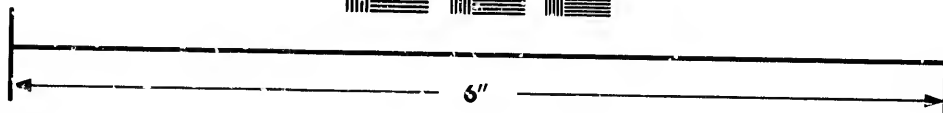
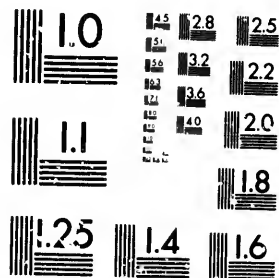


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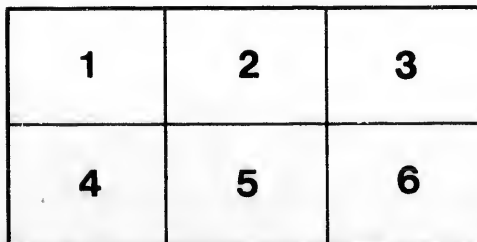
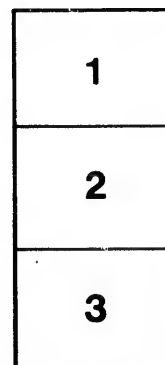
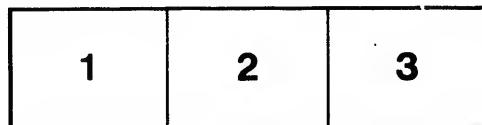
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BIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM H. MERRITT, JUN.,

PRINCIPALLY BY HIMSELF,

WITH CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER,

J. P. MERRITT.

(FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.)

ST. CATHARINES:
"FREE PRESS" BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1876.

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BIOGRAPHY.

In that unfallable chronicle of events, the Family Almanac, I find an entry in the hand-writing of my Mother on the 4th of July, 1822; by which it appears that I made my first appearance on the stage of action; though just then with very little ability to avail myself of the advantages of it, on that morning at three o'clock, the exact hour, however, will not make any material difference I suppose, except in entering for a prize at the Athletic games, or something of that like.

The next entry by the same hand, ever careful to perpetuate events of importance is "Sally went to Bunkers 17th," which we will allow to pass with no further comment, as it will never enlighten the world, half as much upon the subject as the writer.

Through the remainder of the year and the two following I find nothing entered to my score; I suppose I passed through the regular grade of being watched at the cradle, pap and spoon fed, and at length began to walk; was a great trouble to all, of which I was most supremely ignorant—when the age of talking came on I must have been considered a prodigy as are all children by their fault blind parents, to use a pert humorism.

In 1825 I see by the same authority that some portion of the family left Mayville on the 28th of April, but whether I participated in the pleasure of the voyage I cannot remember. If my Mother was of the party I undoubtedly made one also, and my two other brothers. I must not forget that our number had been increased at Mayville by the birth of Tom, in October last, so that we were then three as we are still and I hope may long continue in peace and happiness.

By another entry we are informed that "William H. Merritt and Susan Adams left for Bridgewater and Quebec soon after our arrival at St. Catharines, and that the former returned on the 11th June."

1826 was an important era of my life, being attended with great affliction of which I have no recollection at present.

I began to be unwell with the measles on the 20th of January of which I suffered so much that my life was very generally despaired of.

On the 10th August we started for Mayville, which we left on the 2nd of October.

I still have a faint remembrance of the journey, though very vague, we went in the old carriage, and on the way Tom and I amused ourselves by throwing off our caps and making the man go back for them, also of seeing a donkey on the road and when at Mayville of going on board the horse boat—wondering at its size. Of our return I remember nothing.

By the Almanac I see that Mr. Murray and wife paid us a visit, they left on the 30th October, that is still fresh in my recollection, and I think on his departure he lost a trunk and had to return for it, though why a circumstance so trivial should cling to my mind at that time so weak and uninformed in-exclusion to things of much greater importance, I cannot think. However, after, I met with a somewhat serious accident, the marks of which I bear to this day, in bringing a cradle to my Mother for Tom, who was still young, I fell and cut my lip and tongue, I remember the weeping eyes I saw above me as I sat upon the kitchen table with blood streaming down my face, they thought then I would loose my speech, as the part of the tongue was very nearly detached, a few days, however, made the matter all right.

Young Gordon left about this time for Scotland, I remember his taking leave of us in the sitting room. Of Scotland then I had not the slightest idea, though that was not very singular in a person so young.

I shall not attempt to follow my juvenile course through these rather obscure periods, but take a flying leap at once to the time when I made my special visit to Mayville with my Grand-father and Ma. I recollect having a great desire to go either for the ride or novelty.

On the morning of our departure we were all seated in the parlour waiting for the coach. I was admiring the large book of pictures, which has been so long present in the family, and as proof of my determination to go I was firm against compensation, even to the amount of a quarter of a dollar.

In making some sage observations of the pictures we chanced to meet a coach, just at the moment when the Mail coach was hailed in view by some of the party, in which we were soon safely stowed.

After the usual leave takings, a short ride brought us to the Falls, where I was shown all the wonders by my Grand-father, he enjoined a particular attention to all I saw in order to remember it, which I did, for on arriving at the hotel in Buffalo, much to his astonishment, I pointed out a drawing of the Falls in a parlor, this was thought a wonder, at which I was equally surprised I must not omit to say that we crossed the Niagara in a leaky boat which was bailed all the way during the passage, when over I was for the first time in my life struck with the strange appearance of a steamer.

The night following was to me one of inexpressible satisfaction, so comfortable stowed away among the ladies—a privilege which I then thought little of—I slept soundly and was quite unwilling, the next morning to go ashore, so well had I passed my time on ship-board.

I must not spend much time upon such trifling incidents, but despatch a whole year of history at once, while remaining with my Grand-parents I amused myself much with my juvenile sports, among which the one I most delighted to perform, was the part of a general waging private war against the bushes, weeds and alders, fancying each separate stump an enemy and doing the fighting myself, however as I had always a personal feeling to gratify, the way which I particularly distinguished as my own, was certain of a complete victory, while the enemy dropping their heads appeared ashamed of the disgraceful defeat they had sustained—to retreat was out of their power.

I passed the winter very pleasantly, was taught to read by my Grand-father, who never spared any pains to give me useful instruction and felt himself amply repaid with the trifling progress I made. Though quite alone at this early age, I never felt the least desire of returning home.

The kind indulgence of my Grand-father supplied the place of my own parents so well that even in the spring following, which was in the year 1828, I felt little satisfaction or joy in returning home.

My greeting to them was quite commonplace, and without the slightest show of feeling—after a visit long or short, it matters not, I was taken home and Jedidiah, the eldest, allowed to remain at Mayville during the winter. We lived in the old house on the hill, and well do I remember the many happy days I have here passed in company with my younger brother, the walks on the picket fence, the frightful stories of our Irish servants, my be-ginging to ride on horse-back and debut at school—these I do not however, consider my happiest days—the mind was not then sufficiently expanded to feel all that glow of pleasure that enthusiasm of youth, peculiar to young persons, these were yet to come, how long it did appear to look forward to the uncertain state of manhood and so far off as to be scarcely ever attainable.

But now my boyhoods sunny hours had well nigh flown as I think upon it the warm tears come fresh to my eyes and wet them for the first time in many months, that glow of youth that carelessness of personal appearance, that bright motive of pleasure, thoughts are to be soon exchanged for the rigor of scrupleousness and deep concern of manhood.

But why repine? This change must take place in us all, let us strive to live a life of contentment, and happiness will follow.

Our consins from New Brunswick visited us about this time, but it is needless to mention circumstances so trivial, but pass at once to the prominent periods. The winter past and in the summer or autumn of the year 1829 we again visited Mayville. I remember nothing of our mode of getting there. My Mother was very ill during the whole of our visit which was remarkable for the birth of my sister Catharine. I replaced my brother and remained a long while, untill the Spring of the year following 1831, when Grandpa and I, together with a large portion of our friends came to Canada, we had a very rough passage on the lake, having the boat on fire on one occasion.

When we arrived home we found Ma very unwell, what an awkward cub Tom was, quite a dirty fellow, he met us with an enormous piece of bread in his hand, he would scarcely speak to me.

I went to the Academy, and found myself far behind the other boys even those of my own age. Now I flatter myself with the same persons' there would be an equal desparagement, though in an increased ratio.

My dear sister died and we sadly followed the young flower so lately blooming in all its infantile lovliness to the solemn Church yard, and saw her lowered slowly down into the silent earth with that impressing solemnity of our excellent Church service, we returned with sad hearts for we had seen the last of her whose happy smile so often filled us with joyous expectations; even now I can call to mind her bright eyes and merry laugh; but time has nearly healed the wound, for the mind how ever sensible cannot grieve always, and the sorrowful recollection though it may bring a tear to the eye, is soon subdued and lost giving place to the cares and troubles in which we are so constantly engaged.

What we were employed about during the winter; I can with difficulty call to mind; however, by refering to various family movements, we conclude that the winter was passed at school to Mr. Walker and Thurkle, and now

that I think of it, 'twas the important period of commencing English Grammar ; with how many cuffs and beatings was it installed into my understanding, really it was no ordinary task to commit three lines of it to memory, and the poor book was regularly thumbed to pieces before clearing six pages.

In the Spring of 1831, Ma having recovered sufficiently, we undertook the journey to Mayville, trying enough to a person in ill health from the terrible state of the roads, we passed our time like gentlemen, in doing nothing but what we pleased, and were generally a source of annoyance to every one, the family returned ail but myself, the fear of hearing the cannon on the steamer induced me to remain, for, at that time, I was a most fearful coward when fire arms were in the question.

The visit was rendered somewhat varied by the presence of Miss. Snead from Carolina, a lady who did little but smoke cigars, at which she was a proficient.

In the Autumn I accompanied my Grand-father and Miss. Snead to Catskill, the particulars of which journey as well as the means employed to make me one of the company are quite fresh in my recollection. Returned with Pa and Ma and Miss. Tinline, who accompanied us to make one o' the family. On our return found a Mr. McLaren enstalled in the Academy, try him and begin Latin, and it occurs to me that I have been studying it long enough to very little purpose.

I must not, however, pass over this period without recording that at this age I first began to form School acquaintances, many of which have lasted to this day, and from the most childish amusements began to take delight in the exhilarating exercise of sports in the open air.

During the Winter School was attended, I fancy, with as much regularity as is usual from boys of our own age and forwardness for play.

In the Spring of 1832, the Cholera having made its appearance in America, we early in May prepared ourselves and left home to seek in the balmy climate of Chautauque Hills security from its malignity, though greatly annoyed at the Ferry by the quarantine, we succeeded in crossing the river in time for the evening steamer, and were the next morning in Mayville, which we did not leave until next October. Though we escaped, all our friends had not our good fortune, for Mr. Ingersoll and his oldest son fell victims to its unsparing severity, but have left in the hearts of all their friends the warmest recollection of their memory.

Aunts Ingersoll and Vanvaltenburgh passed the winter with us. Have a very indistinct recollection of anything which then occurred, excepting Thomas and I—acting as nurses in general to Master Charley.

The Spring of 1833 opened upon us most beautifully, and we received a cautionary address from our Master to beware its wiles, it would seduce us from our sober studies, to the perseverance of which winter had been so favorable. The event justified his apprehensions, for no sooner was the earth clear from snow then active preparations were set on foot for a purile war, Forts were built and battles fought.

It was indeed a happy season, and in our other games how happy we felt, when coursing through the Pine woods or climbing the tall trees and fearlessly coursing along their slender branches.

We had many fine school fellows, how widely are they scattered now, but perhaps they, like myself, remember the occupation of their boyhood, Of course studies were neglected, but the delightful feeling then engendered.

was worth them all. Who would exchange the exstacy of thought when climbing recklessly through the tall Pines, surging from one to the other at a fearful height from the earth. The exhilarating summer breeze as it swept past, fanning the hot cheek, the merry laugh and cheer of your companions, for all the Latin ever invented. Indeed he would be wanting in the better feelings of our nature.

Our good master left us in the Summer, we had passed much time together pleasantly, and regretted to part with him. Though not a Solon, he knew enough for us and was exceedindly kind, even to a fault, and if ever I have the good fortune to meet him again it will be considered a happy hour in my life.

We had all done moderately, made many speeches from our mimic customs and read our merry themes with loud voice and great confidence in their perfection.

In August we made our usual visit to Mayville. A person drove our carriage with his horses, one of which had a great aversion to going down hills and gave us much trouble.

Our time on the Lake was now passed in sail boats ; generally a great source of alarm to Mamma, who, when-ever she could detect us too far from the shore, immediately signalled for our return. Our visit having been accomplished, we set out with Aunt Vanvaltenburgh to return home, and had a most delightful moonligh ride. At Buffalo we found a comfortable Canal boat, and left Aunt to the care of the Chambermaid to leave soon for her destined home

Coming to the Falls we had the good fortune to meet a gentleman from St. Catharines who was good enough to take us home. Sorry to hear that Mrs. Northorp and Montford had left before our arrival.

In all the annals of School teaching the quarter of a year, several of us passed with a famous Mr. Smith, would bear a conspicuous place. We pursued altogether the higher walks of Science, Chemistry, &c ; and the highest walks in breaking of all order in School discipline, to our joy, however, we regularly beat him out in three months, and he left completely conquered.

To make us perfect the Winter was devoted to instructions from Mr. Clendennan, poor man, who taught nothing bnt English. However, as he obliged us to keep clean hands and faces, perhaps the time was not lost, but the Latin was, for all we had ever had installed into our minds, had evaporated, so we found that stood upon mechanical instructor Mr. Cocheral, for which event we had been on qui vive a long time ; hearing dire forebodings of his severe character.

In the Spring, now 1834, he arrived, and we experienced from running wild we were brought into something like order, and though I at the time had much ill feeling towards him, I now think that we all recieved more real benefit from his instruction, than from any other person. He was severe, but then there were occasions for it. Poor young Beedle and James Chase, I laugh at the pale figure of the one, and the shirking trickery of the others, at first he lived with us in the house, but taking unto him a wife afterwards removed to the Academy. Mrs. Northorp and Montford visited St. Catharines in the Spring, and Uncle Nehemiah in the Autumn. Spent some time very pleasantly with the boys in riding about the country and showing the Falls. Went to School after their departure, with anything but a good will, too much running loose had nearly spoiled us.

During the Winter we for a long time suffered severely from the Scarlet fever, were all taken nearly at the same time and had it with nearly the same severity. It was the first severe sickness we had ever experinced.

Soon after recovering from the first effects we ventured out too early and were again, but not so dangerously, effected. I then availed myself of my remaining at home to make a commencement in Novel reading, and begun with Sir. Walter Scott and Marryatt.

We were now in the year 1835. During the year I made pretty good progress in Latin, and whatever I had attempted in other studies. We did not soar too far away as with the Yankey masters, but kept within something like moderate bounds.

During the Summer Mrs. Northorp and Mumford paid us a visit, it was the last we ever saw of Mrs. M, nor shall I ever forget her, few persons of such spirit and beauty and fascinating manners are to be met with.

Many were the pleasant evenings that we passed in her company, and often had she been the life and admiration of the party.

How little did we think when we listened with raptures to her excellent playing and singing, to her pleasing accounts of all she had seen since leaving her former home, that after that time we never should meet again, and her memory will last with life, for she was a brilliant star in the gloomy atmosphere of our every day life.

Again we take our journey to Mayville, Mother and three sons, Father accompanying us as far as Buffalo. Do not remember anything of the journey, except hearing of the death of Uncle Marsh Prendergast, and the commencement of the suit of his heirs against my Grand-father which has continued a subject of annoyance to him during six years.

On our return I think Grandma came with us, but do not remember perfectly. Began in the Winter to prepare for going to College, but for some reason, [I think the badness of the roads] it was thought best to defer it.

1836, read a few more Novels and amused ourselves with little parties; during the Winter continued the preparation for College, got at length fairly off, after having given an affectionate farewell to my Mother and Brothers, and felt somewhat down hearted upon the first occasion of my leaving home for School, after Easter.

Upon arriving at Toronto, and finding my way to the College, I experinced some very bitter feelings, something very much like home-sickness, I was placed in the fourth form, began work under great disadvantages and made but little way during the first quarter.

Was very homesick, and every day made a reckoning of the distances of the far off holidays, at length they came, and with what joy did I hasten with the other boys who were to accompany me to the wharf; it was a glorious day and we were all in such spirits, never were boys so happy! Arrived home, how thankfully I received the joyous welcome that greeted me, my spirits were quite changed, I could scarcely believe myself the same spiritless boy who led so close a life at College. A strong love of home is in a word a strong characteristic in youth, and I really think the state of the mind has a great effect in the progress we may make in whatever we may engage in. I began the amusements of the holidays by aiding in a cheetrical recitation got up by us boys. Very soon after we started for Mayville, at Buffalo I went to the Theater for the first time Thomas and I had ever visited a large one, and were much pleased.

Passed several weeks with our Grand-parents and returned homewards, after the remainder of the Holidays were accomplished, with a heavy heart I left for Toronto and arrived there before most of the boys. Shall long remember the feeling of loneliness which I experienced in the old and deserted study, nor the feelings of disgust with which I heard the bell to arouse us from bed next morning. Once fairly under way I began to get better, but could not prevent my inclination for writing very plaintive letters, nearly two a week. I have them all now carefully preserved, and a beautiful mass of matters they are. The other day in looking over and arranging them, I ventured to read several, and truly they caused me more mirth than anything I remember for a long time.

In November Parliament assembled, which brought Pa as one of the Knights elect, to the Capital. I was very assiduous in visiting him; and generally passed the whole Sunday in his company.

At Christmas the Members took a Holiday, and several went home with us. It was a royal time, but cold in excess but our large cloaks and high spirits, at least mine, kept it off, happy as ever to get home. I passed the time in what ever I thought the most sport, skating and sliding down hill on a bright moonlight night with a clear frosty air, when the sleigh bells in the distance seem to ring so blithe a peal, and the breath from the springing horses pours forth in a sheet of smoke, and the party feel so happy. The sleigh well provided with robes, the beau drives so well, they feel in such spirits at the laughing belle, who shows from under her fur trimmed bonnet a face so bewitching and is at all times bright, then so much brighter that one would think she is such a happy beautiful creature. Could she not be so for life? And upon the impulse of the moment is his heart pierced through, before he is scarcely aware of anything but having admired.

And the slides, have not they their sport, though the night is cold, how warm they are? And how excited, they cannot speak as rational creatures, it is all laugh, cheer and glee, how they toil up the hill and when ready down they go, all laughter, all are happy, until it is time? High time for bed, then they separate with light hearts, thinking of little but the next meeting.

The Holidays over now, 1837. I returned again by the stage to Toronto, and passed a long and dreary Winter all part of the time and discontented the remainder, still more so after Pa's departure in March.

Took to studying the Latin Grammar after School hours. Very sadly disappointed in not going home at Easter. I thought my situation was so deplorable; though there were boys there who did not see their home but once a year, others who would not until they should quit College, I think they cared less about the matter than I did.

Whitsuntide at last comes, and we get away. I took young Helliwell with me, as our taste was decidedly theatrical, we produced, aye, that is a good word for the subject, the tragic, comic, dramatic and exciting piece, or Pantomime, the "Battle of Toronto," got up expressly for our woodshed, and supported by the whole strength of the Company of four, who could speak and one perform for nearly all, the first appearance on any floor, enacting each two pieces. I cannot but laugh, as I think of the exquisite perfection of the thing. I for Governor, in bed, Oh! what a name, on two boxes with a board across, a piece of a carpet to conceal them and an old cloak and night cap to hide His Excellency. Oh! it was good.

When I returned I brought Thomas and James Ingersoll to become perfect at College, with a little squeamish feeling, that quarter went off in style. I got promoted to the 5th. The ball was opened by some person purloining the dinner, and giving all the boys an excuse to go, and as we only got sick mans allowance, we sent off over to a grocery for tarts &c to fill up with.

They were at the time making an addition to the boarding house, and we studied at College.

Introduced Speakers, Dinners and had an occasional fight and managed to do the thing well.

The Summer holidays arrived, and I went home and James to his, and found that Jedediah had been suffering under a severe illness, we were soon ready for the journey which we make through a back country called Ham-bourg, over hills, in rainy weather. Pa considered it delightful at Mayville, found the "Sait" still progressing with the proverbial slowness of Chancery.

After our return to St. Catharines, bringing Grandma with us I think, met our friends from Utica, Crafts and Prendergasts, amused them amongst our St. Catharines friends, with the tragedy of "Roderic Dhu, or, The Lady of the Lake." Mr. Benson as Roderic, it was beautiful. We had just one day to get it up, but it was got up and went off so, in about ten minutes. But after the fun always comes vexation, our friends left and we must again repair to College. "Cressit Amnor" I think some Latin rule says, well this will apply here. Hatred of School increases in proportion to the time there passed.

I found that James Ingersoll had arrived before us, but, poor fellow, he had had very little benefit from his Holidays, having been ill the whole time.

We continued the Speakers, Suppers &c and were somewhat better satisfied than before.

Heard much of the disaffection beginning to manifest itself among the people of Yong Street, to which we gave little attention as it was none of our business. Why should we when the last Company of the Military left we were at the College gate seeing them pace, and gave Mr. McKenzie, who followed to see them clear, a very hearty huzzah, he very politely bowed to us and passed on. I felt at the time a sort of dread for the man, but could not explain to myself the reason.

In December the Rebellion broke upon us most unexpectedly, the night before we had heard of preparations being made, but considered the actual event a thing far off, as the ringing of the alarm bells which awoke some of the boys, was considered merely a lark of the porter, in the morning, however, the full face of the reality came upon us most startling, we got freed from College by it, and perhaps were not very much grieved at the event.

How astonishingly it effected Mr. Thomas Keefer, who, though in bed from a flesh wound I gave him the night before, with a horse whip in sport and quite unable, as we affirmed, to attend College, found the sinews so strengthened that he was up and well able to run as soon as any of us. It was a curious sight to behold guards of civilians about the Government Houses, the shops all closed, people hurrying silently in all directions, some with arms and some without; and then at the Town Hall, where was the assemblage, the cannon with torches ready to be lighted, the arms distributed, melancholy exhibited in every countenance, all was new and strange, nothing was done that day, but various movements took place in the town, bar-

ricading the streets and filling houses with men, all was exciting, it was indeed a change agreeable from our dull business at College, this was something like life, we had often read in History of Rebellion, war, but had never experienced the feeling of the immediate presence of conflict, of a real state of things, when human life is held at so cheap a rate.

The next day, by going too near where the Rebels were stationed, were taken prisoners, but slipped away after a short detention. While there I saw a man aim his rifle to shoot a person who was making away, but the thing seemed so common-place at that time so business like, we took little notice of it, at another time it would have made one tremble with apprehension.

On Thursday, as College was entirely broken up, we asked permission to go home and obtained it, and fortunately for us a steamer left that night, in which we took passage for Hamilton. James Ingersoll, Keefer, and others. We arrived in the morning and left for St. Catharines immediately, which we did not reach until the next morning at 3 o'clock, so bad were the roads. Here we found the people all in the dark as to what had occurred in Toronto, but we soon enlightened them.

As the events which followed in 1838 at Navy Island were more of a public nature, or at least in which I had no part, and so well known, I will not recur to them.

After a long absence, Tom and I returned to College with Pa, and put up at Mr. Perry's, found it very comfortable, but were not satisfied with School. We had become so Military that nothing but guns, soldiers' cammouading and uniforms occupied our minds. After Pa left we soon got a new companion, Mr. Chisholm, who made it still more agreeable. Went home at Easter and even again at Whitsuntide, I should mention that since Christmas, Ingersoll had not been with us. I was mistaken about Helliwell's going with us the year before, it was during this year.

Returned and entered the sixth class, find the work very hard with Mr. Mathews.

Have several Holidays during this quarter. The Queen's accession or Coronation night, and several others.

Thomas and I went over on a Saturday in the team and up to St. Catharines with Mr. Clark, passed the Sunday at home and returned again.

Lord Durham was then at the Falls. It being only three weeks to the Holidays we very soon returned, I sincerely hoped for the last time to Toronto. Happy to be respited from one dislike, we set about amusing ourselves with a hearty good will. We visited Oxford in company with Crandpa Merritt, and witnessed on the road one of the most terrific thunder storms I ever saw. We spent a short time with our friends most pleasantly; dancing, navigating the Thames, and numerous other delightful occupations. After our return home we wiled away the time in riding and visiting. At a review, to which I accompanied Mr. James Benson, amongst the spectators I saw the most beautiful woman my eyes ever beheld, nor do I expect to see her bailliancy matched by any fair dame for many a day. I have never seen one who could in one instant so impress the beholder with admiration and ecstasy—indeed true beauty in all its perfections is rarely to be met with.

We lose soon after the only remaining female of the younger portion in our family, Charlotte must take into her little head that Mr. Boomer was indeed a very nice man, and pro or con must have him. She, however, had waited until this time, as well as to give us an opportunity of being present

at the ceremony, as to attain her 17th year. Poor girl, how much vexation had she to endure while the courtship went on, but she was so innocent about the matter, so open hearted, (it could not have been otherwise,) people will always take advantage of a weak point. We had a very fine time for two or three days and then settled down.

Ma and I went to Mayville in the single waggon, and had a most pleasant ride and visit. Ma read from Mrs. Sigourneys work and I drove merrily passing the fine farms and various scenes. Ma considered it highly delightful, and had she but the presence of the remainder of the family would have been perfectly happy. Her parents were as usual happy to see us, and we talked all the time of our visit—my Grand-father of his younger days, his travels and practicing medicines in Virginia and the Southern countries, and we of all that was new and interesting in Canada. Our stay was not long, and we returned in the same pleasant manner in which we had gone out.

I soon was obliged to get ready for College. Pa accompanied me to Toronto on his way to some place I do not remember where. The passage was greatly enlivened by a band of Blacks, who executed some music with great skill. I got quarters at Mr. Todds with Mr. Boomer, but after a fortnights trial evacuate them and lodge in Fossins, where I manage to pass the time very well. In November took a trip home to pass a Sunday—returning and detained at Niagara by a most terrific storm, did not get under way until the next morning, the wind was high and very cold, the Lake literally one mass of ice, I found a warm air very desirable, and was much pleased to—

I very soon leave College to prepare for the examination of the Law Society, I then dreaded it exceedingly, and thought it was one of the most severe ordeals man could pass. Go home at Christmas for a fortnight and found it impossible to study, we lived so well and slept so well, and was obliged to return.

1839 Worked hard with Mr. Thompson at the Greek History, &c, and nearly spoiled myself by keeping indoors and taking no exercise. At length the dreaded day came, and FitzGerald and myself appeared before the Renches, and found them a set of wise acres with a vengeance. The night after passing had a moderate set to, and several gentlemen got drunk.

I now left Toronto for good, and felt most happy at the circumstance. Came home most unexpected by the family, articulated myself to Mr. McKyes and began Bulwer, and such of Memorials works as I had not read before, found them easier than Blackstone. Found living at home, however; lazy work, might have done something with my time, but did what young men generally think the most agreeable—nothing.

In May in company with Mr. Coventry and Mr Meredith, took a turn on the Grand River, the object was to serve legal papers, but I availed myself of it to have a view of the country. I was very much pleased with the appearance of things. Walked from Seneca down the banks, see the Indians at work on their farms, and the busy appearance of the little villages, alive with all description of mills. Visited Cook on the Lake and saw his pretty daughters and made our way home by Dunville.

I then became impatient, (finding Mr. McKyes business not very pressing,) to see a little of the world, at least one small part, to which Pa consented, and after recovering from a short illness in June we set off together, (an account of this journey is written in full in other papers, Jan 22, '41 at Toronto)

Returning home found it very dull after seeing the sights. Most happy to find that Uncle Nehemiah was expected there, thought a little fun would break us in, as it were, to work. They soon arrived and were warmly received, and there being at St. Catharines Miss Sarah Ingersoll, and a Miss Atkinson, had nothing but parties, to ride and dance for a fortnight. When they were gone it was very dull again. Endeavoured to wear it off, by going to Mayville. Did not succeed in getting Grandpa to come home with us, and consequently came home, at least two, Ma and myself, who in a large carriage, gave it rather an air of emptiness. Amused myself by riding and shooting. Did not find out that the length of the secret was real idleness, and that I was in a fair way of running up to seed.

Try to get up an Amateur Theater during the Winter. At last I succeeded, and managed to waste nearly all my time in preparations, rehearsals and parties during the Winter of 1840, though it certainly contributed to our amusement, being new and attended with excitement. I dare say had Pa been at home it would have not gone so far.

Just before leaving St. Catharines took an industrious fit and arranged Pa's books and papers with great care.

When I arrived in Toronto as student at Law to Mr. Bolton, not as scholar, felt like entering upon something new, but did not altogether like it. Doing little during the first two months, went home on several occasions, waste much time, had an idea of continuing my Classics, it was an idea, and in truth and very little was effected by it.

In June I think Jediah and I go home to meet our Uncle and Cousin from Utica, and pass a fortnight with them. On leaving I accompanied them to Buffalo, remaining there a day or two, return and remove my quarters to Mr. De La Hyes, the object of which, together with a full account of occurrences since that time I have regularly kept in my Journal.

I should not forget to mention that Jediah had been a long time in Toronto with Mr. Grasset, pursuing his studies for the Church, and had at that time gone with Ma to Mayville.

I have now finished a task, which at first the apprehensions as to its continuance had nearly caused me to abandon, though after having fairly commenced it, it proved to me not only light but pleasing, and as I advanced every instance of my childish history called up recollections. How pleasing and yet how sad to reflect that my youth has flown like a dream, the morning of life is fast drawing to the perfect day and then the night must come, and as I think of the happiness and innocent joyousness of my youth—of young friends—of parents and brothers kindness and affection. I must but associate the reflection that such pure untrammelled joys are never again to be experienced. Those bright and happy hours of existence were numbered with the past for the future must I look for much vexation and dissipation?

But I feel great pleasure in having accomplished my object, although it is in a simple and careless style, yet the thought of the events of my boyhood will here be safely registered in after life to call up the scores of my youth, and even the time in which I now write in thoughtlessness, and my present feelings will be brought to mind, that whether my life shall have been passed in usefulness and quiet contentment, or shall have been but a scene of continual trouble and affliction, still there will remain some memorial of youth. And if the Almighty spares my life perhaps I may with trembling hand tearful eye, and those white locks of age which indicate declining years, per-

use and derive pleasure from these few and hastily written lines. The time now appears far distant, it may never arrive, and still do I hope that my memory may retain her strength without artificial aid.

1840.

Thursday June 18th.—I suppose I will find it rather difficult a task to keep up my Journal uninterruptedly (if there is such a word,) but as this is only the first day it tells nothing for its further continuance. I am happy to hear Mr De La Hays say that "Entrois mois je parleries francais sans difficulte".

I now begin to see how much time has been wasted in my education, not that everything was not done by my kind parents that could be—but that I had not the advantage of a regular and proper system. All our masters had different tastes and modes of instruction. Each taught in a different way—few of them in a proper one; and the time intervening between the departure of one and procuring another was enough to make us forget what we had already learned, but I must endeavor to do the best as it is and improve my opportunity, while at Mr. De La Hays.

Friday 19th June.—I have not arisen in the morning untill nearly eight, at least for the last two or three mornings, this is certainly a bad custom, I will endeavour to attend the College bell and rise by it. It gives one so much time in the morning for exercise, or writing and reading.

Saturday 20th. This morning I was up shortly after six and took a walk, which is certainly more conducive to health than lying in bed. I have of late been reading Watts' Logic, and I must be very stupid, for it appears to me to be little or no rise. It is, I suppose, because I do not go deeper into it. I begin to be almost discouraged with the law, too, it takes so little hold of my mind, I understand what I read so imperfectly, I fear I do not retain my reading, I think more practice would be of service to me. One conclusion, however, I can draw, that is it appears to me all a great humbug

Sunday, 21st.—I did not go to church to day on account of not having a seat. Read and finished Dr. Watts' Logic, of which anon. Wrote to Jas. Ingersoll and Pa, and so feel for the present quite sleepy.

Monday, 22nd.—Feel too sleepy to night to write, have many ideas. Know that Algebra and Trigonometry is a hard study, have just come from a talk with Mr. De La Hays about Napoleon.

Tuesday, 23rd.—I find that I have forgotten nearly all my Algebra, and that Trigonometry is too much for me without an explanation. I think I will give this week to it, if it will pay. Heard the 32nd Band play at the American Hotel.

Wednesday, 24th.—Copied a letter for Col. Phillipott which Pa sent over. A client observed this morning, "I don't want it put off too long, it will put the suit right into paying you, guess we must get someone to decide it quick". Came to a dead halt in Trigonometry and Algebra, now what is the real use of either of these studies to a lawyer? I suppose, to assist in giving a person an idea of strong convincing and powerful arguments, or rather proof as Euclid argues nothing, Logic begins on reason, what is reason? Reason is the glory of human nature, it is that divine principle which raises

us from the grovelling and debased state of the Brute, for in else do we differ from the Brute, they have the same appetites as we, only what ours are more refined by superior knowledge. How debased is the man who willingly sinks himself from the high stand he occupies as a reasoning creature, by disregarding the dictates of reason, the pleasures of taste and enjoyment of literature, and becomes a slave of those vile passions common to the Brutes,

Thursday, 25th.—I walked so long with Mr. De La Hays that I have no time to write. Received Pa's letter this morning about Prior, who I have seen this evening.

Friday, 26th.—Went to Mr. Halls Musical Olio.

Saturday, 27th.—Mr. Hall is a classical clever actor, no decided hit, but the character to perfection, does not appear like a comical person when speaking naturally.

Sunday, 28th.—Went to church in the morning, and in the evening, to Boltons to dinner, returned at half past nine.

Monday, 29th.—“Solitude where are thy charms,” says the poet, The mind must have some engagement, some relief from inactivity and solitude I think shows its power. Driven to its own resources it must find relief from tediousness and pleasure in its-self. It is then when separated from companions, whose idle talk engages the attention or from idle pursuit to the same end. The natural tastes discover themselves, whether the higher and nobler walks of science are its glory, or idleness and leisure are the things from which it receives pleasure.

Tuesday, 30th.—The month ends with to day, my book has been kept up from the 18th pretty well. The weather has been so cold and gloomy of late I have not been up over early.

JULY.

Wednesday, 1st.—Have received an answer from Tom. It is a pity persons could not be placed in other persons' situations, and experience a little inconvenience at times, it would make them be obliging.

Thursday, 2nd.—I was late, out of all reasonable excuse this morning, must sketch a point to morrow to rise early.

Friday, 3rd.—On this day my Father numbers either 46 or 47 years, but be it as it may, they have all been useful ones. He has been industrious and persevering, in doing good to his country to a greater extent than the public are willing to give him credit for, may he be spared to us for a long time.

Saturday, 4th.—It is a lovely evening, the gray moon sheds her silvery light as though in mildness over the silent scene. This view is not romantic, beautiful or grand, but the moon's clear blue rays casts on every object such a softness over those otherwise dull and gloomy scenes; level fields, the shadeless plain, appear to possess beauties unhuman to the glare of the noon-day sun. I have witnessed very few scenes, either remarkable or beautiful, but on a clear, bright moonlight night, how glorious must Queen City Quebec look, with the stately St. Lawrence rolling in grandeur at her feet, or Ticonderoga, Lake George, Queenston, and let me not forget Lake Chautaugue. What pleasing associations, what happy dreams of youth and boyhood does not that scene call up. What can be so beautiful, as the pure blue surface of that clear Lake the Paradise stillness that reigns over everything.

To day I number 18 years in this world of strife. I feel that I am behind my age, not enough a man ; do not know enough. However, I hope I have the will, and that in the next two years, if the Lord spares me, I may improve myself, so that when of age I may be able to mix with men, a fit if not a useful member of society.

Sunday, 5th.—To the College Church in the morning ; in the evening to the English Church.

Monday, 6th.—Have not ideas enough to write anything this day, the declaration in Merritt et al vs Jones et al is most important.

Tuesday, 7th.—Wrote home this morning, but I find I shall not be able to write here any longer for want of ink.

Wednesday, 8th.—Went to the races, had some difficulty in procuring a conveyance, went with Wilson and Benson, saw some fine running, some of the best horses in America were there. Champagne was not used well, returned late. Went at Mr. Wilsons solicitation to see Mr. Hill perform again.

Thursday, 9th.—Rainy day, nothing peculiar.

Friday, 10th.—Received a letter from Pa on the famous suit of Merritt & Pryor, law is a precious humbug, so much form and nonsense.

Saturday, 11th.—What an immense quantity of stuff a man can write in a short application, a little time spent at it every day, the collecting together of the thought to one steady purpose, think of nothing but what you are at, ply the pen readily and sheet after sheet will come forth covered with black and white, with sense or nonsense, which depends on the head which drives the machine, thrash away, thrash away, every man is an author that can write his name.

Sunday, 12th.—To-morrow will be four weeks since I left home, let's see, came to Toronto on 7th April, went home on Friday 16th, returned Monday 29th, again went home Friday 1st May, Jones vs Merritt case, returned Tuesday 12th, again went Thursday 20th, returned 23rd May, again went Saturday 30th, returned Monday 15th June. Last night was beautiful. I took a bath, the water was delightful, I think I will go to-morrow, since I have had a taste of the luxury of bathing, I think I will avail myself of the fine weather for repeating it.

Monday, 13th.—Orange procession to-day. Heard in the evening from Col. Clark the accident which had occurred to Rev. Jas. Clark and Jediah.

Tuesday, 14th.—A most charming night, but warm. Was invited to Mr. Boultons to a party, did not go for several reasons, a rather equivocal invitation, and as I do not know how 'to do' the fashionable dances, would feel very uncomfortable, as it would not do to be behind the other company.

Wednesday, 15th.—Another glorious moonlight night, how the little dogs bark, and don't the fleas annoy one, say !

I will never arrive at much knowledge of Algebra, think I'll cut it for good, well, I don't see the use of bothering with it, as I am not to be an Engineer or Surveyor.

Thursday, 16th.—The subject I have this night to write upon is melancholy indeed. Our beloved and esteemed pastor is no more. He died in the way of his righteous calling. He was snatched from amongst his

people without warning and has left them desolate. O, who can tell when the Lord will call, and may we be prepared when he calls upon us.

Friday, 17th.—Went to hear Mad. Lequin, as it was the only opportunity, did not appreciate the powers of the trio sufficient. I suppose I should not have gone after hearing of the melancholy event which I have mentioned above, but this I fear is too much the way of the world, inconsiderate and thoughtless.

Saturday, 18th.—Have enough to do this evening to write a theme for a lazy young fellow.

Sunday, 19th.—Still suffering under the inconvenience of not having a pew in Church, can not go in the morning. In the evening sit in Mr. Burns' pew and hear a sermon from Mr. Mathews. This must be a melancholy day at home.

Monday, 20th.—Write home this morning to Ma—Pa and Jedediah came over in the evening—went with Mr. Wilson to Circus.

Tuesday, 21st.—Past without having anything remarkable in this part of the world—at least to me, to render it memorable.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Of which I can say the same as Tuesday, Thos. and myself went in the evening to see the Governor at the National Hotel.

Thursday, 23d.—Tis quite difficult to keep pace with the days—"tempes fugit" the steam is up "semper obtemperat pius filius pater, non est rem finis."

Friday, 24th.—In the progress of making a new acquaintance in Mr. Wilson, think he is a very nice young fellow.

Saturday, 25th.—Read to-day for the first time in several weeks a couple of stories in the Blackwood "The dead men of St. Anns Chapel"—is a really interesting and well written tale—how strange it is that good authors can write with such beauty, ease and elegance that their tales can attract the attention of their readers to such an extent.

Sunday, 26th.—Was last night to the Circus, saw Mr. James Benson. Last night finished nearly all I can acquire by myself of Trigonometry—think I must let it suffice, but am sorry now that I had not began earlier at school that I might have acquired all these things in their regular course "mais esti os esti, et il est que je serais content de m' appeler a l'etude des sciences dont je ne sa' ren a present, manque d'un heur je ne puis pas aller a l'Eglise anglais a jor'd hue."

Monday, 27th.—I have now been six weeks at law—pretty well I think for me under the circumstances—still find law much duller than classics or mathematics—its such ponderous nonsense, one sees that the merits (as the lawyers call them) are not half the support of the case, if lost five to one its on some point or law form which really does not effect equity in the least.

Tuesday, 28th.—I think for a few days my Journal, hitherto so unexpectedly regular will be discontinued—as like a dutiful son, on receiving Ma's letter requesting me to come over to-morrow, I think I will not be at all disposed to disobey. I am sorry however that Jedediah will not accompany me—I was thinking of writing a rough history of my life, to see what I could remember of it, and if worthy to copy it on clean paper.

The fourth of July, 1822, was a commmorable day to the world and my friends in general, that another being was added to swell the list of men, and already launched forth on the troublesome sea of human life and to me in

particular, in that, before then I was not, but then I was. It was ONE of the two great periods of life, Birth and Death, what a sublime study for the thinker is the springing into life of the mortal being—who can tell what changes will take place in that weak frame. Perhaps that hand now so small will in time wave itself in graceful motion as the senator, its owner gives ease and fluency to his enunciations by appropriate gesture, pleasing to the eager gaze and attention of his fellow men. It may be first to wield the deadly weapon at the taking of the breach in many a charge and well fought field, or to the degradation of its noble nature—it may grasp at ill gotten wealth, caring not or regarding the means, that the end may be accomplished.

Wednesday, 29th., Whiltsuntide. Monday 31—Had a beautiful passage over, and met Mr. Coventry at Niagara, arrive early at home and have the satisfaction of meeting all our family, Granpa lively and in good health.

Thursday, 30th,—This is a day of moment a notable and great one. have some little trouble in getting a conveyance, succeed at length and very fortunately, have a most capital drive with Col. Askton, who rattled away at an awful rate, and kept us but one hour on the road to the rendezvous. Queenston is a grand situation one which I appreciate more every time I visit it—the steamers' coming up looked very well, the day was extremely hot and the speeches dull. Pa's nearly as good as any—had some satisfaction at the dinner, to which the Chief spoke well and affectingly. Returned home at 12 or 1.

Friday, 31st.—Followed (as Friday usually does,) but finding nothing remarkable with it, took Aunt Maria and Ma a short ride in the Carriage.

Saturday, August, 1st.—Unwell, but not enough to prevent me from going to see the Blacks' dinner, which I shall not forget in a hurry.

Sunday, 2nd,—Go to Church in the morning, leave in the evening for Queenston, ascend the mountain with Mr. Benson, enjoy the scene by moonlight. Return to the steamer, have an uncomfortable sleep, on account of the closeness of the cabin, and find myself in the morning at Toronto.

Monday, 3d.—Enter my name for the term, and in the evening see the Keefers—go to the theatre.

Tuesday, 4th.—Go with Judiah to hear Mr. Buckingham's lectures, he is certainly a man very prepossessing learned apparently, who will always be well received. Travelling and knowing other countries from experience, gives a person great opportunity to display his natural and acquired powers, as called forth in describing scenes which he may have met with.

Friday, 7th.—Am very negligent to-day, I say to-day, and I must write on Saturday as I have not written the ordinary quantity of matter in the Journal.

Saturday, 8th.—I suppose Thomas is by this time in Montreal—I hope he may enjoy himself as well as receive useful instruction and experience from his trip—I am happy that I have not too much desire of roaming and wasting my time now. I really think I feel a desire for study and acquiring useful learning as much as ever in my life. There is nothing so forms the mind, makes it so well acquainted with itself and the world, to know how little it is, how much there is to be learned still, what room for improvement in every thing and how much may be acquired from useful Books.

Monday, 11th.—Wrote a letter to Christopher West, and sent it in the evening. It is not long.

Tuesday, 12th.—Attended the lecture of **Jus**—well explained the nature of the law, and the manner in which it is administered. It is a very interesting subject, and I shall attend it again on the 14th.

During the course of my present studies, I shall be well acquainted with the history of that part of the world to which I am now confined. I shall be well acquainted with the progress of the sciences of Chemistry, Geology, &c.—Let me see that will bring us to Christmas, well in that time I may have waded through **Boswell's Europe, and Robertson's America**, by-the-by a knowledge of one's own Country will never come amiss. It is a thing which however strange it may appear to the remote observer it is rarely familiar with the generality of a people. Education, the culture of the mind is all-and-all to every man, how many ideas it gives him; how it throws open the world to his views, acquaints him with causes and effects, to the ignorant, unknown. It makes him appear in the eyes of the uneducated a superior being—we are not by nature any of us, possessed of great natural superiority to others, but by study and information we become widely different.

Tuesday, 11th.—Did not feel much inclination to go to the lecture this evening, but at the solicitation of *J.* went—was pleased and well instructed.

Wednesday 12th.—Went again to the lecture. Mr. B. used beautiful and even eloquent language—he appears to be well read and quite familiar with every part of **SCRIPTURE**. His quotations are generally apt, and sublime, his comparisons (as intended,) laughable.

Thursday, 13th.—We have had several evenings of beautiful moonlight, though the coldness of the air takes from the beauty some of its interest, for the subject as one cannot enjoy any natural splendour under circumstances of corporal inconvenience.—Mr. Buckingham's last lecture this evening, was very interesting, to use the common phrase.

Friday, 14th.—My brother was saying to me, too much reading of one kind and little intercourse with society will make a person fictitious, and awkward in his manners. I agree with him to a certain extent. I have not time to draw the positive line—I know it is necessary to read polite authors and those of acknowledged elegance and beauty—that by so doing we may acquire an easy and finished style, and I intend to my course, taking the dry and (what I may) uninteresting part, to throw some of the most entertaining and pleasing, and useful of all studies—**history**—before me. I shall appear to court the world, but I do not say that it is so dry, as its style, in the light of the present day, may appear. I shall try to be sure, before we proceed to the next, to be sure to be sure, when I first awake, what great mind first existed in the world is not secret. Let I must have one subject for another—writing for breakfast.

Saturday, 15th.—Kept my first term to day a great nonsense, in my humble estimation, quite as much so as eating terms in England—called in the evening to see Mrs. Wenham, she looks very much as **Mrs. Black** used to. She intends going over with us on Thursday morning to Niagara.

Sunday, 16th.—Went to the Sunday School for the first time, find that

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the boys want a great deal of attending to before their geniuses will begin to show themselves, or shine forth in much lustre.

Monday, 17th.—Passed without anything of importance transpiring or any new idea coming up. Received a letter from Mr. Wilson.

Tuesday, 18th.—I cannot forgive my laziness this or any of the mornings passed—half past seven is much too late; the healthy morning air, and time which might be usefully employed are lost, well! when I get my watch perhaps I shall be able to regulate my hours better.

In the evening received a letter from Pa, with advice which I hope may be of service to me.

Wednesday, 19th.—Arose this morning at half past six, at least I got up at that time—and although not very early, I enjoyed my walk and bath exceedingly, and could not but reproach myself for the time I had lost, and for the pleasure I had debarred myself of so many mornings of late, by lying in bed, there is nothing so refreshing or delightful to the human frame, (dulled by the stupid inactivity of sleep,) the heat of the room and closeness of the air; as to feel the cool morning breeze gently and refreshingly against the heated cheek—the mild warmth of the morning sun, the long draught of fresh and pure air, which we seem not to be able to take in enough of—the bright appearance of every object conduces to health and happiness. In the evening go to the circus and see the wonderful Ottemolly.

Thursday, 20th.—Now I have some little difficulty in making up the time lost; having been away five days—had a pleasant passage to Niagara, with Mrs. Wenham in company, find the carriage in waiting, proceed directly home—find all well and everything bright and cheerful—one can feel real happiness in his home, only by being away for some time, separate from his friends.

Friday, 21st.—Had a salt water bath which I find very refreshing—go up to Port Colborne, with Mrs. Wenham. Have a delightful bath in Lake Erie—dance in the evening, Mr. Mer gold takes a row and we all join and make an end of the affairs of the day by going to bed.

Saturday, 22nd.—Returned home to-day, after bathing and seeing Mrs. Wenham and Miss Charlotte Black. Rode down with Mr. Slate.

Sunday, 23rd.—Went to Church twice to-day, Mr. Atkinson preached a very excellent and eloquent sermoh.

Monday, 24th.—Pa went up to see the Governor General; I sauntered about all day and felt quite lazy, my first indolent fit in some time.

Tuesday, 25th.—Went down to Niagara in company with Ma and Mr. Arnold. Mr. Arnold talked much about Burr, and affairs in the States—felt a little unwell at Niagara, slept most of the way over—found that Mr. de la Hays had gone to the country.

Wednesday, 26th.—Saw Mr. Nichol this evening—neglected to write in my journal.

Thursday, 27th.—Wrote to-day the long neglected answer to Mr. Wilson. The day has been very dull, and I being quite alone, felt the ennui—almost tired of History, will endeavour to keep up my efforts and not let them sag out entirely. But sleep is a very good arrangement.

Friday, 28th.—Am getting along pretty well with the French History, will finish it to-morrow.

Saturday, 29th.—Arose shortly after six and took a walk and a bath in the Lake, which quite refreshed me.

Sunday, 30th.—Went this morning to church, Dr. Strachen preached, (the Bishop I meant,) a very political sermon—I t is singular that a person of his education, reading and opportunities should not 'ere this have lost his peculiar Scotch accent, which is very disagreeable to persons unaccustomed to hearing him. How very unsteady my ideas of my progress are; at one time I think I am getting on amazingly well, and at others I feel quite dejected and think I am doing nothing, no improvement, and wasting my time.

Monday, 31st.—Walked in this morning from Mr. Duffey's, did not fatigue me much or give me much appetite, (but as for that I generally am able to do my share,) though the distance is two and a half or three miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 1st.—I arose this morning before six, and walked in. It has fatigued me a little this time, I suppose from not having breakfasted before—but wont I lay into it now—bell rings—what luck-- I begin to speak the language with ease.

Wednesday, 2nd.—A person very soon becomes habituated to early rising, and when so, he cannot but confess that a most material change has been wrought in his feelings, of health and strength, for my part after walking three miles before breakfast, I feel as though my frame was iron, as I should before feel, but it was a heavy dull load— I can now walk further and more than I could before I arrived here; and health, the only pure, real and precious gift, which in a great measure rests with us to keep—How much it is improved by care—when we have it we appreciate it not, only when deprived, to feel the misery—the helplessness which attends its absence from us.

Friday, 4th.—More than a whole week has now intervened since I have written in my surprisingly regular journal, and after so long a space of time I shall have some little difficulty in collecting my scattered thoughts to recount the many different and busy scenes which I in the meantime have witnessed. To begin. A low tap at the door awoke the slumbering Mr. M., who when his scattered senses were sufficiently collected, and had rubbed his eyes smartly with both hands to be certain of his being awake, called out, Come in, obedient to which summons sneaking David pushed the door open with his foot, and leaning his back against the door sill, whispered out, "It's half-past six, sir." "Very well, David," said the first named gent, raising himself up high and stretching both arms out, and yawning terribly, "wait outside and I'll be down in a few minutes," at which Mr. D. shuffled backwards out of the room and made towards the door. "He's a surprising boy," thought the unsuspecting Mr. D.; "who'd have believed he'd been so regular!" Now whether sneaking D. made his appearance this morning so promptly in order to sustain his reputation and good character for punctuality, or for the one shilling he expected to make for so doing, we think it will not require a close observer to decide upon. Just hurrying over the heads, arrived safely at Niagara; went up to St. Catharines with Fitzgerald, Nichol and Graham. Found all well at home. Went to the St. Catharines Amateur Theatre. The amateurs played well.—Willard at home.

Sunday 6th.—Went to the Methodist Chapel. John Stewart's funeral.

Monday.—Remained at home.

Wednesday.—Mrs. Williams arrived.

Thursday.—Went with her to the Falls.

Friday.—Went with her to Queenston.

Sunday, 13th.—Went to church to hear Mr. Groat with his stentorian

voice, and in the evening I visited the harbour. Returned to Toronto this day.

Wednesday, 16th.—I fear my French is progressing but it will now ever, time will show.

Thursday, 17th.—Very temperate lovely day. The wind blows exactly in torrents, but it is not so hot as it is in the city. I would be a hermit if I could have my place for this. I am not so much like to change his situation for the society of an hermit, supposing a cut world rather than five more, shut out— or in, or out— from all the beauties of nature, from healthy exercise and enjoyment, with nothing but dull, musty books to read, is dull indeed.

Friday, 18th.—Somewhat clearer overhead, but a bitter cold morning—no contentment with your window open—no fire, and the thermometer at 10 or 15! Crackee!

Saturday, 19th.—Yesterday, had some sport at the games, but am too lazy to say much about them; saw some curious characters, and one pretty woman.

Sunday, 20th.—Proved to be a very rainy day, and very disagreeable. However, found my way to church in the evening, and had the benefit of a sermon from Mr. Mathews. Set speeches.

Monday, 21st.—Begins to grow cold. Something of winter weather this.

Tuesday, 22d.—One would suppose that winter had begun to lay his cold hand on the face of nature, to chill the feelings of the heart, and stifle the harvest beauties to replace the warm summer's sun with the heavy clouded sky and the green earth with his hoary mantle.

For some days I have discontinued my journal, from laziness, want of time, and some other causes—wanting a book, and, in fine, writing a history, which has made so little progress that its fate I fear will be never to exist. It is now more than a week since I wrote Tuesday—not Tuesday, 22d.—The College opened on Thursday, October 1st. The assizes at Niagara are being held, and this is Sunday—let's see, the 4th! I think I am correct in my surmises.

Sunday, Oct. 4th.—A most agreeable change in the weather, which I have not enjoyed by an early walk. A warm bed is so enticing and appetizing in the morning, particularly cold ones. After tea take a walk with Mr. L. as far as the Catholic church, where I left him and ascended the heights. Language will always convey certain ideas, and if it's not used with strict correctness and propriety, how one's meaning may be perverted. By the word heights one would really suppose high lands was a cart. Were term shall I employ them, gentle ascent towards the back of the town, as walk was not entirely in vain, but more then comfortably warm. When I arrived at the highest point I really enjoyed the prospect—just beyond my position the land was covered by pine trees, their dark tops and branches, a forest of gigantic pines, and their dark tops and branches. Below the scattered cottages and garden fields, with the town seen at intervals through the slubbery of its garden. In the sun, and to crown all, the broad basin of Ontario, stretching her bright waters as far as the eye could reach, which seems to gladden in the bright ray of the autumnal sun the land of my home in the far distance—the fresh cooling breeze that brought life and animation in its course—all contributed to impart a feeling which I have often before enjoyed after confinement, to the dull monotonous business of every day

life, the heat and dusty streets of the town are enough to obliterate every sensitive feeling of the heart.

I have the sensations incident to youth. My cares are few, my hopes sanguine, my frame in full health and vigor of strength—youth is the time for warm feelings, the spirit feels as though it could fly away with the fresh breeze and play in extacy on the sunny fields and bright waters of its own natural land.

Monday, 5th.—Again we meet my little journal, after another days' labor—no, I cannot call it labor, *je suis trop paresseux*. Well after another days mixing with the world. What a sublime consideration is even to one simple individual the contemplation of what has passed during the day. When retired to his closet, in the still solemn hour of the night, and has full room to analyze his motives, his thoughts how different, when musing with the gay—the busy scene—the lively conflict of man with man, for power, wealth and honor.

Tuesday, 6th.—Proved to me, if that was necessary that reading in an office where there are two or three lazy fellows, is a thing quite impossible.

This evening for the first in some time, I spent in amusement with Mr. Wilson and Hawler, at Cards, Oysters and Claret.

Wednesday, 7th.—Did not find myself at all out of sorts this morning—will endeavour to keep on the even tenor of my way in future, arrived at the conclusion, that some new system must be persued in the matter of law reading—took a two and a half mile walk after dinner.

Thursday, 8th.—Was most beautiful, the sun shone with all the genial warmth of a summers day, and all nature seemed to wear a most inviting smile. Man feels as though some things were made by natures kindness to be by him enjoyed, in admiring her perfection and beauty and in cultivating the warmer feelings of the heart.

Friday, 9th—Differs from its predecessor—the sky is dull and heavy, the air is cold and damp, it excites feeling of depression; and compels one to have recourse to the business of every day life with a thankfulness that we have some thing in which the mind can be employed to improve even the most uninviting seasons.

Tuesday, 29th.—My very old friend, at length, after a long time we meet again my little journal you seem to me like an old friend—to you I unburden my thoughts and communicate whatever changes and incidents occur in my obscure path, though you now make no return—at some future time when perusing your mouldy pages, you will seem like a monitor that has ever watched over me, to call back the past and remind me of the way in which hours and days and years have slipt listlessly past, and leaves but you to record the more pressing events and their impressions on the mind.

I have been a short journey from you, (in Mayville,) to see parents and kind friends, full of wishes for my happiness and welfare—a few bright eyes have I seen, whose sympathising loveliness still leaves an impression on my fancy.

Wednesday, 30th.—Oh! delicious sleep, what a blessing for man thou art, that for a few hours, all his cares and troubles should, through thy aid be forgotten—that the mind, worn by study, vexation and bodily labor should have a time of repose—but on the other hand, what an abuse of

nature's kind gift, is it not, to lie in the weakening embrace of the warm couch, long after the time that should have been devoted to morning study and reflection.

Sunday,—A glorious day! all nature smiles again under the benign influence of a mild autumnal sun; but I care little what is the mildness of the day, or how rages the storm, if my daily duty gives me sufficient to occupy my mind, without contemplating the atmospheric changes. The church was filled—the sermon may have been good, but was entirely inaudible—how necessary for a public speaker to have a good clear voice, to make himself distinctly understood by all his hearers, as well as to impress his council and advice deeply in all their minds, by his energy and the force of his language.

I do not think the playing of a military band in church at all in consort with the solemnity which should attend and prevail over the service of the most high.

Saturday, Nov. 6th.—Some time has elapsed since my last entry here—Gibbon has been the work which has so deranged all my regulations for a long time, I must when there is heavy reading to finish; throw every object aside (of minor importance,) and bend every effort to the great one, have that achieved and then resume the usual routine.

Monday, 8th.—Time rolls on! my estate, says the philosopher, is time being expended, how careful must I not be, that the remainder of it be not wasted, as too much of the past has been. Oh! mortal resolution human perseverance, how often art thou deceived, and still deceiving thyself.

Time strikes with equal force the Prince's door.
And at the Colleges he strikes the hour;
Learn to be wise, improve the heavenly boon,
The end of your short days will come full soon,
Strain every nerve to gain the passing day
To your store of knowledge, something lay.

Thursday,—My journal is sadly deserted of late, the ring of my German master at the door reminds me that my attention is to be called from lighter subjects, to the acquisition of one of the most difficult, and at the same time useful languages now spoken in Europe. Germany, thou land of fine thinkers, calculators, containest many, very many, men of deep science and learning, philosophers and observers of human nature—nay more, from thy vine clad hills, and pleasant vales has the world been enriched with the composure of that rich thrilling and feeling music, such as even famed Italy herself, has failed to produce.

13th.—What good I get, generally comes in a heap, yesterday I was favoured with three letters, commissions two of them, but not of a profitable nature, the third from an esteemed friend, which was well received and shall be with due haste answered.

15th.—Was passed by me in writing letters. Once to church. Watching the falling snow, and enjoying a very long and cool walk in the evening, of such walks I am a great lover, the bracing air stimulates the blood, makes the face in a perfect glow and seems to strengthen the entire system.

16th.—The appearance of everything foretells that winter with his powerful reign will soon be here, and have replaced the hard surface of the

earth with the gorgeous mantle which unites all objects by its brilliant whiteness.

17th.—How much clearer the mind appears and brighter glows the fancy, when in a state between sleeping and waking. Now it seems that in a fancy speech to a fancy audience, the words flow with rapidity, while the same person perfectly awake would not be able to speak one sentence complete without difficulty, last night while partly awake I fancied a whole discourse, of which I could not now give a word.

18th.—I walked this morning for half an hour with my German master, and can easily see that there is a whole sea of troubles before me, if I can only master it by any effort, or succession of efforts, how great an advantage will I not then have gained—to know three languages perfectly, can not but give advantages superior to other kinds of accomplishments, in so much, that it gives the birth of acquiring many new ideas by the perusal of great authors in their own natural language.

It is with difficulty I can exert myself to rise at eight. I generally hear the quarter bell warn me of its being twenty minute past, ere I can induce my lazy limbs to move themselves, or my arms, cramped with lying in the same position, to exercise themselves; seize my watch and become fully aware of the necessity of stirring. This is a very natural and pleasant vice, but none the more inexcusable, it weakens the frame, which I think is quite enough to be said against it.

20th.—Nothing but the greatest advantages and most beneficial results, shall ever warrant a more than ordinary expenditure to persons for acquisition of learning, whose constant aim should be to combine the getting of those comforts necessary for life, and whatever superfluities of education and refinement it may be within their means to attain, as to the German, I think there can be but one and the same opinion entertained by all—what I think I may venture to say, is a decided approbation as to my endeavours to acquire it.

21st.—I cannot think or feel sufficient gratitude for the kindness my parents is every day bestowing on me, which I hardly dare expect. A teacher is sent at great expense, and ought I not use my utmost diligence, to recompense them by my own improvements, in which they have so lively an interest.

This is a fine morning, and after my walk I feel strong enough to attack all difficulties.

22nd.—I found myself able to make way against the beating storm of snow, to reach the church, heard from the Rev. Mr. Grassett one of his most beautiful and affecting sermons; in the evening the driving gale and depth of the snow proved sufficient pretence to detain me at home where I have consumed the time, writing letters and perusing my journal. How vividly it recalls (the journal) to my recollection the different feelings which have actuated and impelled me forward during the course of my studies—I fancy also I can see a slight tendency to improvement in my manner of writing—lately there appears more ease and fluency in the expression, and the sentences are not so broken as at first. How mournfully the cold wind sounds as it whistles by, beating the snow and hail against the window as though to remind us how comfortably we are situated, by a warm fire, and by contrast pity for so many of our fellow creatures, who have to endure all the cold of the blast without even a shelter to screen them from its severity.

Compassion is one of those feelings natural to every breast, which if not choked by a vicious course of conduct or the persistent suppression of every good feeling, will tend by the correct use of it, to the honor of the man.

24th.—There are few things in this world so true to the advantage or profit of men, as a steady and upright course of conduct—he whose mind is above the trifling thought, who scorns a mean action, whose every deed is above the censure of the jealous world, and who feels in himself that a just recompense will be continually due from those to whom his bounty and benevolence have been solace, and his counsel a sure guide, a recompense not in any of the worlds goods or honors, but in gratitude coming purely from the heart.

26th.—The multitude of my duties and their urgent importance will very seldom allow me, that leisure to improve my style of writing, which in a person destined for a PUBLIC CHARACTER is by no means in the power of every individual, there are some few to whom providence in his wisdom has bestowed a very unusual share of genius—an almost inexhaustable store of ideas, both brilliant and instructive, to those who have not been thus blessed, it remains to work out, as by manual labor, forced elegance and studied beauty of language.

27th.—As is the course of the traveller, in the Fable, to the top of the mountain, so is the progress of a student on a foreign language — difficulty after difficulty, presents itself in uninterrupted succession, and can only be overcome by the most untiring efforts.

To brave each effort with a steady nerve,
And from our glorious purpose never swerve
Keep all the members in obedient sway
And to the mind a perfect homage pay,
So that the fabric in the stormy hour
Guides thro' the danger, when the tempest lower.

Firm fixed the purpose, and the cause so just
No mortal hand, can from its object thrust.
Hail the high object of the minds intent,
And with its powers in steady union bent;
Thus to begin, success is doubly sure—
So great the aim, the pathway so secure.

A curious fancy possesses most young persons in the form of the love of dress. This is more strongly developed in the female than in the male sex, But my faith! have not some men quite enough to cover themselves and still would have enough to spare, that I suppose, from London Gents, superfluity enough might be exported to attire the whole inhabitants of the Asiatic Isles.

30th.—The mind of man, or rather the power of the mind, is exceedingly flexible, and can be worked upon almost at will, still outward and accidental circumstances bear great weight in its ultimate course of employment, for without that, it is almost impossible to exist. The mind certainly is employed in assisting the animal sense, in man's daily employment, as well as in the nobler walks of science, religion and literature. In the former it is

constantly engaged to furnish its greedy appetites with new sources of pleasure, as in the latter its power is strained to a much higher pitch, in comprehending and fathoming the thousand difficulties and experiments in useful sciences.

December 1st.—I do not know how I should manage to exist here without employment for every moment. I am certain, however, that the period of my remaining here would be very limited if they were not occupied.

I am doubtful whether I can compliment myself on my perseverance or thank my good fortune, for giving me useful study.

To work a perfect cure upon an idle and dull headed fellow, close him in a Library of useful Books, and being thus shut out from all temptations, and they his only resources, the change is perceived immediately.

3rd.—The time slips on with wonderful velocity, and I can hardly find myself at leisure, to devote each day a few minutes to writing in my journal.

The north wind blows with a cutting coldness, only to be endured by the hardiest frame—it comes loaded with the frosts of a thousand snow clad hills and ice bound lakes of the mighty north. Sweeping o'er many a desert and desolate plain—the HOME of the Esquimaux—how those lands of an almost eternal winter, can be called by that endearing name, and who can support existence in those barren wastes, where the civilized would be forever exiled from hope and comfort. It is truly wonderful, how durable is the human frame, and to what opposite extremes it can be brought without losing its vitality. The cold of the Hudsons' Bay winters, and the heat of Brazilian plains, are alike borne by creatures of the same powers and faculties.

The sun is just rising from behind the distant blue hills, on the shores of the mighty Ontario, whose low wooded beach stretched in either direction as far as the eye could reach, and forming a most beautiful contrast to the silver-like waters, of the vast inland sea, on whose surface the sun's rays now fall, seeming to make the whole creation rejoice on the return of day.

4th.—Feel very disagreeable this morning, from having a severe headache, which is an uncomfortable thing, as it puts the whole system into disarrangement.

5th.—I am still troubled with this harrassing headache, what to make of it I do not know—it is enough to destroy one's peace and power of thought or action altogether, I hope it may be nothing serious, but hanging on so long is surprising, I cannot think what is the best course to pursue—medicine is not good.

6th.—Feeling rather unwell last evening, I consulted the subject on all sides, whether my health would receive benefit from some of the professional gentlemen's productions or not, which being considered in the affirmative, I sounded a retreat to my bedroom, carrying with me the portox, which, after having washed my feet in warm water, I with great deliberation swallowed and awaited the result, with all the calmness of a deep sleep under a goodly supply of bed clothes, and all went well, but then the expectation.

From the medicine I took, I have found myself unable to go out today, and remained at home, alternately engaged in watching the snow flakes and stirring the fire so as to keep my room in a proper temperature—reading Todd's manual, and writing home—Todd's manual is a book of the greatest worth, there are many observations on the condition of young men, in politeness, breeding, morals, choice of books, and loss

of time—and his advice is delivered with such lively interest in the welfare of all, particularly to those with whom he shall be, as it were for a time, in acquaintance by the perusal of this work that I am certain there is no one who can close his discourse but will feel the richness of the feeling in which they have been expressed, and in an admiration for the justness of his remarks.

8th.—Procrastination truly is the thief of time, she is however, a very honest thief, and pilfers our time with such address, that we cannot find heart to reproach her, until the damage is done.

9th.—Have employed this almost summer morning by a short walk, my spirits were as much enlivened as I ever knew them to have been, by a stroll on a Saturday, when released from the dread bondage of Mr. Cokell's controls.

11th.—Received a letter to-day from Pa with what to most persons would seem, a welcome adjunct, "money."

The evening is a delightful moonlight one, with plenty of frost in the air, quite enough to make a fireside view of the exterior preferable, to contemplating it from under a great coat without, under the strong influence of the rather more than bracing air. However, I have managed in company with my squire, Phillips, to sally forth in quest of adventures. He cut a most distinguished figure in his Yankee cap and my India rubber coat, his German afforded amusement for the walk which was much heightened by our having a foot race. We soon returned after a second race.

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Tuesday, December 15th, 1840.—How much easier is it to attempt to write nonsense than good sound English. The former admits of almost every turn and meaning that can be expressed by words or ideas, while in the latter the studied refinement of our language requires that nothing but the most perfect orthography, together with expressions which, without the help of the continual flowing together of the lines in poetry, fall upon the ear without any great effect. This can be easily perceived by reading the works of persons of acknowledged correctness, whose productions in a soft and easy style creates a feeling of admiration, while the contrary is the case in writers of no pretension.

Six weeks have now elapsed since my last return to Toronto. Of my doings in that time I should not judge, but I can persuade myself with little effort I think, that my time has not been altogether unoccupied—of which more.

To-morrow I hope to see my kind and anxious parents again, and partake of the pleasure of passing the holidays with my friends.

16th.—Went home with my brother in the last trip of the Transit.

January 15th, 1841.—My first appearance in the new year. My holidays of three weeks intervening at home have almost thrown me out of the steady mechanical course in which one week's living in this quiet way generally establishes.

I am in great doubt as to what plan of study to adopt, whether to continue classics or drop them, to study English composition, or defer it until I shall have made greater progress in my present studies. However, let each day prove the fitness of the plan. The most troublesome subject, however,

is the law. That, I fear is faring but poorly in my hands at present.

Saturday 16th.—I find each day my duties so numerous, that it will be almost impossible, to give much time at present to the cultivation of the art of writing correctly. Another difficulty is the want of a subject. There are so many things about which one may waste their time in writing and to very little advantage.

I will, however, with a new week if I live, begin something, either politics, philosophy, reflection on law, whatever may come first into my mind.

Monday, January 18th.—Went yesterday twice to the English Church. In the morning heard a beautiful sermon from Mr. Grasset. Have derived a little satisfaction from my walk this morning.

The cold is intense, the wind sharp and penetrating, and I think the day may be safely considered the coldest we have experienced this winter. I think my writing and English reading must be all laid aside for three or four weeks, for the more tedious task of finishing that massive work on the law.

Tuesday, 19th.—My walk yesterday has effected the tenderness of my feelings, in as much that my ear has since that time given me no little pain. I find that in my plans I am very unstable, changing almost every day, one day law appears the principle object to which my efforts should be directed, and the following the importance of French and German presents itself to renew my labors for their acquisition.

Wednesday, 20th.—The task I have allotted to myself is an irksome one for daily exercise, the mind when occupied with other thoughts cannot easily be brought, like a machine at a certain hour each day to an expression of its feelings, but requires the impulse to rise from within itself, to the effecting of the purpose, with anything like success or satisfaction for its trouble and the exertion under which it labors.

Thursday, January 21st —My perseverance was yesterday sufficient to get through the first volume of Lyells' Geology, from which hasty perusal I have been able to gather some very interesting facts concerning the various natural phenomenon, which must have cost that learned man much pains and research, as it seems from his work that no circumstance of however trivial importance has escaped his attention; so general are his observations and minute his details; which is more surprising when we contemplate the vast field from which he has drawn the sources, upon which the principles of this laborious science are founded. But his great mind having once conceived the gigantic project of laying before the world, his darling study and daily pursuit, not daunted by the vastness of his work nor the difficulties to be encountered. The richness of his mind has furnished the readers with conclusions at once forcible by their truth and surprising in the strength of their reasoning.

Friday, January 22nd, 1841.—Though subjects differ in almost every bearing, it will not I think be a fruitless task to attempt a comparison between the pursuit of the Law and Geology.

In the first place then I think I may venture fearlessly to assert, that the utility of the science of Geology cannot for a moment be put in opposition to that of the law, the necessity of which to regulate the commonest pursuits of life with justice and propriety is experienced daily. We come then to consider the sublimity of our subjects, here and here alone; I think the latter has a vast superiority, as the former is common place and in-

separable from every action, even of the illiterate as well as the learned. The former is the study only of men of the deepest science, whose daily occupation is to contemplate the gigantic works of Providence, to be astonished and feel sensible of the greatness of the power of the sublime author of all, and then to form their learned conjectures as to why it is so. Why does the earth shake and tremble as though everything under the great power of the most High was convulsed. The stout heartquakes, the firm step falters, the cheek which has braved the blast of a hundred storms becomes pale. The feeble are strong in their agony, and voices weakened by sickness and disease may find vigor to shriek for help when none is nigh.

Upon the most probable causes of these tremendous effects, which though they require the deepest reasoning and most profound knowledge, appear in many instances to have been formed a theory, more for the purpose of coming to a conclusion than from a conviction of the correctness of the result. No greater proof of the extent of research, learning and experience, is necessary in a person who would arrive at any eminence in the laborious science can be adduced, than the conviction of all those who peruse with attention their various works.

Then the law, it requires deeper research and perhaps sounder reasoning, but not more logical, the one requires the aid of powerful eloquence, in the other nothing more than the easy style of a man of letters is expected.

Indispensable from the oratorical powers of the pleader is a finished and masterly style of writing, forcible by its strength of reasoning. In the works of the other a short expressive manner is all that is requisite, to relieve the reader from the tediousness of searching interesting facts, through the medium of an unpleasant and harsh composition.

The profession of the one connects him so directly with the society of men of polished and refined manners—fits him with more ease to society than does the silent study or lonely researches of the other. The education of the one, will perhaps qualify him for almost any situation in life, and should he possess brilliant talents he may at some day rise to the highest post of honor in his country. He may direct the courts, share in the Government, and have his name associated in future generations, with those of the illustrious statesmen, whose genius is constantly developing itself through the prosperity, honor and happiness of their native land, and the admiration of the discerning in all countries of the earth. The other, however deep his researches and excellent his abilities, can never expect to exalt himself to a higher station than to command the approbation of all men acquainted with his branch of particular science.

I shall after this most impartial discussion conducted all on one side give my decision in favor of the law. I have, I feel a perfect right to do so, as I have had no opposition to contend with, no arguments which I have not fully overthrown and established in my mind, the superiority of that side of the question, to which I am by circumstances most partial.

In looking over my old and hastily written journal, I happened to meet with a passage which called to my recollection feelings, which by way of exercise I will attempt to recall, together with the circumstances giving rise to them, I will endeavor to describe with as much correctness as possible.

“The little steamer had just landed us after a most delightful pass-

age through the majestic scenes on the lake, and which the passengers appeared all to have enjoyed, notwithstanding the slight shower of rain which in one part of our voyage could not force us to leave the deck, at the loss of so sublime a prospect, as every instant unfolded something new and beautiful to the eye. We soon found our way to the hotel, which was but a few steps from the landing where we met several parties of travellers making a short stay in this delightful spot, the fair ones to recover the roses which the heated city had entirely taken from their pale cheeks, the sterner sex to breathe for a short time the pure and healthy air of this mountain land and relieve their minds for a few hours, from the cares and perplexities of a business life. Soon after we were fairly established and began to look around and become acquainted with our fellow travellers, the coach arrived and added new faces to our household. When the process of tea drinking was over, we all separated, some to walk with the ladies on the piazza or the green grass, to sail on the lake or stroll through the woods. For my own part, I sallied out alone, and took my direction towards the head of the lake, where were the ruins of the old Fort. The sun had set and darkness began to slightly obscure the objects on a level with my path which rather added to the beauty and enchantment of the scene. On either side arose the high mountains which extended themselves in one direction till lost by the intervening woodland, and on the other till the curve in the lake hid all beyond from the view. The peaceful waters lay as smooth and clean as a mirror reflecting the high hills and tall trees on its beautiful surface, and the clear voices and merry laugh of an occasional party from some stilly gliding boat, was all that broke upon the ear through the solemn stillness which reigned around. These sounds were familiar to me but dying at length gently away, left me to pursue my silent course enlivened only by my meditations. One half-hours' walk brought me to the head of the lake, and in the vicinity of the old Fort, which I found situated some distance from its shores. The situation was upon a small rise of ground, covered with bare rocks and stunted trees; the old white and time worn walls appeared to add solemn majesty to the scene.

I entered but found very little left of the ancient Fortress, except the stone bastions and walls, which were in so dilapidated a state, that one could scarcely discover more than the shape of what it had been.

This being the first ruinous vestage of what to us in this new world may be ancient, I had seen, my feelings were more excited to contemplation perhaps than they will ever be, even should I some day stand amid the lonely ruins of the "eternal city" or the mighty relics of the Memphion grandeur. Where is the desolation of the great and powerful, more solemnly expressed by light writers than by Bulwer? His describing the ruins of the Tiber. "The wild dog howled in the palace of the Cæsars, for very loneliness." It strikes me as being very expressive and touching.

As I stood upon what had once been the goodly ramparts of the ruined and desolate fortress, and contemplated the surrounding scene, my imagination peopled again, the lonely spot with its former inhabitants; the busy scene of the morning parade under a clear sky and the genial warmth of a summer's sun, the lively preparations for the field, the ringing notes of the bugle and the steady tread of the men, again could I fancy the stillness of such a night as this, and the sentry walking his lonely round to guard his comrades while they slept.

While thus standing absorbed by my thoughts, the pale moon, the gem of night, arose slowly, as though not wishing to disturb the dreams of earth, but to relieve and heal with her soft grey light, the effects which the fiery sun had made during the day, and bring peace and quietness during her short reign. Spirit stirring moonlight softens the feelings, it brings back to the heart friends and scenes long since passed away forever, and calls to the mind many a pleasing remembrance. The same moon which shines so comely, has been gazed at, perhaps by the poor adventurers, whose fate had been to be drawn far from their homes, and called up perhaps a tear to the eye of many a stout hearted man as the stillness of the scene brought to his mind his native land. A father, mother or some fair one with whom he was to bind his fate for life, if ever he returned.

At last we fancy the crafty enemy as they steal silently towards the Fort. The surprise, the short struggle of defence from men awoke from their slumbers by the shrill war cry of the Indians, the dreadful havoc which spared not one, the plunder and ruin of the noble work, and there it remains as it was left by those blood-thirsty men, a lasting monument of one fearful night.

Now all was calm, as tranquil as though man had never raised his hand against his fellow, and who could think that this very place which looked so quiet had ever witnessed such deeds.

But look back in the dark pages of history, and with this proof before you, then there seems something indescribably solemn and affecting, connecting itself with that simple mass of ruins.

I left them with regret, and often cast back a look as though to bid farewell to the crumbling walls. I pursued my way to the hotel, absorbed with my own thoughts and with a conviction that long would I remember my visit to the old Fort. The scene from the hotel, the silver waters of the lake, the dark outlines of the mountains seen by the bright moonlight, was enough to keep one up the whole night admiring its beauties. But the consideration of my having to start early in the morning obliged me to hasten to my bed which same consideration will, here in Toronto, in Her Majesty's Loyal Province of Upper Canada, oblige me to the same course.

Tuesday, February 5th.—A short interregnum is necessary, before another subject of importance will be discussed. I will inform myself, however, for my own benefit, if I ever turn over these leaves at some future day; that having finished Blair's Rhetoric I have determined my attention should be chiefly directed to the grammars of the French and German languages.

I have just received a letter from my beloved mother, enclosing one from an equally esteemed parent, which have afforded me great pleasure. What tenderness and love ever marks their expressions and renders a mother's wish or prayer so hallowed?

It is unpleasant to be separated long from those whom ties so dear bind to our affections, the object should be of importance, though be that great or small, one advantage it possesses, it is that we become so perfectly satisfied, that domestic happiness is the sweetest we enjoy on earth, and becomes doubly charming after intervals of its enjoyment are lengthened.

Monday, 8th.—Had a walk yesterday evening with Mr. De La Hayes, to Mr. Duffy's.

Saturday, 14th.—Have been for two days slightly indisposed, though

not so much as to prevent my going to the office. Have amused myself instead of following this journal, in finishing my little affair in another book, on the Province. The weather has been most extremely cold.

Thursday.—Thomas arrived yesterday, and has for the present slightly deranged my regularity, but I must endeavor to persuade him into it as well.

Friday.—I have now made such an arrangement of my time and studies, which combines as agreeably as possible the useful and ornamental, as it leaves scarcely a half hour unemployed; it will be as profitable as any disposition I could possibly make of it: it demands such exactness that even my writing here is frequently omitted, in order not to interrupt the regularity of the rule, for my principle pursuits.

Saturday, 10th.—On the subject of oratory my ideas are very few, and can be compressed into a limited space.

The first great principle necessary in this, of all acquirements the most difficult and the most glorious, is a natural talent, without this no great perfection can be attained, although by study and practice a wonderful degree of progress may be made, by any person. An excellent taste and a knowledge of our best authors is indispensable, an acquaintance with all branches of useful instruction, History, Philosophy and Logic, for a speaker should never appear to an audience to be unacquainted with what ever subject may be discussed. A person of natural ability, with an easy and sometimes empansioned style, will very frequently move the feelings of his hearers to admiration, but from the discerning he will not command the same attention, as they only, can discover the want of depth and soundness of reasoning which portrays itself through many parts of his argument. Again, from one of whatever depth of reasoning, who has studied all the arts and refinements of oratory, though his manner and style may be refined and almost perfect, yet, for the want of natural feeling, the passions of his hearers are not moved, he can not astonish them with his brilliancy or his imagination, or the fire of natural ardour; the attention he will surely claim, from the educated is admiration; but from the great proportion, merely a silent commendation, as they cannot discover wherein the real beauty of his style consists.

Oratory possesses great power over the human mind, much greater than elegant writing, here it is difficult to discover faults, you have not the manuscript to read again and again, to weigh the sentences and judge critically of their correctness. You hear the language for the first time, and what subject is not interesting when new? You have also the animation of gesture and the articulation of the speaker. He gives force to parts in which you would otherwise see no beauty. He is grave in the pathetic, serious in the solemn, and animate in the more exacting passages.

Monday, March 1.—I am now engaged in such studies as will employ my time for three or four months without change or possibility of adding to them. French, German, reading, the violin, drawing, law and English spelling, in which last I am ashamed to say, I find myself still lamentably deficient.

Yesterday was passed over in a very unprofitable manner by Thomas and I, talking, reading and walking.

It is very inconvenient to be unable to attend church regularly, there seems a solemn duty neglected, and one of most momentous importance.

Wednesday.—My walk this morning was very late, owing, perhaps, to my sleepiness from studying too much last night.

Last evening Thomas and I went to a meeting, where were a great number of people listening to a speaker, whom I afterwards heard was a Mr. Price. The crowd was so great that one almost run chances of being suffocated or injured, as they kept up a constant shoving in their endeavors to reach the door.

Thursday, 4th.—Wrote home to acquaint them of my intention of going over on Saturday. Busy.

Friday.—The French appear to me to be a nation of very frivolous outward characters, this we are led to conclude from the effeminacy and degeneracy of public taste. We never find them engaged in pursuits for amusements of a manly nature, and from their natural lassitude they are negligent in commerce which alone can ensure public wealth, their passions are, however, strong, and when excited violent, so much so that the voice of reason even is not attended to in the eagerness of their pursuit. They betray wisdom and judgement and redeem the national character to place it amongst the ranks of the first nations of the world, from which we are obliged to infer, that in the secret of his heart when his reason acts upon him, the Frenchman even possesses as much reason and judgement as his sober looking neighbor.

Saturday, March 20th.—Time flies like the wind, weeks roll away with the rapidity of days. Two weeks more are now added to the number of my days, and the events which have transpired since my departure are important and worthy of being recorded. On Saturday the wind was at such a height that the steamer could not venture outside of the Port, we were, however, so determined to make our journey either by land or water that being unable to avail ourselves of the one, we immediately set about making arrangements for the other. We succeeded in obtaining a very good coach, and although the wind blew very sharply we had a most comfortable ride. We arrived at Hamilton in good time where we found all alive and active in expectation of the approaching election, and our supper was soon in readiness and we all did it justice. The beefsteake especially was deserving of it on account of its tenderness. After a glass of warm negus I retired to bed in the third storey. It was very uncomfortable, but will not displease one glad with the thoughts of seeing home, smiling faces, and partaking of its comforts. I slept but two hours on account of the strength of the coffee which I had drunk.

The morning brought with it the appearance of winter, the ground being covered with a deep fall of snow.

The stage agent at Hamilton considered in his wisdom that a coach would run better than a sleigh of which we proved the folly by our own discomforture.

The poor horses managed to drag their way through the snow to Stoney Creek, where they became so completely exhausted that we were obliged to hire sleighs and extra horses. We arrived at St. Catharines at 8 o'clock, I ran home and found all the family pleasantly engaged, (but I must not dwell so long on matters of little moment. Monday opened the long looked for contest, I felt though certain of success much excited. The people assembled in large numbers very early, and the sleighs loaded with the brave sons of Erin having on their flags, "Welland Canal and W. F. Merritt," and the

hearty cheers gave us an idea of the state of public feeling which was very cheering. The speeches began, and though long, were listened to with attention by the large audience present. Mr. Rykert was not very concise and was apparently attempting to impress his hearers with a belief in his consistency, Pa's was very clear, expressive and convincing of the power of the speaker to do good for his country, and for his hearers welfare. The excitement continued during the week, the voters breakfasted, dined and supped with us, and many slept. The result I will remember for a long time.

On Tuesday I went with Richard Clark to Camboro', we called at Fitches, who induced me to take a tour to canvass with him. Mr. Paulding and I left at 1 o'clock in the coldest night of the month, the snow having fallen, and very few sleighs passing that way, the road was heavy and tired the horses exceedingly, we saw several persons, among the number old Hoover. Arrived at the election in the afternoon, went home with Mr. Little, next day went to Hamilton, called on Egan, occupied the afternoon in reading I. O. U., that wonderful production of Talford. The day following, Friday, I had in the company a lady, the Captain of the "Gore" and a stranger, the pleasure of a drive and rather dreary trip through the mud to Toronto.

The result of the election here is very satisfactory, the Liberals have it.

Monday, March 22nd, 1841.—We cannot pluck flowers from the sandy shores of the vast ocean, nor look for the bright verdure of sunny climes, upon snow clad mountains, nor natural beauties in the writings of men, to whom nature has not given the power of thought and fancy, so necessary.

The mind must be in a certain state free and untrammelled. It cannot be forced into an expression of sentiment, like a machine at a certain day. It must come like the waters from the fountain, free.

Tuesday, 23.—The events of yesterday will remain impressed upon my fancy for years, the rapidity of the change of action, the bustle, excitement, the serious consequences, are all of so important a nature that no written record will be necessary. **IT IS THE FIRST SERIOUS RIOT I HAVE EVER SEEN,** and was one of a very general character and engaged large parties of opponents.

Wednesday, March 24.—I have not yet acquired that steadiness and eager anxiety for study since my return, which I had before.

The great length of time it requires to perfect one in any study, is almost discouraging, and unless there is at the bottom a steady perseverance to gain in the end some of the periods at which we become fatigued, will so unfit us for study, as to defeat in a measure the good of all our previous labor.

Friday, 25.—We should never give occasion for offence. One may draw upon himself consequences which a still forbearance would have avoided. We should watch more narrowly the propriety of our own conduct than that of the world and conform our bearing and intercourse with men, as much to the established rules and requirements of society as we can consistently.

Saturday, 26.—Though there be a calm and serene countenance which would portray peace, benevolence and contentment, we are not allowed to judge of the inward man for his outward appearance. We may very frequently aim at just conclusions merely from a person's bearing, but the strongest guard should be kept over our judgement. It should be altogether suspended until the character of the individual clearly shows itself, otherwise we may subject ourselves to frequent mistakes of an unpleasant nature.

Monday, 29.—I began the week with a new book, a recorder of passing thoughts, one in which I expect to take great pleasure in referring to and witnessing an improvement if the health and the blessings I have long enjoyed be continued. The new week opens most unfavourably. From days of serenity with a warm air, we are now brought back to a winter weather, the snow drifting with great force by the keen winds and offering no inviting allurements for a morning's walk.

Tuesday, March 30.—Language is an engine of the most powerful nature, through which means the subject is rendered more brilliant, important and interesting. It must, however, be wielded with discretion, for too severe pressure it will not bear. Its structure is easily overthrown by violence. Neither will it work to advantage with a less than ordinary force. The director is his own judge, not only his own, but for his hearers and readers also.

Wednesday, 31.—The last day of this first Spring month is most unusually cold. To see all nature retarded in her beginning by the forbidding appearance of a winter's day, with the snow covering the whole surface of the earth is well calculated to fatigue any person, with long continuance of this unpleasant state of the season.

Thursday.—The sky was by this time quite overcast with dark and gloomy looking clouds which threw their sombre shadows upon the angry sea, imparting to it a very dismal colour, broken here and there by the white spray of the waves.

The wind whistled through the ropes and shrouds of the vessel as she plunged forward at a rapid rate.

The deck was a scene of anxious preparation and deep concern as every thing forbode that before the night would be over, we should encounter a tropical hurricane.

Friday, April 2nd.—We were early awoke this morning by the ringing of the fire bells. The long continuance of which so excited our curiosity to know the cause that we dressed in haste and hurried towards the town. The morning was just beginning to dawn and the streets were quite noiseless, except at intervals, a person could be seen hurrying towards the direction of the alarm.

We reached it, after the fire had been subdued, but were fully repaid our exertion by the pleasant walk back with the bright glimmering in the east, betokening the approach of the king of day.

Sunday.—In reading a page or two in the first volume of my journal how easy it is to see and judge of the shallow attempt at wit and the present peculiar style of writing. However, it was the first essay, and I should receive it as an excuse in its favor. The newness of the scenes, the gratification and enjoyment, all of which would so easily contribute to drive from the mind regular sober ideas of description and narration.

Monday, 5th.—We can see no end to our labor once we commence a series of studies, one seems to outweigh the other in importance, and our judgement will be changed as often as circumstances bring one branch of science more before our attention: whenever we see one possessed by a person in daily practice. It then appears that the claim of usefulness is properly applied to that one in particular, and we immediately feel a desire of obtaining the same acquirement to make our knowledge as general as our

time and ability will admit.

Tuesday.—Nor can we perceive much progress when we are constantly at our work. The regular business of each day occupies its needed portion of time and from the constant change of occupation we cannot judge between them, as to their relative importance, but weeks and months bring such a change that it is easily felt with gratification.

Wednesday.—The mind must be kept in a state of subjection, a practical exclusion of many occupations of life in order to keep itself in a proper condition, to receive and retain instruction. If once we launch out in the world as it were, how impossible is it to control our feelings as to subject them to the same rigorous courses. How little does the excitement of the hunt, the exhilaration of the chase or ride in the pure air, ally itself to the dull monotony of driling oneself into a foreign language.

How the sound of a swelling song inside of a lighted theatre, or palace like a hotel is so particularly adapted to excite feelings of admiration and delight, drive from the mind logical discussions or an astronomical question, and above all young companions, the despisers of everything useful and beneficial to themselves, their own destroyers, dissuading one into the belief with others, that their pursuits is mere waste of time and foolish pedantry.

Friday.—Yesterday passed away as pleasantly and smoothly as a clear sky and happy expectations, which were early realized if the company of a kind father could cause it. The change to-day is remarkable. We have the appearance of winter with all its dullness and none of its comforts. The snow has fallen to the depth of two or three inches and still continued until late in the morning. Thomas and I accompanied Pa to the steamer where he arrived just in time, she having waited for him a few minutes longer than usual.

Sunday, April 7th.—To-day accomplishes the first year of my studies in the hitherto Provincial capital, and I task myself with a hasty survey of the objects which have engaged my attention during that time. On the whole I feel justified in saying that it has been spent in a manner highly conducive to my improvement.

I know, however, that some reproaches are well grounded for considerable waste of time at home, not that I would deprive myself of that sincere pleasure, the gratification of visiting my parents, and refreshing the body and mind, the one by healthy exercise, the other by relief from confinement of study, but that on several occasions the time of my visits have been too much extended. Since being here I have visited home ten different times which have altogether amounted to one hundred and nine days, of which 28 were before coming to Mr. De La Hayes, counting 81 since that time. This is startling and must in future be avoided. My expenses also during that time have been considerable, quite as much as my generous parents can at present afford to bestow upon me. I will endeavor to collect my thoughts in order to see with all the waste of time and expense, how very much greater has been my improvement this year, over that of the preceding. Of History, I have acquired a pretty fair knowledge, which, with the assistance of occasional references will be I think, sufficient for that branch of science.

The books which I have used during my course are Rollin, Gibbon, Russell, Robertson, Tytler, Goldsmith, and several other works the authors of which have escaped my memory. A small portion of my time has been usefully spent in the working of Algebra and Trigonometry, for the know-

ledge of the latter I am entirely indebted to my own exertions. Willli's Logic and Burgess Rhetoric I have perused through, perhaps not with that care which would render their contents serviceable. A hasty reading of Lyell's two works have given me some idea of the principle of Geology, and from the books of that clever person, Dr. Comstock, I have become familiar with some terms in Chemistry and general natural Philosophy; though I must confess that although there is some benefit derived from such studies the slight attention generally given will allow a person no pretensions to an acquaintance with the sciences. My progress in French has been gradual and steady. I read very easily, speak with a plentiful number of mistakes, and write with more, and hope with time and better knowledge to become more proficient. Since the last of November, nearly five months, I have had incessant labor and toil at that stern subject, German. In reading, the difficulties are greater than in French, but I am happy to have nearly overcome them. In speaking I feel satisfied that my progress has cost me great labor. The books of the classic poets have all been left to collect dust upon the shelves and how much longer they will remain, as yet I cannot imagine. My light work is drawing and the violin, which are doing well enough for such subjects, and lastly, of all the domestic toils, comes writing and composition, in this, my book speaks progress monthly. It has many changes to undergo before a single sentence can be well expressed. The law is sadly neglected and will receive more attention during the year if my health is spared. I, however, have read since in my present office the "pleadings of Mr. Chitty," a part of "Tidd" and Burns digest and am now engaged in "Adams on Ejectments," and I hope that if the Lord spare me in health and the same blessings I now enjoy, to be able at the close of the present year to give a no less satisfactory account of my progress at its end, than at present.

I consider this is the commencement of an important period of my life, having begun to see the idle waste of time of the preceding year, and having undertaken, and so far carried out an important change in its use for the better.

Monday, April 18th.—The beauty of scenery is one of nature's choicest gifts, and which we have not often an opportunity of enjoying. The less we see of this through the greater portion of our lives, renders the gratification more exquisite, and leaves a trace of pleasing thought upon the mind not easily erased, either by care, business, sorrow or pleasure, to which we frequently recur as to a bright and sunny spot in the long voyage of life.

Tuesday, April 19th.—Music has great power over the mind. There is something in the sound of it, when correctly and tastily conducted which pleases every one, more especially a person whose ear is refined and on which the nice distinction in musical sounds falls with a delightful sensation. It is a great pleasure to be acquainted with it; a fine air well played refreshes one after a long and tedious task, and renews the vigor of the student, who takes his seat and is enabled to pursue his work with much better success.

Friday.—A habit is very easily acquired; and when once fully established demands no common efforts to be dislodged. That of indecision will perhaps bring with it consequences equally as fatal as the effects of idleness or incapacity. Not only does it deprive talents and acquirements from their due weight and importance, but deprives them altogether of that usefulness

with which they should be accompanied.

Thursday.—The Saturday following the day of the last entry, shows us with light and cheerful hearts hastening to meet the glad and cheerful smile and welcome embrace of our fond parents. The day was lovely and the bright sun shone warmly, and the appearance of nature's cheerfulness accorded well with the feeling of happiness which we both enjoyed. Unpleasant weather detained me at home until yesterday. Thomas has remained there altogether, and I think I shall find his absence a sensible check on the pleasant hours we have passed together.

Friday.—At times a feeling of discouragement and dissatisfaction is so prevalent with me, that reasoning can scarcely produce a happy effect in their depression. At present my progress is not only unsatisfactory, but the means of its attainment have very sensible and serious checks, to remove which I have not the power in myself, or they should not long exist; also the want of the society of my brother causes a feeling of lonesomeness not easily subdued.

Saturday.—How delightful it is in the grey shades of evening closing over some of nature's beautiful scenes, to walk alone and contemplate the past, present and the future, to call to mind many a happy face, a pleasant evening, lovely companions, and look forward with the expectation to future happiness, to have sanguine hopes and expectations. But the mind, the seat of all power and the spring of action must feel itself at ease.

Sunday evening, 25th.—I cannot bring my mind to a fit state to write upon such a subject as the nature of the day would require, I will therefore attempt none, for much better do I conceive it, when a duty is neglected to refrain from its extreme.

Monday morning, 26th.—My man Friday leaves to-morrow about five weeks after his first arrival, in which time I have stowed away as many German words and expressions as could well be collected in so short a space of time, but most unfortunately with an accent as unpolished as an Irishman. Now for several months work to correct it, which I suppose will leave me or nearly the same position as at present. I must now turn my attention to the language with all my force, talk like a native and see what change six or eight months will make in that branch of ysonewg. If any gentleman chooses to understand these two words he is at liberty to do it.

Tuesday.—How wonderful are the visititudes of human life, nor can all the works of fiction present to our imagination events so startling and almost inconceivable as the history from his creation down to the present day.

If we, like Volney, take a pride in viewing and contemplating the mighty fall of the great, to seek amidst time-worn and desolate ruins the remains of the stupendous grandeur of empires, we find merely a rude mass, where once stood the seat of a proud Senate, whose walls have often echoed the sounds of such eloquence as will never again grace the annals of time.

Wednesday.—We shed a tear over the visititudes of time as we walk on some lonely waste where once was a grand thoroughfare filled with life, with men as callous of the future and as occupied with the past as in our own age. If such was the fate of a statesman or an Emperor, what does his honor, fame or glory avail him?

It has procured for him merely a marble pile, perhaps a remembrance in the annals of history, but time, the destroyer of all has not spared even

them. Or to change the scene, let the busy hum of the great metropolis, the mighty works and marvelous improvements of man in these latter ages astound us when we reflect from what such a re-action has sprung. The despised and neglected of the ancient world have arisen to power, and they now hold the sway of intellect and reason, wealth and civil liberty, and the mighty of the past are almost forgotten and blotted from the page of History.

Friday.—The manly bearing of this gentleman and the courteous attention which ever distinguished his intercourse with others, attracted the admiration as well as the esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He seemed to govern his conduct by rules as immutable as they were perfect. Nor would he allow the least infringement to mar the harmony and general order of his life.

Saturday, May 1st.—The letters which I received yesterday have afforded me great satisfaction, in as much as they convey to me a full pretext, on which to ground an application for leave, which at present I feel very ready and willing to avail myself of; for when I remain in a situation which should and ought to be advantageous and there are so many hindrances, I can no time more conveniently loose a month than at present, especially when devoted to the great object of promoting health.

Monday.—Noise is a great trouble to a person of a turn of mind which requires tranquility in order to be at rest, description is the most annoying. The rage of the mighty storm as it sweeps over the vast plains and darkens in its mad course the high mountain tops, and swells the ocean deep in dreadful waves, the horrid din of battle, of mortal strife, of man against man for victory, and more likely the eternal din of a mansion full of young people.

Tuesday, May 3rd.—The time is so fast approaching when I am to leave my studies for a long vacation, I cannot so easily set my mind profitably to work. There is so much satisfaction and pleasure in a visit to your dearly cherished home, the very contemplation of it is pleasing. How happily situated should we conceive ourselves, when so frequently we have opportunities of such innocent and heartfelt a gratification.

Wednesday, 4th.—I cannot now, as formerly, expatiate on the beauties of the morning and the pleasure of the walk. It has become so much a custom that I begin to loose that exquisite sense of pleasure, one feels when once breathing the pure air of a Spring morning for the first time, perhaps, in many weeks, at present I would feel most uncomfortable if detained from my walk, but still take some pleasure in the continuance of the habit. This day begins bright and cheerful, and I hope to-morrow may be equally so and bring me in safety to my cherished home.

Monday, May 17th.—A change has taken place since the discontinuance of my diary, of which, in order to preserve the uninterrupted order of things and events, I will explain the various circumstances. On Tuesday morning with a bright sky and a light heart I found my way to the steamer, and by favor of her good engines after a short passage, experienced the pleasure of meeting my mother and brother at Niagara who came for me with the carriage. I must not, however, forget to record another instance of my carelessness in leaving the keys of my baggage and incurring thereby inconvenience and trouble.

On Monday a pleasant party of four left for Buffalo, and experienced an

unpleasant ride through the rain. Our passage on the steamer was also rendered dull from the same cause. After taking a hearty supper at the American, Chisholm and I had the fortitude to sit out a murdering of Pizzaro at the Eagle's Theatre, we dispatched our business in the morning and got on board the steamer in time to save our passage.

It occupied the whole day in reaching Drinkirk, at least 8 hours. Here I bade adieu to Mr. C. and diverged towards Fredonia, remained the whole of the next day in the damp and rain, waiting for the coach. Saw a pretty girl with black eyes and hair arranged in the form of a kitchen mop; at length the coach came, and made a journey of 15 miles on this day. The next morning, Thursday, was ushered in with a rain storm, I arrived at the end of my travels, and found my grand parents in good health and happy to see me.

Have already passed so much of my time rather agreeably, though somewhat dull to say the best of it.

Have continued to drag out two months in a most disagreeable manner, my only ostensible employment being to take pills at stated periods during the day. Sleep and read at intervals, till my quiet and dull life has rendered me so inactive and careless, that even the effort of reading German or writing, is too great for my sunken energies. I hope some of the cause may be attributed to the weak state of the system from the continual use of the medicine, and relieve my mind from the unpleasant charge of preferring an unbecoming inactivity to the useful employment of its energies.

A very good song and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one.

Arrived Aug. 3, 1849.

A regret for time passed in an uncomfortable manner, may be considered a useless lacerating of an extremely sensitive mind for an unprofitable purpose; but for the promotion of health, a blessing which when enjoyed fully by the kindness of Providence, is beyond all others desirable and cannot be thus lightly esteemed. What pleasure in life has the miserable victim of some preying disease, the hollow cheek which is never gladdened with a smile, the sunken eye which is never lighted up with the fire of youthful animation, bespeak the dreary gloom within?

The banishment at once of all expectation of enjoyment from the blessings of which this earth are sown with a kind hand, and all hope of relief from even the consummate skill of the most celebrated doctor is vain. What will education and refinement avail? Nothing. It may assist in adding poignance to the grief, and to the poor victim despondency.

How great is the effect produced by bright eyes, and what a wonderful execution they are often unconsciously guilty of. 'Tis but to turn the charming head half hid beneath the small and fairy like bonnet, and so comely adorned with the bright dark curls, clinging so closely to her fair cheeks as if vying with them in making the wearer more charming. A hasty glance from those melting eyes of rich hazel, which the lustres so bewitchingly cover when they are met by some of the sterner sex who is instantly affected, and he is doomed to remember them and their expression and the dream of their brightness, and think himself half in love, and at least feels himself repaid for a long walk in having been blessed with a look into such a face. Yet the dear possessor moves on as lightly and as grace-

fully as before, never giving a thought to the mischief she is every instant doing.

Sunday.—I had yesterday the pleasure of conversing with a person, who, though bearing in his fine countenance that distinguishing color, which in some countries would be considered a disgrace, and have doomed this worthy member of society to seek a level beneath the most illiterate and degraded of orders, and though his noble and powerful mind would shrink with just indignation at the arbitrary and unfeeling oppression of men who are in capacity and intellect his inferiors, yet would by philosophic endurance submit, and with christian resignation return, the foulest oppression as if the same was received for some hind office.

And at length that proud spirit of liberty so honorable to manhood, that consciousness of self worth would become wholly extinct, and the hopeless and broken spirit would stay out the number of his days in ignominy and disgrace.

But that honor of our country be it said, slavery exists not on her shores, but all the reproaches she receives, and there is still this cheering reflection which if it were her only recommendation is as a bright and sunny spot upon which the mind's eye can rest with cheerfulness in the dark and wintry region of man's dishonesty and injustice. Let us rejoice in her institutions, which not only protect our rights, but insure to all mankind such high privileges, and act a proof of our constitutional superiority of that humane spirit of benevolence and justice which pervade our laws. Let us maintain that high national character which has ever distinguished our people, and we will have reason to rejoice that the same virtue, valor and prudence which excites our victorious commanders is the same benevolence and nobleness of mind which urges our philanthropy to the meritorious work of ameliorating the condition of mankind as have distinguished the career of our ancestors.

This person from his interesting conversation proved himself an acute observer of human nature in every situation, and possessing a lively imagination on which the various grand and sublime scenes he witnessed were impressed with much truth and correctness, he describes the appearance of Jamaica as lovely. Her high mountains towering towards the clouds with their rocky sides, present a striking contrast with the rich appearance of the highly cultivated plantations beneath, interspersed with villas of beautiful structure, indicating the wealth and prosperity of the inhabitants. Neither has her commerce or literary advances escaped his attention. He is acquainted with all the peculiarities of the country, and every requisite to a traveller, and is now engaged by their Government to induce his fellow colored men to leave this sterile soil, and accompany him to one, where they will not only enjoy the same privileges and protection, but also the rich bounties which are received from the fertile earth, laying under a tropical sun and cooled by the breezes which are swept over the sea.

Oh! had I the robe of a polar bear I might endure the coldness of these regions with somewhat better patience than the present shivering state of my frame will allow. To call up a warm imagination with your feelings of zero is more the business of a stoic than a plain creature like myself. Throw French and German to the dogs, who can endure it, but it is endured to be so still. Idler I am; sacrificing many comforts, and being voluntary, must demand passive submission. Have returned from a rather pleasant visit to

the Lake of Chautauque, having passed three or four days, and had the satisfaction of seeing our friends in good health, on our return saw the old ship lying on the mighty stream of Niagara fast as a rock with all the force of its waters being unable to move her.

Arrived here on Wednesday, 29th September. Last night heard "Braham the Great," he is truly a powerful and beautiful singer.

I don't feel in the humor for writing, wishing to turn in and have a precious sleep, unaccustomed to early rising, the chance of having a snooze seems inviting.

A journal should regularly record the events of each day, but a long time has elapsed since writing here. I have been engaged in copying the Historical notes and making a brief search of the principle events of my life, which together brings us down to the 15th of October.

October 16th.—Have lately commenced to take music lessons, and find my desire for playing skillfully, increase in proportion to the difficulty to be encountered. I begin to be so much accustomed to spring out of bed at six o'clock, that it is not accompanied with that feeling of dread, formerly attached to the sudden change from a warm bed to the cold morning air.

Monday, October 18th.—I begin to see the necessity of taking particular care with my writing, as well as the mechanical part in the style of composition. I can fully appreciate the worth of a correct and expressive sentence, and when comparing my own sorrowful attempts with those I hope to imitate, I cannot but feel the immense field of study, the many hours of close application necessary before arriving at all near the desired state of proficiency.

Tuesday, 19th.—Upon commencing Stephen's travels, I formed a too hasty opinion of their merits, and at first condemned that light remark of personal adventure and sentiment which upon a further perusal I could not but admire. He does not force it upon you as a scientific work, and therefore you cannot expect to meet the sage observations of a man of deep learning, but you will be amply repaid, for devoting an hour in accompanying Mr. S. through his arduous but interesting journey.

Wednesday.—There is something so superlatively ridiculous in the nursery stories. I think it worth an hour to any person to take a book in which he has once found so much pleasure in youth and read again the same wonderful and amusing tales. My faith, if the time, be not as merrily passed as in any other way a person could invent, or the gentleman must either be very stupid, dull, or extra sentimental.

Thursday, 28th.—It falls upon me to account for a long interval occurring in my journal, and here it is: On Saturday I went to Niagara, having been summoned as a witness, and finding the case to be low on the docket went home happy and found the family all well; passed three or four days very pleasantly; a little dancing and singing, and after all my debut at Court it did not take place, so I returned here yesterday, and in full expectation of making another trip in a few days upon the arrival of my father.

Who would not be a zephyr light
And float on the moon-lit sea,
Or breathe the air of the summer night
As light, as a fairy free

Let him leave the home of his merry youth
To the mountain top away,
And there will he prove the solemn truth
That life is one season of play.

Then the thunder cloud let him hover near
The lightning will do him no harm,
And his views of life which mortals fear
Will add to his spirit a charm.

Saturday, 30th.—Pa arrived last night after a long absence, but what is most astonishing, he has made a proposition to take us to France, but, it really has come so unexpectedly I cannot decide for the best. I think it a good plan, and one from which I would derive much benefit, but one most weighty consideration against it, is the unwillingness on the part of my dear mother to be separated from her sons. This, I fear, will defeat the project, as I would not entertain the thought of being a source of an unhappy feeling to so kind a parent.

Monday, November 2nd.—Saw Mr. Benson yesterday on his return home from England, passed the evening with Mr. Grasset and Mr. Boulton, felt the awkwardness of not being accustomed to society, but still have the consolation that my exclusion is at present highly beneficial.

Tuesday 3rd.—I was lazy this morning and cannot forgive myself. I puts the whole day out of order, besides loosing the German talk and exercise, and cannot be endured.

—he endeavored to raise himself upon his arm, but so feeble had he become that he fell back nearly exhausted; when one of the bystanders then assisted him and placed the old man in a position from which he could see the whole valley with the beautiful Lake in the distance. The sun had already set, and his parting rays cast a subdued and melancholy light over the landscape. Here and there could be discerned the smoke arising slowly from the humble cot of some settler, indicating the change which had taken place in the scene of his former empire. He could not restrain his emotions, and the tears fell copiously from the old chief's eyes as he looked on the hunting grounds of the tribes where his fathers had so long dwelled and thought of the change now that they were driven from their homes which were in their hearts so tenderly loved. "Warriors" says he, no more shall the sturdy chief bend his bow in the forest of Tronk-not, nor watch by his fire on the banks of the Peribonka. No more will the light canoe of the maiden glide on its smooth surface beneath the pale moon to meet her lover. No more will the spirits visit the cave of the mountains, nor the tribes consult together beneath the shade of the tall pines. My son, thou art young and can travel far, go towards the setting sun and seek the nations of warriors who live by the great lakes and on the vast hunting grounds. They will receive you for your fathers sake, but I alas! can not leave the home of my old age, and here must I die. My spirit is called and it will go forth to meet the Manitou of my fathers on the mossy banks and running streams. No white man dare intrude, and now farewell! My eye is growing dim, the valley fades from my sight. May the spirits guard ye——"

The old man then fell gently back and was received in the arms of his sturdy son, who stood supporting him until his word was verified, for the old chief's spirit had fled. The warriors laid him on the cold earth in silence, and his son bent over him stupified with grief. The others feared to

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speaking, there seemed something so solemn in the event and so heartrending in the anguish of poor Wanra, it would have brought upon them the ill will of the shade of him who is departed. But grief was useless, as a long march was before them and it must be accomplished. What though to do with the body of his father Wanra was troubled. At last he says: we will not leave his bones here where they can no longer sleep in honor, but we will bear them to the far West where the white man's insult shall not be felt, and they did, and many a long day's march did the youthful band make, over mountain and vale, by the stream and the lakes, and at last arrived at the loud sounding waters of Niagara and there deposited his remains in a mound with his kindred.

Thursday, November 5th.—I have been amusing myself for several days with Mr. Lincoln's Botany, but do not think the study of sufficient importance in my profession, as to demand anything more than a partial reading. It being a study, which, if pursued with attention would become extremely laborious, notoriously by the extent of its vocabularies and system, but the practice necessary to follow, in order to derive the least benefit from it forbids me from entering more fully upon its intricate mazes.

Friday, November 12th.—I hope to-morrow may bring me safe to the enjoyment of the society of my kind and affectionate parents, and may be fully appreciated by me as a blessing of the purest and most enlivening nature. I should feel the great privilege and be sensible of the advantages I enjoy, many of which poor Tom is deprived of, at least of that greatest of blessings of being able to see his parents so frequently.

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Monday, December 27th, 1841.—I feel that in beginning the present journal, I have imposed upon my patience no slight task. But as it is one which will be expected, neither the fear of extra labor, nor the want of ability shall make me shrink from its accomplishment, if spared. For the rest I shall be amply repaid if my endeavors be found interesting in the least; for the other, the kindness of the few friends who will be the only perusers, will pardon all they may find incorrect. I am aware that in writing a journal, or in fact anything for the reading of another person many difficulties present themselves which at first you are quite ignorant of, if you say too much of yourself it appears egotistical, if you frequently dwell long on trifling events, you may be laughed at for your dullness, and thousands of things which you may conceive to be remarkable, and lavish a whole quantum of praise upon, perhaps others would view or hear with indifference, and in the end for all your pains get the credit for having bad taste. But as I am not about writing to please the fancy of very fastidious people, I shall not confine my descriptions or relations to any very settled style. Therefore to ensure that important part, the beginning, I took care that a little book should be made on Monday in which to enter hasty notes of all the incidents in our journey.

And this little book I have now at my side, endeavoring to arrange its contents into something like readable shape. On Sunday we paid a last visit to the venerable Church and heard from our excellent clergyman a sermon full of Christian eloquence and good feeling, and I am sure it was the wish of us all that when we should meet there again the same happy circle

might be found, not wanting even one of the many pleasant faces then assembled. The "Governor" left on Monday, and was waited upon into the coach by a few hastily collected friends, each ready with some very good impromptu wish for safety, success, and other comforts usual on such occasions; he took it very coolly, and seating himself snugly inside, rattled away leaving us to follow in less haste. On Tuesday evening we had a quiet family tea party at Mrs. Benson's, everything was of the best, and passed off pleasantly, and I should have enjoyed it much had it not been for the certainty that so long a time must elapse before we should again meet so many kind friends.

The night before leaving, when retired to my room and left to my own reflections, it was natural I should begin to think seriously of the matter, and as I looked from my windows out upon the old valley and mountain, objects seemed to have a double interest, and so I gazed at them over and over again and meditated upon my then present position. It was anything but pleasant to leave one's home for so long a time, family, friends, and all, for the society of unfeeling strangers; this side of the argument filled my eyes with tears. But on the other hand it appeared equally absurd to allow such feelings to war against one's true interest. By staying constantly at home, it not only loses that charm we attach to it in absence, but one grows up rank and wild, as it were for it has been too thoroughly tested to admit of denial that studies are never well attended to under the quiet and easy influences of the indulgences one enjoys at home. Sound sleep soon drowned all cares and thought, and when I awoke, the morning of the memorable 29th was breaking bright and clear. We were soon engaged in the bustle and preparation for starting, to which succeeded the painful ceremony of taking leave, and then we were fairly off, for my own part I felt so very much elated with the high expectations of my youthful curiosity as the long vista of such scenes and novelties which had filled my dreams and wearied my imagination, now seemed opening before me; though I confess I was not over sanguine, but had a lurking apprehension that some untoward event might even then put a damper upon all our hopes. Jedediah was more stoical and indifferent in appearance than are most young persons on such occasions. Our party was pleasant. Ma, Miss Jane and the Major being all in the best possible humor. The air was clear and sufficiently cold to make our tight buttoned overcoats feel comfortable. On the way Mr. Benson gave us some advice to be followed on board the ship, and we have since proved it true to the letter, by taking a useful hint from an old traveller, one often avoids most unpleasant consequences, and I would strongly recommend young travellers to be inquisitive where there is any hope of profiting by another's experience. At one o'clock we drew up at Queenston, and parted with Mr. and Mrs. Boomer who had kindly accompanied us this far on our way. We then crossed the river and looked for a last time upon the far stretching plains of Niagara, the lofty heights, the lonely spire of the monument, the majestic Niagara, and I left many good wishes for my native land. We made a night of it at Uncle Williams', the old cards were brought out and we had whist and apples and cider and every luxury a moderate person could desire. Aunt sang us some songs in the style of the last century, for I am certain she has not embellished by modern art.

On Thursday we got under way very early, there were no indications

of day but from the cheerful light we saw in the farm houses indicating industrious people and early risers. Before 10 o'clock we had a snow storm beating into our faces, imparting a very drowsy feeling, in such a case one feels quite enough occupied with his own inconvenience to notice any passing objects, think or even speak, and then he becomes a dull traveler, the miles are longer, the horses slower, and every thing appears to go wrong. We arrived late at the Inn, and so much fatigued that we found the comforts of a warm room, a good fire, and supper very acceptable.

Tuesday.—We did not rise until late, and made the last short stage to Rochester in ample time for dinner, amused ourselves shopping for books and music and trying to get access to the only lion then exhibiting, but in vain, as public curiosity had forstalled us, and the Court room would not admit another person, it seemed as if the world was on the "qui vive," so eager were the people to see Mr. Van Gaut and the Lady, or to hear the trial. A New Year's day passed in the monotonous business of railroad travelling, though it be quite delightful and affords abundant amusement for the time, still it does not satisfy me as the legitimate way of keeping this greatest of holidays, one slight accident, however, served to relieve it of tedium and stirred us all into something like activity. When quietly seating ourselves for the night and listening to Miss Jane's performance on the piano, and to a very spirited conversation kept up by a party of young ladies and gentlemen from the country.

Something was wanted from a trunk, and upon search the trunk was found wanting too, and as its loss was laid to my charge it served to annoy me most prodigiously, as I had considered myself so perfectly careful I thought nothing could be lost. After satisfying ourselves it was not to be found. Jedediah returned by the train and was fortunate enough to rescue it at Rochester.

The next morning we were called long before day, and whilst the ladies were dressing, I made a breakfast, I mention this because it was the best, most substantial and perfect breakfast I remember to have had, to think of the inviting appearance of the table is enough even now to give me a hearty appetite. I would, had I space and time say more about breakfast than travelling in this country, there is a monotony and sameness in all its incidents and character which defies description, you soon get wearied of the routine of showing baggage, buying tickets, looking after ladies if you have any, and waking your companions when the dizzy whirl and rattle of cars sets them to sleep.

At Utica we found our friends all happy to see us, and lots to say on both sides, after a day's rest we visited Uncle John's, where an equally cordial welcome awaited us. Thomas had been daily expecting us, he appears much stouter and more healthy since living in Montreal. Uncle John's family, live most comfortably, and their friends cannot but appreciate their kind attentions. We had all the enjoyments we could possibly desire, and doubt if their hospitable and elegant mansion could be excelled even in "Merrie England," long will I remember the happy hours passed there and the acquaintances formed under my kind Uncle's roof.

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My journal is again resumed under very different circumstances. I sat up in my bed after a long day's journey and pencilled hastily as much

of what had passed as drowsiness and fatigue would allow. The fire was burning bright in my snug bed room, at Hartford in Connecticut, and although quite fagged out I felt rather averse to sleep, so to pass the time I amused myself with my pencil. A day or two spent at Utica in delightful enjoyment was all we had left, as the month was fast drawing to a close. Tom and I improved it by two little parties forming some pleasant acquaintances and seeing the handsome young ladies of Utica, till the most painful parting awaited us, and I hope that my feelings on the occasion may make a most salutary impression. Again, I was dashing through the beautiful valley of the Mohawk at railroad speed, but so engaged on my musings of the past and prospects for the future, that the journey was performed before my dreams were broken. At Albany we came up with Pa and J., and the evening was agreeably spent in the company of Mr. B. and one of our old acquaintances from Canada.

The most remarkable feature in the journey from Hartford to Albany is the rail road through the green mountains, some idea may be had of its magnificence from the fact of its rising to the height of 800 feet with frequent gradients of 80 feet to the mile, the sensation one experiences when dashing through immense cuttings in the solid rock, then whirling over a deep torrent and shooting along the side of a fearful precipice or by the base of some mountain, at nearly every instant changing the scene, can be likened to nothing but the huge car of some genii in fairy tales, who to madden a human creature has taken him at fearful speed through mountains almost inaccessible, and left this mighty way to commemorate his dreadful course.

We were deprived of the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Northrop who lives at New Haven, and to visit whom we had come this way, by the misconduct of the stage driver which obliged us to remain at Hartford all night instead of New Haven as we had intended.

During the journey on the next day I had the honor of an introduction to a very nice young lady from Boston, she was engaged with a German book she had found, she spoke French and had been to Europe, and was now trying to master the German, we tried to chat in both languages and were exceedingly amused at the absurdity of our mistakes. One will not be surprised at her efforts when he learns that she was engaged to a young German, and I suppose thought a ready medium for conveying their highly interesting sayings, a matter of necessity.

Arrived in New York by steamer. We established ourselves at the Adelpia boarding house near Bowling Green, and from the little experience we had of that description of living I feel satisfied never to attempt it again unless I find a different place from the Adelpia. During our short stay in New York we amused ourselves walking about with Nehemiah who appears as well acquainted with every place, as in Mr. Irvin's counting room. Went one evening to Mitchell's, having heard it was very comical, and was much amused at the absurdity of a burlesque on Hamlet, and a piece describing New York in 1842. Dined with Mr. H. Yates in his fine house in Greenwich street, and with looking at the shallow ladies in Broadway, had quite enough of New York. On Tuesday morning we paid an early visit to the vessels, and made a choice of the Columbus for several very good reasons.

That by going in her we should have a chance to see Liverpool. The

passage would be likely much shorter than to London, and lastly that her considerate captain agreed to take all three at £10 less than the usual price. Those preliminaries arranged we occupied the remainder of the day in purchasing maps, books, &c., which were necessary for a voyage and in arranging our baggage. After tea I strolled out to purchase some law books, but finding the shops closed in the section where they could be procured, I left the deserted streets and returned by Broadway, the evening was beautiful and clear with a bright moonlight which added to the glare of the numerous well lighted windows of the various shops, and the hundreds of people passing along the street gave animation to the scene. My admiring this led to musing, and notwithstanding the bustling crowd I felt perfectly to myself, reflecting that this was my last night in America, the land which held all that was near and dear to me—that on the morrow I was to leave for so long a time the land of my birth. I could not suppress a feeling of regret. I think in young persons this is a happy weakness, and though in manhood it may grow dim and faint. Yet, I hope I may never be divested of its influence, as after all, the love of home is a noble trait. I spent a pleasant evening in our room, listening to Pa and some celebrated Canal Commissioner conversing on those subjects to which they both give the most of their time—Canals and Trade were the last words—finished all our arrangements, supped and soon after retired for the night.

Wednesday, January 19.—I must allow this day a full scroll and description of date and month as it was to Jedediah and myself a most important period. The morning was ushered in with the favourable omen of a bright and beautiful day, partaking so much of the mildness of May it was impossible to conceive it to be the month of January. Just before going on board we were somewhat discontented at the supposed loss of a couple of bunches of sovereigns, as they had been placed in my charge, again I was at fault, but fortunately less unlucky than in the affair of the trunk, they were found snugly stowed away in the baggage. Much relieved at this we hurried down to the ship, just in time to shake hands with Mr. Yates and Nehemiah, and then climbed on board as the steamer's bell rang, the heavy ropes fell away from the wharf, both ship and steamer swung out into the stream and we had fairly left America, and were now for a time to trust to our good ship on the broad ocean.

The day was beautiful, the wharves presented an animated scene of crowded shipping and merchandise, and the teeming hundreds who thronged the wharves was a sight not easily forgotten. A large ship bound for Canton in China just then left her moorings, and as she passed in tow of the steamer was heartily cheered by the crowd on shore. A last look at the city, the beautiful bay, the narrows, and then a few hours brought us in sight of the great Atlantic. The steamer left us at 4 o'clock. All sail was crowded on and with a nice light breeze from the South we stood out to sea. A ship is a noble creation of human ingenuity, when seen lying at anchor, or by the quay with the towering masts and graceful spars, almost countless, ropes and neatly stowed canvas, but one who has not beheld her dashing proudly over the blue water before a "slashing breeze," or battling in the teeth of a fierce gale, with the apparent energy of a living thing has little conception of one of the most sublime spectacles in nature, one well calculated to excite admiration in the minds of all, particularly of a young voyager.

We remained long on deck, gazing on the land of the Neversink, the

Hook, and Long Island, which were now partially obscured by mist, and the closing shades of night. At 5 o'clock we saw the last, as the dinner bell sounded its welcome notes, and we descended into the cabin with appetites considerably sharpened by our fast from 8 o'clock a. m. and the freshness of the sea air we had been inhaling.

There were but three passengers besides ourselves, all rather dull, even the Captain, whom we afterwards found a very pleasant person, said but little, poor man he had had enough to give any one the blues, he had just returned from England in the South America after a passage of 50 days all headwinds, and only passed one day on shore with his family, and was now again on the outward trip. His name is Cole, and he it was who in the Orpheus last saw the President on the 12th of March, the night before she is supposed to have foundered. We retired early, and there being no ladies were honored with the occupancy of their state rooms, Pa in the larboard, and J. and I in the starboard one, they were very comfortable, and we made ourselves quite at home, and now as each day was to present fresh novelties we were prepared to enjoy them.

On Thursday our second day at sea I could scarcely content myself to dress, such was my impatience to be on deck, and realize for the first time the novelty of being out of sight of land. I reached the quarter deck and was fully satisfied, for nothing but the clear blue sea, and unclouded sky hemming the horizon in every direction could be seen, a fine breeze still from the South covered the ocean with a light ripple, and filling every sail the fine ship plunged before it beautifully; with prospects so bright and cheering I looked forward with great pleasure to our sea voyage.

The night which succeeded was all a young traveller could wish for, a calm sea and a bright moon-light. I walked on deck with one of the mates; who, though a young man was an experienced sailor, and kindly communicated all questions relating to his calling, perils of the ocean, pleasures and foreign travel, and the many general matters with which sailors are familiar, one derives a great deal of information from those people, they have been over the world, seen many countries, have experienced trying hardships, but still take everything easy, as they say, and are generally a kind and open-hearted class of men. It is curious how they notice the slightest indications of changes in the weather from sources which to the landsmen appears perfectly fruitless, so well acquainted do they appear to be with every phenomena regarding the different courses of the winds, the currents, the apparent indications of land, fair or foul weather, that seamanship becomes a science of no mean order. From what alone the Captain told us of shipwrecks, troubles with unruly crews, dangers in the Channel and other adventures, one might easily write a book full of entertainment for the curious. One instance he related of a ship coming from the South of France to New York and getting out of provisions, the people on board were obliged to live on raisins and claretwine of which the cargo was principally composed, and when they arrived in Port, they were colored in both their bodies and teeth almost as black as the fruits they had subsisted upon.

Friday.—Pa began to fall off and look subdued and pale, sure indications in him that all was not right. Well, we had that day to amuse ourselves at his expense, our turn was to come, and the longer it delayed the more likely were we to suffer severely from its effects.

The wind blew fresh to-day and had every appearance of an increase, I took great pleasure in going over the ship, sitting on the bulwarks, climbing to the round top and what was most delightful going out on the boltsprit with a young gent and sitting there to watch the ship's huge bows and cutwater plunging through the heavy seas and dashing the spray wide around, or rising over the billows with the graceful movements of a sea gull; here one enjoys the most invigorating feeling from the freshness of the breeze which seems to give strength and life to everything, whilst the ever changing sea affords amusement and wonder. I felt in a sort of extacy, everything equalled my highest anticipations, and had Ma and Tom only participatd with us it would have been perfect bliss. As the day advanced the wind freshened so as to become a regular gale, sail was shortened, and soon our stately vessel was shorn of her plumage and buffeting the increasing billows under the pressure of close reefed topsails, it was a fine sight to see the ship plunging and smiting the angry waves, frequently covering her bows with vast clouds of spray, and foam tearing in over the weather bulwarks and falling with a rattling noise on the deck, or ascending in light and incessant showers to spend its force on the shortened sail above. Soon the rain came on, and this with the shrill whistling of the wind through the rigging is all you see or hear during a heavy blow hence I would infer that a hurricane on the ocean must, apart from the terrific be a magnificent sight.

The first mate says he was on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in the Roscoe when the President went down, and never experienced such a gale in his life.

The wind soon shifted aft and we had a fine run for several days, during the first two of which I experienced a little sea sickness, though I had it but slightly, it is the most unpleasent spirit depressing complaint I have ever known, a tumbler full of salt-water and a little patience brought me through, and I soon felt quite revived, with my appetite very much increased. Jediah, I am sorry to say did not fare so well, as he suffered more, and was longer in recovering from the effects of the violent commotion. Mr. Cummings from Montreal kept him company, he made wry faces and kept up a continual complaint.

On Wednesday the 26th, we were off the Banks of Newfoundland becalmed. The passengers were all on deck enjoying the sunshine and watching the gambols of some huge black fish or grampus sporting under the stern of our ship.

On the 28th there was a change and we were dashing along at 11 knots per hour before a famous South-Wester, a greater speed than we had attained during the voyage. I sat long on the shrouds watching the eddies and whirls hissing and leaping by the side and far astern as the ship cleaves her way, this is all one has to see and admire, and perhaps for three weeks will serve abundantly, after that it may loose its pleasure. We shall see.

I have lost interest in reading, and after some fruitless attempts have abandoned it and took to the deck there to walk or play with Neptune the Newfoundland dog, or amuse myself with the curious gentleman who accompanies me on my excursions to the boltsprit. His name is Bullen, though young and twice across the Atlantic he is not over-stored with wits, but as he is unfortunately lame should be spared from any se-

vere remark, he never reads, talks incessantly of his part of the Counties of Devon, and Delaware in Canada, of horses and stage coaches, his best qualification as a member of society is a perfect English appetite and as good a sleeper as myself. The other passenger is a Mr. Black from the West Indies, a Scotchman by birth and that we know from his speaking, has been all about South America, says little, is very distant and drinks lots of claret.

I, for the first time since living on board, last night got so interested in a French novel that I lay on bed reading until one o'clock, and in consequence was late at breakfast in the morning, though I need not mention this as something singular, I am generally the last to get up.

Saturday.—At my request I was called by the mate this morning to see the sun rise, and wishing to witness that spectacle once during the voyage, I dressed hastily, awoke Pa and J., but neither of them had the same curiosity as myself, so I went on deck alone, it was rather cold, and the rising was hid, so that all I got for my trouble was the sight of a few outside bright golden rays, which broke through the edges of the heavy mantle or clouds that obscured the face of the day God.

Sunday.—At sea. It has not all the solemnity which seems to pervade its sacred hours on shore, no cessation from the daily routine which has occupied the week. None of this peaceful rest which there renders it so welcome, here each one must make the day to his own use, profitable or not.

Tuesday.—Wind still continues fair, and we are rapidly shortening the distance to Cape Clear.

Wednesday.—Again a calm, with the sails flapping against the mast as if enjoying the lazy spell. The weather is fine, like May or our Canadian Indian summer. Amuse ourselves walking on the deck and chatting on several old topics. J. and I climbed the mainmast and enjoyed the view from above. We have now got quite used to this aerial trip, so that the sense of danger felt at first is unthought of. We all enjoy fine health, during the day Pa is engaged in writing, at which, I sometimes assist him by copying, J. studies, and when it grows dark we play chess and smoke in the upper cabin, Pa has allowed me the privilege of this indulgence until we land.

Thursday.—I. slightly unwell. Wind from the South, rain.

Friday.—We are now fast approaching land. Cape Clear cannot be many miles distant, we may possibly make the light on the 10th, it is an exciting time. I do not feel myself very desirous to see the land, merely to finish the voyage, as we have enjoyed it so well, nor will I quit it without regret. But who would not look forward with delight and the highest expectations to see the first land in Britain. The sun-set here is not at all comparable to that of Canada. There is not that brilliancy in the heavens which renders it so magnificent there, here it sinks away with a few faint rays and a dim twilight succeeds. The captain says it is owing to the moisture of the atmosphere.

Passed a fine ship bearing westward, exchanged signals, and found her to be the Napier for Baltimore, she will be the first to report us in America.

Saturday.—I had reason to regret availing myself of the permission of smoking as I have suffered from its effects the entire day, perhaps it has given me a happy distaste for the weed, and the novelty will be easily dis-

elled by such really annoying sensations. Land was yesterday announced, and we hastened to the deck to view the outline of the hills which in an hour or two defined themselves unto the blue and rugged heights which bounds the South-western coast of the Emerald Isle. The wind was dead ahead, and not being able to weather Cape Clear, which appeared on our bow about 30 miles ahead we were obliged to tack out to sea. The novelty of sea life begins to wear away very fast, when we find ourselves retarded by a strong contrary wind, and although close hauled, and beating for four successive days to cruise in sight of Cape Clear, is getting to be rather monotonous. The better way would be to endure the impatience with a sailor's indifference.

On Tuesday morning we received the intelligence that the wind had so far shifted, as to give us our course, which gratifying intelligence was received with gladness by the passengers. During the day we were accompanied by several vessels, all went well until night, questions and conjectures were ventured about the different lights on the coast, and their distances most of the passengers determined to remain up until we passed that most important point, the Tuskar Light. This is situated at the extreme S. E. point of Ireland on a reef of rocks about 8 miles from the shore, which here is very bold and rugged, similar reefs are on the other side of the Channel but 28 miles wide, which render its navigation in thick weather or with contrary winds a matter requiring the greatest care and watchfulness upon those employed in the management of the ship. In our own case I am aware that Captain Cole did not have over three hours sleep, between Cape Clear and Liverpool. Just after tea when we fancied ourselves in a fair way to clear the Cape and light, and felt quite satisfied with the ship's progress, we heard some loud speaking on deck, and the man at the mast head describing some light. This excited our curiosity and we ran up to enjoy the sight, the wind had increased at a rapid rate, and we were now running along under close reefed topsails, the night was dark and heavy, and the watch seemed engaged in looking in the direction given from the mast head. At intervals we could very indistinctly see the faint glimmering, whilst thus engaged the man aloft cried, "Ship's light ahead", our eyes were turned in that direction, where appeared the light of a large ship apparently not more than a mile away. No sooner had I observed it than a vague suspicion entered my mind that the light was altogether too large and steady for a vessel's. The captain walked forward with his glass and observed it for a few minutes and immediately gave the order for all hands to tack ship. This manœuvre was quietly and quickly done.

When settled on the westward tack away from the light, the captain explained as the reason of his coming round was that he had discovered the light to be the floating light ship on the Saltees, a most dangerous reef of rocks towards which we had been drifted by the tide from the South and might in ten minutes more have struck on the rock. This information although alarming caused us to be thankful for the escape, as otherwise it would be hard to tell the consequences of such an accident. We did not pass Tuakar until the next day, and then only by guess, as the weather was too thick to take an observation or see the land, the wind continued fair during the day, many vessels in sight, some seaward and others homeward bound, but we generally prove a better sailor than those we meet. Last

night we lay too, to-day came in sight of the Isle of Man and bore down for Liverpool, and are now off the Island of Anglesea, and the high mountains of Wales, waiting for a pilot. We have packed up our trunks and are ready for landing at any time, and hope before night to reach our long looked for port. I hear the musical singing of the sailors, and suppose they are taking in sail, as the wind is blowing fresh. The strange attempts at rhyme which they use is highly amusing, and to those who have the time or taste for such matters might afford an entertaining study. When next I take up my journal it will be after having stepped on the soil of Old England and seen much to delight and amuse, and more I hope to interest you, if not already fatigued with my awkward narrative and nonsense.

Notwithstanding the favourable prospects which began the day, yet in consequence of the darkness of the night and the severity of the gale which came on—by far the most formidable we had yet beheld—we did not reach Liverpool until the following morning.

Friday, Feb. 11th.—The pilot prudently lay too, and did not attempt to make the Mersey.

I am just returned from my window from where I have been looking out upon a few scattered lights, smokey roofs and chimney pots, of the Town of Liverpool. The clocks in different cadences have just tolled the hour of one a. m., and before going to sleep the first night in England I hasten to my notes, for fear of allowing matter to accumulate, and render the preservation of order rather doubtful. I am pleased to find that, although England abounds in opulence and every advantage that can contribute to a people's glory, I had previously formed nearly a correct conception of so much of it as I have already seen. In ascending the Mersey, you first remark the damp dark state of the atmosphere, low flight of the clouds, then the undulating surface of the country, studded with every description and style of cottage, tastefully adorned with shrubbery and lawns. On almost every hill you see a wind-mill, producing with the other objects, not an unpicturesque effect.

The tall chimneys of the numerous factories rising in many directions, belching forth black smoke, and then the dense forest of masts from the ships, which almost conceal the town, gives to the new comer a strange and almost confused idea of this great English seaport. We were towed up by a steam tug, and soon boarded by newsmen, post-office clerks, revenue officers, porters and watermen, all either officious on their duty, or eager for employment. The ship entered Princess Dock which was lined with people, cabs and carts, but no confusion could be observed, the regularity maintained by the police, even among these refractory persons, is astonishing. Here you first begin to see the vastness of the trade conducted in this port. The warehouses are generally seven or eight stories in height. The docks, of which are no less than eleven, beautifully built of out stone, cover from ten to forty acres each, and others in process of construction at an enormous expense. I suppose the number of vessels in two or three of the largest would equal all that I saw in New York. The number of steamers constantly lying in port is surprising; all sea going vessels, and many as perfect models as is possible to conceive. The stout appearance of the dray horses, used principally about the docks, attracted my attention upon landing. They appear almost a different animal from those used in America, and much better suited for heavy draughts; but, strictly speaking, they are not hand-

some. We were not detained long at the Custom House, and proceeded to our hotel, the Grecian on Dale Street.

I have now had several walks over the town and begin to be tolerably well acquainted with the streets and many objects of curiosity. Liverpool is about the same size as New York, but does not appear so favourable to a stranger, in not having one principal street; there are very many fine ones here, but none of great length. Many of the houses and terraces are of a beautiful order of architecture, and some of the public buildings spacious and imposing, the Custom House in particular. The hotels are quieter than in America, and have none of their display and claptrap. There are no restaurants or eating houses; but their place is supplied by wine vaults, and other contrivances. But what in Liverpool is most worthy of attention, and in which consists its greatness, is its commerce. It is the centre for the manufactures of several cities as large as itself. Into whatever street you turn the same bustle and activity presents itself—you see the same business-like warehouses, and hear the same clanking of the heavy drays.

Saturday, 12th—This morning at breakfast we found that none of us had slept well during the night, and were all of the opinion that it arose from the change from the narrow berths on the ship to the spacious rooms in the hotel. I discovered, also, that either the Grecian must roll prodigiously on its foundations, or my legs were not yet accustomed to the floors. J. complained of the same feelings, and said he found himself, while washing, bracing strongly up for fear of a lurch.

Pa left us to day for London, anxious to be at the centre of public action in this important crisis in public affairs. We visited Mr. Blacow's church this morning, and heard a good sermon from his young curate. It being a month since we had attended Divine Service, the solemn sounds of the organ, and fine chanting, were very impressive. The clergyman read a letter from the Bishop and Her Majesty, appealing to the charity of the congregation for aid to the missionaries in the various colonies. I could not but be struck with the ignorance which must be prevalent here with regard to Canada, and with the support of the greater portion of the clergy, among a people so well able to do it themselves, if not a mistaken charity, is at least one which might be better applied.

Monday, 14th. - By our extreme early rising and activity we have to-day accomplished more than wonders: Walked to the Charle Dock to see the steamers; drove in a cab to Mr. Blacow's to breakfast—where we saw the cemetery—and then walked back to the Grecian, making nearly five miles; went on the train to Eaton Hall, returning to the Barracks, Castle and walls—to the Cathedral and up the tower, and returned to Liverpool—not a bad day's work. First in order among the Lions come the Scotch steamers "Commodore" and "Admiral." Though but half the size of the "Great Western," yet in model and costliness of decoration they are not equalled perhaps in the world. Marble fire places, stained glass, enamelled wood, papiermachie ornaments, burnished brass, gilt mirrors, sofas—all sumptuous and inviting. The Cemetery, in the South of the town, formerly nothing but a stone dale, has been fitted up for its present use, and is now rapidly filling with tombs and costly monuments. The situation and shape are very peculiar, being about sixty feet below the level of the surrounding land, one hundred feet in width, and five hundred yards long. The sides are walled up, and have two terraces, with arches left for the purpose of

vaults; and appears much like the sepulchres of *Petræ*, only more regular. The main body of the garden—for such does it appear—is planted with trees, and laid out with neat walks. Here is the monument to Mr. Huskisson, the champion of Free Trade, and late member for Liverpool, who was killed at the opening of the railway. The railway to Chester has nothing remarkable in its route but the country. Ever now, in Winter, with its farm houses, nice fields and perfect roads—the neatness of all that meets the eye—imparts a feeling of great satisfaction. Chester is a very curious old city, with just such houses and walls as you see in old pictures—very irregular, the second storey of the houses extending over the street, leaving the walk under cover. The shops are fine, and in strange contrast with the externals.

At the Castle they show where the Roman wall remains, and around where Cromwell besieged the city. They have in the Armory one of his grape shot. From the Castle the wall extends all round the town, affording a fine walk and view of the race course—one of the best in England. The distant mountains of Wales, the canal and river *Dee*, also add to the picturesque appearance. In several places there are old crumbling towers, built in the time of the Romans—very good subjects for those afflicted with poetical imagination. In going to Eton Hall you pass the wonderful *Dee* bridge, the largest single arch of stone in the world—220 feet in length and 100 feet above the water—and of such perfect uniformity that, at a distance, you cannot conceive its magnitude, without comparing it with the vessels lying about and near the basin.

The grounds and Hall of the Marquis of Westminster equal my highest conceptions of a nobleman's palace. It is three miles from the entrance lodge to the Hall, through an avenue of trees. As the Marquis was at home, I did not get admission to the Hall, but merely to the fine gardens and terrace in front. There is much to admire in the walks, winding through shrubberies of all kinds of trees, Summer-houses, artificial caves and grottoes, lakes and statuary. The gardens cover many acres, with 40 or 50 hot-houses, each of a fair size. Those contain almost every description of plant and vegetable, from almost every climate. As we passed over the terrace, the doors and windows were open, and from the magnificent decorations of every description which we could see, I was enabled to form some idea of the sumptuous grandeur of the interior. Without, the building is uniform—the main body, wings, turrets, and embrasures are all in modern style.

The Cathedral was the last we visited. It is an old pile, much worn and blackened by time, and has suffered severely from the storms and changes of six centuries. A full description I will leave for *Jediah*, who has taken great interest in this venerable structure.

Tuesday, 15th.—From the fatigue of yesterday, we were this morning so late as to have barely time to drive to the station by eleven. The train was on the point of starting, we hurried in, and were soon in motion up the great tunnel under the upper part of the town. The arch admits of two railways from one entrance. The opening above seemed no larger than your hand. But tunnels are nothing in England. On every canal and railway you pass them hourly. To have some conception of the railways here you must know that trains leave every two hours for Manchester, Bolton, Chester, and many other places. From Birmingham they go fourteen times daily to London. In some places, unless you have a guide, it is impossible to keep their hours. There are so many branches and crossings, and junctions,

that travelling by rail becomes a matter of science. To judge from the number of engines and coaches at the stations, the traffic must be immense; and, from the perfection and security of the roads, the speed is often more than twenty miles an hour. In the first class a person sits as though in an arm-chair. The country to Manchester is very much like that to Chester; all beautiful and undulating, and as smooth as a lawn.

We arrived in Manchester at one, and took a 'bus to the Clarence; presented our letters to Mr. Barber, and lost no time in beginning our rambles. I shall take the different objects we visited in detail; but, to describe any of them, had I time, would exceed my ability. First, it was a small-wares mill, where they make everything, from tape to the largest horse covers.—They are woven in large looms, twenty or more together. In the spinning room it is impossible to hear one speak, from the tremendous rattle. The engine in this, as well as all other factories is in a room with a stone or iron floor, having an iron staircase to the top, and kept beautifully bright. We then visited a cotton printing establishment, where there is everything to see, from the engraving of the rollers and wooden patterns, at which there are more than 100 men employed, to the bleaching, drying, printing, and packing in pieces for exportation. We went through a mill where they do nothing but spin, and another where there were several acres of looms, and 1,400 workmen. Some appear healthy, but the general number, from the great heat and unhealthy atmosphere, are become sallow and wretched looking.—The silk making and embroidery are very curious. To weave a yard according to a pattern the Queen sent, required 40,000 cards joined together, each as long as the cloth was wide, (three inches wide,) and pierced with holes which, going through a part of the machinery and directing its movements, formed the pattern. The embroidery is done by machinery, the cloth being extended perpendicularly between two moveable iron frames, armed with pinchers, which hold each a needle, sharp at both ends, and the eye in the middle. When they are forced through the fabric, the pinchers on the other side catches them, another motion brings them back, and the cloth being shifted by a gauge, the pattern is worked. In the show rooms are all manner of silks, of the richest and most dazzling qualities. We were lastly through some extensive iron works, where they make steam engines, locomotives, mill machinery, etc. Over 500 men at work, with machines to saw, to plane, to cut and bend the largest iron. They shewed us into a room where there must have been at least fifty cords of patterns; and another shop where smaller instruments and cotton machinery were made.

Manchester is a wonderful place; a perfect bee-hive, as remarkable in its way as any city in Europe. It is the first and greatest manufacturing city in the world. Every street and lane is crowded—there are no public squares or parks—everything is black and discolored by the smoke from the myriads of tall chimnies. The atmosphere is always heavy and disagreeable. From the tower of the old church, which is about 120 feet high, I counted 150 chimneys in the neighborhood. It was impossible to penetrate the dense smoke, in order to ascertain the full number—if such a thing could be done by one person.

These factories meet you in every direction, many of them six and eight storeys high. One we saw with a large archway in the centre, and we counted 17 windows in length on each side. It was nearly 400 feet long. It is

surprising that in so vast a city, there should be so little variety. Manchester is nearly all Cotton; and every other district and city has its particular article of manufacture. As Jediah had no desire to visit Leeds, I determined to make the journey myself. Went to the station, and took a seat in a coach with three Germans; passed through a beautiful country, villages every five or six miles, all filled with factories, and constantly passing over canals, in which boats were moving.

At Leeds I obtained an order to examine one of the extensive woollen factories, for which it is so famous, and after looking through its magnificent machinery, thought I should not lose this favorable opportunity of seeing the famous old town of York. Leeds is a large town of 125,000 inhabitants, and the great seat of the woollen goods manufacture in the Kingdom. An hour and a half brought me to York. We entered through an archway in the wall to the station house; and, as the principal attraction, the "Minster," was in sight, and appeared but a short distance off, I made towards it immediately on foot. It is a vast pile—I suppose 100 feet in height in the main body—and covered with most curious images and devices. The length is about 400 feet. The principal tower is in the centre. The Northern part of the building is now being repaired, and strangers do not get admission.—The other part is now used for service twice a day. There are several chapels and wings, but I had not time to make many inquiries as to their use. By paying a shilling, I got to the top of the tower—up 250 steps in the form of a cork-screw—and had an excellent view of the country and town. From here you see nothing within the walls but red tiled houses, as old and as curiously built as those of Chester. Most persons who have read much of York would be surprised to learn that it has only 35,000 people, and contains nothing remarkable but the MINSTER, several old churches, and a large garrison, which they call "The Castle."

It was night before the train left, and the station house was beautifully lighted with about fifty gas lamps. All these houses in England are of stone, and some even very finely built, with pillars and entablature. Even on the road side, at lesser stations, many are handsomely fitted up, but you see no eating-houses. The train waits but a moment or two. All the servants of the companies are civil and obliging, and do not even ask for your ticket without a "Please, Sir."

Arrived at Manchester before 11 o'clock, thus making a fair day's business of sight seeing. The following morning J. and I left for Birmingham, and enjoyed the perfection of R. R. travelling in the mail train. They neither ring the bell nor whistle—all is done by motion from the guard. I cannot sufficiently express my delight at seeing the country. There is nothing in it grand or striking; but the softness, garden-like perfection, never tires the eye, "but produces on it nearly the same effect as warm water after riding in the dust." That's original. In Birmingham, we stopped at the Royal long enough to dress; then delivered our letters to Mr. Winfield, who was exceedingly kind. His son took us to a glass factory, where they blow, cut and grind glass into almost every imaginable form—beautiful globes, decanters, lamps, &c. Here we learned that the large plate glass is made by being cast, but had not time to see the operation. Next we saw the Papier Mache works. This is a new description of ornament,—most fashionable, beautiful and yet inexpensive. The show rooms contain samples of all man-

ner of ornaments and toys made from this material. Our visit to the silver and gold plating works was very satisfactory, as they have the most extensive collection of everything in this line in the world. Then to Mr. Winfield's brass works, where all articles in that branch are made. On the following morning, in company with Mr. Winfield, we drove out in a "Fly" to the coal and iron country in Staffordshire—the most extensive and important in England. On the road we passed an immense iron bridge of such peculiar construction that I regret not being able to describe it. The coal country extends from Wolverhampton, a large manufacturing town in the North, about twelve miles to the South, and the same distance East and West, or about 50 miles, and includes several important towns. To obtain an idea of the vastness of the works, you have but to look from right to left, and see at every 100 yards a cluster of buildings, including the blast furnaces, iron works, pits and shafts, and know that through the whole extent of this section you meet with the same uninterrupted succession of mines and factories. The air is heavy and full of smoke. There is no vegetation, and at night they say it appears as if on fire. We visited one smelting house, and were fairly awe struck. The vast furnaces, the roar of the machinery, and the rivers of melted iron, render these subjects almost of sublime contemplation.

Some of the fly-wheels, used to steady the machinery, are very large, and revolve with great speed. We afterwards went down in a coal mine, and were amazed at the wonders to be seen below the surface of the earth, in regions which seem to be inhabited by a strange race of men. On our ascending, we changed our covering, and visited the ruins of Dudley Castle; also the artificial caves, which are well worth seeing. They are nearly two miles in extent, and from 20 to 60 feet high. From the top of the Castle a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The innumerable shafts and buildings which cover the mining region gives it the appearance of one continuous village.

In order to be in time for the train to London, we here separated from a gentleman to whose kindness we were deeply indebted, and hope that at some future day we may be in a position to return the same favor to him.

After seeing the splendid Town Hall of Birmingham—one of the finest in the Kingdom—we started at six for London; and with our thoughts centred on the great Metropolis, we rattled along in the usual manner. It is unnecessary to describe the trip, save that we stopped for refreshments at a station where we were waited upon by about twenty nice young girls. Being tired, we stopped at the Uston Square Hotel, and, finding no letter from Pa, retired to bed with as much knowledge of London as can be obtained by looking at the pictures of the London & Birmingham Railway station in the last Penny Magazine.

The coffee room where we breakfasted next morning (Sunday) was a fine affair, with a ceiling nearly 30 feet high, and large pillars in the centre. We went to church at St. Pancras, near by, and afterwards took a cab to Piccadilly to look for Pa, but without success. So, after attending church again in the evening, we walked to Regents Park. This Park is three miles in circumference, and surrounded by terraces of buildings, and tastefully adorned inside. There are a hundred parks and squares in London, all of different dimensions, but all conducive to the health and security of the great Metropolis. On Monday we took an omnibus in New Broad street, and drove to

the Bank, about three miles. Found Lombard street and Mr. Bosanquet's, and soon learned Pa's address. Got outside another "Bus," as they call them, for Oxford street. Every street, name and building seemed familiar. The Bank in the right—the Mansion House on the left—and Cheapside before me; then came Holborn Hill, and High street, Oxford street, St. Paul's, the Old Bailey, &c. I could not but think I had seen them before, only that they appeared older and blacker. We dropped from the omnibus at Bond street, and followed it down to Piccadilly; from thence to St. James', passing the celebrated Crockford's Club House, and at 19 Bury street found Pa at his old lodgings, very neat and comfortable, and engaged as usual with a mass of papers and memoranda. We were glad to meet, and hear what each had to say, and still more to hear that Uncle Gordon and Charles Merritt were in London. The latter called just as we were going out, and, swelling our numbers to four, we marched down to St. James' Park, in rear of the Admiralty and Horse Guards; thence unto Parliament street, and that small court which rules the destinies of some colonies, Downing street. We visited the National Gallery in Trafalgar street, but were disappointed, as the exterior promised much, but within the collection was, very small, although excellent of the kind. Bury street is a very central spot, either for business people or visitors. We are within two minutes walk of Regent street, the finest street in London, surrounded by Clubs, Parks and all other attractions. We dined at half-past five, and then Charles and I went to see the play at Covent Garden theatre. The interior of this building is immense, and brilliantly lighted. Of the play it is unnecessary to speak; but the great attraction of the Christmas Pantomime, which was played for the last time, and proved to me that they can do things in London in a finished manner. The quantity and brilliancy of the scenery was wonderful. The band contains fifty performers, whose music was almost perfect. After the play, we adjourned to the celebrated tavern called the "Coal Hole," where you get a supper, or anything you wish to drink, and hear singing from 500 people, generally broken-down gentlemen of the musical profession. One of them sang an extempore song, composed, of course, as he proceeded. The rhyme was good, and the subject related to matters of the day, and visitors in the room in a sort of friendly criticism. So much for theatres.

To-day our visit was to the Zoological Gardens, where we saw more for a shilling than in any place in London. The Garden is nicely arranged in walks, ponds and yards, where the different inhabitants are kept in a manner as near as possible to their native state. Some of the cages are warmed by stoves, with keepers constantly in attendance to all of them. There is every description of animal, bird and fish. The playful monkey, the sedate orang-outang, parrots, dogs, and fishes. In the evening, Jediah and I went to the English Opera, and enjoyed a rare treat in the musical line.

Wednesday.—Our party visited the Thames Tunnel. I had the good fortune to be with Pa, who explained all that we passed, like an old Londoner. The view of the Thames and shipping from London Bridge is fine, but the crowd and bustle never seemed to diminish. We descended into the Tunnel by a temporary stairway in the large pit on the Surrey side, 70 feet deep, and 50 in diameter. But one passage is open to visitors, though both are cut through to the Wapping side. The effect of the light on the white arches, and the regular slope of the Tunnel, is very fine. Near the other

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