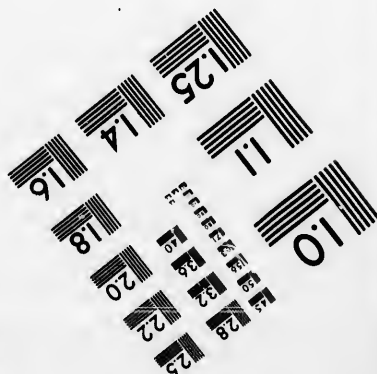
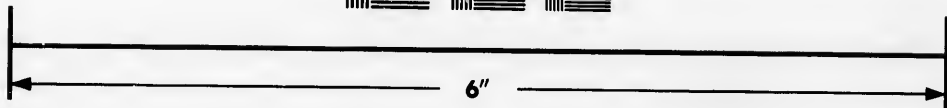
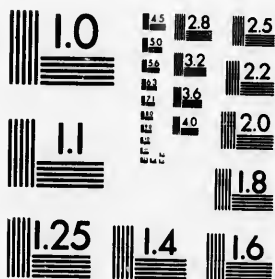


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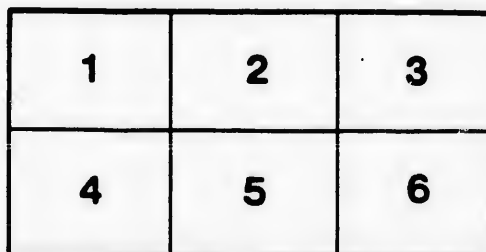
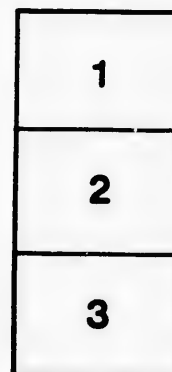
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VOYAGE
AND
JOURNEY
OF THE
2nd Batt. Scots Fusilier Guards,
FROM
SOUTHAMPTON TO MONTREAL,
DURING THE WINTER OF 1861-2.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE REGIMENT.

MONTREAL :
PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER BY JOHN WILSON
AND FOR SALE AT THE NEWS STORES OF
Pickup, Dalton, Flynn, and Riddell.
1862.

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VOYAGE AND JOURNEY

OF THE

2nd Batt. Scots Fusilier Guards

*From Southampton (England) to Montreal
(Canada,)*

DURING THE WINTER OF 1861-2.

The *Route* to hold ourselves in readiness for service in Canada was received from the Horse Guards on the 11th December, 1861. From that date until the 19th, the day on which we were to leave London, we were busily employed in packing stores; inspecting to see who were fit and unfit for active service; visiting and bidding adieu to friends and relatives; making arrangements for the comfort of the married women who were all left behind; and numberless other things "too numerous to mention." I went out on the evening of the 18th to bid "good-bye" to some friends; when I came home about midnight, I expected to find the men all in bed, but was surprised when I got to my room to find them all sitting around the fire, singing songs, and apparently as merry as if they had not a single care in life. In the interval between the songs, they discussed with much animation the prospect of war with the Northern States of America; most of them entertained the opinion that the disgusting pride of the Yankees would make them stick to their prisoners,* when a war must inevitably ensue; and, as a matter of course, gold chains, wooden legs, arms in slings, and Victoria Crosses, would be the order of the day. We continued singing and talking until sleep gradually overpowered us; no one, however, thought of going to bed, but slept where they sat or lay. We were roused about 4 a.m. to get breakfast, and put our traps together. We fell in on parade whilst it was yet dark; we were inspected and the roll called, when, to the credit of the battalion he it said, not a man was absent. The Grenadier Guards, also for service in Canada, started half an hour before us. Numbers of ladies, officers, and relations and friends of the men, were assembled in the barrack square to see us off. When the word of command, "Fours Right," was given, such a cheer arose as made the welkin ring again. Unfortunately, owing to the lamented death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, we had no music to cheer us on our march, Military Bands in London not being allowed to play while the Court is in mourning. We missed the familiar strains of the "Girl I left behind me," and other tunes usually played on leaving a station. Many said it was like going to a funeral, and that it was a bad omen. To make up for the deficiency in instrumental music, there was plenty of vocal. "To the West," "Cheer Boys, Cheer," and "Dixie's Land," were sung again and again in our progress through the streets. People were continually rushing into the ranks to shake hands, and bid adieu to friends, sweethearts or relations.

Wives walked by the side of their husbands, their eyes red and swollen with weeping; they fully believed (as did most of the men) that we were going on active service, and the thought that they might never see each other again was doubtless uppermost in their minds. It must have been a severe trial to part thus from their husbands, especially those who had been newly married; and I am afraid (judging from my own feelings) that a good deal of the mirth seen upon the faces of the single men was only assumed, to put a good face on our parting. Most of us left relatives behind, and I did not know one who did not leave somebody dearer than any relative.

* Mason and Slidell.

Considering the size of London, but few people had turned out to see us off; and among the lookers on, criticisms on our appearance were heard oftener than "God speed you." We arrived at the Waterloo Station of the South Western Railway at 7½ a.m., and in a few minutes we were seated in the train. When the train moved off, the scene at the station could hardly be gazed upon; wives and sweethearts were crying fit to break their hearts, their husbands in the train looking a last, fond adieu. We were quickly whirled past many familiar scenes; the last we saw which we all knew was Aldershot; but a sight of it was devoid of any pleasant recollections. We arrived at Southampton at 12 a.m.; a number of people were assembled at the station, and a band belonging to a volunteer regiment played us to the ship's side; it took nearly two hours to get on board and get our accoutrements stowed away; immediately we were all on board, the ship steamed out of the dock. The quays were crowded with the inhabitants, who apparently to a man, had turned out to see us off; the ladies, dear creatures, waved their white handkerchiefs; the men cheered and waved their hats, the band meanwhile playing the inspiring strain of "Cheer boys, cheer," and then the melting melody, "Auld lang syne." It was a scene which we can never forget, and did great credit to the people of Southampton; we contrasted it with the parting at Waterloo, not favourably to the latter. After getting clear of the dock the anchor was dropped, and we lay at anchor until morning. While the ship lay at anchor, I examined her machinery and other portions of her. The ship herself, the *Parana*, Captain Sawyer, was of 2800 tons burthen, and 800 horse power; there were 35 officers and 850 men of our Battalion, 5 officers and 120 men of the Royal Engineers, a few casuals of other regiments, and the crew; in all, 1200 souls.

We were told off in messes, 12 men to each mess; each mess had a table and mess traps; each man was provided with a hammock, which was hung from hooks in the deck, above his own table; one man of each mess was excused all other duty, for the purpose of waiting on his mess; his duty was to draw provisions, take them to the cook, and bring them back when cooked and distribute them to his mess. Our rations were salt pork and beef, on alternate days; on pork days we had pudding of flour, suet and raisins; the raisins few and far between. We had half a gill of rum in water each day; they call it "grog" at sea; and each had one pound of sea biscuits per diem; we had chocolate for breakfast at 8 in the morning, dinner at 1, and tea at 5. I could never drink the chocolate, it was so greasy, and smelt abominably. The crew of the ship was the worst I ever saw,—a lot of worn-out old men, hardly able to walk the deck, and totally unfit for duty in the rigging. The ship had been commissioned in a hurry, and they could not find good sailors to go a voyage to Canada in the winter time. It is reported that when the Government inspectors inspected the ship and crew, that the company had collected together a number of able seamen from the other ships belonging to them, and so passed muster. Certain it is, as after experience proved, had it not been for the assistance of our men, some of whom were as good sailors as soldiers, they would never have managed to set or take in sail. Having now given some idea of our board and lodging, with permission we will weigh anchor.

THE VOYAGE. December 20th, 1861. At 8 o'clock a.m. the anchor was weighed, and we slowly sailed down the English Channel. The morning was fine, but dull; we walked about the deck looking at the various landscapes which we were passing, and making our comments thereon. When at sea anything unusual that passes becomes an object of interest, and affords matter for conversation. We were sailing along the coast, with the beautiful Isle of Wight on one side, and the mainland on the other; we here saw a number of empty bottles floating about; various opinions were given as to how they came there, some saying Neptune had been on the spree, others that a pic-nic party had been there the night before. At noon we sailed through the narrow passage called the Needles; there is a Fort upon one side called "Hurst Castle," commanding the passage. The channel here is very shallow, so a sailor was on each paddle box taking soundings; one of them gave the soundings in a very musical manner; I stood and watched him for a long time, charmed to hear him sing "by the deep nine," or whatever the depth might be. I saw

several porpoises—large fish which swim with surprising swiftness, but in a very ungainly, rolling manner; they swim in a straight line through the waves, which causes them to be a good deal out of the water when they come to the trough of a wave. We had fresh meat for dinner to-day; we recommended the cook to wash up with the soup. We were served out in the afternoon with a sea-kit, marine soap, and one pound of tobacco; government charges one shilling for the pound of tobacco. A large steamer passed us in the evening; when twilight came upon us we formed a ring on the fore-castle, and held a sort of free and easy concert, calling on the landlord (who, I need not say, never came) to "bring another pot." About eight o'clock we went below to go to bed; I partly undressed and got into my hammock, but as I had not learned the art of slinging it properly I could not sleep in it, so I tumbled out, rolled a blanket round me and slept on the floor; the previous night being fine, I slept on the upper deck.

December 21st.—When I got up in the morning the Lizard point was in sight; the morning was rather a cold one, but fair, with a favorable breeze from the east. We passed the Scilly islands at 10 a.m., a rugged looking and dangerous group of rocks, off the Land's End—the brave Sir Cloudesley Shovel who commanded the fleet at the siege of Gibraltar, was wrecked on these rocks, every soul in his ship being lost. We lost sight of our native land about noon; I stood and watched the lighthouse on the Land's End gradually sink into the horizon, and when it had entirely faded from my view, I said "farewell," and wondered within myself whether I should be fortunate enough to see it again. The engines were only going at half speed, but they set all the sails, which helped us along. We were now fairly in the Atlantic, nothing to be seen but a waste of sea and sky. We had salt beef for dinner; I did not like it, contented myself with the weak soup, steeping a biscuit in it. The ship had now begun to roll, and a good many gave their dinner to the fishes. We had some good singing in the evening; we also had the drums, fifes, and pipes playing for an hour. A man of war passed us, all sails set; she looked a fine specimen of man's handiwork. The pipes must have frightened the fishes and old Daddy Neptune, for such a noise I am certain they never heard before. As we were rather crowded below when it came to sleeping time, one-third of the battalion was put upon watch; at night they were not allowed to go to bed, thus leaving plenty of room for the remainder; the watch's duty was to help the sailors, carry water to the cooks, and keep the decks clean. I was on watch to-night; I had nothing to do but smoke or walk up and down the deck.

December 22nd.—*Sunday.* A cold raw morning, I managed to get a cup of tea instead of the detested chocolate; we paraded at ten o'clock for a sermon as we thought, but it turned out to be a lecture; the text was "Cleanliness next to godliness"—the Captain seeing no reason why we should not turn out a little smarter, brush boots, and stars, and look a little more respectable in general. We saw a reason, though he did not. The wind blew away a jib; another was sent up in the course of the day. Some of our men sick again at dinner time. Was served out with a blue woollen guernsey. In the evening some of us assembled round the capstan, and sang some of our beautiful psalm tunes. Met with a very intelligent countryman belonging to the Royal Engineers; had a long talk with him on all sorts of subjects. A number of tracts were distributed by the officers. Wind beginning to whistle amongst the rigging. To-night, for the first time slept in a hammock; rather enjoyed it than otherwise.

December 23rd.—This was a beautiful morning, there was hardly any wind; a homeward bound ship passed us; we had the fiddler up this forenoon, and had a dance on the fore-castle; saw a shoal of porpoises, and great numbers of strange looking sea fowl. More tracts and hymn books distributed amongst the soldiers and crew; all the sails were set, and we went merrily along. As we got farther into the Atlantic the water appeared, instead of the light color observable in the English Channel, to be of a deep blue, almost amounting to blackness, showing that the water was of immenso depth, perhaps four or five miles. We had a concert in the evening, officers and men joining together. When I went to my hammock the wind was rising.

December 24th.—When I got up I found the weather looking very stormy; about 9 a.m. it began to rain, a cold wind blowing. I mounted guard at 10

a.m.; we passed a large French ship at 11 a.m.; we signalled her; she answered and saluted the English flag. It continued raining until 6 p.m., when the clouds cleared away. The Planet Venus, or Evening Star, was seen to shine with splendid brilliancy; her rays shone upon the water, and her light was but little inferior to that of the moon in the old country; all the stars seemed larger and brighter than I had ever seen them before. The wind again began to rise, and by 11 p.m. it had increased to a gale; being on guard I was of course up all night, and had the full benefit of the storm. I was on sentry on the engine tank from 12 till 2 in the morning.

December 25th.—While standing half asleep looking at the engines, I saw the water inundating the floor, on which numbers of the men had made down their beds; although it was anything but pleasant to them I could not help laughing at the miserable expression on their faces, when they found themselves in danger of being floated away on their beds; they had to take them up and walk in search of a drier place to finish their nap on. The ship was now rolling a good deal and shipping water, which I could hear dashing over the ship above my head. At 2 a.m. I went on the upper deck; I had great difficulty in keeping my feet; got them wet by the water which was dashing about the decks, and my face washed by the spray which dashed over the ship. Towards morning the wind shifted and then fell, and by day-light it was quite calm again, the sun shining out beautifully. I had nearly forgotten it was Christmas Day, and when it came to my recollection it did not tend to increase of good spirits. I thought of how differently I might have been enjoying myself in London, in the company of those I loved. Thoughts of roast beef and plum pudding floated through my head, but the reality was salt pork and biscuits, hard enough to require a hammer to break them. Because it was Christmas Day we got a double allowance of rum; I went to bed early, and fell asleep, thinking of home.

December 26th.—About 7 a.m., commenced to blow very hard, and soon had increased to a gale; although it rained I kept on deck, sheltering myself in the lee of the cow-house; a goodly number of us stood there watching the waves, which were running mountains high. We had lots of fun seeing the men tumbling about the decks as the ship rose on the crest, or sunk into the hollow of a wave. The cooks got scalded whenever they took the cover off a "copper;" the motion of the ship threw the boiling water over them, to the great danger of their precious lives; in consequence, our dinner was at a rather fashionable hour. Two vessels passed us to-day, both homeward bound; I and a few more wished we had been going the same road. Great fun at dinner time; the dishes betrayed a decided inclination towards the bottom of the table, and from thence to the floor was but a short way; in fact you could hardly find the way to your own mouth. It is very disagreeable to be below in a storm; the motion below tends more to sea sickness. There were a great many sea-sick to-day. We had a double allowance of grog to keep out the cold; a fog gathered round us, so that we could see nothing. To-day they found such difficulty in furling and unfurling the sails, that they engaged a number of our men to assist in working the ship. The rain and wind kept up the whole of the day; I went to bed at 4 in the afternoon, and had a capital sleep until morning.

December 27th.—The gale had abated during the night; a vessel appeared on the starboard side, sailing on the same course as ourselves; we gradually left her behind. About mid-day commenced raining, and by evening once more blew a gale of wind; we rather liked the gales at first, but we were now heartily tired of them; every mile we were advancing we felt it growing colder and colder; it also began to get very foggy, showing we were not far from the banks of Newfoundland, where fogs prevail.

December 28th.—Very cold frosty morning; all the sails were furled, and every thing made ready for a storm; but we were agreeably disappointed; it turned out a fine day and still finer evening, Venus again shining beautifully. An immense number of diving birds were swimming and diving about the ship; they can remain for an extraordinary long time below water. We again had singing on the upper deck, and afterwards a great deal of talk about seeing land.

December 29th.—Sunday morning, cold and raining, steam shut off to take soundings; the depth was 90 fathoms. We were served out with long boots to-day. At noon we were reported 100 miles from Cape Race, on Newfound-

land. A number of land birds flying about; a few of us joined together and sang some psalms, the time now hanging heavily on our hands, and "land," "land" was all the talk, both amongst officers and men.

December 30th.—Still foggy and dreadfully cold; owing to the fog no observation could be taken, and they did not seem to know very well where they were; they kept sounding, the depth gradually decreasing; there was a man at the mast head on the look out for land; the Captain and all the officers of the ship were on the paddle boxes evidently expecting to see land; they very frequently directed their telescopes to a certain point, the man at the mast head looking in the same direction; of course every body took the cue from them, and looked the same way, but the fog was so thick we could only see a short distance around us. When the man at the mast head came down he was covered with ice, and nearly insensible from the effects of the cold. No land was seen, and no change in the weather occurred during the day.

December 31st.—Land reported in sight; turned out to be a false alarm. More warm clothing given us to-day—woollen shirts, drawers and comforters. I was very much depressed to-day; I had found out that we were not going to Halifax, but up the St. Lawrence. I knew from books the dangers of the St. Lawrence, especially in the winter time, and that it was impossible in fact to go to Bic, where we were to have been disembarked. It was hogmanay night, a night on which a true Scot likes to enjoy himself, of all the nights in the year. It was certainly the most cheerless and coldest I ever spent; I went to bed in bad humour with myself, the weather, and things in general.

January 1st, 1862.—At 7 a.m., land in sight. This was my first glimpse of the New World, and most certainly its appearance was not inviting; it rose steeply from the water, and was covered with snow; a few stunted trees were scattered here and there; there was a light-house, the keeper's, and two or three more houses on the island, which was called St. Paul's. A terribly cold wind blew off the land, nearly taking the breath, and making the teeth chatter, whilst we were not very sure whether our toes were on our feet or in our pockets; there was also land on the other side, high, rocky, and precipitous, and apparently uninhabited. We ran up the signal for a pilot at the fore peak; three men came running out of a house waving a red flag, which they planted in the snow, and then ran back to their house, again coming back and waving the flag; but no one came off; we understood the red flag to mean that it was dangerous to go farther up the gulf. If such was their meaning, the warning was unheeded, and we proceeded on our voyage upwards. The strange sight of land made us forget the cold for a time, and gave us something to talk about. The sudden changes in the weather was something astonishing; at 12 a.m. it was bitterly cold, and a high sea running; in two hours after, the sea was as smooth as a mill pond, not a breath of air ruffling its surface. I passed the whole of this afternoon at the bow of the ship, musing on the beauty of the scene, and of the tremendous power of Him who rules the waves. Immense numbers of porpoises played round the ship; they also seemed to enjoy the beautiful evening, and as they jumped and tumbled over each other, I wondered whether these were young porpoises just let out of school, and whether they were playing at leap frog, or some other sea game, the name of which I knew not. About 3 p.m. passed a rock called Bird Island; we got our fur caps and gloves this afternoon. I immediately put mine on; found them very warm; the gloves were furred inside as well as out. We had singing again in the evening. Beautiful night.

January 2nd.—A good deal of snow fell during the night: the sails, ropes, and the whole of the ship was one mass of ice; ashes had to be sprinkled over the deck before we could walk on it. I have no occasion, I suppose, to say that the frost was most intense. We paraded in complete marching order to-day, in the anticipation that we should be landed on the morrow. A dog named "Peter" who belonged to the Battalion, had been teased by one of the Officers of the ship until he bit him; he was then ordered to be drowned; they were a long time in finding him, as the men endeavoured to hide him; he however, was found, and thrown overboard into the cold icy sea. All this day we had the left bank of the river in sight; nothing was to be seen but hill upon hill covered with the white snow, relieved by patches of wood here and there, which relieved the eyes after

gazing so long upon the dazzling brightness of the snow. Towards the evening we stood away from the land.

January 3rd.—Snow falling; no land in sight. The greatest cold we have felt was this forenoon. We formed circles and ran round and round endeavouring to keep our feet warm, but after running till we were ready to drop, we were still cold as ever. We were so miserable this forenoon, that but for the thought that we might disembark in the evening, many of the men would have been tempted to throw themselves overboard; one man actually went delirious from the effects of the cold, and attempted to throw himself amongst the machinery; numbers were gathered round the funnels, endeavouring to warm themselves. The hot steam, escaping from one of the pipes, froze as it escaped, and hung from the warm pipe in a large tangle of ice. The snow was falling so thickly that we could only see a few yards around us. After dinner I tumbled into my hammock as being the most comfortable place I could find. About 3 p.m. I was awoken by one of the men; he told me that the ship had run aground, and that every body was ordered up on deck. I jumped up, put on my boots, and went on deck; I met an officer at the top of the stairs, who asked me to go forward and assist the crew, who were setting the forward sails; after this was done I had time to look about; the ship had grounded on a sand bank, and was apparently immovable; the engines were stopped, and then reversed to try and force her off; all the men, except those who were setting the sails having been sent aft to lighten the vessel forward; the land was only 400 yards off on the port side; land was also seen directly ahead of us. In about twenty minutes the engines succeeded in forcing her off, and we were rescued from great peril. Had we not grounded where we did, we might have sailed on until we struck on the rocks, when nothing could have saved the ship from becoming a complete wreck. We again breathed freely when we were in deep water, and thanked God for our deliverance. At 5 p.m. a man who was hanging a lamp on the paddle-box, which was covered with ice, slipped and fell on to the deck; he never recovered consciousness, and died at 6 p.m.; he left a wife and family to bewail his untimely fate; between 7 and 8 p.m. we sailed through two large fields of floating ice, and entered a third extending as far as the eye could see; the ship stuck fast in the ice, so they were obliged to back her out; a consultation was then held amongst the officers of the ship, which resulted in putting on full steam and trying to force a passage; this failed; we again stuck fast, and to avoid being frozen in they again had to back out, and the ship's head was turned down the gulf. We, when we turned back, were within four hours sail of the Island of Bic, where we were to have disembarked. The men grumbled dreadfully when they knew we were going back; they blamed the Captain, saying he was not fit to command a ship, and that he had no business to bring us up the gulf at this season of the year. But he had received his orders from Government, to try the passage of the Gulf, and was of course obliged to try his best. Conjecture was now busy wondering where we were to go next; some said we were going to Halifax, others that we were bound for Sydney to take in coals, of which we were running short. Terribly cold during the night; could not sleep.

January 4th.—As cold as yesterday; water getting short; could not get any to make the breakfast; on board a steam vessel they make their own fresh water, and as coals were short, and the engines barely moving, of course we were not making much fresh water. I wandered about the deck until dinner time as miserable as a man possibly could be; we had another long voyage before us, and then a long journey, the dangers of which were greatly magnified; this afternoon the man who died last night, was sewed up in his hammock, the burial service read over him, and then plunged into the sea; he now sleeps beneath the billows of the St. Lawrence, with the winds to sing his requiem, and the raging billows to preach a funeral sermon to the survivors. It was an awful lesson on the brevity of life; I hope it made many of our men think; it certainly made me.

January 5th.—The third Sunday at sea. To-day the officers read part of the Church of England service to their companies. We stopped several times to take soundings. Psalm-singing again in the evening; a sailor boy fell down a hatchway, hurt himself severely. Frost still severe. Lights were seen during the night.

January 6th.—Not so cold as yesterday; saw land at 9 a.m. Bold hilly-looking country. At 12 a.m. we anchored in Sydney Harbour on the Island of Cape Breton, which lies at the mouth of the Gulf of St Lawrence. Sydney Bar is the name of the town, or rather large village; it consists of several hundred houses, all built of wood; I thought I should never tire feasting my eyes with the various sights to be seen on shore; I first saw a sleigh here; exclamations were constantly uttered, such as—"Oh! look, there's a man;" or, more interesting still, "a woman;" or, "a dog;" or, "a pig;" or anything that appeared in sight which we had not been in the habit of seeing on board ship. We were as silly as grown up children; but any one who has been out of sight of land, and enduring what we had done, will be able to understand our feelings on this occasion. There were several coasting vessels in the harbour, and one building on the stocks. Most of the officers went on shore; on their return we heard that there was no danger of war between England and the States. In the evening the drums and fifes marched round the decks playing inspiring airs. We then had dancing to the pipes, and were all as happy as possible. They told us that a mail would be sent away to-morrow, so a great many of us wrote letters.

January 7th.—Beautiful morning. The Battalion was to be allowed to go on shore; two companies went on shore in the forenoon, lots of them got tipsy, so apprehending that no more would be allowed on shore, I slipped ashore in a steam tug which had been employed to carry our people backward and forward. My first impulse on getting on shore was to start off in a run up the hill, but the snow was too deep and slippery for running, so I was obliged to walk, or rather tumble along. There was nothing worth looking at in the town; the people did not seem very communicative outside, so I thought I would try them inside. I went into a public house called the "Cape Breton Hotel," I saw no sign of beer, so I asked for three pennyworth of rum; to my astonishment she nearly filled a tumbler with it; I tendered a sixpence to pay for it, and to my still greater astonishment, I got 6 pennies in change; I asked if she had not mistaken; she said no, and explained that an English 6d. was worth 7½ currency; their copper money not being worth so much as ours. I then fell into conversation with some natives at the bar; found them intelligent enough on domestic matters, but newspapers were evidently scarce amongst them; they did not know much of what was going on in the outer world. They have a strong feeling of dislike to the Yankees, and hoped we would give them a good thrashing; I found that most of the inhabitants were either Scotch and Irish, or descended from Scotchmen and Irishmen; a good many of them speak Gaelic, and were hand and glove with our pipers, who had brought their pipes ashore, and played through the principal streets. There seemed to be no poor people in the place; most of them earn enough in the summer, to keep them during the winter months. Nearly every house was a shop, having something to sell, however trifling it might be. The place is important from possessing extensive coal-mines; vessels going up and down the St. Lawrence generally call here for coals; they get them delivered at the side of the ship for 8s 6d. per ton. After getting all the information I could, I took a walk, and then went on board again, rather tired than pleased with my run ashore. Numbers of boats were around the ship selling fresh provisions to our men; a loaf weighing 1½ lbs cost an English 6d., and 1 lb of butter cost 1s.; fish were cheap; the water where we anchored, teemed with the finest in America. You can scarcely imagine what a luxury a slice of wheat bread and butter is, after having been trying our teeth with hard biscuit and point for 18 days. I ate more butter during the time we lay at Sydney, than I would eat in six weeks in London. The people here made more money during our stay of six days, than they did all the rest of the winter.

January 8th to 12th.—During these days we were busily engaged in taking in coals and fresh water; they could not get men on the island to coal the ship, so they forced us to volunteer to do it, promising that we should get paid for it; we worked in reliefs of about 100 men, who worked 4 hours at a time. We shipped 1000 tons in 4 days, working night and day; after we had done, and had destroyed our clothes, and made ourselves like Ethiopians, or a dirtier sweep than you usually see, £50 was divided equally amongst the Battalion, those who had only worked 1 hour receiving as much as those who had worked 12, in imitation of the parable of the labourers. I was getting most heartily tired of lying here;

it was worse even than being at sea; there was no temptation to leave the ship then, but here the land was within a few hundred yards, and no one allowed to go on shore. On the morning of the 11th January it was very cold, and ice was forming in the harbour, and there was a prospect of getting frozen in, in an out of the way corner of the world; but glancing my eye to the foretop, I saw the "Blue Peter" flying, the signal that we were about to sail; shortly after, three guns were fired to bring boats off, some of the officers being ashore. At 12 a.m. the Fusiliers manned the capstan bars to raise the anchor, the fifea playing merry tunes, as they ran round, raising the anchor as easily as if it had not weighed a cwt. I was just beginning to get merry again at the prospect of soon being at the end of our voyage, but after sailing about 100 yards the anchor was again dropped; this was in consequence of the barometer having foretold a storm; nor was it in this instance a false prophet; in ten minutes from the time we dropped anchor we had a gale of wind and snow, which would most likely have sent us to the bottom. The water of the harbour was lashed into waves, which made us pitch as if we had actually been at sea; the cold was so intense, and the wind blew so strongly, that we were obliged to keep below, and thank providence we were not at sea. The wind fell during the night, and when I went on deck in the morning the "Blue Peter" was again at the fore peak.

January 12th.—We weighed anchor at 7 a.m. and sailed away; we met the *Magdalena* Steamship, which had brought out the 16th Regiment; she had landed them safely, and was now on her way to St. John, Newfoundland, with a Battery of Artillery on board, who were to be landed there for the purpose of quelling some riot which was going on there. The *Magdalena* lowered a boat, her captain and the Halifax pilot coming on board us; from them we learned that the Grenadier Guards, which left London the same day as we did, had safely arrived at St. John, N. B., and that a report was in circulation that we had been lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The captain then went on board his own ship, the pilot remaining with us to take us into Halifax; we had the church service read to us by the officers in the afternoon; we were now sailing along the coast of Nova Scotia, which reminded me a good deal of the coast of Scotland, it deriving its name from its general resemblance to Scotland; I went to bed early, but could not sleep; the wind began to blow, and had in a very short time increased to a storm; the hammocks swayed to and fro, like cradles in motion, the waves dashing against and over the ship, with a noise like the firing of Artillery.

January 13th.—Whilst lying half asleep, half awake, I was startled by hearing a dreadful noise, as if some heavy object, such as a cannon, had fallen through the deck; I got up to ascertain what was the matter, and found that a ladder had fallen within a few inches of where a number of our men were lying sleeping; Providence, however, directed its course, and no one was hurt, but a good many woke up, dreadfully frightened, and anxious to know whether the ship was sinking; about 6 a.m. whilst it was yet dark, I went on deck to see how matters were going on there; I had difficulty in keeping my feet, the ship rolled so dreadfully; the first thing I saw was the cannon overturned, bales of hay, boxes and stores, knocking about the deck, to the danger of all who came near them; carcasses of fresh meat which we had taken in at Sydney, had been knocked off the hooks on which they hung, and were lying on the deck, bleached white by the water, which was pouring on them. The decks were washed so clean, that as they say in Scotia, "you might have supped your porridge of them." I now found out that the dreadful rolling of the ship was caused by the rudder chain having broke, thus leaving us at the mercy of the winds and waves; they were two hours in getting the chain repaired, the ship in the interval being quite unmanageable; after the chain was repaired the ship did not roll about so much, and as the day wore on the storm abated; this was the greatest danger we had encountered on our hapless voyage; had we been near shore, and the wind blowing towards it, during the two hours the ship was unmanageable, we must have been driven upon a rocky, inhospitable shore, and in all probability not a soul would have been left to tell the tale of misfortune. During the time the storm lasted many of our men were sick, and the confusion and noise that prevailed below, completely baffles description; men sleeping on tables and benches, were pitched on to the floor; iron plates and jugs tumbled from side to side according as the ship swayed, making a horrible noise. But few this morn-

ing could eat any breakfast, the greater part being sick, and the remainder afraid to eat, for fear they also should become sick; by noon the gale had abated, although the sea still ran high; we again sighted land, and we now began to look out for Halifax; as I had not slept the night before I went to bed early, and was awoke about 11½ by the noise of the chain made as they dropped the anchor in the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

January 14th.—I got up at 6 a.m. as I was for duty; went on deck, and found that the ship was one mass of ice, to the depth of a couple of inches; the frost was most intense, it made me feel as if some one was pricking my ears with needles; my breath was frozen as it escaped from my mouth, and hung in icicles from it, whilst my comforter was frozen to my neck, and I had to feel every now and then to make sure that my nose was in its proper place; but the feet suffered most; they soon got entirely destitute of feeling; it made me grin most dreadfully, and I was in such pain that had it been fashionable to express my misery in that way, I should have cried; the sky was so clear and bright, you could scarcely imagine it could have been so cold. As the day broke we were able to see what like a place we had got to. Halifax, the capital of the province of Nova Scotia, is built at the side of a beautiful inlet, rising very steeply from the water; the hill is crowned by a fort, which commands the town and the entrance to the harbour; there are two more forts, one on an islet in the middle of the entrance to the harbour, and one on the left side; there are a goodly number of churches and chapels here, with really handsome spires; the houses, with only few exceptions, are built of wood, a great many of them being detached, or semi-detached, to prevent accidents from fire. There were a good many coasting vessels lying in the harbour, a mail packet and two men of war; the harbour is a very fine one, large and deep enough to shelter a navy; there is a suburb to Halifax, on the opposite side of the harbour, called New Windsor. I did nothing all day but walk about the deck, looking at the town, and any object of interest that turned up. We again procured fresh provisions; no one, excepting officers, were allowed to land, so I am not able to say anything about the internal appearance of the town.

January 15th.—Beautiful morning, clear and frosty, and of course very cold. The *Orlando*, 51 guns, came into harbour at ten a.m., her band playing the "British Grenadiers," the sailors manning the yards, and giving three cheers for our men, who returned the compliment with interest; she had been caught in the storm of the 13th, and had suffered a great deal of damage, and was near foundering; we heard that she had also lost some of her crew. During the day, the weather again grew stormy, snow falling in great quantities, whilst the water of the harbour was in such a turmoil, that no boats could come near the ship.

January 16th.—Blue Peter at the mast-head; fired several guns to bring those off who had been on shore all night; the water was so rough they experienced considerable difficulty in getting on board again; at length we got them all on board, when the anchor was once more weighed, and we set sail for St. John. Nothing of any importance occurred to-day; the sea was still high with a strong head-wind; we had the coast of Nova Scotia in sight all day, and at night stood away from it.

January 17th.—Vessel presented an extraordinary appearance, would have been a fine picture for a photographer; every inch of the ship was one mass of sheet-ice; she looked more like a ship of glass than anything else I could compare her to; must have been terribly cold during the night; the spray froze as it fell on the deck; land, and a lighthouse on the starboard bow; the men seemed more contented than they did a week ago; the intelligence that we were to march from St. John to Quebec made them put up with the present evil, rather than rush to one they knew not of. We were sailing slowly during the afternoon and night.

January 18th.—No land in sight; snow falling thickly; could only see, for a short distance around us. At 6 p.m., whilst going very slowly, we suddenly found that the ship was almost touching the land; one in the darkness could almost have supposed that we could have jumped ashore; the helm was immediately put hard a-port, and in a moment afterwards the anchor was dropped; going on deck I could indistinctly see the land; it appeared to be only a few yards off; a gun was fired, but no answering signal was heard. About 7 p.m. the snow cleared off, and we could see the land quite distinctly; the pilot went on shore to reconnoitre, and if possible ascertain our whereabouts; he came back

at 12 p.m. with the intelligence that we were only 8 miles from St. John; after receiving this intelligence I went to bed and slept comfortably until morning.

January 19th.—Beautiful, mild morning; we were only 200 yds from the shore; the pilot said the water was so deep that the ship might have touched the land with her bowsprit, and not have touched with her keel; we were a long time in weighing anchor; the water was deep, and the bottom rocky; the fifiers played a good many tunes,—and many a hundred revolutions of the capstan was made, before it was hanging in its usual place. We anchored in the harbour of St. John at 10 a.m., and disembarked at 2 p.m.; a great number of the inhabitants were waiting on the pier to welcome us; they were the most respectable looking crowd I ever saw, all apparently comfortable and well to do in the world. Our voyage of 32 days was replete with hardships and privations, whilst the cheerfulness, coolness and courage displayed by our men was really astonishing; they were particularly complimented by the captain of the ship for their coolness on the day the ship ran aground in the St. Lawrence. We were all thankful when we got our feet on the land, and I hope when they went to bed that night they thanked Him who had preserved us through so many dangers. The distance from the ship to the "Temporary Barracks" where we were accommodated during our stay in St. John, was about half a mile; the snow was deep and our loads heavy, which made us perspire very freely; the furniture was but scanty, but each man had a place to hang his things on; we were rather crowded, but anything was welcome after the confinement on board the ship; I had a good comfortable night's rest, and rose in the morning quite happy to find myself on land. We were very busy the first day or two getting our arms and accoutrements in good order, and in getting our linen washed; for the time being we had to do our own washing, and I may say, without egotism, that I turned out as clean linen as the best washerwoman in Kewal Green could have done. On the forenoon of the 20th I was down at the ship getting out the luggage and stores. In the afternoon I went out to have a look at the town; it, like Halifax, is built round the harbour, but does not rise quite so steeply; its population I should, at a rough guess, estimate to be about 20,000, principally Scotch, Irish and English; the town is laid out very regularly, the whole of the streets crossing each other at right angles; King Street can boast of some shops quite as good as the best in Regent Street, London; the public and the better class of private houses, were really handsome, substantial looking buildings; people in affluent circumstances all have double doors and windows to their dwellings. I did not see a beggar during my stay in St. John, and saw only one case of drunkenness. There are a few people of African descent, principally employed as coachmen, or domestic servants; few of the darkies appeared to be in affluent circumstances; they are still under the curse of Ham, "*servants of servants.*" No matter how rich they may be, they are never generally received in good "white society." The town was full of troops of all arms of the service, and presented a very lively appearance. On the 23rd January, the Scotch gentlemen of the city entertained us to a public dinner; we paraded at 1 p.m. and marched through the town, the drums, fifes and pipers at our head playing as we went along; the building in which we dined was a large car shed belonging to the Railway Company; it had been previously used as a Barracks by the Grenadier Guards, the last of whom went up the country to-day; a Guard of Honor, consisting of a Company of the St John "Scottish Volunteers," received us with presented arms at the station, their piper playing the "*Campbells are coming*;" they wore the Highland plaid and Glengarry bonnet and feather; the climate is too cold to wear the kilt in the winter time; as we marched in, the Volunteer Band played "*O a' the airts the wind can blow*;" and several other Scottish airs; there were only two tables, but each was 300 feet in length; the public were accommodated with seats between the tables and along each side; the tables were beautifully laid out and ornamented with small flags, having emblazoned on them some appropriate sentence of loyalty or welcome; the tables were loaded with good cheer of every kind—turkeys, ducks, chickens, ham, beef, mutton, pies, tarts, jellies, and confections without number; plates of fruit, with their rosy cheeks, pleased the eye, and adorned the table; silence having been proclaimed, one of the gentlemen, in a very neat speech bade us welcome to New Brunswick, saying that this entertainment was given, not only for our own sakes, but for that also of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, whose best and bravest troops she had sent out to

defend the Colonies; he then in feeling language, alluded to the death of H. R. H. Prince Albert, and concluded his address by again, for himself, and the rest of our entertainers, wishing us all sorts of happiness and prosperity, and a hearty welcome wherever it might be our lot to go. Our Commanding Officer, Colonel Dalrymple, then rose, and in the name of the Battalion gave thanks for the great honor they had done us; he said that when we left England, we had expected a reception of quite a different character, (alluding to the Yankees); that now, happily, there was little chance of fighting, but he knew that if the occasion did arise, that we were not the men to be second in the field; he then sat down amid tremendous cheering. The Bishop of Fredericton then craved leave to say a few words before we commenced dinner; the Bishop's speech made us all laugh heartily, and who knows not that a good laugh is conducive to good appetite; Bishops and Ministers generally give the funniest speeches. The Bishop's speech was as follows:—"Well, my lads, I am most happy to see you here this day, and bid you welcome to New Brunswick; when you left England you expected doubtless to have encountered a dangerous and troublesome enemy; but what is the reality, why the enemy turns out to be turkeys, geese, ducks, and such like; they will make no resistance unless you have bad teeth; but as most of you are young men, I do not suppose you are troubled with that evil of old age; I expect you to give a good account of the enemy, and when you are done, I hope none of them will be left on the field." He then gave us warning against the evils of intemperance; gave us an outline in geography which was very amusing, and told us that John Frost was a good master, that he bridged the rivers, made the roads, and put the ruddy hue of health upon their faces; he ended, amid great cheering for the funny Bishop; when the noise had subsided he said grace, and we then fell to, and did justice to the good things before us; coffee was served during dinner in unlimited quantity, but no alcoholic liquors were seen; after dinner, one of the "Glee Club of St. John" sang the solo of "Rule Britannia," all our men singing chorus, with a strength of lungs that made the building shake; our singing class then sang several glees; more speeches were delivered and responded to; there were great numbers of ladies present who seemed to enjoy the scene immensely; the speakers seemed to be very proud of their women, and spoke highly of their beauty, and of the honor conferred by their presence, intimating that they were not afraid of the ladies of any other land bearing off the palm of beauty from New Brunswick; I smiled inwardly when I heard them talk thus, for their women had very little in the way of beauty to boast of; but they, if possessing little beauty, had plenty of kindness; they smiled, and pressed us so much to eat, that had we taken their advice we should have shared the fate of the frog who tried to make himself look as big as a bullock. After dinner our pipers played several pibrochs, which seemed greatly to please the Scottish part of our entertainers; after some more singing and speechifying, the whole of us sang "God Save the Queen." We then formed up outside, and went home singing songs all the way; we were repeatedly asked to sing "Dixie," which seemed to be a sort of "National Anthem" here; they were obliged not only with "Dixie" but also with the "Strand;" and with many of us the wish to be in the "Strand" was not an idle one. We got all safely to barracks, in good humour with everybody and everything, and ready to shake hands even with a Yankee, if one had turned up. The inhabitants of Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick also, if born in either of these provinces, call themselves *blue-noses*; one need not infer from the word that their noses are of the heavenly colour; it is, I believe, a nickname given them by Judge Haliburton, (who wrote Sam Slick;") they do not take offence at the name, for if one is asked what countryman he is, he will very likely say "I am a blue-nose;" at all events the blue-noses are a loyal and kind hearted people, who uniformly showed the greatest kindness and hospitality to our men; not only did they entertain our battalion thus, but every soldier who passed through St John to Canada, was treated in the same hospitable manner; and give the credit to those who most deserve it. This movement of giving entertainments to the troops, began amongst a few ladies; some of the Grenadier Guards, to the number of 150, were quartered near those ladies' houses; they privately subscribed together and treated the party to a dinner, an example which was soon followed by the rest of the inhabitants. On the 24th of January our battalion began to go up the country; I went on the morning of the 30th; we paraded at 7 a.m.; I had all my warm clothing on, a

blanket for my feet, and one to sit on, or put over the shoulders, as the state of the weather made advisable; we did not wear our boots, we wore moccasins which were warmer to one who meant to remain in the sleigh; those who were restless and liked to have a walk or run now and then, kept their boots on; one of our blankets was doubled up and sewed up the side, thus forming a bag for the feet. There were 160 men to go to-day belonging to the 3rd, 4th, and 5th companies; these occupied 20 sleighs, 8 in each, 1 for the officers, and 2 with baggage, 23 in all; being the centre companies we had the colours with us; the sleighs we went in were just long boxes with seats in them, the boxes being fastened to two traverse bars, which slipped along easily over the smooth snow or ice; we were seated in twos, facing each other; our firelocks had been sewed up in pieces of canvass to protect them from damp; they, and our knapsacks and accoutrements were stowed away below the seats, and amongst our feet; we wore our baversocks on our shoulders; they contained a day's ration in advance, and something warmer in the shape of a bottle of rum, and a bundle of cigars, with a box of matches to light them. By half past 7 we had all got into our blankets, and looked like a lot of men going to run a sack race; we had a buffalo robe to spread over our knees, and with the other blanket over our shoulders seemed as if we could defy cold; vain thought, as we afterwards found out. We now started, and dashed along the streets, to the music of the sleigh bells, which are hung on the harness of every horse to give intimation of their approach; as the sleigh makes no noise in its progress over the snow, they would be dangerous to foot passengers if they had no bells; numbers of the inhabitants were in the streets to see us off, others peeped from their windows, hardly awake, and wondering what all the stir was about; we soon left the town behind, and in a few minutes we were on the river St. John, our road lying across a bay on the river; you must remember that all the rivers in this part of the country are frozen over, and are used as roads; the ice is from 2 to 4 feet in thickness; the roads across rivers are marked by branches of trees stuck in the snow; were it not for this precaution, people would often get lost in the snow storms which occur so often and so suddenly; the roads were very rough and full of ruts, which made the sleighs jolt terribly, sometimes nearly throwing us out; the scenery to day was most beautiful; at one time we were on the crest of a high hill, the country below us broken into hill upon bill, glen upon glen, and all covered with forests of large, beautiful and useful trees, such as the American pine, which may not improperly be called the king of the American forests, it overtops all the other trees, and is entirely destitute of branches, until within a short distance of the top; the average height in New Brunswick of the pine is 100 feet, but in the backwoods they sometimes attain to the enormous attitude of 200 feet. The sugar-maple is another most interesting and valuable tree; it is from this tree that maple-sugar is made; in the months of March and April they generally make their sugar, they commence by boring a hole in the tree two or three feet from the ground, and then inserting a reed in the hole; the sap is allowed to run into tubs; one person can attend to a great many trees; the sap is collected and boiled in large coppers, the scum being taken off, fresh sap added, and reboiled, strained and allowed to cool, when it crystalizes; the fineness of the sugar depends on the skill of the person who attends the coppers whilst they are boiling; the refuse makes a very fine molasses; various other valuable trees grow in these forests, such as the cedar, birch, ash, larch, cypress, and many other varieties unknown in Europe. At one time we got into a glen, with a rock rising at our side 1000 feet, in nearly perpendicular height; although the rock was so steep, it bore a dense crop of trees; it seemed most astonishing where they got nourishment from, there being very little soil; looking up at this tremendous rock, one wishes that he were not quite so near the base of it; you fancy you can see a lump of rock on the face of the precipice just ready to tumble down, and grind you to an impalpable powder; the driver of the sleigh told me the name of this rock, but it has now escaped my memory; we saw numerous clearings, with houses on them of all sorts and sizes, and of all the orders of architecture that have ever been known. Before I go farther I must explain what clearings are; in a few words, a clearing is another name for farm; when a settler comes out and buys a piece of land, he generally finds it covered with trees; his first duty is to build a house for himself, and the next to find one of a larger size to serve as a barn and byre; he then attacks the trees, cutting

them down, about two feet or more from the ground, he then drags them off the ground and burns them, or, makes a *snake-fence* with them; snake-fencing is a very simple process—the logs which have been cut down being simply laid on the top of each other in a zigzag manner, their weight being too much for cattle to knock down; when the trees have been thus got off, the land is said to be clear, and the farmer in his pride at what his own hands have done, calls it a clearing. The frost strikes very deeply into the ground, and when the thaw comes in spring the frost leaves the land so loose that the seed only requires to be harrowed in. When a new settler comes out, all the neighbours round about come and help him to put up his log hut, which they generally do in a day, he doing the like for the next comer; meetings of this sort are called "Bees." A log hut is a very rude building; the trees are roughly squared, and laid on the top of each other, the interstices between the logs being filled up with clay; they do not build the walls above 8 feet in height; a few rafters are then put up, and boarded over with shingles; a couple of small windows are put in, and his house is ready to live in; if he has brought no furniture, as few settlers do, they knock a few boards together and form seats, which answer the purpose as well as mahogany would do. A settler coming into a new country must make up his mind to rough it a good deal; after a year or two he will be able to build a proper wood house, and in a few more will be, to all intents, an independent man, only he must work hard at first; during the winter months they have little to do beyond cutting firewood, and attending to their cattle. It snowed during part of our journey to-day, but was very warm; we stopped at an Inn about 11 a.m. to feed the horses and refresh ourselves; we pulled out our meat and bread, got some beer from the Inn, and made a good lunch, besides replenishing the bottle; in about an hour we started again, all as lively as crickets; we commenced singing songs, to the great delight of our drivers, who evidently had not been accustomed to much singing. The roads were very uneven; we were generally either toiling up a hill in slow time, or going at a gallop down the other side; the sleigh once set in motion would have slid over the smooth snow by its own impetus; nor was their wanting a little danger to enliven our journey; something would happen to the sleigh in front, when the one behind coming down like the wind, and unable to stop would run into it, endangering those who were in it; sometimes our road lay along the edge of a precipice, with only a bank of loose snow to prevent us going over; in jolting over the ruts, some one who was not on the *qui vive* might get pitched out of the sleigh into a wreath of snow, amid the laughter of his comrades, which was greatly increased if some other one who had laughed so much at the others got pitched out himself; of course no one could get hurt amongst the soft snow. The inhabitants along the road side generally turned out to have a look at us, and give us a kind word as we passed; at a hamlet called Welshford, they had got up a little bit of display; a flag was hung across the road, and others were put up over gateways; they all bore inscriptions; on the one across the road was "Welcome Victoria's Heroes," and on the reverse side was seen, on looking back, the word "Farewell;" one old gentleman, who had a fine house and comfortable looking farm, stood with his servants, cheering the men as the different sleighs came up; when the last sleigh had passed, he got into his own sleigh bringing up the rear of the procession, and accompanied us to our halting place for the night; this was the only place during our journey, where the inhabitants attempted a display, or gave us a cheer; we will remember the gentleman at Welshford for a long time. We arrived at a place called Petersville about 3 p.m.; our quarters was a large log hut, which accommodated 120 of us, the remainder going to a house half a mile farther on; we had been led to expect a hot dinner when we got in, but we were disappointed; it had to be cooked after our arrival; we got dinner at 8 p.m. and tea at 10 p.m. but most of the men were by that time asleep; there were no beds to sleep on; the floor was covered with branches of the pine tree; each man had only the two blankets which we had brought with us; the best plan of sleeping was to undress and get into the blanket which was sewed up, roll the other around, great coat on the top, the rest of the clothing under forming a mattress, and the knapsack made a capital pillow; this was the way I slept during the whole of the journey; once I got into my bag no air could get at me, and when you can exclude the air, you are sure to be warm. The officers had a small hut to themselves, but otherwise they fared no better than we did; one of the sergeants had occasion to see

Colonel Lambton; he went into the hut, and seeing some one cooking at the fire, asked if the Colonel was in; "yes," replied the individual who was cooking, who was no other than the Colonel himself, cooking an omelet for his own supper; they also had to sleep on feathers of the trees, as we did; we, as we lay on our backs could see the light through the top of the hut, but although the night was very cold, we did not feel it; a couple of men were up all night to keep the fires in; there were four stoves in the hut; I slept middling, being now and again woke up by a larger pine bough than ordinary having got into the small of my back, or a piece of wood, or prickle running into my leg, when I rid myself of the offensive object, turn round, and sleep again; there was something so romantic in this sort of life that I rather enjoyed it.

January 31st.—Got up and performed my ablutions in a clear running stream; had breakfast, and got into the sleighs again. The country to-day was very clear of trees; a great fire called the Miramsi fire, had burnt the forest some years previously, and blackened, charred stumps were all that remained of what had once been a fine forest, a fire in the forest is a terrible thing, the long grass and underwood, and the trees themselves, are so dry that they burn up like tinder; the fire itself raises a gale of wind which helps to drive it along; every house was burned up, and the inhabitants driven to take refuge in the rivers to preserve their lives; it was dreadfully cold, and in a few moments tangles of ice were hanging from the beards and mustaches of the men; the wind was so keen that it was impossible to hold the face toward it, and well wrapped up as we were, we felt the wind piercing through all; our feet also got cold, and many of the men got out and walked up the hills, jumping in again when we came to go down hill, and so on. We passed a great many clearings to-day, stopping about half-way to feed the horses and get refreshments; our men often remarked that no birds, not even a sparrow was to be seen, and the only wild animal we had seen was a rabbit.—We arrived at Fredericton the capital of the Province of New Brunswick; the Lieutenant Governor lives here in a large handsome brick house; Fredericton is a small town of about 2000 inhabitants; we were lodged in a barracks here; the river St. John runs past the town; there was a village of Indians on the opposite side of the river, so I crossed on the ice, and paid them a visit; on the pretence of wanting a light for my pipe, I went into one of their huts, or wigwams as they call them; it was a very rude place; they use no furniture, they never sit, but squat on the ground upon buffalo skins, some sort of a bed lying in a corner; their women are called squaws and their babies paposes; one of their babies was hung up in a basket on the wall; it was upright in the basket, nothing to be seen but its little ugly shaped head, for the Indian squaws squeeze their paposes heads whilst they are young, giving them the retreating forehead observable in Indians. Those Indians that I visited are civilized, and generally belonging to the Roman Catholic Church; they are very lazy, and hardly ever work more than one day at a time; the only occupation they take any delight in is hunting; their squaws do all the hard work, cultivating their clearings, making embroidered moccasins, and other ornamental articles; they, when they have a young child, may be seen working in the fields, with the papoose in its basket, hung on their backs by a strap passing round the forehead; their squaws seem to be very fond of their husbands, and are reported to be very faithful; a smile is hardly ever seen upon their faces; I entered into conversation with one who could talk English; I found him very intelligent, and fond of talking about hunting; he told me that there were plenty of wild animals, bears, wolves, raccoons, hares, rabbits, &c. &c.; there are also plenty of deer; he gave me a particular account of moose hunting on snow-shoes; the moose is a deer as large as an ordinary sized ox, and is a very dangerous animal to hunt. As the snow is, on an average, 4 feet in depth, snow-shoes must be used, wherever there are not beaten roads; they are about 3 feet in length and 1½ in breadth at the middle, tapering off to a point at both ends; they are made of a frame of wood with two cross-bars, filled up with a net-work of moose's skin on which the foot rests; the foot is fastened to them by the toe, the heel being left free play, the snow-shoe is dragged along rather than lifted; great care is requisite in walking with them; if you allow the point to dig into the snow you are sure to fall upon your face, and in turning care must be taken not to tread on your own toes; if you do down you fall; going backwards is still more

dangerous, as you are more liable to dig in the heel and so tumble, I thanked my Indians for their information, which has been of use, as I have not yet had a tumble in the snow-shoes. I returned to barracks, found the dinner ready, had it and went to bed; had sound sleep on a good bed.

February 1st.—Had hare-soup and coffee for breakfast; nothing like a good breakfast for tackling a long road; I forgot to mention that the first two days journey, were each 30 miles in length; we started at 7 a.m., noticed a church with a spire and a very appropriate device on the top of it; it was a hand with the fingers clinched, excepting the forefinger, which was pointing heavenward; such a device as this makes a man think of heaven whether he will or not; if it had been a weathercock, I might have only thought which way the wind blew, but that finger made me think of what it was intended we should never forget. Our route to-day lay along the banks of the river St. John; there was little difference in the appearance of the country, it has not the least appearance of having any great plains; nothing was to be seen but hill upon hill, forest upon forest, with a strip of cleared land varying from 1 to 4 miles in breadth; the men now began to tire of sitting so long in the sleighs, and great numbers of them were to be seen walking, or running and tumbling along behind the sleighs; some of the sleighs occasionally had no one with them but the driver; there was sometimes as much as 2 miles between the first and last sleigh; the only time that we were together was at the halting places, and at wells by the roadside where they watered their horses; we had a piper in our sleigh to-day who gave us a tune occasionally; we would also have a song now and then; we arrived at our resting place for the night at 4½ p.m.; we were lodged in the garret of a hotel called Tilley's; we had not room to stand in the place which were kept burning all night, nearly stifling us with heat and smoke; some of the blue noses came amongst us to-night, we chatted with, and made them stare when we told them of the size and grandeur of London; they had no idea that there was a larger town than Fredericton, or a greater man than the Governor; on looking closely at them I thought they all chewed tobacco, but on questioning them, found it was spruce-gum; they were all teetallers; they had a very simple contented look; they sang us some of their country songs with evident pride; I admired the words of one, called "Mary of the Wild Moor," it was sung to a very old tune; some of our men then obliged them with a stave or two, to their evident gratification; they departed at a late hour, with great reluctance. There is not much society in the backwoods, miles sometimes intervening between the houses, and such an opportunity for enjoying themselves and displaying their vocal powers, seldom occurs. Our journey was 35 miles in length to-day.

February 2nd.—Sunday morning. Started at 7 a.m.; snowed for an hour; the piper and I were talking about home; he was conjuring up a picture of breakfast in London—tea, toast and bacon, and better than all, the wife pouring out the coffee, and with a smile inviting him to commence. I laughed at him and rallied him on his home-sickness; being Sunday we could not sing songs, so we sang psalms; at the half-way-house I had some stuff they called coffee, paying six cents for a pint; I drank it because it was hot, and I was cold; it did me a deal of good, whatever it was; they here charged most exorbitant prices for everything—a mouthful of bread and cheese cost six pence, and a glass of ale four pence, weaker than table beer, and thick and muddy looking; they were Yankees who kept the house; we met some Indians and their squaws; they generally wore blankets and steeple hats; met a funeral, the minister was in the first sleigh, then the coffin followed by the relatives of the deceased; the women and men all wore white crape; a great many of the neighbors attended to show their respect; they did not, however, wear any symbol of mourning; I judged it to be the funeral of a young woman; it is wonderful how solemn the presence of death makes men, not a word or a whisper was heard until the party had passed, and for some time afterwards not a word was spoken by any of us; we all apparently felt that the place was hallowed by the presence of death. We arrived at Woodstock at 3½ p.m.; our day's journey 32 miles; we were again lodged in a temporary barracks; after dinner I went out to have a look at the town; I met two countrymen only six months out; they were both carpenters, and were working at their trade; I went with one of them into a

Free-Will Baptist Church; now I am generally reverent in a church, but the manner in which they conducted their devotions nearly made me laugh outright; they began by one gentleman giving out a psalm; during the time he was reading, another gent starts up and bawls out a number and the name of a tune; they then sang it to a ranting air; then one prayed, then another, until six men had prayed, and then, as a climax, a young lady pops on her knees and prayed; this young lady's prayer, which I thought better and sweeter than the men's, finished the praying department; there was no one in the pulpit; after the praying was done, one old gentleman invited any one to step up and give their "experience"; no one stepped up, however, so he gave us his own experience, beginning in a whisper, getting louder and louder as he went on until he ended in a bellow, and sat down quite exhausted. I left the church before the service concluded; I was quite disgusted with the exhibition; I could not call it a religious service. We did not leave Woodstock next day; we took a rest to-day, but it was no rest to me, for I was on guard; Woodstock is a small village, only distant 12 miles from the State of Maine.

February 4th.—Left at 9 a.m., only six men in a sleigh; as the roads were getting worse, passed through several villages; walked a good deal to-day, our course still lying along the bank of the St. John River; we arrived at the village of Florenceville at 3 p.m.; travelled 25 miles to-day; lodged in the basement rooms of a hotel; lay again on the floor, which was only covered with pine-boughs.

February 5th.—Left Florenceville at 7 a.m.; roads very bad; still along the bank of the river, and close by the State of Maine; weather clear, frosty and cold; no villages along the road, but plenty of clearings; saw a small animal resembling a squirrel, a crow, and some birds of most beautiful plumage; arrived at a pretty village called Tobique; slept on pine boughs freshly gathered; day's journey, 40 miles; very tired.

February 6th.—Nearly frost-bitten in the fingers; when I washed in the morning the iron basin stuck to my wet fingers; was obliged to run inside and rub my fingers. Left Tobique at 8½ a.m., crossed the river Roustac on a very handsome bridge, leaving the St. John on our right; saw a large grist mill; our road lay for the most part through a forest, saw some splendid pine-trees; arrived at the Grand Falls of St. John at 2½ p.m., good quarters, plenty of room, and pine branches to sleep on; had my dinner, and then went out to have a look at the falls; there is a bridge about one hundred and fifty yards below the falls, from which a splendid view is obtained; the river here tumbles over a rock seventy-four feet in perpendicular height, whilst the spray rose in a misty cloud above it; below the grand falls it rushes away at the rate of forty miles an hour, falling seventy feet more in a few hundred yards length: after feasting my eyes with this truly grand and terrific sight, I took a stroll through the village, and then went to bed—our day's journey twenty-five miles.

February 7th.—Left Grand Falls at 8 a.m.; the settlers in this part of the country are all French; we crossed the river on the ice to the right bank along which our road lay for many miles; the roads were very bad to-day, full of ruts, and very dangerous. The pigs in this part are of a French breed, very lean, would make good hunters; they have a hump on their backs like camels; they are of a dirty brown, or russet colour, some of them having a white ring round their body, which give them a strange appearance; others were striped like tigers; they were the dirtiest and most disgusting looking pigs that belong to the porcine tribe. Crossed several rivulets spanned by handsome wooden bridges; it snowed during the last two hours of our journey; we passed a handsome French Church, covered all over with crosses, also a college and shrine. We arrived at Little Falls at 5 p.m., terribly tired, having been 9 hours on the road; Little Falls is a French village; we had travelled 40 miles to-day. We again had pine-boughs to sleep on; numbers of the Frenchmen came to hear the pipers play.

February 8th.—Left Little Falls at 7 a.m.; terribly cold to-day; the first 7 miles we were neatly shaken to pieces, the roads were so bad; the snow had also drifted a good deal during the night; we crossed the boundary line between Canada and New Brunswick about 9 a.m.; the road was now broad and good; snow ploughs go along every day to keep it clear, and we went along as smoothly as on a railway, and at a greatly increased speed; our road to-day

lay along the bank of the Madawaska river, and for 20 miles along the side of a large lake called Temiscouata; we arrived at Fort Ingall at 5 p.m., distance 40 miles to-day. There was a barracks here, so we had beds to sleep on, for which I was thankful; through lying on the boards so long, I did not sleep quite so well as I expected. There are some remains of the fortifications still to be seen; doubtless wild red Indians intent upon scalps, have assembled round this fort in their paint and feathers, but such days have now passed away; the white men hold with a strong hand what was once the Indian's patrimony, whilst they themselves have nearly disappeared from the land of their forefathers.

February 9th.—Left Fort Ingall at 7 a.m., halted 12 miles from the fort, and again at the 24th, where government had a log-hut, and an extra ration of warm tea; we rested here an hour; the rest of the afternoon was the coldest we had felt since we started on our journey; we arrived at Riviere du Loup, 40 miles from the fort, at 5 p.m.; 10 hours on the road; we again had beds to sleep on, our window looking upon the river St. Lawrence, which is here 2 miles in width; the Riviere du Loup is only two days of sleigh journeying from the place where we turned back on the St. Lawrence, so you will see what a round about way we had come; our sleigh journey ended here. Riviere du Loup is 331 miles from St. John; Riviere du Loup is the name of a river and village; the Grand Trunk Railway has its terminus here; there were several large stores in this place; we found provisions cheaper here than at any other place along the road; the inhabitants are mostly French, and very civil and polite.

February 10th.—We paraded at 8 a.m.; we had about a mile to walk to the station, and as we had got heavy kits, and a blanket rolled round the knapsack, we were rather short of wind when we got to the station; the road was very steep all the way. The carriages were in waiting, and we immediately took our seats; one carriage held sixty men; they are built on an altogether different plan from English carriages; there are no doors in the sides of the carriages, but one at each end; all the carriages communicate with each other, they are seated crosswise, with a passage down the centre; two persons sit on each seat, other two facing them; not only can the guard and driver communicate by passing through the carriages, but instantaneous communication can be held by a bell which passes through the carriages; each carriage is provided with a closet, drinking water, stove, and, in ordinary passenger trains, with smoking and sleeping carriages. There is only a single line of rails, and but little difficulty has been experienced in making the permanent way; the country through which the railway passes is very flat, the rails are laid down at about the same gauge as the English Great Western Railway; the engines burn wood instead of coal, which necessitates their stopping very often to take in wood; we had two day's provisions in our haversacks; the train started at 9 a.m.—The line of railway from Riviere du Loup to Quebec runs within a short distance of the St. Lawrence; there was a good deal of cleared land along the line of railway, and numerous villages, the names of which I can only just mention—St. Alexandre, St. Paschal, Rivier Ouelle, St. Anne, St. Roch, St. Jean, L'Islet, St. Thomas, St. Francis, St. Charles, Traverse Chemine De Fere and Chaudiere. We stopped at most of these places to wood or water, but nothing was seen worthy of recording; we arrived at Chaudiere at 3½ p.m.; Chaudiere station is about eight miles from Quebec; we had to stay here 4½ hours, waiting for another train; we cooked our tea which we had brought with us on the stoves in the carriages; we got very tired sitting in the carriages doing nothing; all our old songs were sung, and topics of conversation exhausted long before the engine was again put to the carriages; many of the men were just dropping off to sleep when we again started at 8 p.m. The frost was very severe to-night, and away from the stove we soon got chilly. The carriage was full of smoke nearly all the way, owing to the wood having been cut too long to allow the stove door to be shut. We were dreadfully uncomfortable the whole of the night; owing to the jolting of the carriages we could not sleep, although we felt a great inclination to do so.

February 11th.—Arrived at Richmond at 7 a.m.; Richmond is a large village, as far as I could judge in the darkness there are some good houses; there was

a fine hotel close to the station; I tried to enter into conversation with some of the people about the station, but they apparently could only talk French. At 5 a.m. we arrived at the town and station of St. Hyacinthe, this appeared to be a large town, plenty of fine looking houses and churches, with tall glittering spires. The station was very handsomely fitted up. Between this place and Montreal there was more of the country cleared than any place we had previously seen. We crossed the St. Lawrence on the Victoria Tubular Bridge; this bridge is the longest in the world; it has 25 arches of immense height and span, and with the abutments is more than two miles in length; the piers are of immense size and strength, it must receive a severe trial to its strength when the ice breaks up; in a few more minutes we got out at the Bonaventure station, and marched through the streets to the Victoria Barracks; the building is very large and handsome, accommodating not only us, but also the Grenadier Guards, who had arrived here a fortnight before us. The barracks belong to a nunnery close by us; it had, before government leased it, been intended for store rooms; the rooms are of great length and breadth, each accommodating 50 men; they are well lighted and ventilated, and have two stores in each; the windows on one side look upon the St. Lawrence, which will present a lively scene in the summer time.

Montreal is the largest town in Canada, its population exceeds 100,000, and possesses more buildings of stone and brick than any other town in this country; the principal buildings (which are all built of stone) are the French Cathedral, where 10,000 people may worship at one time, the Court House, the three principal Banks, the Scotch Church, the Episcopalian Cathedral, a fine new building, and beautifully decorated inside; St. Patrick's Church and the Methodist Church; McGill College, the Jesuits' College, the General Hospital, Exhibition Building, Post Office, and Custom House, &c. &c. There are two fine markets, Bonsecours and St. Ann's; Bonsecours is said to be the finest market in America; there is a large hall above the market place, where balls and concerts take place. The town is lighted with gas, and some of the principal streets are paved with stone; in the same street the pavements are found to be made of wood, brick and stone, from which I infer that the proprietors of houses pave it themselves, and with what they like. Montreal is situated on an island of the same name, 180 miles above Quebec; it is 30 miles in length and 10 in breadth—it is fertile and level, except one elevation just outside the town, called Mount Royal, from which the island derives its name; it is about 600 feet in height, and is covered with trees; there is a reservoir of water at the base of the mountain, from which the town is supplied. Most of the manufactures in Canada are centered here, some of them on a very extensive scale. The St. Lawrence is navigable as far as Montreal by vessels of 2000 tons burthen; a few miles above the town the rapids of the St. Lawrence commence, rendering the navigation only fit for vessels of a small draught of water; vessels do not sail up the rapids, but up a canal which is cut from a point below to a point above the rapids, again taking the river until the next rapid, when another canal obviates the difficulty; while the river is open the mails sail direct from here to England. The population is a mixture of French, Irish, Scotch and English, with a sprinkling of Yankees from Bull's Run. On a Sunday afternoon as the Guards are going to and from church, Great St. James Street presents a very gay and brilliant appearance; the pavement is crowded with well dressed ladies and gentlemen—the ladies dressed in very brilliant colors; the head-dress generally consists of round fur caps—what they would call *pork-pies* in London; very few wear bonnets of chip or silk, and they who wear them are generally the most sedate and elderly looking; they must study the art of dressing much, and wear only what suits the complexion, for I have not seen what I could call a "decidedly ugly woman." I think the average height of the natives of this country is greater than the average in England; they have more room to grow here. The men wear fur caps with turn down flaps for the ears; they have a very sturdy, healthy look about them, and rather a decided inclination to be stout. The London cabbies are thought to be a pretty sharp class, and ready at repartee, but the sleigh drivers here decidedly beat them in forcing trade and making remarks to passers-by; great numbers of them are French, and have the advantage of, when it is safe, abusing in English, if not safe they use French. Looking at the streets, and the police reports,

I should say they are a very moral people; most of the crimes are theft and drunkenness; the thefts are generally of a petty nature: I have not heard of any great man abusing trust, nor of a secretary absconding with the cash-box; no violent assaults, and nothing in the shape of murder. Drunkards are rarely seen in the streets; a drunkard in America is looked down upon by everybody, no matter what he may be. Books are cheaper here than in England; a book which sells in England for 30 shillings may be had here for as many cents. There are several circulating Libraries, well supplied with books, principally from the New York publishers; judging from books I saw on the shelves of one, I should say there are too many books in the Newgate style, such as the Claude Duval series, and Reynolds' works. There are several daily newspapers, some bi-weekly and others weekly; some of them are published and sold for one cent. For the size of the town there are a good many music shops, or rather stores—all shops being called "stores." There are several regiments of volunteers and militia in this town; they are busy drilling every evening, and I am informed they pick up their drill very quick; on one or two occasions I have seen them marching through the streets with their band; considering the roughness of the streets they marched steadily and in good time, and with a proud, martial bearing; they did not appear to be the sort of men that would willingly submit to Yankee domineering, and should the Yankees ever take it into their heads to have a slap at Canada, they will meet with a warm reception. The houses are all covered with sheets of tin instead of slates or tiles; when the sun shines on them they dazzle the eye with their brightness; the roofs are generally steep, so that the snow may slip off easily. There are many charitable institutions in this city, and several for promoting learning and religion. Now that the thaw has commenced, (23rd March) it is very unpleasant walking in the streets; some dig away the snow of the pavement in front of their houses—the one next door does not; in consequence a pool of water collects where the snow has been dug away, only making the former evil the better of the two. We have had several parades to practice field movement on snow-shoes; we one day crossed on the ice to the small Island of St. Helens, on which there is a number of guns but no fortifications; we climbed and slid down the steepest hills on the Island; acting as Light Infantry there were a good many betrayed a decided inclination for the horizontal position to the great amusement of those who could maintain the perpendicular. The inhabitants are very fond of racing on snow-shoes; the Indians are the fleetest runners, they have most practice. Our men like this place well enough, the inhabitants and us agree very well; the only drawback is cheap drink, and a lack of those amusements which only London can afford; provisions also are cheaper than in the old country; the tobacco is cheaper but of inferior quality; manufactured goods are dearer than in England, clothing especially. There is no occasion for any one to be in poverty in this country, excepting from long sickness; that there are poor people there is no question, but improvidence is generally the cause; trade is not so brisk during the winter as in the summer, and something ought to be saved for the rainy day. The climate is very dry, the snow does not weigh more than half of what a like quantity of English snow would; the cold is great, but nothing to what we had expected. There is always plenty of work to be had, and I think a person who is only earning small wages at home should emigrate. If I were discharged to-day I should stay here, or go to Upper Canada; the persons most wanted are agriculturists and mechanics, such as carpenters, masons, and slaters of tin.

The foregoing account of our voyage and journey was not originally intended for publication—but having shown it to some friends they thought it of sufficient merit to advise me to publish it. I have accordingly done so, and have no doubts that the well known kindness of a generous public will pardon any imperfection in the construction of sentences, &c., and will take it for what it is—a true and correct account of our journey from London to Montreal. Whether our stay in this country may be for a short or a long period—we, when we return to "Dear Old England," will gratefully remember, and talk in our old age of the fine country, and finer people it was our lot to be thrown amongst.



