



1826

# The Young Emigrants; or, Pictures of Canada

Catherine Parr Traill

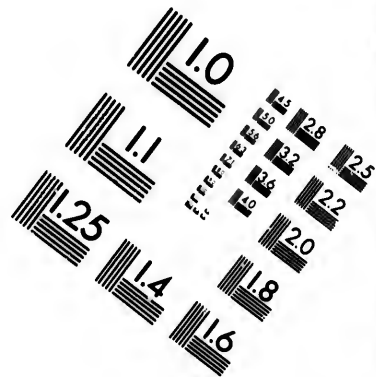
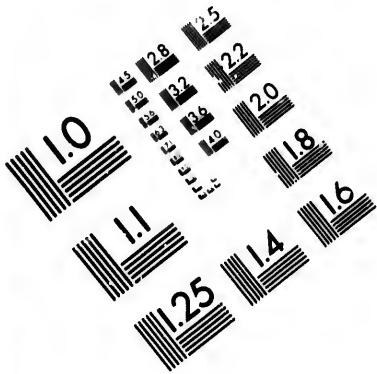
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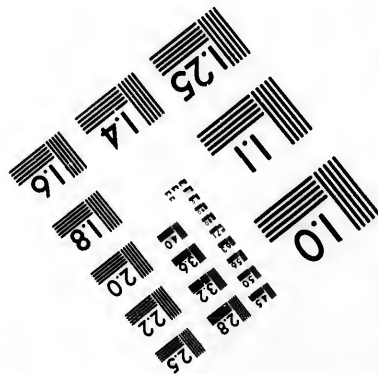
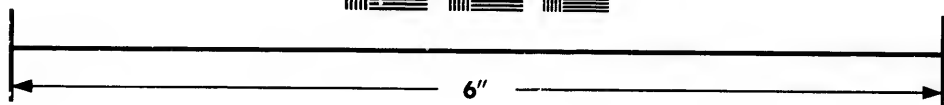
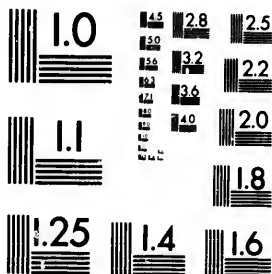
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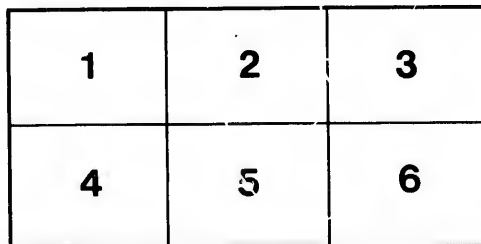
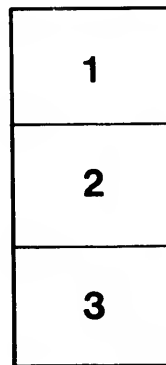
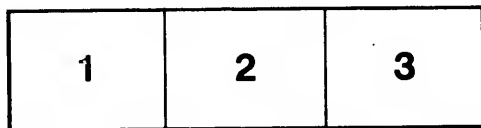
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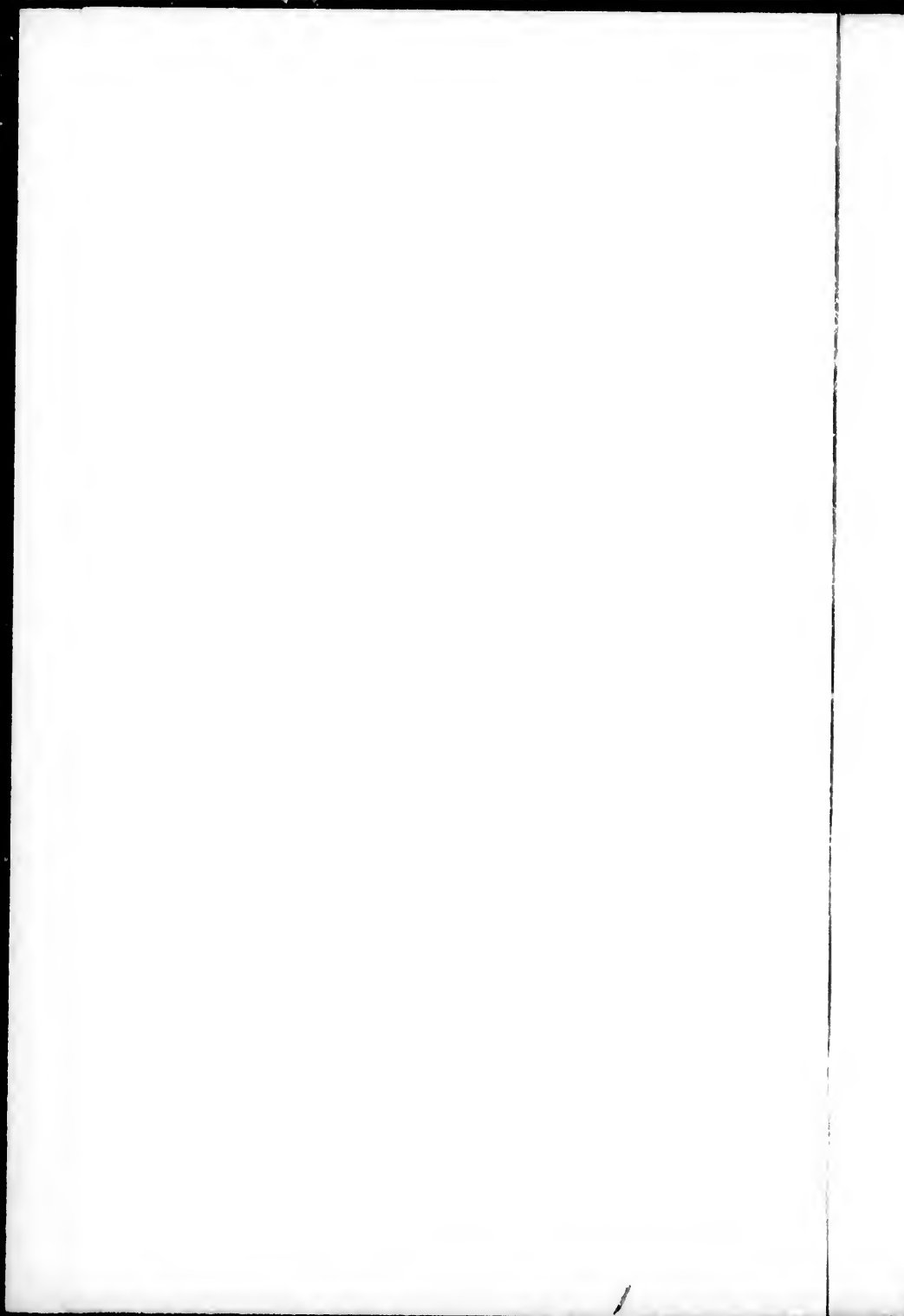
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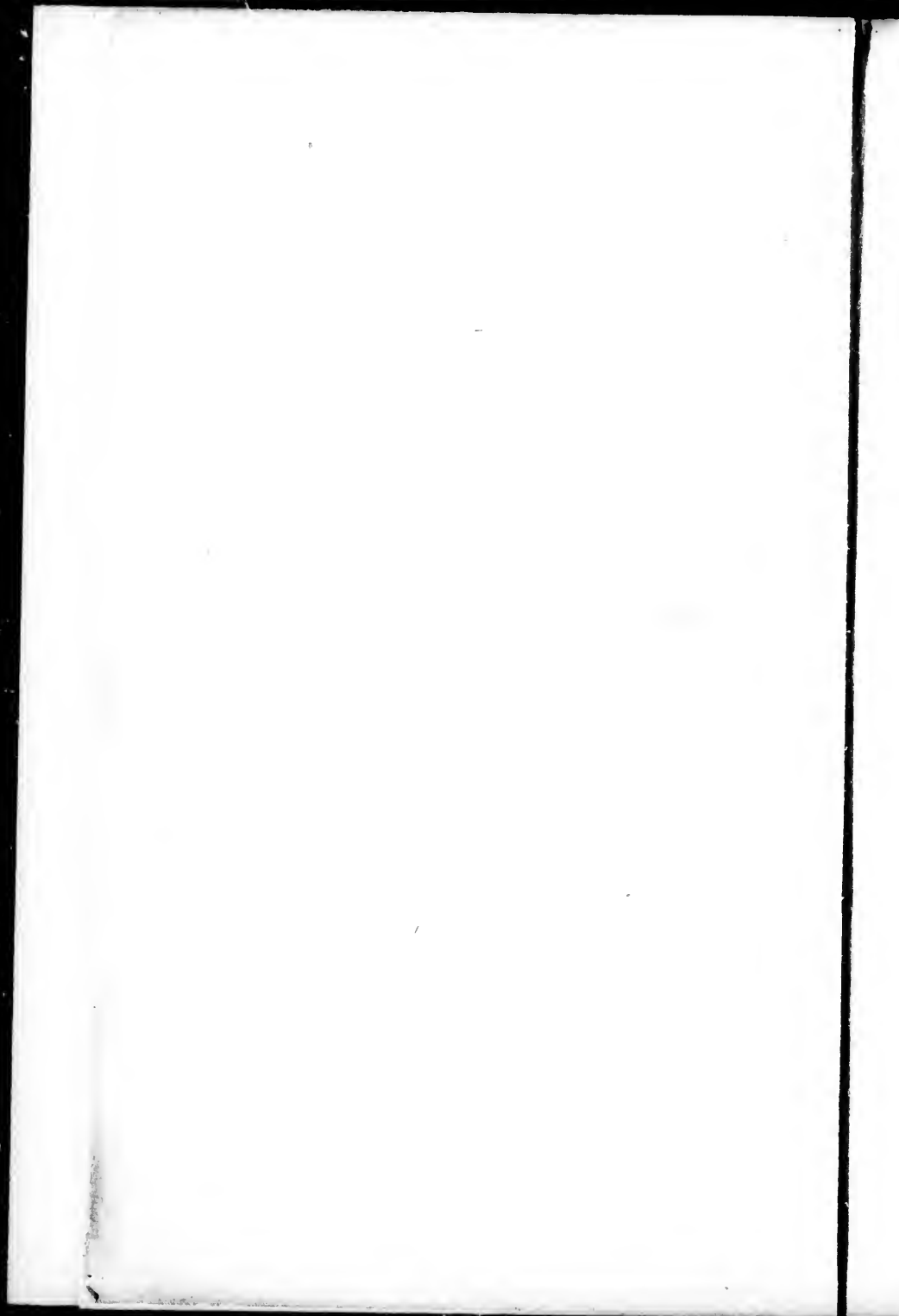
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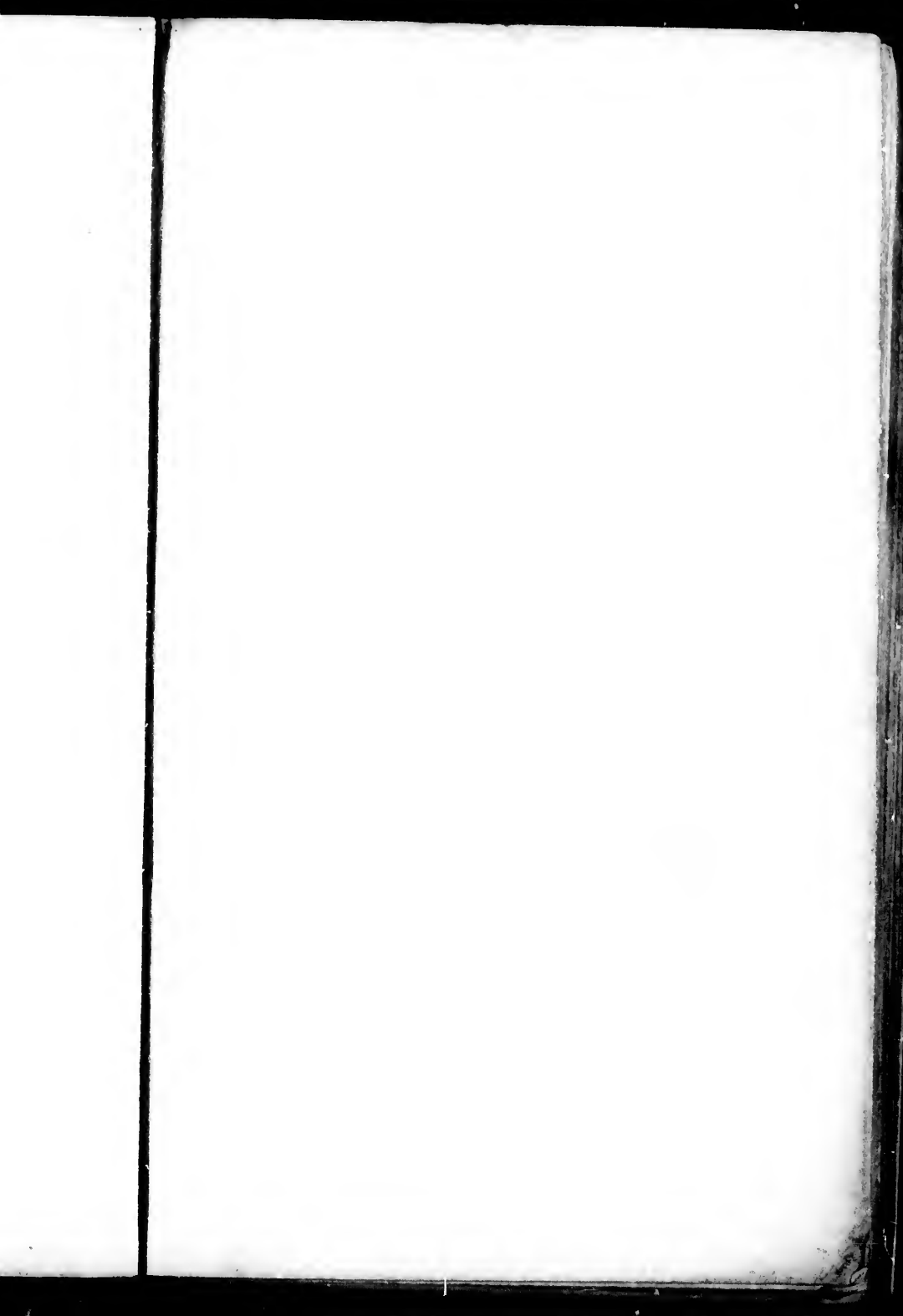
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**THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.**





*The Young Emigrants.*



*As soon as the business of the dairy is over, I fill my  
apron with drops of milk & attended by my little maid  
Flora, go to my Poultry yard, &c.*

*See page 141*

*London, Published by Harvey & Darton, Gracechurch Street, No 7 & 8, 1826.*

THE  
**YOUNG EMIGRANTS;**

OR,

PICTURES OF CANADA.

CALCULATED TO

AMUSE AND INSTRUCT THE MINDS OF  
**YOUTH.**

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

*“ Prejudice Reproved,” “ The Tell-tale,” &c.*


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**London :**

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,  
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

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1826.



*I fill my  
little maid*

*See page 141.*

8<sup>th</sup> 1826.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Author of "the Young Emigrants" hopes that the lessons of mental firmness, piety, and industry, which the following pages are intended to inculcate, will prove both pleasing and useful to her youthful readers.

Perhaps it may add an additional interest in the perusal of these pages, when informed that many of the scenes and events contained in them, were communicated to the writer by the members of a very amiable family, who emigrated to America in 1821.

The "Pictures of Canada," and the geographical features of the country, are faithfully represented; and the author hopes they may prove a source of information to her young friends, who, she sincerely wishes, may derive as much pleasure in perusing this little volume, as she found in arranging it for their amusement.

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THE  
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“MR. BARTON has just left you papa,” said Richard Clarence to his father: “has he mentioned when the vacation ends? for I have prepared the lessons he gave me to study during the holidays; and I think my good master will give me some credit for my diligence, when I return to school.”

“You will never return to school again, my dear boy,” said Mr. Clarence, folding the bills to which Richard’s preceptor had just written receipts; but, as he did so, his hand trembled, and his voice faltered as he added, “Richard, you must consider your education as finished.”

“Indeed! I am hardly fifteen years of age, and am but just beginning to have a relish for knowledge. Dear papa, I am sorry to leave school at the very time when I am improving every hour.” Richard turned an inquiring glance at his father as he spoke. Mr. Clarence tried to reply; but his lip quivered, and he turned away.

“Will not this be a good opportunity to inform these dear children of the change in our circumstances?” observed Mrs. Clarence, who was sitting with her two daughters at the work-table.

“I think it will, my love,” said Mr. Clarence. “My dear children, I have lost my place under government, and with it my whole income. In the late retrenchments, my place was considered as superfluous, and perhaps it was. Be that as it may, the fact is, that now my whole property consists of this small estate, which I must endeavour to dispose of as soon as possible.”

“Give up Roselands, papa!” exclaimed Ellen, bursting into tears. “Where shall we go if we leave this place, so dear to us

all?" "Ah! dearest mamma, what will become of us all?" asked Agnes, in a tone of great distress.

"Do not despair, my dear children," replied Mrs. Clarence, in a soothing voice; "with a little exertion and self-denial we shall yet do well, never fear. It is not for ourselves we feel so keenly: it is for you, my children."

"My children," said Mr. Clarence, "you are all very young; yet I do not scruple to consult you on this important subject, which is closely connected with your future welfare. It is my intention, as I before said, to sell this little estate, together with all our plate and furniture; but these, in the present depressed state of the times, will not realize more than £600. at the furthest. The interest of this sum, you must be well aware, will scarcely afford shelter and bread for you, my poor girls, and your mother, to say nothing for Richard and myself. You, Richard, who had already decided on a medical profession, must be aware that, out of our little

capital, I can no longer afford to give you the education necessary for that purpose."

"Nor could I wish such a thing, papa, under your present circumstances," replied Richard, firmly; "but what do you think will be the most eligible situation I can enter, to procure a genteel livelihood? I will spare no exertions, believe me."

"I should be loath to see you descend into the lower ranks of society," said Mr. Clarence: "it would take a considerable sum of money to apprentice you to any trade, even to a linen-draper or grocer, either of which would be respectable situations, though by no means agreeable to a youth who has made great progress in a classical education."

"Is there no alternative?" asked Richard, sighing as he spoke, and looking anxiously in his father's face.

"There is one, my dear child; but it requires great firmness to adopt it, and I fear it will be highly disagreeable to you all," replied Mr. Clarence.

"Let me hear it, my dear father," said Richard: "for my own part, I will endea-

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vour to like it, and submit to the better judgment of yourself and my mother, in all things."

"It is, to collect the remnant of our property and emigrate to America," returned his father, after a short pause.

"To America, papa," interrupted Ellen, "and leave Roselands and England both. I am sure I never can bear to live in America." Agnes did not speak, but her tears flowed silently over the work she vainly attempted to continue. Richard alone seemed unmoved at this intelligence. "What would be our occupation in America?" asked he, earnestly.

"The cultivation of the earth, my dear child," replied his father: "to clear the land from the forest-trees that have encumbered it since the earliest ages of the world, and to bring it into a state of tillage. This is the occupation of the American farmer, and consequently would be ours."

"And what can be a more manly and independent employment, than that which God first ordained for man?" said Richard, his

mild countenance kindling with animation as he spoke.

“ You are right, my Richard,” said his mother. “ All the professions which spring from the effects of luxury, are mean, in comparison with the peaceful and useful pursuit of agriculture.”

“ At any rate, it is more consonant to our habits, than engaging in any mercantile pursuits,” said Richard.

“ But,” said his father, “ I must not suffer you, my son, to be led away by the enthusiasm of youth, which is apt to survey scenes at a distance, gilded with a brightness which imagination alone bestows, and which, when beheld nearer, fade away, and create only bitter disappointment and lasting regret. If we seek refuge from poverty in the wilds of Canada, we must prepare ourselves for many privations, some toil, and probably some disappointment and difficulty, on our first outset; but no situation in life is exempted from these contingencies. In America, the necessaries of life may be obtained with a little industry and prudence; and there are many



comforts which we do not possess in England. But I wish not to deceive you, my dear child. You must not expect to find, in a new settlement, the same luxuries that you enjoy in one of the most luxurious countries in Europe. These curtains, (continued he, looking round their elegantly-furnished sitting-room,) that polished stove, this gay carpet, those gilded mirrors, must not be expected in Canada."

"And will not the fire burn as brightly, if made with wood and kindled on a hearth, as in this highly-polished stove?" said Richard, cheerfully smiling as he spoke; "and will not wooden stools, and couches with fur cushions, be as comfortable as these gilded chairs and sofas? and rush matting, with a bear's skin rug, be as warm to our feet as this gay carpet? Doubtless, our forefathers contrived to live without them, in ease and comfort, and why should not we do the same? Luxuries neither conduce to happiness nor health."

"Well, my little philosopher," said Mr. Clarence, a smile for a moment chasing the melancholy that had of late overshadowed

his face, "if you continue to think thus, your happiness is in your own power, and can hardly be overcome by the rudest shocks of adversity."

A letter was now brought to Mr. Clarence: it was from a gentleman who was about to purchase Roselands; and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence retired to the study, to determine on the answer. When they were gone, Richard approached his sisters, who, overcome by this unexpected change in their situation of life, had wept unceasingly during this conference. "Be comforted, my dear sisters," said he, affectionately throwing an arm round each sister, "and do not continue to afflict yourselves thus. Consider how you will grieve poor papa and mamma, if you give way to such unavailing regret. Think how many children, still younger and more tenderly brought up than ourselves, are left utterly destitute, bereft of parents and friends, with no support but the labour of their own hands, and the assistance of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and the helper of all those who put their trust in his

mercy. He will not forsake us, if we resign ourselves meekly to his will."

At these words Agnes raised her head, and her sobs became less frequent.

"Do you remember, Agnes, the lines papa copied for me out of the old folio he was reading the other day? He told me to commit them to memory, and lay the moral truths they contained to my heart, against the time of trouble; but I little thought how soon that day would come. I will repeat them to you.

' The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:  
Her tides have equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.  
No joy so great, but runneth to an end;  
No hap so hard, but doth in time amend.

' Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
No endless night, nor yet eternal day:  
The saddest birds, a season find to sing;  
The roughest storms, a calm may soon allay.  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempers all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

‘ A chance may win that by mischance was lost :  
 The net that holds no *great*, holds *little* fish.  
 In *some* things, *all* ; in *all* things, none are crost :  
 Few *all they need*, but none have *all they wish*.  
 Unsullied joys here to no man befall :  
 Who *least* hath *some*, who *most* hath *never all* \* ! ”

“ I recollect them now,” said Agnes ; “ and I remember how sad mamma looked that day, when papa read them to us. We little thought that our dear parents were applying those lines, which are so full of resignation, to assist them in bearing their own misfortunes.”

“ And shall we not, my dear Agnes, try to do all in our power to comfort and assist them in their time of trouble ? For my part, I am resolved to give up all childish amusements,

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\* These verses are part of an excellent little moral poem, written by *Robert Southwell*, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, entitled, “ *Times goe by Turns ;*” and considering that our language was not then refined by the many admirable authors that graced the latter years of Elizabeth, this is a surprising specimen of old English poetry.

and devote all my spare time in endeavouring to acquire some degree of skill in mechanical arts, which will be of the greatest use to us when we leave England for America."

"Oh! Richard," said Ellen, sorrowfully, "I cannot bear to think that we must leave Roselands, where we have passed so many happy years, and have so many kind friends, to go among strangers, where no one will value our society. In America, what will be the use of those accomplishments, that Agnes and I have spent so much time in attaining? Will not our skill in music, French, and drawing, be all thrown away, among the wild woods of Canada?"

"My dear sister," said Richard, "if you see things in their right light, you will perceive that your French will be useful to you in conversing with the Canadians, who speak that language. Music will cheer our evenings, after the toils of the day; and as to drawing, remember, Ellen, how many beautiful flowers Canada produces, which will form new and interesting studies for your pencil.

You have hitherto made these accomplishments the sole employment of your life ; but now a higher duty awaits you, and more active pursuits. Your more elegant attainments will still serve as a pleasing relaxation from graver studies, and more toilsome occupation ; but they must no longer form the business of your life."

" Our brother is right, my dear Ellen," said Agnes. " We ought not to expect to pass all our lives in sloth and inactivity ; neither, in fact, can we do so. For my part I am so well convinced of the wisdom and propriety of Richard's advice, that I shall feel proud in regulating my future conduct by his excellent example, convinced that, by so doing, I can hardly act amiss."

When Ellen heard this, she felt ashamed of her discontented and repining feelings. " I know," said she, sighing, " that I am very weak, in suffering myself to feel so unhappy ; but this has been such a sudden shock, that it will take some little time to overcome it. Besides, I have always conceived such a great dislike to the character of the Americans

that I cannot endure the idea of living among them."

"And so have I, my dear Ellen," replied Richard; "but perhaps it is to cure us of such an ungenerous prejudice, that it has pleased God to appoint our future dwelling among them."

It was in this manner that Richard Clarence strove to fortify the minds of his sisters and himself, to meet this sudden reverse of fortune.

Mr. Clarence was remarkably generous to his son, and while he was in possession of an easy income, often made him valuable presents; not of childish toys or trinkets, but of amusing instruments connected with science, which formed a rational source of delight and instruction, and raised his ideas and improved his mind, leading him to make reflections, and seek information, far above his tender years: for when Richard was interested in any curious features of science or natural history, he sought, with avidity, every species of information connected with it, reading

with attention, and not ceasing to reflect on the subject, till he had made himself master of every thing relating to it.

Among Richard's sources of amusement, those that he most valued, and from which he derived the most pleasure, were a small electrifying machine, an air-pump, a cabinet of fossils, and a superb magic lantern. To the latter Ellen and Agnes had just finished painting a new set of glasses in coloured varnish, in addition to the original set, which had greatly increased the value of the machine.

These things had cost a deal of money, and Richard considered that, in the present change of circumstances, it would be much wiser to dispose of them, and apply the proceeds to a more useful purpose; for he was well aware that his future employments would leave him no time for making those experiments, which would have proved very useful in the profession he had been intended for, but of none to the Canadian farmer.

Richard consulted his father on the propriety of disposing of these things, and



turning them to a more useful purpose. This plan met with Mr. Clarence's full consent and approbation, and Richard lost no time in finding a purchaser for them; and, as they had rather improved than otherwise, during the time they had been in his possession, he found no difficulty in inducing the person, of whom they had been bought, to take them again, at a reduction of one-third of their original price.

This money, Richard Clarence laid out in a manner highly to his credit; and, as it proved in the end, very much to his advantage. He knew it was his duty to make himself as useful as possible, and for this purpose he went to a carpenter, whom he knew to be a good and honest man, and consulted him on the most advisable method of laying out this money in tools. This man had formerly been under great obligations to Mr. Clarence, who had assisted him at a time when he was in great distress; and he seemed pleased with the opportunity which now offered, of proving his gratitude to the son of his benefactor.

Hartley (for that was the name of the carpenter) not only assisted Richard with his advice in choosing the most necessary tools, but recommended him to those shops where they were to be had best and cheapest. Nor did he stop here: he offered to give Richard some instruction in his trade, which combined those of carpenter, joiner, and cabinet-maker, in which latter art he greatly excelled. This offer Richard thankfully accepted, nor did he feel himself the least degraded by his new employment; and as he had a great desire to learn, joined to great observation and perseverance, he soon became very expert in the use of his tools, and attained a considerable degree of mechanical information.

In addition to what he learned, Richard made notes and memorandums of every thing which he thought likely to prove serviceable to him in America.

Mr. Clarence was much pleased with the conduct of his son; and at his request he called on Hartley, to thank him for his kindness, and to offer him a handsome recom-

pense for the pains he had taken in instructing him in his useful art. But this Hartley declined. "I cannot, Sir," said he, "accept any gratuity for the little service I have rendered Master Clarence. I have been, and still am, under great obligation to you, Sir. You were a friend to me when I had no friend, and established me in business at a time when I was languishing in sickness and distress; and I hope you will permit a poor man to be grateful. If I have been serviceable to your son, I am more than repaid; yet I might be of still greater use to him, if you will forgive the liberty I am about to take."

Mr. Clarence begged Hartley to speak out, without further ceremony.

"Well then, Sir," said Hartley, "I have an elder brother, who lives about ten miles from this place: he is a farmer, and reckoned a very good husbandman. I have been thinking, it might be an advantage to your son were he to stay a few weeks in a farm-house, that he might gain a little knowledge of husbandry before engaging in that line of

life. My brother is now about to get in his spring-wheat, and his crops of barley, beans, and peas. He would, I am sure, be most happy to receive Master Clarence, for as long a period as you could spare him; and would feel pleasure in showing him every thing worthy of his attention, and instructing him in the various branches of agriculture. My brother and his wife are homely, old-fashioned people; but I can ensure Master Richard a hearty welcome, and they would consider his company quite an honour."

"It would certainly be a great obligation to us," said Mr. Clarence; "and should it prove agreeable to your brother and sister, I shall, with pleasure, accept your offer."

Hartley promised to consult his brother on the subject.

In two days after this conversation had taken place, Maurice Hartley, the good farmer, came to Roselands in his chaise-cart, to fetch Richard Clarence; and expressed so much pleasure at the thoughts of receiving him as his guest, and gave him so hearty a

welcome to his humble home, that Agnes also expressed a wish to accompany her brother to the farm. "Perhaps," said she, "Mrs. Hartley would be so kind as to accept me as a pupil, and instruct me in the management of cows and poultry." "If you would condescend, my good young lady, to visit such homely people as I and my old wife are, we will do all in our power to render your stay comfortable; and my dame will be proud to teach you all she knows; and, though I say it, she is reckoned an excellent housewife, and her dairy is the pride of the country round us."

Agnes asked permission of her mother to accept Mr. Hartley's invitation; and Mrs. Clarence, far from withholding her consent, was glad to find her children possessed mental strength enough to determine on doing their duty, in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them.

Mrs. Clarence had too much real sense to think that scattering corn for poultry, skimming milk, making bread, or even superintending the manufacturing of cheese or but-

ter, could degrade the mind of her daughter. "Why," said she, "should these offices be unbecoming to a lady, merely because they are useful?"

A few days after the departure of Agnes and Richard for Woodley Grange, Ellen received a letter from her aunt, who resided near Liverpool, inviting her to spend a few weeks with her, as she was in ill health, and wished much for the comfort of her niece's society. Ellen was glad of the change; for though she said nothing, she was unhappy at the prospect of leaving England, and at the change in their circumstances, and the anxiety she felt prayed on her health and spirits. "I know it is my duty to overcome my reluctance, and enter into the views of my parents; and I will endeavour to do so, and make up my mind to be as active and contented as Agnes and Richard are." But Ellen was naturally of an indolent habit, and she wanted that firmness of mind and cheerfulness of temper, that so strongly marked the characters of her brother and sister, and which taught them to bear the present mis-

fortune with fortitude, and to rise, by active exertions, superior to it.

Ellen had been gone about a week, when Mr. and Mrs. Clarence received a letter from Mrs. Ellis, (Mr. Clarence's sister,) in which she earnestly requested them to permit Ellen to remain with her as long as she lived. In one part of the letter she said, "While I live, I shall look upon her as my own child; and if I die, she shall be the better for me. I know it will grieve Ellen to be separated from her family, to whom she is sincerely attached; but my health is very bad, and I feel it will be a great comfort to me to have your daughter Ellen with me. Be assured, she shall want for nothing; and if she will consent to remain with me, and you and Mrs. Clarence do not deny my request, I will endeavour to make her happy; though I am well aware that it will be a great sacrifice, on the part of my niece, to separate herself from her parents, and her brother and sister. But I leave it to your decision."

It cost these affectionate parents some

pain to resolve to part with one of their beloved children; but, on mature consideration, they judged it best to accede to their sister's request, as it might possibly injure their daughter's interest were they to refuse. Besides this, they were aware of Ellen's dislike to leaving her native country; and it was evident that she had for some time been in an ill state of health, though she had said nothing on the subject to any of her family. They therefore decided on leaving her with her aunt.

Ellen Clarence loved her family tenderly, and, in spite of her dislike to the thoughts of living in Canada, her affectionate heart underwent a painful struggle before she could consent to separate herself from them; and it was, in fact, only her increasing ill-health, and the consideration that she might prove only a helpless burden to them, that induced her to yield to their wishes, and the entreaties of her aunt, to remain in England. While these matters were arranging, with regard to Ellen's future destination, Richard and Agnes were making great progress in



various useful arts, under the tuition of their kind instructors at Woodley Grange. In a letter written by Richard to his parents, he informed them that his sister and himself were perfectly comfortable, and were treated with the utmost respect and hospitality by the good farmer and his wife.

“We rise,” continued Richard, “every morning at six o’clock, as it is not light before that hour. I accompany Maurice Hartley to the field with his plough and horses, and Agnes goes into the dairy with Mrs. Hartley.

“Agnes is as indefatigable in endeavouring to make herself conversant with the domestic arrangements of a farm-house, as she was formerly in acquiring the many elegant accomplishments in which she so greatly excels. Nor is she apprehensive that her fingers will lose their skill in touching a piano or guiding the pencil, because they have also learned the useful arts of making bread, skimming milk, salting meat, and manufacturing butter and cheese.

“For my own part, I have already taken

several lessons in ploughing. I can draw a tolerably straight furrow, and understand something of harrowing, and sowing seeds on the land. I have likewise gained much useful information, as to the method of managing horses, oxen, and sheep; and the best way of making good fences, and warm enclosures, to protect the cattle from the cold. I have examined the various implements of husbandry with great attention, and the different machines used on the farm; and think that, with the little skill in carpentering, that I have learned from my friend Hartley, I shall not find much difficulty in constructing such myself. Since my residence at Woodley Grange, the prospect of an agricultural life has become very pleasing to me; and surely I cannot be degraded by following a plough, when Virgil has dignified the life of an husbandman by his poetry, and the Roman dictator, Cincinnatus, by his practice; to say nothing of our modern poets, Burns and Bloomfield, whose poems have been so deservedly admired."

At the end of six weeks, Richard and

Agnes returned from the humble roof of Maurice Hartley, where they had become the willing and virtuous pupils of industry and independence. They came back improved in health and knowledge, inured to exertion, and prepared to give the most valuable assistance to their parents, in the advancement of their future plans.

The spring now advanced, and Mr. Clarence began to make preparations for quitting Roselands, as he intended leaving England in one of the first vessels that sailed for Canada; being well aware of the necessity of reaching the country, before the season was too far advanced for cropping the land. By arriving early in the spring, the settler is able to reap a harvest the first year: otherwise, he must purchase every article of food till the following year; which is a great disadvantage to him on his first outset, and is productive of much inconvenience, and often of real distress.

It was now the beginning of April. Mr. Clarence had disposed of Roselands and the

furniture to some advantage. The purchaser of Roselands was a friend of Mr. Clarence, and he kindly obliged him and his family, by permitting them to remain in the house till it was necessary to leave it for embarkation. By this agreeable arrangement, they were spared the fatigue and confusion attendant on an auction, as the house was disposed of ready-furnished; and Richard and his sisters could not help owning, that it would have given them great pain, to have seen the beloved home of their childhood made desolate, before they left it for ever.

Richard, always anxious to provide for future wants, while it was in his power so to do, had spent some time in collecting different sorts of garden-seeds, both of vegetables and flowers, bulbous roots, and such plants as he thought would be sufficiently hardy to bear the Canadian winters. Besides these, he selected several choice young fruit-trees from the nursery, such as he knew could not easily be procured in America. He packed them carefully, in boxes filled

with mould. By the side of one of these boxes, Agnes contrived to introduce some fine young rose-trees. "These," said she, "we will plant by the porch of our Canadian cottage; and who knows, Richard, but we may, in course of time, possess another Rose-lands, in the wilderness."

A smile of hope and delight for a moment animated the expressive countenance of Richard Clarence, at these words. He silently pressed the hand of his beloved sister; while tears filled his eyes, as she continued: "Yes, dearest brother, we may yet be very happy. God will crown our industry with success, and we shall again possess a home of comfort, like that which fortune has robbed us of. But I shall miss the society of my dear sister: when you are abroad, and at work in the fields, I shall feel her loss most severely. But then she might not be happy in Canada, or she might die with the change of climate." And Agnes sighed heavily as she said this.

"All things are doubtless ordered for the best, my dear Agnes," replied Richard. "Let

us, my dear sister, cheer ourselves with the idea, 'Whatever is, is right.' Dearly as I love Ellen, and severely as I shall feel the separation from her, I console myself with the hope that it is for her happiness that she remains in England; and if we get things comfortable about us in our new dwelling, I may be able to come over, and bring her back with me. Till that period arrives, it will be a source of great pleasure to us to correspond with our dear sister, and to receive letters from her."

Richard was right. It is always wisest and best to submit, without murmuring, to those things which we have not the power to remedy.

The last week of their stay in England was passed, by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence and their children, at the house of Mrs. Ellis; and mournful was the parting between Ellen Clarence and her affectionate family, on the morning of their embarkation; and, as the weeping invalid was pressed alternately to the hearts of her fond parents and her beloved sister and brother, and heard their

prayers for her welfare, and received their last embrace and mute farewell, she felt as though her heart would burst. It is the last lingering look, the pale cheek, the tearful eye, and quivering lip, that tells the pain of parting from those we love, more forcibly than the most eloquent words. The vessel that was to convey Mr. Clarence and his family to Montreal, dropped down the river to the mouth of the Liverpool harbour. A favourable breeze sprung up towards night, and bore our young emigrants from their native land for ever.

It was August before Ellen heard any news from her absent family. About the middle of that month she received a packet of letters from them, dated from Quebec. It contained the pleasing intelligence of their safe arrival at that place, after a prosperous and very pleasant voyage.

Richard's letter contained several long sheets of paper, closely written; in which he gave his sister a slight account of their voyage, and a description of every object

most likely to interest her, from the time they entered the gulf of St. Lawrence to their arrival in Quebec.

It may possibly afford some little instruction and amusement to my young readers, to read the letter of the young emigrant; as it may render them familiar with some of the most striking features of a country becoming daily more interesting to the inhabitants of this. The contents of Richard's letter were as follows:

“ *May the 7th, 182—*

“ I WELL know, my dearest Ellen, that a letter from your absent brother will give you the greatest possible pleasure. Mine will be a very long epistle, but not the less welcome to my sister. When I parted from you, I promised to give you an account, as far as lay in my power, of every thing I saw, worthy of notice, during our voyage; and though not a *very* able scribe, I still hope to afford you some amusement, and even a little instruction, before I close my packet.



"I will not dwell on my feelings at parting with you, my beloved sister. They were doubtless painful, like your own, and such as language has not sufficient power to express.

"I felt very sad, as I stood on the deck with Agnes, and cast a last lingering look on my native land—on that land that I was most likely leaving for ever. My tears mingled with the water over which I leaned. They were tears of holy and sacred feelings, such as your brother need not blush to have shed. 'Agnes,' said I, 'in a few hours we shall lose sight of England. We shall enter on new scenes; new ideas will present themselves to our minds; but the remembrance of our sister, and the home of our childhood, will never be forgotten. Like our first parents, we seem as if being banished from *our Eden!*' 'Yes, Richard,' said Agnes, grasping my hand; 'and like them we may say, (in the language of the poet,) The world is all before us, where to choose our place of rest, and Providence our guide. Let us look up to the Almighty for support. He too will be *our* guide, and will not forsake us, if we

trust in him, and commit ourselves to his care.' The wind continued fair, and before morning we had lost sight of our native shores, and a boundless expanse of water and sky was the only prospect that met our eyes.

"We had a short passage, and, on the whole, not an unpleasant one. Once, indeed, we were awoke in the middle of the night by a deluge of water pouring down into the cabin. Papa and I were soon dressed and upon deck, to learn the cause of such an unusual and unpleasant shower-bath. It was, in fact, no less than the commencement of a violent storm, which lasted for about two hours, the sea running very high, and sometimes sweeping quite over the deck. Agnes and mamma were very much alarmed, but they behaved very well, and with great firmness. Papa and myself were several hours employed in keeping the cabin clear of the water, which every now and then poured in upon us. The gale did not last long, and before night it was quite calm again; and we continued our course without further inter-

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ruption, till we reached the great bank of Newfoundland. Here we were several days becalmed, and enveloped in dense fogs, the air being very cold. On the 29th of April I witnessed a sight equally new and surprising. It was no less than an immense iceberg, which, owing to the thickness of the air, we had not noticed till within three hundred yards of us. You may be sure we were not a little alarmed on beholding ourselves so near to a body of ice, not less than four hundred feet in height. It presented a grand spectacle, and, in spite of the uneasiness it occasioned, a very gratifying one to me. There were three masses, in the form of sugar-loaves, rising from a square abutment of proportionable breadth and thickness. In the middle of one of these cones was a cleft, somewhat resembling the chancel-window of St. Paul's Cathedral, which caused a waterfall from thirty to forty feet in height, the sea running up on one side, and pouring down through the arch on the other; and the spray congealing on the roof and sides, into a thousand brilliant icicles,

which resembled the most beautiful transparent trellis-work. I would have given any thing to have beheld it gilded by the rays of a noonday-sun, or by the light of the moon; but the envious fog did not permit me to enjoy so fine a sight. We were forced to keep a good look-out all that day and the following night, as we were surrounded by ice-bergs; and my admiration of them gave great offence to some of our seamen, by whom they are viewed only with feelings of terror.

“The most westerly point of Newfoundland is Cape Ray. The land is here tremendously high. The mountains are covered with snow; and an immense chain of ice-bergs stretches four or five miles along the shore, their lofty pinnacles reaching to the very clouds. The scenery in these desolate regions is inconceivably grand; but it inspires a feeling of awe as you gaze on it. The art of man does nothing here. It is the work of an Almighty hand—of Him who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters

and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.'

"A fine breeze springing up, we doubled Cape Ray, which took us directly into the gulf of St. Lawrence. On the fifth of May we passed the Bird-rocks, three in number. They are perpendicular, rising upwards of three hundred feet above the water, and are covered with wild-fowl, which frequent them at this season in vast flocks. The fishermen annually visit these rocks, to procure the eggs and young fowl with which they abound.

"May the 6th found us in the great river St. Lawrence, between the westernmost point of Anticosti to the north, and Cape Gaspe to the south. We were surrounded by ships tacking up the river; some loaded with merchandise, others with emigrants, who, like ourselves, were going to settle in the Canadas.

"The land on the south shore of the river is remarkably bold; the ascent being crowned with lofty trees, from the summit of the mountains to the water's edge. The north shore

is low and thickly wooded. The St. Lawrence is ninety-five miles in breadth, and, at the entrance of the gulf, supposed to be one hundred and five. We suffered considerable inconvenience on account of the cold, which was very severe, though the sky was without a cloud, and the sun shone brightly above our heads. This part of North America is reckoned very cold, being contiguous to the coast of Labrador. We could distinctly hear, of a still night, the howling of the wild beasts on the Labrador side of the river. The jackals come down from the mountains in troops, filling the air with their quick, piercing cry. Agnes cannot endure the noise they make, and trembles all over, if she chances to hear them of a night, when walking on the deck with papa and myself. We laugh at her fears, because we are far from these savage animals, and know they cannot hurt us.

“ From our first entrance of this majestic river, our voyage was most delightful. We enjoyed at our ease the ever-varying scenery of this beautiful country. Picture to your-

self, my dear Ellen, ranges of lofty mountains still clothed with snow; beyond these, forests, whose dark heads and hoary branches seem primeval with the world, rising in gloomy grandeur one behind each other, till they appear in the distance to mingle with the snow-clouds, which rest like a dense canopy upon them.

“This is the land of cataracts and cascades. Streams which would be considered as mighty rivers in England, are here deemed too insignificant to receive a name. It is indeed beautiful, during your passage up the St. Lawrence, to watch his tributary streams, descending the distant hills in tumultuous cataracts, and rushing in rapid torrents over the rocks, to pour their waters into the bosom of this king of rivers.

“The coast still wears the livery of winter, and the changes that we experience in the weather are really surprising. Sometimes the heavens are without a cloud, and the sun shining in splendour above us; and, perhaps, in the course of a few hours, the



sky is overcast, and we are confined to our cabin by flurries of snow, which the keen north-west wind sweeps from the mountains on the Labrador side of the river. The next day, all is bright and beautiful again.

“ I sometimes think I should like to spend my life in exploring the face of this astonishing country—to follow the course of these mighty rivers—to climb these mountains and the snow-clad rocks that confine them; and to penetrate the deep recesses of these forests, where the foot of man has never been imprinted. When I behold these noble works of the Creator, I cannot refrain from saying with the Psalmist, ‘ How wonderful are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou formed them all.’

“ Off Seven Islands (which have the appearance, in shape, of basins turned upside down) we were gratified by witnessing that splendid phenomenon the *aurora borealis*, or *northern lights*, as they are sometimes called. Papa called us all upon deck, to enjoy this novel and gratifying sight. I had often read descriptions of the *aurora borealis*, but



they conveyed but a faint idea of the splendour of the reality. The heavens presented a most glorious appearance to the eye. At first a pale flickering light was observed at the verge of the horizon, which resembled some of those lovely tints which the setting sun leaves behind him of an autumn evening. But soon this light appeared in motion, flashing and shooting up into long shafts and columns; spreading far and wide, till the whole face of the heavens seemed wrapped in sheets of waving flame, gleaming over the waters, and gilding the dark woods and mountains with indescribable beauty. This lasted till nearly break of day, when it gradually faded away, and gave place to the rays of the rising sun.

“ At the island of Bic we took on board a pilot, a very clever and intelligent man, a French Canadian. He knows the names of all the islands up to Kingston, and it is a great amusement to Agnes and myself to be able to converse with him. At times, indeed, we find our *English-French* somewhat defective; seldom having had any opportunity of

speaking the language with natives, unless it was a few questions with an occasional shipwrecked French sailor, or wandering minstrel, that chanced to call at Roselands; and then, you know, Ellen, you used to laugh at the odd mistakes we made. But the French pilot only smiles, and furnishes us with the words we are at a loss for. The island of Bic is one hundred and fifty miles from Quebec: the shore is remarkably picturesque. We passed Green Island, Hare Island, the Brandipots, Cowdue, the Pilgrims, Kamabaskas, Goose, and Crane islands, with many more, the names of which I am unacquainted with. The river is here about thirty-six miles over, but it lessens in breadth as you proceed higher up.

May the 12th, we anchored off the island of Orleans, and the day being clear, though cold, papa gratified us all by going on shore to visit the Falls of Montmorenci. The captain was so obliging as to send the pilot with us, to be our guide. Agnes and I were delighted by our first walk on Canadian ground. It was a hard frost, and we bounded along over the frozen earth in high

spirits, rejoiced to be once more on *terra firma*. We could distinctly hear the sound of the waterfall, for some time before we approached it. Agnes and myself had far out-walked (or I should say out-run) papa and mamma, and our guide. After winding up a steep ascent, we crossed a wooden bridge, beneath which the Montmorenci rushes between rugged rocks of a dark-grey or slate-colour, and precipitates itself in a broken torrent, down a wooded glen on the right. After lingering for some time, to admire this beautiful cascade and the surrounding scenery, we left the bridge, and followed a craggy path, which wound round this romantic vale; the sides of which were clothed with clumps of dark pine and larch-trees, and below them waved the feathery boughs of the silver birch. Attracted by the thundering din of the cataract, Agnes and I hurried forwards, eager to behold this magnificent work of nature. The ideas we had formed of the Falls of Montmorenci, fell far short of the real grandeur of the scene

that presented itself. It is impossible to describe to you, my dear sister, our sensations of wonder and admiration, when they burst upon our sight.

“ Agnes was actually pale with terror, when she found herself on the edge of a precipice, to which the falls themselves seemed diminutive; and it was some minutes before she was sufficiently collected, to admire with me the sublime view before us. Papa and mamma soon joined us; and after having spent some time in surveying the falls from the height, we followed our guide, by a precipitous path, to the bottom of the rocks.

“ It was not till we reached the foot of the precipice, that the whole grandeur of the scene became apparent. The breadth of the torrent is computed to be about fifty feet. This body of water precipitates itself, over a perpendicular rock, to the depth of two hundred and twenty feet. The roar is tremendous. The falling water becomes a sheet of snow-white foam, before it reaches the valley, where its junction with the stream below

is concealed from the eye by a thin drapery of gauzy mist.

“ Our Canadian guide informed us that these falls are much visited in the winter-season, on account of the beautiful cone of ice that appears at the foot of the rocks, occasioned by the foam congealing in its descent. There was some vestige of this cone still to be seen; but it was much broken, and evidently yielding before the warm rays of the sun\*.

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\* “ The Falls of Montmorenci are formed by a little river of that name, near its junction with the St. Lawrence, about five miles north of Quebec. They have a peculiar interest in winter, from the immense cone of ice formed at their foot, which was unimpaired, when I visited them in the latter end of April.

“ A partial thaw, succeeded by a frost, had spread a silvery brightness over the waste of snow. Every twig and branch of the surrounding pine-trees, every waving shrub and brier, was encased in crystal, and glittering to the sunbeams, like the diamond-forest of some northern elf-land.

“ The cone appears about one hundred feet in height, mathematically regular in shape, with its base extending nearly all across the stream. Its sides are not so steep

“ It was not without some reluctance, that I yielded to papa’s request to leave this enchanting spot; but we knew it would be imprudent to prolong our stay, as the captain would be impatient for our return to the vessel. The country surrounding the falls of Montmorenci is very beautiful. There are a fine house, grounds, and mill close to them. The St. Lawrence forms a lovely feature in the landscape, winding in silver majesty below. We returned home to the ship, greatly gratified by our visit, and very hungry. We hoped to reach Quebec with the tide; but it was one o’clock in the morning before we arrived. For my own part, I must confess I was so full of spirits at having got thus far, that I could not sleep for joy.

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but that ladies have ascended to the top of it. The interior is hollow.

“ I regret to add, that a mill is constructing on the river, which will, by diverting the course of the stream, destroy this imperial sport of nature; or subject it to the degradation of submitting to be played off at the miller’s discretion, like a Versailles fountain.”

*Lieutenant Hall’s Travels in Canada, in 1816—17.*

“The next morning, being Saturday the 13th of May, we left the vessel, having received a polite invitation from captain Murray’s brother, to make his house our home, so long as business detained us at Quebec. There is one virtue that the Canadians possess in a high degree, and that is hospitality. In England, it is only to our friends and relations, or to the great and rich, that we are hospitable; but in Canada, every one has a claim on you. Thus, the emigrant or stranger finds friends where he had not looked for them, and partakes of hospitality where he had not thought of meeting with it. A stranger, in America, is invited to spend days, and even weeks, in the house of persons with whom he has had very slight acquaintance, and is treated with the utmost kindness and attention by them. The Americans, in this instance, act from that golden rule, ‘To do unto others, as they would be done unto themselves;’ and they expect to be treated in like manner, when they have occasion to visit any distant town or settlement. Thus, the kindness they show to one



person, is repaid them by others\*. This reminds me of that story in the Chinese Tales, which always excited my admiration, 'A good turn is never lost.'

"For our part, we have every reason to extol Canadian hospitality, as we experienced the greatest kindness from our new friend, who introduced us to his wife, and to his only son, Mr. Alexander Murray, a very sensible young man, about nineteen years of age. He is clerk in a large mercantile house of the lower town.

"He has kindly devoted all his leisure hours to Agnes and me; escorting us about Quebec, and pointing out to us every object most worthy our attention.

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\* Howison, in his Sketches of Canada, speaking of the Canadian character, says, "The most astonishing point is the hospitality and liberality which they exercise towards strangers, in admitting them to an equality with themselves.

"Any poor starving peasant, who comes into a settlement, will experience the same kindness and attention as is shown to the wealthiest person in it."

*Howison's Sketches of Upper Canada.*



" I shall endeavour, my dear Ellen, to give you a slight account of the capital of Canada.

The town, or rather the city of Quebec, is built on the northern extremity of a narrow slip of high land, which follows the course of the St. Lawrence for several miles, to its confluence with the Charles river.

" The houses are chiefly built of a sort of dark-coloured slate-stone, which forms the basis of the cliffs on which the town is situated.

" The first place we noticed on our landing, was a square of an irregular figure, with very pretty houses on each side. At the back of this square is a rock of grey slate. On the left, there is a church; and on the right, two rows of houses. Between the church and the harbour is another fine square, and a noble street. Between this and the bay is a steep ascent, in which are steps cut for foot-passengers, by which we ascended to what is called the upper town. All the rich merchants and traders live in

the lower town, it being more convenient, on account of the harbour.

“ The churches and cathedral, and many of the houses and public buildings, are roofed with tin; and when the sun shines upon them, you cannot imagine what a beautiful effect they have. We visited the bishop’s palace, the college of the Jesuits, the governor’s fort, and the great squares.

“ The fortress is very strong. It is situated on the top of Cape Diamond, which I have not as yet seen, but am promised that pleasure to-morrow. Quebec is generally remarked, by strangers, for being very dirty; but the beautiful weather we have experienced for several days past, has remedied that defect, and the town is clean and pleasant. It is supposed to contain, at this time, upwards of eight thousand inhabitants; and it is daily increasing, and several new streets are being added to the upper town.

“ *May the 15th.*—This morning, Mr. Alexander Murray accompanied mamma, Agnes, and myself, to view Cape Diamond. Papa, being engaged to meet a party of friends

with captain Murray, was unable to attend us on our excursion.

“Cape Diamond forms one of the most interesting features in the neighbourhood of Quebec. It terminates the lofty range of cliffs, on which the lower town is built, by a bold precipice towards the St. Lawrence, presenting a perpendicular height of three hundred and twenty feet above the level of that majestic river. It commands a most extensive view from every point. To attempt a description of the lovely scenes we looked down upon, would be impossible. I only wish my beloved sister could have been present, to have enjoyed them with us.

“Cape Diamond is composed of a sort of clay-slate, of a dark colour and crumbling nature, in which there is an abundant mixture of crystal quartz, which glitters on the surface like diamonds, (from whence its name of Cape Diamond is derived,) forming a thousand beautiful and minute prisms. The ground was strewed, in many places, with a shower of these shining particles; so that we

could almost fancy ourselves in the valley of Diamonds\*, which used to excite our admiration, in those days when the wonders of the Arabian Tales possessed great charms for us all.

“ Being very fond of the study of mineralogy, I derived considerable amusement from examining the matter which composes the rocks; and more particularly that part from which the cape derives its name. I selected, from among a number of pieces, a choice specimen of the quartz, and also of the rock itself.

“ We extended our walk along the heights, from Cape Diamond to Cape Rouge; which latter is so called, from the red colour of the rock which forms it. Of this also I obtained specimens. The bed of the river is of a crumbling, friable stone, which, being worn by time and the elements, gives the sand a strong resemblance to smith’s filings, both in colour and consistence.

“ These cliffs, though destitute of soil,

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\* Sinbad the sailor.

are yet covered with a luxuriant verdure of shrubs and trees, which find nourishment by insinuating their roots and fibres into the clefts and pores of the barren rocks, adding greatly to the beauty of the scene. About a mile further, a break in this magnificent line of cliffs was pointed out to us, as forming the little recess called Wolf's Cove, where general Wolfe expired, after the battle of Quebec. I had a great wish to walk as far, having heard an interesting description of it, but had not time to indulge my curiosity. We returned home about four o'clock, much gratified by our visit to Cape Diamond.

"Papa has just come to inform us, that an opportunity occurs of sending letters to you, by a gentleman who is going direct to England, and who kindly offers to forward any letter or parcel we may wish to send.

"You may be sure, my dear sister, this was very pleasing intelligence to us all. For my own part, I felt quite glad to think I had journalized thus far, as we are only allowed two hours to write in.

"I shall leave mamma and Agnes to tell

you all the news. I have confined myself to those subjects which I thought might tend to instruct as well as amuse you. My next will contain a description of our voyage as far as Montreal. We embark to-morrow, and bid adieu to Quebec; but I must confess, not without some feelings of regret, having spent several happy days with our new friends.

“I have already scribbled a very, very long epistle, somewhat different from the letters we used to write at school, just before the vacation commenced. You remember them, Ellen! ‘Dear papa and mamma’ at the top of the sheet; three or four lines in the middle; and, at decorous distances, the conclusion and name. These were my former attempts at letter-writing, and yet you see how much paper I have scribbled over. But the reason is, I can no longer converse with my dear sister in person; therefore, I find a great comfort in being able to convey my thoughts to you through the medium of my pen. While thus employed, I feel the

distance that parts us less painful; and the endeavouring to render you familiar with the lovely scenes through which we pass, is a source of real pleasure to me, and I hope may not prove uninteresting to you.

“ Let us hear from you, my dear Ellen, as often as possible. The time will seem long, till we receive letters from you, to assure us of your welfare, and of the restoration of your health. If you send your letters under an envelope, directed to captain H. Murray, of the Quebec packet, for Liverpool, he will take them to Montreal, as he sails twice in the year to that port. Papa will leave directions at the Montreal post-office, to have them forwarded to us, as we shall be settled before that time in our new dwelling; but where that will be, I can at present give you no idea.

“ And now, my dearest Ellen, I must bid you farewell; for I hear papa telling Agnes to make haste and finish her letter, which warns me I must draw mine to a conclusion.

“ May the Almighty watch over and bless you, my beloved sister, is the daily prayer of your absent, but

“ Truly-affectionate brother,

“ RICHARD CLARENCE.”

“ Quebec, Lower Town,

“ May the 16th.”

Richard's journal was read and re-read, by Ellen and her aunt, with much pleasure. At the end of September, the return of captain Murray's ship brought another packet of letters from the emigrants, the contents of which gave the greatest satisfaction to the affectionate Ellen. *Each* letter contained something of peculiar interest and value to her, for they were all dictated by hearts warmed by the truest and fondest regard; and many were the tears of affection and delight that were shed by Ellen, over the paper traced by the hands of those she loved so dearly.

As it is my chief object to offer pages of information to my young readers, I shall pass



over the other letters, and confine myself to those written by Richard Clarence.

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## LETTER II.

RICHARD CLARENCE TO HIS SISTER.

*Montreal, May 22.*

AGAIN I resume my pen, dearest Ellen, to give you some further particulars of our voyage up the St. Lawrence, and our stay at Montreal, where we now are.

We embarked on board the Quebec, the morning of the 16th, having taken an affectionate farewell of our kind friends. At parting, Mr. Murray gave papa letters of introduction to a friend of his, who, being a land-agent for government, will greatly assist us in our future views, and put us in the best way of purchasing land, stock, &c.

We were towed up the river by a noble steam-boat, named The Richelieu, in order to expedite our voyage. The country, all

the way to Montreal, continued to present a most beautiful variety of scenery; the shores ornamented by woods, farms, gardens, orchards just bursting into blossom, villages, hamlets, green savannahs covered with flocks and herds of cattle, small islands with their rocky bays and inlets; and beyond these the forests, just beginning to unfold their buds of various hues, from the tender green of the larch and beech, to the darker and more sombre shade of the oak, hemlock\*, and sycamore.

The captain of the Richelieu was very attentive to us, and invited us to dine with him on board the steam-vessel. He kindly lent me some books to read; Lieutenant Hall's 'Travels in Canada,' and Janson's

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\* This tree is a native of America: it is so called from the leaves, which greatly resemble those of the poisonous plant known in England by the name of hemlock, (botanical name, *cicuta*.) The leaves of the hemlock-tree are used by the Canadians as a substitute for tea; but the decoction has a rank and unpleasant flavour, not at all agreeable to those accustomed to the Chinese herb.

‘Stranger in America.’ With the latter work I was much entertained, and spent many delightful hours, seated on the deck, perusing it, with Agnes looking over my shoulder.

We were only five days going from Quebec to Montreal, which, we were told, was a quick passage, as it generally takes from six to seven days to accomplish.

The island on which the city of Montreal is built, is a lovely spot, covered with flowers, groves, and fruit-trees. The St. Lawrence surrounds the island, which is about six leagues and a half in length, and three over in its widest part: it is reckoned to be about six hundred miles from the entrance of the Gulph of St. Lawrence.

Montreal is built on the side of a hill, sloping down towards the south. Opposite the town there is a beautiful little island, called St. Helen’s, on which (by the orders of government) are being built strong fortifications, to guard the passage by water to the town, which it commands.

I was charmed by the appearance of Montreal and its opposite shore. It was

evening when we approached the town, and the spires of the churches and other public buildings were glittering in the ruddy light of a Canadian sunset. The river, which is here from two to three miles over, was covered with shipping; some stationary, unloading their merchandise at the wharfs; some coming up, towed by their consorts the steamboats; others floating down towards Quebec. The city, with all its buildings, groves, and gardens, lay reflected like a beautiful picture, and shadowed in glassy smoothness on the surface of the water. The landscape above, below, and around, was most lovely.

We remained on board the vessel that night, it being too late to seek for lodgings.

The following morning we were all bustle and business, seeing our goods landed and stowed in a warehouse, preparatory to their being forwarded by the waggons to La Chine, where they are to be put on board the batteaux, which are to take the luggage up the St. Lawrence to York, the capital of the upper province.

We received a courteous invitation from

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the friends to whom we had been given the letters of introduction, and we had another opportunity of experiencing the blessings of American hospitality.

Montreal is nearly as large and populous as Quebec: it is reckoned to be the second place in Canada, for extent, buildings, and strength. The houses are well built, and particularly the public edifices, which, for lightness, beauty, and elegance, far surpass those of the capital. The air is purer, the climate less rigorous, and the situation more delightful than Quebec.

There are many pleasant gardens and beautiful groves and plantations without the walls, and also within them; as, the gardens belonging to the schools, the cottages, and the nunneries. There is also a magnificent building, the residence of the Knight Hospitallers. The churches and religious houses are plain, both within and without, but remarkable for their lightness of structure and neatness. I went to look at the great church which is building: the foundation has only been laid a short time. I was shown a plan

of it : it will be a noble edifice when completed, capable of holding several thousand individuals.

On the whole, I much prefer this city to Quebec ; there is such an air of cheerfulness reigns throughout the place, and the inhabitants are so polite and agreeable.

Montreal stands sixty leagues above Quebec.

Mr. Graham, the gentleman at whose house we are staying, is a land-agent, as I believe I mentioned before. He has negotiated the business of purchasing a farm for papa, such a one as he thinks most likely to answer our purpose. This he thinks more advisable than taking a grant of land in the back woods, (or going into the bush, as it is termed,) remote from all inhabitants. The farm consists of 400 acres of land right of soil, which is like freehold; and 400 leasehold, which is wild law (or woods,) for which we are to pay one dollar per acre. Government grants to every settler fifty acres of land; but any thing over that number he must pay certain fees for; *viz.* for the

hen com- grant of 200 acres he must pay to govern-  
 thousand ment £24. 11s. 9d.; and so on, increasing  
 his city to number of acres already mentioned, there  
 eerfulness are 150 cleared, on which there is a log-  
 ne inhabit- house, a barn, a root-house, stable, hen-  
 es above house, and pig-stye. For all this, including  
 at whose fees and other expenses, papa gave upwards  
 gent, as I of five hundred pounds. The land is situ-  
 has nego- ated about two miles from the shore of Lake  
 a farm for Ontario, distant from York about thirty-six  
 t likely to miles.

This is all I can at present tell you re-  
 specting our future dwelling-place.

Mr. Graham laughs at the imaginary  
 improvements that Agnes and I make, and  
 the conjectures we form as to the situation,  
 scenery, &c. of our transatlantic Roselands.  
 "If you are so sanguine, my dear young  
 friends," he said to us, (during the course of  
 a morning's walk round the outskirts of this  
 beautiful city,) "you will, I fear, be sadly  
 disappointed when you behold your new  
 habitation, where you will meet with many

difficulties, which at present you have not looked forward to. Your Roselands will be only a rude hut, formed with logs, and thatched with bark, or shingles\*, as they are called. You will have no garden till you plant one. Your prospect will be chiefly confined to immense forests, or the expansive waters of the lake; your nearest neighbour, five or six miles from you. Your chief food, for the first year, will consist of pork, bread, and potatoes; fish from the lake, wild-fowl and game from the woods. Your furniture will be of the plainest and most useful sort; nor must you expect to meet with those luxuries and delicacies that you have hitherto been ac-

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\* Howison, in his advice to settlers, gives the following description of a log-house, or chanty :

“The usual dimensions of a house of this kind are 18 feet by 16; the roof low and slanting, covered with bark or shingles; the floors formed of rough, hewn planks: the interstices between the logs are filled up with pieces of wood; clay-stones are used for the back of the fire-place, and a hollow cone of coarse basket-work does the office of chimney. Such is the log-house which is generally erected on the clearings.”



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customed to enjoy. Are not you alarmed at the picture I have drawn?" added he, stopping and regarding me with a shrewd and penetrating look. Do not you begin to repent of your determination of becoming a farmer in Upper Canada?"

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"No, Sir," I replied; "for I have learned to consider that the luxuries and superfluities of life ought not to constitute our happiness; and surely, if our forefathers were able to dispense with them, why may not we do the same? I am aware that I shall have many difficulties to encounter; but where is the station in life exempted from trouble? Must not the first settlers on this very spot," said I, (casting my eyes over the fruitful country before us,) "have had the same disadvantages to overcome, before they could have brought the land into its present state of cultivation? What cannot man effect by industry and ingenuity, if the Almighty (who forgets not his children, whether in the wilderness or the city) is pleased to give his blessing upon the labour of their hands?"

“It shall be my study, by industry and cheerfulness, to lighten the difficulties we may encounter; but what are they, when compared with the hardships that attend the life of the soldier or sailor, or even of the poor artizans or mechanics, who fill the close alleys and wretched garrets of our wealthy metropolis? When I consider these things, how little and insignificant do the privations and disappointments you mentioned just now appear.” My friend was pleased with my philosophy, as he was pleased to call it; and promised me success in all my undertakings, while I continued to act and reason thus.

A few hours after this conversation had taken place, a circumstance occurred which served to impress more forcibly on my mind the difference between *real* and *imaginary* distress.

Mine is a tale of sorrow, my dear sister; but you will, I am sure, be interested in it, or you are changed from the kind and compassionate-hearted Ellen I have ever known you. Before I proceed to relate my story, I must first tell you that, in this country, the

settlers have the greatest difficulty in procuring servants, either to do the work of the house or the labour on the farm, as every servant considers himself on a perfect equality with his master; and if you pay them ever so highly, they will hardly condescend to perform those little offices which a European servant executes for you with cheerfulness and without a murmur. Wages, in consequence, are very high, and labour very dear. A servant girl, about twelve years of age, is paid at the rate of a pound a month, a serving lad two, a man from three to four; but the farmer pays half in stores or produce, and half in cash, as money is rather a scarce commodity in this country.

You are often subjected to great inconvenience from the spirit of equality and independence which subsists among the lower classes.

While papa was still in some perplexity, endeavouring to procure suitable domestics, he took me with him to a great store in Montreal; a warehouse, in which every sort

of agricultural implement, household furniture, seeds, tools, clothing, and provision are sold. While papa was in the inner part of the shop, looking at some tools that he wished to purchase, I went to the outer door, and amused myself with looking into the great square, and examining the architecture of a church which was just opposite. While thus engaged, a sickly-looking youth, about my own age, sat down on the step of the door, and tried to sooth and pacify an emaciated child that he held in his arms, who fell into alternate fits of coughing and crying. You know, dear Ellen, how fond I am of little children, and that I always like to notice any babies that I meet; but the sight of this poor infant gave me positive pain. Its cheeks were hollow; its eyes sunken; and its little hands, instead of being fat and dimpled, were so wasted, that the skin seemed hardly to cover the bones. It was, in truth, the picture of famine and misery. I could not bear to look on it; so I turned from the door towards papa, that I might not be pained by the sight of the child. Now this

was very wrong; for though we are comparatively poor to what we were, I was not entirely without money; and I ought to have enquired whether the wretchedness I beheld was occasioned by want, instead of avoiding it because the sight of it made me uneasy. I had not been from the door two minutes, before these thoughts struck me, and I returned. Just at that moment the sick babe began to cry violently; and one of the clerks came out of the warehouse, and reprimanded the poor boy for sitting on the steps. He asked pardon in a meek manner, and turned to depart, with such an air of sadness on his face, that my heart was touched with compassion. "Peace! Annie, peace! you must not cry, indeed you must not," said he, trying to still the screaming child, and endeavouring to fold the tattered remnants of a plaid round it at the same time. The moment I heard him speak, and saw the ragged plaid, I was convinced that the poor youth was a native of Scotland, and, like myself, an emigrant and wanderer from his native land. He also seemed in great want. I followed him into

the street, with the intention of offering him money ; for I was fearful of hurting his feelings, as there was something in his look and manner that assured me he had seen better days. While I was considering in what manner to address him, a woman with a basket, in which were cakes and sweetmeats, passed by. The child held out its hand towards them, and began to wail most piteously. "Hush! hush! Annie, they are not for you," said the boy; and he turned round to carry the unhappy little sufferer from the tempting sight. I instantly bought some buns, and gave them to the child, who seized them with an eagerness that convinced me its chief complaint was hunger.

"The boy took off his plaid cap, and thanked me with such a look of gratitude, that, spite of myself, the tears came into my eyes; and I was forced to turn away for a few minutes, to hide them. This poor boy must have met with much sorrow and few friends, to have been so thankful for such a trifle, thought I. He told me his name was Andrew Gordon, and that he was a native

of the north of Scotland. I asked him whether his parents were living, and if they were in much distress. The poor fellow could not answer my questions for some minutes; but at length, overcoming his inclination to weep, he said, in a broken voice, "My poor mother is out of her troubles, and my father says he shall soon be with her. He is ill. Oh! Sir, so very ill!" And here Andrew bent his face over the shoulder of his little sister, and wept bitterly.

You know, Ellen, your brother was never very hard-hearted: the sight of poor Andrew's grief was more than I could withstand, and it was some time before I could speak to him again. At last I asked him where his father lived, and said, if he would direct me, I would go and see him. He told me they lived in a little house at the back of the convent Recollets, and that they were reduced to the utmost distress, owing to a bad fever his father had had, and which left him so weak that he could not walk across the room without support.



While Andrew and I were talking, papa, who had missed me from the warehouse, came to the door to seek me, and was looking each way down the square. I ran to him, and told him the distress of the poor Scotch emigrant and his family, and besought him to go with me to see them.

You know, Ellen, how kind and good our dear papa is. Directly he looked at the poor boy and his half-famished sister, he felt compassion for them, and said, if Andrew would show him the way, he would go and see his father without delay. We then followed him to a wooden hut, that looked more like a shed or out-house, than a dwelling-place. It was partly occupied by a French Canadian family, and partly by the Scotch emigrants; and in truth, my dear Ellen, it was a wretched place for any one to live in.

In a corner of this hovel was a straw mattress, on which the object of our visit was reclining with a languid air, and trying to take some broth, which was held to him by his daughter, a sorrowful-looking girl,



about fourteen years of age, to whom little Annie held out her arms with an impatient scream. Andrew apologized to us, by saying that illness had made her very cross; but he hoped, when she got well, she would know better.

Papa went and seated himself on the mattress, (which was the only article of furniture, save a broken stool, that the room contained,) by the side of the poor invalid, and kindly enquired after the state of his health. You know how soothingly papa always speaks to any one who is ill. The sick man seemed surprised at seeing a gentleman of papa's appearance and address enter his humble cottage; but replied, that he hoped he was getting better, from the effects of a dangerous fever, which had attacked him about five weeks ago, and which had brought him very near the brink of the grave. "But now it has pleased God to abate the violence of the disease; and I hope he will restore me to my former health, for the sake of these poor motherless children,

who will otherwise be left homeless and friendless orphans, in a foreign land.

“ May God restore you, my poor friend !” said papa, with a tone of great commiseration. “ Put your trust in Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and the helper of all those who look up to him for support.” Gordon acknowledged the propriety of this advice ; and then, at papa’s request, he proceeded to relate to us the cause of his leaving his native country, and the subsequent misfortunes which had befallen him since his arrival in America.

“ My name, Sir,” said he, “ is Adam Gordon. I was born in the glen of Strathnavern, in Sutherland, where, for many years, I cultivated a small farm, which had been in the occupation of our family for three generations ; and I had hoped, like my father and grandfather, to have maintained my wife and children by the labour of my hands, and and have laid my bones in peace by the side of the elders of our house, when it should please God to call me hence. But that was not to be. Our good laird died

and the lands fell under the guardianship of strangers; and shortly afterwards I, and many more of my unfortunate countrymen, received orders to quit the farms which we had rented for so many years, and seek other homes for ourselves and our children. We expostulated, but in vain: the orders were positive. The heiress was in another country, where our lamentations *did not*, and could not reach her. What could we do, Sir? We were advised to seek a home across the Atlantic: we thought we might there find a resting-place, by the side of some lake like that we were leaving behind us. With this hope I gathered together the little property I could call my own, after all my just dues were paid, and left Strathnavern, with my wife, my daughter Flora, my son Andrew, and that unhappy little Annie, who was then an infant at the breast.

“Fifty families left our district that day. And oh! Sir, there were tears, and lamentations, and breaking hearts, as we stood on the top of the hill that overlooked our native valley, and cast a last, long look upon our

beloved homes, which we were leaving for ever. Not a wreath of smoke was to be seen from our chimneys: the sound of labour and joy was hushed in our desolate cabins: all was silent and gloomy, like our own sad feelings. There were bitter wailings among the old and young that day. It was like the lamentations spoken of by the prophet Jeremiah, foretelling the captivity of Judah: 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.'

"And oh! Sir," said Gordon, "there were some who never lived even to behold the strange land to which they were journeying.' And here, Ellen, the poor man paused, and seemed quite overcome by the anguish of his feelings; for he was thinking of his wife, whom he had lost. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he proceeded with his story.

"How my unfortunate countrymen prospered in their voyage, I know not; but ours was disastrous enough. Our vessel, (u

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which were all our household-furniture, implements of husbandry, and other goods,) was wrecked by a gale of wind, at the entrance of the gulf of St. Lawrence, where we lost every thing but our lives. After having suffered dreadful hardships on the sea-coast, which is thinly inhabited and very desolate, we were taken on board a trading vessel bound for Quebec. The master of her being a countryman of my own, took compassion on our situation, and gave us our passage. My poor wife, who had been ailing for some time, from the hardships and sorrows she had undergone, fell dangerously ill. She grew worse and worse. A few days after our arrival at Quebec, I found myself left an unhappy widower, with three helpless children to provide for. Had it not been for the benevolence of my good countryman, my poor wife must have wanted the most common necessaries on her death-bed. When all was over, and I had seen her who was so dear to me buried among strangers in a foreign land, the kind-hearted seaman paid our passage to Montreal, where

he thought I might stand a chance of getting employment for myself and children; as I am well versed in husbandry, and understand the management of land as well as any man. And had I continued strong in health, I have no doubt but that I should have succeeded. But, alas! I had not been on board the steam-vessel many hours, before I was attacked with a fever, which came on by slow degrees, till it gradually increased, accompanied by dizziness in my head, a burning thirst, and pain in all my joints; so that I was conscious of only intense pain, and a bewildered sense of my deplorable situation. I found myself a total stranger in this city, without friends, without a home, ill, and surrounded by weeping and starving children, unable to assist them, and hardly to give a reasonable answer when they asked my advice. I cannot, even now, bear to think what my wretched children must have suffered at that dreadful time. I can remember coming a little to myself, and striving to collect my scattered senses. We were walking in one of the back squares, my poor Flora was leading me, and

Andrew carrying my infant in his arms: we were wandering about, seeking for a lodging for the night, when we were accosted by a poor Canadian Frenchwoman, who had come up from Quebec in the steam-packet with us. This good creature, though poor herself, had compassion on us. Moved by my pale look, and the forlorn appearance of my children, she took us to her humble home, where she let us occupy this room, and assisted us as far as her scanty means could afford. She this day applied to the good nuns, her countrywomen, who have charitably sent me this soup, and promised a constant supply as long as I shall stand in need of it."

Gordon was by this time quite exhausted; and papa would not suffer him to say another word, but bade him be of good cheer, and all would yet be well. Papa then took out his purse, and bestowed on the poor emigrants some money, to procure such things as were most necessary for their immediate wants; and then withdrew himself from the thanks and



blessings of Gordon and his grateful children, and returned home, to acquaint mamma and Agnes with all we had heard and seen that day.

Next morning mamma and Agnes accompanied papa and me to see Gordon. We found him much better; and really, I believe, Ellen, that our visit the preceding day had done him a great deal of good. He declared that, if it were not for uneasiness of mind respecting his future prospects, he should soon be quite well. "But when I look on these unfortunate children," said he, "I feel so sad and low-spirited; for though I might be able to procure a service for myself, I do not think any one would be troubled with my family. Flora and Andrew, it is true, could well earn their food; but what is to become of that helpless babe."

Papa stood thoughtfully for a few minutes; then drawing mamma aside, he consulted her on the possibility of engaging Gordon as a servant on the farm. "He will soon be strong and well, with good nursing and good food; and he seems a man of indus-



trious habits and excellent principles. But what can we do with the children?"

Mamma then asked Flora what she could do of household work. Flora, who is very timid, replied with a little hesitation, that she understood the management of a dairy: she could attend on poultry, and bake barley-bread, and cook a little; besides keeping the house clean and neat. Mamma smiled, and said she knew a great deal, considering how young she was.

"And what can you do, Andrew?" said my father. Andrew said he could plough, and harrow, and reap; tend cattle, and do any other work that was within his strength. "Besides these things," said he, "I can spin yarn, and knit stockings, and comforters, and mittens, and night-caps."

We could not help laughing at the enumeration of Andrew's accomplishments. Who ever heard before, of a boy of your age knitting stockings and night-caps?" said I, with some indignation; for which, indeed, I was much to blame.

"It is by no means an uncommon thing in

our country," said Gordon. "We try to live, as much as possible, on the produce of our own farms, spending but little money, and using our own commodities as far as we can. The females of the family convert the wool we shear from our sheep, into a sort of yarn, called wheel-spun and home-spun yarn. This is manufactured by the children and young people, into the different articles of wearing apparel already mentioned; and also into petticoats and waistcoats, which, though coarse, are warm, and consequently of great use in cold countries. And let me ask you, my dear Sir, why should a boy be unmanly, because he employs his hands, in the long winter evenings, in contributing to the comfort of himself and his family? Depend upon it, when the hands are usefully employed, the heart is far from evil."

I felt convinced I had judged erroneously. It was a prejudice which I, like many more unthinking persons, had rather encouraged than repressed.

"I think," said papa, "when once you feel the rigour of a Canadian winter, you

will be glad to apply to Andrew for a specimen of his skill."

I gladly acknowledged myself in the wrong; saying, I would take a lesson in knitting, the earliest opportunity, to prove my sincerity. Papa then proposed to Gordon to take him and his family with him to our new settlement, agreeing to give him the same wages as he should have to pay a Canadian servant; to pay Flora eight pounds a year, and Andrew twelve. Now this was rather less than we should have given to a girl and boy of their age; but we had to consider the trouble and maintenance of Annie, as she, being only twelve months old, could do nothing. She was not able even to stand alone, being half starved, and so very weak and ill, that she would take great part of her sister's time in nursing her.

Gordon at first refused to take any money for the services of Flora and Andrew; but papa overruled his scruples, and it was then arranged that Gordon and his family should go in the batteaux with the baggage, as soon

as he was able to bear the fatigue of the journey, and meet us at York.

While papa and mamma were settling these matters with Gordon, Agnes had taken Annie out of Andrew's arms, and was trying to nurse and amuse her; but the wayward little thing scolded and struggled, and held out her arms to her brother, and would not be prevailed on to remain with Agnes, to the great discomfiture of Andrew, who declared he was quite ashamed of her ill-behaviour, when the young lady was so kind as to notice her. "But indeed, madam, she does not know any better." Agnes was a little amused by Andrew's apologies for Annie, who, being little more than a year old, could not be expected to understand much of the rules of politeness and good breeding.

"Poor baby!" said Agnes, looking compassionately on the child, (who hid her face on Andrew's shoulder,) "you look ill and half famished; and it is hunger and sickness that make you cross."

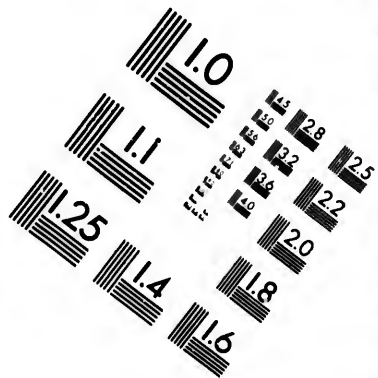
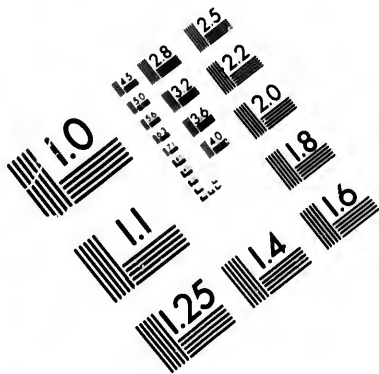
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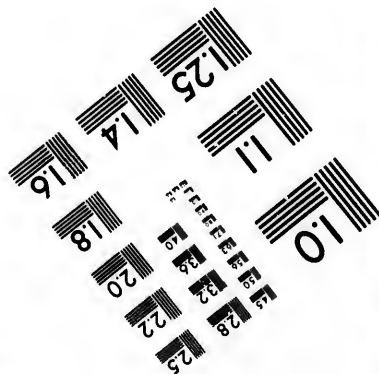
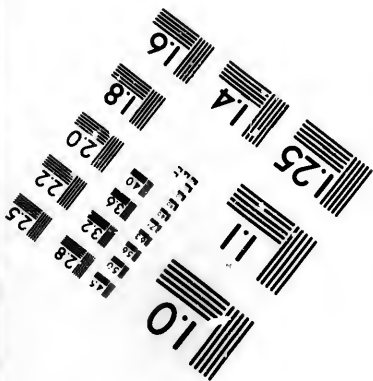
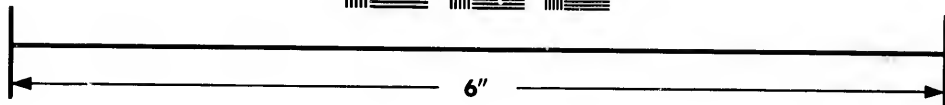
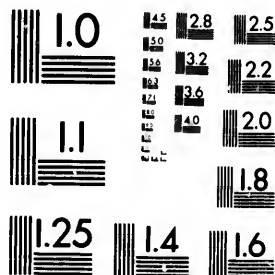
young lady," said Andrew; "but, poor thing, it is not her fault: her cough is so tormenting. When my poor father was so bad, she cried so incessantly, that I was forced to take her out of his hearing, as the noise of her screams made him worse; and then I used to carry her about the streets. But if she saw any thing good to eat, she would hold out her hand and cry for it. Often, very often," continued Andrew, sighing, "I did make up my mind to beg of the passers by, for a trifling sum to satisfy *her* cravings; but I had never been used to beg, and, somehow or other, the words seemed to choke me before I could utter them, and I could not ask charity. But I suppose it is what I must have done at last, if this young gentleman had not taken pity on our distress, and relieved our wants."

At that minute papa interrupted the effusions of gratitude that hovered on Andrew's lips, by hastening our departure; and we left Gordon and his grateful family, overjoyed at the unexpected change in their prospects.





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During our walk homeward, I could think of nothing but the sad story which I had just heard; and I called to remembrance that beautiful passage in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," about the emigrants, which I have so often heard you admire, and which appeared to be so applicable to Gordon's case.

"Good heavens! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,  
That call'd them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round their bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last;  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main;  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep."

To-morrow we are to leave this delightful spot, and once more commence our travels up the country.

Captain Murray will take our packet to Liverpool, and has promised to forward it to you immediately on his arrival. I must therefore draw my letter to a conclusion; but I shall continue to write to you as oppor-

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tunity occurs, feeling assured that the perusal of letters written by the hand of a far-distant brother, will afford you pleasure. And believe me, dearest Ellen, you were ever dear to me, and doubly so now seas and shores divide us from each other. Present my love and duty to my aunt, with best wishes for the restoration of her health; and accept, my dearest sister, the sincere love of your affectionate brother and friend,

RICHARD CLARENCE.

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The return of spring brought another packet of letters for Ellen Clarence: that from Richard, containing a continuation of the voyage to York, was as follows.

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### LETTER III.

delightful  
our travels

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Begun on board the *Car of Commerce* steam-packet, and finished at York.

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conclusion;  
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IN my last letter, my dear Ellen, I gave you an account of Montreal, and of what occurred to us during our short sojourn.

there. I shall now endeavour to give you a further description of the countries we pass through in our route to the lake Ontario, on the shores of which our land is situated.

We left Montreal early on the morning of the 23d, in a stage. You must not imagine, my dear sister, that a Canadian stage-coach resembles, in any way, an English one: in fact, there cannot be two machines more unlike. The body of the Canadian stage is more like, in shape, to a large square box, placed on four wheels, with three benches across it, two front and one back. The body of the vehicle is painted black: the sides and top are of canvass, which is, for the sake of uniformity, black also. This elegant carriage is drawn by four horses, who gallop along at a great rate, stopping neither for stone nor stump, hill nor dale. These horses, though rough and uncouth in their appearance, will travel from sixty to seventy miles in a day, without food or rest; so our postillion informed me.

The Canadian stage is by no means an agreeable mode of travelling, as the motion

of the vehicle is rough and unpleasant, and the view, for those withinside, very much confined. Fortunately for me, I obtained a seat on the box, by the side of the coachman, a lively French Canadian, who entertained me with remarks on the country, and encomiums on his horses and the generosity of travelling emigrants, whom he had had the honour of driving to La Chine, the place to which we were going.

From Montreal to La Chine there is a land-carriage, or portage, as it is called, the navigation of the river being stopped by the rapids of St. Lawrence; so that all the stores and goods intended for the upper country, are conveyed from Montreal to La Chine by land: they are then put into flat-bottomed boats called batteaux, which are rowed up the St. Lawrence by the Canadians, whom the forwarders (that is to say, the proprietors of the batteaux) engage for the season. Papa had left directions with Gordon and his family to follow us in the batteaux, and take charge of the luggage, as soon as he should find himself strong enough to travel.

The road to La Chine is beautifully diversified with woods and cultivated lands, with cottages and farms enlivening the landscape. At a turn in the road, which brought us in full view of the St. Lawrence, my companion pointed out to my notice a party of Michmac Indians, encamped on the shore. They formed a most picturesque group. The encampment consisted of five small huts, covered with birch-bark, and supported by poles of pine-wood. At the point of the tents were some of the men, lying in a careless manner on the ground, watching their wives, who were employed in cooking some fish, which, from the nets and lines which were spread to dry, appeared to have been lately caught by the men. Some brown babies were asleep in their cradles; which cradles, you must know, are nothing more than flat pieces of board, over which are bent several wicker-hoops. When on the march, the women fasten these cradles by slings to their backs; and you cannot think, Ellen, how droll the children look, peeping

over their mother's shoulders from these odd cages.

A little further, some older children were dabbling in the mud; and some girls, seated on the grass, were busily employed in ornamenting their hats with feathers and beads, of which they are very fond. Indeed, the dresses of the whole party were uncommonly gay; red, blue, and yellow being the prevailing colours, decked with tinsel and beads; and their heads were adorned with plumes of beautiful feathers, of various hues.

I was delighted with the appearance of the Indians, they being the first of any of the native tribes I had yet seen\*. The driver halted for a few seconds, to answer

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\* The Michmacs originally dwelt and hunted between the shores of the St. Lawrence and Nova Scotia. They were formerly a powerful and warlike tribe; but they are wasting away before the influence of spirituous liquors and luxuries, that have been introduced among them by the settlers. They are so indolent, that they will beg, steal, or almost starve, rather than work for a livelihood.

the friendly greeting of one of the men, who spoke a rude dialect, between French and Michmac English, very few words of which I could understand.

La Chine is a pleasant village, situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about nine miles from Montreal. It is a lovely spot, very fertile and healthy. The river here expands into a breadth of several miles, forming what is called by the inhabitants Lake St. Louis. It was not more than half after seven o'clock when we reached the village. We made no stay there, (the inn being full of soldiers,) but proceeded to St. Anne's, where we stopped an hour to breakfast, and dismissed our Canadian driver, who lamented, somewhat pathetically, that we were to part so soon; and, with true French politeness, wished us all prosperity and happiness, hoping we should meet again at some future period, when he should be most ready to convey us in his stage to any part of the country, be it far or near, to which we might wish to go. The Canadians of Lower Canada are remarkable for their

politeness, their cheerful, lively manners, and sweetness of disposition. They are, generally speaking, dark-complexioned, meagre but athletic, with black, sparkling eyes, though very small. They have few pretensions to personal beauty, but there is an agreeableness about them that renders them very pleasing. We left St. Anne's for the Isle de Perrot. The grand river Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence at this place, in the midst of which is L'isle de Perrot, to which we were ferried; and we embarked on board a noble steam-vessel, called the "Car of Commerce," which takes us as far as the cascades; a second to the rapids of Les Cedres, where there is another portage, to avoid the falls; the third, directly on to York.

The American steam-boats are much larger than any vessel of the kind I had seen in England: the accommodations are excellent. Imagine yourself in a floating drawing-room, where there is every luxury and comfort, combined with all that is elegant, and you have an idea of the great cabin of which we are the tenants. The gentle glid-



ing of the vessel is quite delightful, and every minute presents new scenery to our eyes. Agnes and I spend great part of our time on deck. The weather is now growing very warm. The air is so clear and pure, it seems as if every beam of the sun reached the earth in unimpaired brilliancy, quickening the growth of the vegetable world, which is now putting forth all its charms of buds, leaves, and flowers. Not like the spring on the sea-coast of England, such as we have been accustomed to, where untimely frosts and chilly winds too often nip the fairest promise of the year; but here it is so lovely, that no words of mine can do justice to its beauties.

As we advance further up the river, the scenery becomes less varied, because there are fewer clearings; so that little meets the eye, at times, for miles and miles, but forests of pine, oak, birch, hickory, and hemlock-trees, rising beyond each other as far as the eye can reach. There is a delightful odour arises from the buds of the larch and young pine-trees, early of a morning, and when the

dew falls at night, which is very agreeable and refreshing.

I have noticed, during our voyage, several beautiful species of birds; especially the red-headed woodpecker, (*picus erythrocephalus*,) which we continually notice at work on the trunks of the decaying forest-trees. The low, tapping sound it makes, is rather musical than otherwise. There are also numbers of kingfishers, whose splendid plumage far surpasses any of those seen in England; and, as they dart from the boughs of the overhanging trees, on the small fish that play on the surface of the river, they look like a sudden flash of light. They utter a loud, shrill cry at times, which is very unpleasant to the ear; but the beauty of their appearance makes ample amends for their disagreeable note. There are many species of humming-birds, of the most brilliant colours; but the handsomest bird I have yet seen, is one called the American blood-bird, of the most vivid scarlet, with bright-green bars across its wings. It is the most lovely

creature I have ever beheld; but I have not yet made out to what genus it belongs.

I had reckoned much on seeing the rapids of Les Cedres, and I greatly regretted that our arrangements were such that we could not go down them; the passage being considered hazardous for vessels of any size, though the Canadians pass down them almost every day, in rafts and batteaux; and, I must confess, I greatly envied them this privilege. However, we enjoyed a land-view of these magnificent water-falls, which far surpassed any idea I had formed of them. The following expressive description is given of the rapids, by a celebrated traveller\*, which does more justice to the subject than your brother's pen could possibly do. "The rapids of Les Cedres present one perturbed expanse of foam, rushing over a rocky bed with terrific grandeur and vehemence. The river is here half a mile broad; and such is the rapidity of the current, that the water, when it strikes against the projecting rocks,

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\* Howison's Sketches of Upper Canada.

is thrown up in jets, many feet high. The channel is composed of immense jutting and fantastical-shaped rocks. The river, in consequence of these inequalities, is so convulsed, that it presents an appearance truly frightful: distinct bodies of water appear to dispute the passage, and rush against each other without intermingling. In some places, the stream glides along, in glassy smoothness, over beds of stone, till again its course is impeded by fragments of rock, and it is dashed along, and partly whirled into the air in clouds of spray; and in these, miniature rainbows may be seen, forming and disappearing before the rays of the sun. The middle of the rapids is occupied by a small island, which, being richly wooded, adds much to the beauty of the scene.

“Notwithstanding the dangerous nature of the rapids, the Canadians pass down, with boats and rafts, almost every day, and very few accidents happen; but when a boat does upset, the crew must inevitably perish.”

Such, my dear Ellen, are the rapids of Les Cedres. The cascades differ very little

from them. Glengary is the first regular settlement of the upper province. It is chiefly inhabited by Scotch settlers. The soil is rich, but the scenery flat and uninteresting. Many parts present nothing but woods. Prescott is a very ugly village, containing not more than fifty or sixty houses. There is a mud fort, occupied by soldiers. During the war, it was a situation of some importance. About ten miles further there is another village, called Brockville. This is a little better, but not much more considerable; and we made no stay at either place. The appearance of the country greatly improved, after our departure from Brockville; especially on our approach to that part of the river, called the Lake of the Thousand Islands.

The St. Lawrence here expands into a large basin, the bosom of which is diversified by a vast number of beautiful little islands, of every different size and shape. Some are half a mile in extent, and some larger; but many of them do not exceed a few yards.

We passed so close to some of these

islands, that a stone thrown would strike the rocks, of which the generality of them are composed. For my own part, I was so charmed with the picturesque beauty of the river, and her bays and islets, that I could not quit the deck one minute. What a pity this lovely spot remains uninhabited! I wonder no enterprising settlers have yet attempted to colonize. They might build a second Venice on the bosom of the St. Lawrence.

Agnes and I were equally delighted with the Lake of the Thousand Islands; and we amused ourselves with planning a settlement, and laying out gardens and farms, on some of the most fertile of these islands. Some of them are richly wooded with fine lofty timbers, or lovely groups of smaller trees and shrubs; others without trees, but of an emerald verdure, and studded with beautiful flowers. Some of them are quite barren; clothed only with grey lichens, and different sorts of mosses. Many of them are covered with low, scraggy, crooked pines;

but wild raspberries and hazel-bushes are the principal production of the greater number, which afford food and shelter to the birds that frequent them. There are rapid currents between some of these islands, which render the navigation rather dangerous for boats; but the Canadians are so well acquainted with these particular channels, that they steer their batteaux among them with the greatest dexterity and safety. Our Canadian pilot was much amused by my admiration of his skill in guiding our vessel through this watery labyrinth.

I must confess, I was quite sorry to part with the beautiful lake and her islands, which are reckoned by some to amount to seventeen hundred in number. The following morning brought us into the bay of Kingston.

The town of Kingston is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the lake Ontario. It is the largest town in Upper Canada, and considered as a place of more importance than York, although the latter is the seat of government. The houses are chiefly built



of lime-stone, of which there are immense quarries near the suburbs of the town.

There is a noble bay and excellent harbour, with extensive docks and ship-building yards. There were many very fine vessels being built. I did not admire Kingston nearly so much as my favourite city Montreal. We made no stay here, but continued our voyage to York. We now exchanged the wooded shores of the St. Lawrence for the expansive waters of lake Ontario; and so great was the change, that I could almost fancy myself once more embarked on the great Atlantic Ocean. Lake Ontario is two hundred and thirty miles long, and sixty broad, at its widest part\*.

We reached York this morning, where we shall make but a short stay. Papa being most anxious to introduce us to our future abode, we shall not wait the arrival of Gordon, and the batteaux with the lumber, from the lower country; but leave directions for their following us, as there is a naviga-

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\* Howison's Sketches of Upper Canada.



tion to our own door, by means of a cut from the lake.

You will, of course, my dear Ellen, wish me to give you some account of York, the capital of the upper province.

The town is situated on the shores of the lake Ontario, and has an ample bay in front of it. The land round the town is low and swampy, which must render the suburbs very unhealthy. The streets are only partially paved at present, and after rains the town is very dirty.

There are some finely-built houses, and the town is considered to contain about three thousand inhabitants; but there is a want of that generosity and hospitality which so strongly characterize the inhabitants of the lower country. York is about thirty-six distant from the Falls of Niagara. I greatly regret that it is not in our power yet to visit this wonderful work of nature; but papa says, one day or other, at some future period, he shall gratify mamma, Agnes, and myself, with a visit to Niagara, which will be a journey of nearly seventy miles; but we

shall go in winter, or sleighing-time, as it is termed, which will render our travelling easier, and more expeditious.

To-morrow, my dear Ellen, we bid adieu to York, and set forward on our journey, to take possession of our dwelling. I must confess, I feel some little anxiety respecting it. I fear it will be a sad desert at first; but time, and a little taste and industry, may effect a great change. I should have wished to have given you some account of our new Roselands, but shall be obliged to defer that for the subject of a future epistle.

The captain of the Aurora steam-boat, (who took us on board, after we had passed Les Cedres,) noticed that my pen was often employed during our voyage, in writing; and he kindly proffered me his assistance, in forwarding my packet of letters to Quebec, a brother of his residing in that city, who will send it to England by some English captain, he having a numerous acquaintance in the shipping-line. I did not like to neglect so favourable an opportunity of sending this

to you, as it may be some time before such another occurs, and I am sure you will be anxious to receive news from your absent family. I shall soon resume my pen, to give my dearest Ellen a description of our settlement, and of our future employments and prospects. Till then, farewell; and believe me, beloved sister, you are never forgotten, by your most sincerely-attached,

And affectionate brother,

RICHARD CLARENCE.

York, New Hotel,  
May 30th.

Summer and autumn passed away, winter came, and yet no letters for the anxious Ellen. During that time, she wrote two long letters to her family; but hearing nothing from them, she began to be quite impatient of the delay, when, one morning in January, the servant placed on the table a packet marked "Liverpool, ship-letter;" and Ellen recognised with delight the well-known handwriting of her brother Richard, in the superscription of the envelope. There were three

long letters for Ellen, and one for her aunt. Richard's letter was very long, Agnes having written part of it with him. It contained an account of their arrival at Roselands, with their subsequent proceedings on the farm. I shall confine myself solely to that, and give you the contents, which were as follows.

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## LETTER IV.

*Roselands, October the 20th.*

WHEN I recall to mind the date of my former letter, my dear Ellen, I feel quite ashamed of having suffered my pen to lie so long idle. Let me see! June, July, August, September, and it is now the last week in October; five months, and I promised I would write to my sister very soon. How sadly negligent I have been! But you will, I am sure, forgive me, when I plead excessive occupation, and a whole month of ague, as an excuse for my long silence. I am now, however, quite well, and as hearty as ever,

and resolve to devote my first leisure time to scribbling to my dear Ellen.

But before I say a word of our own concerns, let me thank you, my dear sister, for your kind letter, dated June the 4th, which did not reach us, owing to some delay, till last week. It was indeed most welcome, as it assured us of your renovated health, and of our good aunt's increasing affection for you; which was a great comfort to us all, you may be sure.

And now, dearest Ellen, I suppose you are by this time anxious to learn how we like Roselands, and what sort of a place it is. By the bye, there was not even a *wild rose* on the estate when we first came; but thanks to Agnes's care, we have now two fine monthly rose-trees, in full bloom, growing against our rustic porch.

The situation of our dwelling is remarkably pleasant, being built on the side of a hill, which commands a delightful view of the lake and its finely-wooded shore in front: a stream of clear water flows at the bottom

of the hill, which forms the boundary of our estate on one side, dividing our land from that of Mr. Hamilton, our nearest neighbour, who is store-keeper and farmer: a thick wood, which comprises nearly eight hundred acres of our land, fills up the background, and slopes down within a mile of the lake-shore. Such is the site of Rose-lands.

Now for the buildings. When we took possession of this place, they consisted of a small log-house, containing five rooms, the largest of which was barely seven feet in height, and fifteen feet by thirteen in size. The upper rooms were very inconvenient, as the roof a Canadian log-hut is built so slanting, that you can but just stand upright in the middle of them: there was a kitchen and store-room, ice-house and root-house. Now, I think I hear you wonder what the use of an ice-house could be. The ice-house, my dear Ellen, is an indispensable place in Canada, as the heat of the atmosphere is so great in summer-time, that meat will not keep good for more than two days.

The root-house is equally necessary in winter, as, during that season, every thing freezes, so that provision must be made accordingly: we therefore lay up in this root-house, a store of vegetables of every kind for the house, fodder for the cattle, and fire-wood.

There was a barn sixty feet by forty, a cow-shed, pig-sty, and hen-house, with neither garden nor orchard. Such was Roselands when we first saw it; and indeed it was but a desolate-looking place, though most agreeably situated, and capable of great improvement.

Our new abode certainly formed a striking contrast to that we had left across the Atlantic. This thought occurred to Agnes as well as myself; for she cast a melancholy glance over the rude log-built hut before us, as we climbed the green hill on the top of which it was situated, and pressing my arm, she said to me, "Oh! Richard, what a different Roselands from the home of our childhood. I fear we shall never make this as pretty a place as that we left in England."



I bade her be of good cheer. "It will look very different, in the course of a year or two, my dear sister, to what it does now," said I. "Remember what our friend Mr. Graham told us: 'We must not let our spirits droop under the first disappointment.'"

Agnes, dear, good girl that she is, thanked me for my caution, and promised to be cheerful, on account of our dear parents, who would be unhappy if we were sad.

Papa had purchased a few cheap articles of furniture for immediate use, at York, which were to arrive that night; but we should have felt very forlorn in an unfurnished house, had it not been for the extreme kindness and attention we received from our neighbour, Mr. Hamilton.

We had not arrived at Roselands more than two hours, before we received a visit from Mr. Hamilton and his wife, who invited us home to their house, and entreated us to become their visitors till such time as our luggage, or lumber, (as it is here termed,) should have arrived from the lower country. Now this was being very friendly. Nor did



their kindness rest here; for in the afternoon, Mrs. Hamilton and his son Frank walked with papa and me over the land, pointing out to our attention such improvements as he thought would be most eligible; and advised papa to lose no time in erecting a frame-house, or adding rooms to the one already built. He advised papa to pull down the log-house, rather than build to it, as the new apartments might make the old look shabby.

Buildings are erected here very cheaply, if in the vicinity of a saw-mill; as the party draws in the logs, and receives back half in ready-sawed and seasoned boards. Then all the neighbours come and help, and, in the course of a day or two, the house is built.

There is a saw-mill about five miles further up the lake, and Mr. Hamilton agreed with papa to cart in timber for him, and bring back the proper proportion of boards; and when we begin to clear our land, we are to repay in timber, and lend him a labourer for a day or two in time of harvest. This was very convenient to us. Mr. Hamilton likewise undertook to assist us in building

our house, and engaged the artificers for that purpose.

The following day was spent in laying the necessary plans, and consulting on the most eligible way of proceeding, collecting materials, &c. Several distant settlers, hearing of the arrival of a neighbour, (for ten miles in Canada is thought little of,) came to offer their services, to be paid at a convenient time, either in cash, produce, or labour. One farmer brought a yoke of oxen, and ploughed up the land for our wheat, it being late in the season; another lent us seed, and a third put it into the ground for us. Had it not been for these friendly helps, we should, in all probability, have lost our harvest, not having at that time bought oxen or cattle, nor implements necessary for our work.

As soon as we had got all things in readiness for building, we all set to work. I now became fully sensible of the value of my friend Hartley's instruction; for my knowledge of the use of the rule and saw, and of

the art of dove-tail and morticing, enabled me to undertake many parts in the framework, and also of the interior of the building, to the no small admiration of some of our Canadian neighbours.

A stranger, unacquainted with the peculiar habits and customs of the place, would have imagined our house to be a public building, in which every one had an equal right and share, by the interest which all seemed to take in its progress, and by the zeal and activity used in forwarding the work. You have seen a hive of bees or a nest of ants, on a fine sunny day, all uniting in labouring for the general good; some going for materials, others returning loaded; and the rest at work, or overlooking that which had been previously finished. I think you would have been amused by the ant-like industry and public spirit evinced by our kind neighbours; and such was the expedition used, that, at the end of the third day, we had the satisfaction of seeing the whole framework of the house completed, and great progress made in the interior of the building.

The ground-floor consists of a parlour; adjoining which there is a little room that we call a study, a good kitchen, a store-room, a back-kitchen, and a dairy. Above stairs there are four chambers and a loft. The house is built quite in the cottage-style. The roof is low, and thatched with the straw of the maize or Indian corn, which is much warmer and more durable than wheat-straw or reed. The windows are casemented; and we have made a rustic porch in front of the door, formed with the peeled boughs of the red oak, against which we have planted the rose-tree which Agnes transplanted from the garden at Roselands.

You cannot think, my dear Ellen, with what pleasure we contemplated our new dwelling, which was somewhat different from the one we first took possession of.

The houses in this country are generally warmed by stoves, but mamma had a great objection to the appearance of the ugly black pipes, which reach to the ceiling. They are much warmer; but they do not possess the charm of our English fire-side,

and we accordingly agreed to exchange it for a large, open grate, in which we can raise a noble pile of wood, of which there is no scarcity, as nine-tenths of the province is covered with thick forests. We have also built an oven, and a flat hearth of stone, in the kitchen. The chambers, and also the dairy and back-kitchen, are obliged to be kept warm by stoves in the winter, as the frost is then so intense that every thing freezes. The temperature of the air in winter, is often twenty degrees below zero.

We have laid out the plan of a garden and orchard, which, being on the slope of the hill, will be very pretty. You know how much taste our dear papa always displays in ornamenting and improving his grounds, and he has left such trees as he thinks will look most picturesque; especially a row of beautiful silver birch, with a clump of maple and larch-trees, which will make a delightful shade from the heat of the summer sun.

I have already raised a fence of twisted osiers round the garden. This fence I made after the pattern of one that I saw at farmer

Hartley's. I first drove down a row of stakes of fresh-cut osier; between them I wove other osiers, forming a close, thick wall, against which we mean to plant roses and other shrubs. The osiers have already taken root, and I hope, by next spring, to see a living hedge. There is a plat of soft, verdant grass, directly in front of the house, which is skirted by a small grove, that stretches along by the side of the hill. The flower-borders in the garden are to be Agnes's peculiar charge, and I am to superintend the fruit department.

The next time captain Murray sails for Montreal, will you, my dear Ellen, send me a collection of flower and vegetable seeds, with a bag of bulbous roots? If you put the seeds into dry bottles, and the roots into oiled bags, and pack them in a box pretty close, they will bear the voyage quite well. I should be particularly pleased with some seeds of the laburnum-tree, golden trefoil, sweet-brier heps, or any rose-heps that you can procure; the stones of plums, bullace,

damsons, cherries, and the fruit of different sorts of laurels, as we have great lack of evergreens.

But I find I have scribbled on with my usual heedlessness, and forgotten to inform you of many necessary particulars. In the first place, you will ask, "What became of Gordon and all the luggage?" They all arrived in the batteaux, and were safely landed at Roselands, about four days after the house was finished, Gordon looking much better in health, and the children much improved; especially little Annie, who had nearly lost her cough, and was growing quite plump. Andrew is my right-hand man. He is quite an acquisition to the farm. He can turn his hand to any thing, and is so grateful and respectful. Gordon is a very superior character. He is very clever, and so pious and good, that we all feel the greatest regard for him. Mamma says that Flora is quite a treasure in the house, she is so clean and brisk, and very docile. Annie is the only useless person in the family; but she is very engaging, and far less trouble than might



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have been expected. She begins to walk alone now, and has grown so fond of me, that she follows me all over the house. I often nurse and play with her, she is so innocent and lively.

Our stock consists of two good horses; a yoke of oxen, for which papa gave twenty-five pounds; four good cows and a calf; a flock of twenty sheep, which cost us at the rate of four shillings and sixpence a head; a sow and pigs, which were bought for two pounds. Besides these, we have ten geese, a dozen hens, half a dozen brood-ducks, and a pair of tame white pigeons, which Jane Hamilton presented to our Agnes.

We have great pleasure in the society of this amiable family, which consists of two daughters and a son. Charlotte we have not yet seen, as she is on a visit at York, where she has been staying a considerable time. Jane is about the age of my dear Ellen. She is very amiable and accomplished. Frank is just such a companion as I could have wished: he is very intelligent, and seems of a



most charming disposition. He is three years my senior.

Frank and his sister often call on Agnes and me for a walk of an evening, after the heat of the day is over ; and we take a delightful ramble on the lake-shore, and enjoy the fine breeze and the beautiful scenery. The trees are now beginning to change their verdant leaves for the richer hues of autumn. Their tints are most lovely, although those who live in the woods do not regard them, and even speak of the sameness of the scene ; but, to the real lover of nature, they possess a thousand charms. I often wish you were with us, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of this country. You are frequently the theme of discourse, in our rambles on the lake-shore. Our friends already love you, and lament with us the distance that separates us from each other ; but we all hope the time may come, when we shall have the happiness of welcoming our dear Ellen as an inmate at Roselands, and then I think we should be quite happy.

We have cleared five acres more land this

autumn, (or, to use the expression of the country, this fall,) and have taken the necessary steps towards clearing ten more, by a process called girdling, which is the most economical way of proceeding. We first cut down all the brushwood and light timbers, and then cut a broad ring in the bark, round the lower part of the trees, to the distance of five or six feet from the ground: this effectually kills the trees, by preventing the proper action of the sap, and exposing their juices to the cold of the winter.

In the spring, the dead trees are felled, but the fields present a most desolate and forlorn appearance; the stumps being generally left to the height of five and six feet above the ground, till decayed by time and the vicissitudes of the seasons. This process, however, is slow, as it takes at least eight or nine years to accomplish. Clearing, fencing, harrowing, and sowing an acre of waste land, costs at the rate of five pounds five shillings; but to clear it of the stumps is much more expensive. Papa has com-

pletely cleared that part of the land that lies nearest to the house.

After the trees are felled, the large timbers are drawn away, and laid by for use: the straightest and best of the young trees are split into rails, and lengths for fencing or building; and the worthless ones are piled and burnt on the land, or cut into fire-wood.

The land is so rich, that very little culture is required to prepare for a crop. The first two or three years it is only harrowed, and the seed thrown in: nature does all the rest.

In some places they crop the land for nine and ten years successively, without enriching it at all. The soil is composed almost entirely of decomposed vegetable matter, to a considerable depth; but though it produces the most luxuriant crops for the first several years, it will soon become poor and thriftless, if not renewed by the farmer.

The crops generally grown are, for the most part, wheat, (which yields from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels of corn an acre,) buck-wheat, rye, oats, turnips, potatoes, and several sorts of gourds, which grow to an

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amazing size, and afford an abundant crop. The cattle are very fond of this vegetable, and thrive on them more than upon turnips.

Our fruits (those that are indigenous to the soil) are wild strawberries, cranberries, and raspberries, which grow in abundance; blackberries, which are as large and finely-flavoured as mulberries; wild grapes, which are found in vast quantities in the forest. They are crude and small, but may be much improved by proper care and cultivation. I eat some that had been trained over a bower, in a south aspect, at Oakdale, which is the name of Mr. Hamilton's estate, that were little inferior to hot-house grapes in England.

Water-melons are most beautiful in this country: they are of the richest flavour, and the largest size. We have also many sorts of nuts: such as walnuts, hazel-nuts, butter-nuts, and hickory-nuts. In the garden we have currants, gooseberries, cherries, plums, and many sorts of apples, which are a most abundant crop in the orchards of Canada.

There are a great many kinds of wild ani-

mals: such as bears, jackals, racoons, wolves, panthers, (but these are very few, and only in the deep recesses of the forests,) deer, foxes without number, hares, rabbits, black and red squirrels, rats, and wild cats.

Of birds, there are eagles, hawks of many kinds, partridges, wild fowls, humming-birds; many sorts of woodpeckers with the most splendid plumage; robins larger than our blackbirds, and nearly as tame as those in England; the blood-bird, whose beauties I have described to you before; three sorts of blackbirds, with red and blue bars across the shaft-feathers of the wings; and many other birds of the most lovely colours.

As to pigeons, they come over in such vast flocks, that the air is quite darkened by them. They are about the size of a common English wood-pigeon, but the plumage is much handsomer\*. The lake abounds in fish of many kinds; especially that called

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\* The migratoria, or passenger-pigeon, is about the size of an English wood-pigeon: the bill is black; iris red; the head of a dusky-blue; the breast of a faint red. Above the shoulder of the wing there is a patch

bass, and char. The little stream is full of trout, and a vast variety of fresh-water fish of the most delicate flavour. Papa intends to build a fishing-house; and we are to have a boat, to take little excursions on the lake, which will be most delightful of a summer's evening.

The heat, during the summer, was very great; especially in the months of July and August, during which time we were

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of feathers, of a shining gold colour; the wing is coloured like the head, having some spots of black, (except that the larger feathers of it are dark brown,) with some white on the exterior vanes; the tail is very long, and covered with a black feather, under which the rest are white; the legs and feet are red.

They come in vast flocks from the north, to winter in Virginia and Carolina. In Virginia, Mr. Catesby has seen them fly in such continued trains, for three days successively, that they were not lost sight of, for the least interval of time; but were seen somewhere in the air, continuing their flight southward. They build and breed in rocks, by the side of rivers and lakes far north of the St. Lawrence. They fly to the south only in hard winters, and are never known to return.

*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

much tormented by the musquitoes, and a little insect called midges, whose bite is very irritable, giving one very much the appearance of a person in the measles. These do not last long at a time, only coming against rain. The musquitoes appear in April, and stay till September; but the first and last month they are not very troublesome. Poor Agnes is much teased by the musquitoes; but they are more merciful to me, except when I am in the fields and woods.

Our autumns are the most delightful season of the year. The days are warm, clear, and bright; more temperate than the summer, and warmer than the autumns in England. There are certain days, at the latter end of October and the beginning of November, which are called the Indian summer. These are very pleasant\*.

I suffered much, during the month of

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\* The atmosphere has a haziness and smokiness which makes distant objects indistinct, and a halo often encircles the sun. At the same time a genial warmth prevails, and there is seldom any wind. The Indian summer is so delightful, that one would almost suppose the



September, with a severe attack of the ague, and was very ill for several weeks. I was cured at last by a friendly Indian, who chanced to call one day when I was shaking under the influence of the cold fit: he gave me a medicine to take, which completely removed the disease.

We have frequent visits from the Indians, who bring us ducks and other wild-fowl; baskets; a coarse sort of earthenware; and medicines to cure agues, rheumatism, and other diseases, for which they are paid in shot, powder, flour, or pork. They are acquainted with various herbs, mineral earths, and medicinal springs, which possess very healing powers; also a variety of vegetable dyes, with which they produce the most vivid and lasting colours.

Their baskets are very beautiful; and they manufacture very pretty boxes, formed with dyed quills and birch-bark. They are very

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country where it takes place, to be transported to some celestial region, where the harmony of the elements has never been broken.

*Howison's Sketches of Upper Canada.*



ingenious in making trifles and toys of different kinds; but they are indolent, and lead a desultory, wandering sort of life. When they encamp, they live in a sort of tent called *wigwams*, which are built with poles of pine-wood, and thatched with birch-bark or maize straw. The men spend their time in hunting, fishing, shooting, preparing furs, and manufacturing maple-sugar, in which art they far exceed the Canadians or the European settlers, the grain of the sugar being far more sparkling and white. They put it into birch boxes, called *mokowks*, and sell it to the white people, in exchange for produce, shot, &c. The women build the huts, chop the fire-wood, cook, and even make the canoes, which are formed of the bark of trees and light wood, washed over with a thick gum, something of the consistency of pitch. Besides these occupations, they make all the clothes that are worn by themselves, their husbands, and children. These garments are generally composed of blankets, which are called Indian blankets. No gen-

tleman's coat was ever made to fit so exactly as these Indian clothes.

A family of the Iroquois Indians have lately pitched their tents in a little dell, about a mile further up the lake-shore; and Agnes and I have been several times to visit them, and purchase trifles. Frank and Jane generally accompany us, and we have already made considerable progress in conciliating the friendship of our Indian neighbours. These poor, unenlightened Indians, live in a state of mental blindness and superstition that is most truly lamentable. They are much addicted to intoxication, theft, and many other vices equally abominable. But they are greatly to be pitied; for they have not the knowledge of God set before their eyes, and know not that the end of sin is death; nor that, in keeping the commandments of God, there is a great reward. They know not, that the Son of God came down from heaven, and became man, and suffered the death of the cross, to redeem mankind from the bondage of sin, and the pains of eternal death, and that his blood was shed for the

whole world—for the unenlightened heathen, as well as for the Christian believer.

Papa has given us a waste bit of land, on which we are to build a school-house, for the benefit of the children of the Irish labourers who inhabit the village, and who are almost as little acquainted with the duties of Christianity as the poor Indians themselves. We hope to induce the Iroquois to send their children to us, that we may educate them, and teach them the knowledge of God; and I hope it will please Him to bless our endeavours with success.

Frank Hamilton and his sister have promised to render us all the assistance possible. Agnes and Jane will undertake the education of the girls, and Frank and I that of the boys. We shall keep school of an evening, after the labours of the day are over. Andrew and Flora are to lend their assistance in teaching the children to knit, to spin, and to sew; and as soon as little Annie is old enough to receive any benefit from our instruction, she is to become our pupil also. The children are to be taught to read and

write: they are to learn the commandments, and we are to read, every night, a passage in the Scriptures to them, and instruct them in their duty to God and to their parents. I hope to be able to give you, my dear Ellen, a good account of our proceedings, next time I write, as we shall commence building our school-house very soon.

We are already anticipating the pleasures and gaieties of the winter season: it is the holiday-time of the year, the time of activity and enjoyment. As soon as the snow has fallen to a sufficient depth, sleighing will commence. The sleigh is drawn by two or four horses, which have bells attached to the harness; and you may not travel without them, under a severe penalty, as the sleigh passes over the frozen snow or ice with such rapidity, that the bells are necessary to warn other sleighs of your approach, to prevent accidents, the vehicle making no noise in its progress over the snow.

There is scarcely a person so poor as not to possess a sleigh, or a cutter, which is drawn by only one horse. Papa has pur-

chased a sleigh for winter, and a waggon for summer. Travelling is very unpleasant in summer and spring, from the badness and irregularity of the roads, they being formed, in many places, (especially where swamps occur,) by the trunks of trees laid side by side, and the ridge between filled with earth, stones, rubbish, and boughs of trees; but the laws enacted by the land-company will greatly improve the roads. Every farmer must work twelve days in the year on the roads, or pay an equivalent composition to the path-master or overseer.

We have been very busy for the last week, in making pens for the sheep, warm sheds for the oxen, and fencing-in the yards with faggots, to secure the cattle from the inclemency of the cold weather. We have likewise laid up a store of winter fire-wood, and fodder for the oxen and horses. The sheep must be fed during the winter with hay or turnips; and the cows with straw and pumpkins, and the tender shoots of the birch and maple, which are cut at this season, and laid by for them to browse upon.

The winter months will be employed chiefly in adding to the comforts and conveniences of our dwelling; making shelves, closets, stools, boxes, and such common articles of furniture as my small skill in carpentry will allow me to manufacture. I must now, my dearest Ellen, bid you farewell. My paper, I find, is nearly expended; and I fear I must, by this time, have exhausted your patience in reading my dull letter.

Adieu then, my beloved sister. With truest affection, believe me to remain, your most faithfully attached brother,

RICHARD CLARENCE.

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## LETTER V.

AGNES TO ELLEN.

*Roselands, June 22.*

AFTER a silence of some months, I again sit down to write to my beloved sister, assured that a letter from her absent Agnes

will be welcomed with delight. With what joy should I hail the day that made us once more inmates of the same dwelling. I think I should then be quite happy, and not have a thought or wish beyond the home I now inhabit, which is becoming dearer to me every day.

It is true, I find a great deal more to employ my hands than I have ever been accustomed to; but my labours are light. My health is good, and as my exertions conduce to the general comfort and happiness of my family, I endeavour to perform them with cheerfulness, and with a grateful heart; for how much better am I off, than many who are far more deserving than myself. Ah! dear Ellen, how thankful we ought to be, to that merciful God who has kindly watched over and preserved us from the dangers of crossing the great Atlantic, and has bestowed so many blessings on us; more, indeed, than we could possibly expect. Should we not be most ungrateful to Him, were we at any time to indulge ourselves in discontent and repining, because



we cannot possess all those luxuries and enjoyments which I *once* thought so indispensable, but which I find, by experience, are not necessary for our happiness, and can very well be dispensed with.

I remember, I used once to place the utmost importance on the smartness of my dress, the fashion of my bonnet, and the shape of my gown; but now my dress is cut to the most convenient shape; and my chief study in choosing a hat, is to suit it to the different seasons of the year. And, indeed, I am quite as well pleased with my dark stuff and blue cotton gowns, and with my checked or linseywoolsey apron, as I was formerly in wearing the finest muslin or richest silk. I think I see my sister smile at my change of ideas, and hear her exclaim, "A blue cotton gown and checked apron!" Yes, dearest Ellen, this is my winter's attire, and I am quite reconciled to wearing it. Indeed, were I to do otherwise, I should be laughed at for affecting a singularity of dress. Nor need I be ashamed of appearing in such homely apparel, when I see my neighbours, Jane



and Charlotte Hamilton, who have received as good an education as myself, wearing the same. It is a general thing in this country to dress according to your circumstances, and to suit the fashion to the seasons and to your own convenience. The ladies all wear a thick, warm stuff gown, trimmed with fur, for the winter, with a blue or grey cotton for morning. Cloth pelisses are worn only by rich people, and then only in towns or cities. We, who are more humbly situated, are contented with plaids, lined with green, purple, or red baize. We have fur bonnets, tied close to the face; and fur or feather muffs and tippets. Our shoes are also lined with fur or flannel; as, when we travel during the cold season, the warmest clothing is requisite. In spring and summer we cast off our furs and wrappings, and dress as light and thin as possible; the heat being at times insupportable, during the months of July and August.

Among other useful arts, I have learned to make very pretty muffs and tippets, with feathers sewed together: they are greatly

admired, and they look quite as handsome as some of the expensive furs. Flora Gordon has taught me to plat staw, and I shall try my skill in platting a cottage-bonnet for little Annie: if I succeed, I shall make a bonnet for mamma, and one for myself, as they will prove very useful to us, every article of dress being very expensive in this country. Even needles are so dear, that I am obliged to be quite miserly over my small stock: you cannot purchase one under a copper (a half-penny.) Every thing else is proportionably dear.

We have had a very pleasant winter. The snow lay, for eight weeks, to the depth of many feet. The fields, the woods, the lakes, every outward object presented the unvaried livery of nature. But though the frost was intense, I felt much less inconvenience from the cold than I had expected: thirty degrees below zero was frequently the temperature of the atmosphere. But, in spite of this cold, it is the most healthful and agreeable season of the year: no colds, no coughs.

The air is clear and bracing; and the sky, for many days, continues bright and cloudless. The sun is very powerful, even when the frost is the most intense. We have had a favourable season for sleighing, which is most delightful: you seem actually to glide along over the frozen surface. The bells which are attached to the necks of the horses (to the number of eighteen each) make a pretty jingling noise; and, when accustomed to the sound, you do not like to travel without them. The roads at this season present a lively, bustling scene. You cannot go a mile from home without meeting or passing twenty or thirty sleighs or cutters; parties of gentlemen and ladies skating; and children sliding, with cheeks glowing with exercise and health. The farmers take this opportunity of carrying their corn to the mill, to be ground into flour; and to procure such articles from the more distant towns and settlements, as they cannot meet with near the homesteads (or farm-houses.) You may travel sixty or seventy miles in a sleigh, with one pair of horses, without suffering any

fatigue from your journey, or any inconvenience, unless from the cold; but we wrap up so closely in our plaids and furs, leaving only a sufficient part of our faces uncovered to enable us to look about and breathe freely, that we suffer comparatively little to what might be expected.

Andrew and Flora have made many comfortable additions to our travelling attire, by knitting warm mittens and comforters, which we find very useful; for, indeed, you cannot dress too close and thick during the cold weather.

Our fireside presents a scene of equal cheerfulness to that I have described abroad. The hearth is piled with blazing faggots of pine and hickory wood, which fill the room with a delightful warmth, and seem to enliven every face as we gather round the fire. Sometimes we have an agreeable addition to our family-party in the Hamiltons: the evening is then passed in social chat or innocent gaiety. Frank Hamilton plays on the flute to us, or else we sing duets; or one of the party reads aloud, while the rest

work, or play at chess, or draw. When the hour of supper arrives, Flora and I lay the cloth, and prepare our frugal meal, which consists of the finest white bread, dried venison, butter, honey, apples, and cranberry-tarts; with birch-wine, warmed in an earthen pipkin over the fire, and sweetened with maple-sugar. Such is our supper, and who would wish for greater delicacies?

In this manner passes our time till the hour of prayer, and then we summon all the household, while papa takes down the great Bible and reads a passage from the Old and New Testament, and explains the subject to us. Do you remember, dear Ellen, Burns's poem of the "Cotter's Saturday Night?" I always think of those beautiful lines, when I see our dear papa open the sacred volume, and look round upon us with that benevolent and amiable expression that so well becomes his mild and placid features: he seems to regard us all as his children and his equals, though he is superior to us in every respect. At such times, the spirit of peace and truth seems to rest

upon us, and every face beams with piety and gratitude to the Almighty, "who has given us grace, with one accord, to make our common supplications unto him," and who has assured us, that where two or three are gathered together in His name, there is He in the midst of them. Nor are you, my beloved sister, absent from our prayers. You are *never* forgotten by your parents, or by your own Agnes and Richard; and we never rise from our devotions without first having explored the blessing and protection of the Almighty for our own dear Ellen. Such are the amusements and employments of our winter evenings; but they are varied according to circumstances. Sometimes I spend an hour or two in instructing Flora, and I have already taught little Annie some of her letters: she is quite a pet, and is as lively and playful as a kitten. I love the little creature as though she were my younger sister. She runs after me, repeating my name in her infantine accents, calling me Miss *Annice*, for she cannot say Agnes. Flora takes great pride in her,

and already talks of teaching her the use of the knitting-needles, though Annie is little more than two years old ; but Flora is very notable, and says, "Annie must not be idle."

We are very fortunate in having such faithful and industrious domestics : both father and children seem to vie with each other in attention to our comforts, and endeavour, by every possible means, to show their gratitude for the kindness they received at our hands, when they were in sickness and distress, and without friends or any one to pity and relieve them.

Our spring commences in March ; but the early part of this season is far from agreeable, and frequently unhealthy, being cold, rainy, and tempestuous. The melting of the snow is very unpleasant : the roads are then quite impassable, being very slippery and swampy. The air is overcharged with fogs and damps, owing to the exhalations which are drawn up from the earth by the rays of the sun. Towards the end of April, the ground becomes once more firm and dry : the fields begin to wear the livery of spring,



though the air is still cold and damp. In May there is little vestige of ice or snow left, excepting in the hollows of the dells and dingles, where it has been sheltered from the effects of the thaw and sun. Towards the middle of May, the air becomes soft and warm; vegetation proceeds with astonishing rapidity; the fields, woods, and banks are covered with an emerald verdure; flowers and buds, of a thousand lovely hues, which have been nourished by the snow, spring up among the turf; the forest-leaves expand, and all nature seems to hail the return of spring.

It is now June, and every thing above, below, and around us, presents a scene of exquisite beauty and freshness to the eye. The fruit-trees are loaded with blossoms, and the woods are waving with an endless variety of green. Cloudless skies and continual sunshine prevail. I wish my dear Ellen were here, to enjoy with me the beauties of this most delightful season of the year.

The wild flowers here are remarkably



beautiful: I send you a few sketches from nature, of my chief favourites. I have also commenced a *hortus siccus* \*, which will be an amusing study for us at some future time.

Perhaps it will amuse my dear Ellen to hear how I pass my time, and what are my employments.

I rise in general at five o'clock, and, while

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\* *Hortus siccus*, (or dried garden,) an appellation given to a collection of specimens of plants, carefully dried and preserved.

Gather handsome specimens of flowers, grasses, or mosses, and spread the leaves and petals of the flowers quite flat between sheets of blotting-paper, laying a flat board over each sheet containing your specimens, on which place a heavy weight; taking care to shift your flowers into fresh sheets of paper, at least once a day. When thoroughly dried and flattened, wash the backs of the leaves, flowers, &c. over with a camel's hair pencil, dipped in a solution of gum-tragacanth and spirits of wine; and arrange them, according to class, on the pages of a blank book. If this is carefully done, you will have a good *hortus siccus*, which, if the specimens are scarce and well chosen, will be of considerable value to those young persons who take pleasure in the study of botany.

Flora is milking the cows, I am in the dairy taking the cream off the milk, and making the cheese; which useful art I learned while staying at Woodley Grange, with my good friend Mrs. Hartley; and I have now a dozen specimens of my skill in my cheese-room, which will soon be fit for use. Twice a week we churn, and Flora assists me in making the butter. As soon as the business of the dairy is over, I fill my apron with dross corn, and, attended by my little maid Flora, bearing a pitcher of clear water in her hand, I go to my poultry-yard, where I am greeted by fowls of all sorts and sizes, which run and fly to meet me, eager to receive their breakfasts from my hand. I have some favourites among my fowls, especially one chicken with a *cross-bill*, which attracted my attention on account of the slow progress she made in picking; so I took her under my protection, and now she is so fond of me, she flies into my lap and picks out of my hand, and seems, by her caresses, to be quite sensible of my regard for her. The foxes abound so in the woods, that it is with dif-

difficulty I can preserve any of my fowls from their depredations. Last week I had four young broods of nice little chickens, thirty-eight in the whole; and now I have only two little ones left out of that number, those wicked foxes having eaten all the rest. My best old brood-goose hatched twelve little goslings, and I was quite proud of the addition to my poultry-yard; but the foxes came last night, and robbed me of all but four.

Richard found me lamenting over the loss of my poor goslings. He consoled me with his usual kindness, promising he would contrive some means of securing my fowls from any further depredations. He instantly set to work, and, with Andrew for his assistant, began to rail my poultry-yard all round. I watch their progress with much interest, and shall be rejoiced when it is completed; for I cannot bear to see my nice little chickens devoured by those disagreeable foxes; and the wild cats from the woods are quite as bad as the foxes.

Richard has promised to make me some

coops for my young broods, some pens for my fattening fowls; and to build a nice house for the accommodation of my old hens, ducks, and geese.

As soon as I have attended to the wants of my poultry, and Flora has collected all the eggs she can find, I give my two weanling calves, Blackberry and Strawberry, their breakfast of warmed milk, which they receive with gratitude from our hands. We then return to the house, and prepare breakfast; for in Canada, my dear Ellen, it is not sufficient to give orders, and look on while the servants work: you must also lend your assistance, and help to do some of the labours of the house.

Once a week we bake. This is my busy day, and I find enough to employ me. The household-bread is made with a mixture of rye and maize-flour, with new milk; and it is far nicer, and more delicate, than the best English bread I ever tasted. My cakes and puddings gain me great credit. I also make all the pastry. I intend preserving a great deal of fruit this summer, such as cranberries,

raspberries, and strawberries. This we can do with very little expense, as we have a plentiful store of maple-sugar, having made nearly six hundred weight this spring.

Papa engaged a party of Indians to make the sugar for us, as they far excel the settlers in the art of refining it. The method practised round us, is to top the maples when the sap rises, and place a trough under them; but this is very wasteful, as it kills the tree. The Indian plan is much better: with a hollow knife they scoop out a piece from the trunk of the tree, at a certain distance from the ground; into this incision they insert a spout or tube of elderwood, through which the sap flows into the troughs below. Every day the liquor is collected into one great vessel. A fire is lighted round it, and the sap is kept boiling till the watery particles have evaporated: it is then purified with eggs, and kept stirred with an iron ladle. Two gallons of sap are reckoned to produce one pound of sugar. From two hundred and sixty maple-trees, the Indians produced six hundred weight of

sugar, and a quantity of molasses: a goodly stock, you will say, for such a small household as ours.

I used often to walk with papa and mamma into the woods, to visit the Indians, while they were making the sugar. Their picturesque figures, dresses, attitudes, and employments, contrasted with the ruddy glare of the fires, and the dark trees of the forest above them, would have formed a subject worthy of the pencil of a West or a Salvator Rosa.

Some of the men were tending the fires, stirring the liquor in the boiling kettles, or purifying it: others collecting the fresh sap, tapping the trees, or binding up the wounds in those that had ceased to flow. Here a group of Indian children were seated on their fathers' blankets, round the fires, weaving baskets or mats, or scooping the tubes of elder-wood: there a party were dancing the Indian dance, or singing, in wild, irregular cadence, the songs of their native tribes; while some, more industrious, were

employed in collecting wood and supplying the fires with fuel.

Among the Indians there was one old man, for whom I contracted quite a friendship. He used to lift me over the fallen timbers, and place me near the fire at which he was at work, spreading his blanket on a block or trunk of wood, for my accommodation. This old Indian told me he was called Hawk-head by his own people, but that he had been baptized into the Christian church by a white missionary, who came from a distant country and preached the word of God in their village. But this was many years ago, when he was in the pride of his strength; and he had forgotten much of his duty since that time. He said, in excuse for it, "Young lady! the Hawk-head has grown old, and his memory has faded, and his eyes have waxed dim, since he heard the words of missionary John. He has seen his children, to the third generation, rise up before him, ready to fill his place; and he expects soon to be called away to the land of spirits."

I was much interested by the conversa-



tion of this venerable man, and hoped to improve the good seed that the missionary had sown in his heart. I explained to him many points of faith, of which he was anxious to be informed ; and I also mentioned to him my intention of opening an evening-school, for the instruction of the children of his tribe in the knowledge of God and of their Saviour. The old man said, " Hawk-head would be glad to see his children taught that which is right and good ;" and he promised to speak to his children on the subject. I found my Indian proselyte a powerful auxiliary, as he possessed great influence over the minds of the tribe of which he was the chief. I have now fourteen Indian children under my tuition, who are making great improvement in their moral conduct. Several Indian mothers came to our school, a short time since, and entreated that they also might be taught what was good, as well at their children.

At first our school opened under very unpromising auspices: few of the labourers would allow their children to attend it, and



we had but four little Indians, who had been prevailed upon by my friend the Hawk-head to attend. But, in spite of this disappointment, we resolved not to be discouraged; and in the course of another month we had gained ten more Indians, and several of the children of the Irish peasants. The school has only been established since the beginning of last March, and we have now twenty-five regular scholars; and I am happy to say that a considerable alteration has already taken place in the manners and behaviour of the inhabitants of the village, which, when we first settled here, was a sad, wicked, disorderly place.

Besides our constant attendance at the school, we have some who only come occasionally; (perhaps once a week;) but these are idle, and of irregular habits, and do not like to observe the necessary restraints which we are forced to exact. Some few come from motives of curiosity, or to pass away a dull hour; but we do not exclude any. And I trust that not unfrequently it happens, that

“Those who came to scoff remain'd to pray.”

You do not know, my dear Ellen, what real and heartfelt pleasure we feel in instructing these children in their moral duties, and teaching them the knowledge of God and the advantages of religion.

Jane and Charlotte Hamilton are my assistants in the business of the school. Charlotte returned home last Christmas, to Oakdale. She is as near my own age as possible. I like her much, she is so sprightly and amusing; but I love her sister Jane best, partly because I have known her longer, and partly because I fancy there is a resemblance between her and my own dear Ellen. Charlotte declares she shall love you, and is delighted when I talk to her of you, or read a portion of your letters to her, which I always do when I am so fortunate as to receive one from my Ellen. How happy should I be, could I welcome the beloved writer of those letters to our dwelling; and I trust the time may not be very distant when I shall enjoy that pleasure.

Our garden already begins to look very pretty. I work in it every day, when the

weather is not too warm. I have several parterres of beautiful native flowers, besides those plants which we brought from Rose-lands; and the seeds which you sent to us in the winter have now become strong plants. Every root we put into the ground flourishes, and increases in a wonderful manner, owing to the richness and fertility of the soil. The labours of our hands are repaid in a fourfold degree; and in the course of another year or two, the garden will become a lovely spot. At present all our fruits are confined to the wild sorts, excepting such as we are supplied with by our kind neighbour, whose garden having been under cultivation some years, is now become very productive. The fence which Richard made round the garden last year, has taken root, and is thriving nicely, presenting to the eye a wall of lively green.

We have just finished getting our seed-corn into the ground. The wheat-crops are up, and look beautifully green and fresh. Spring is the busy time of the year, both on the farm and within-doors. Papa has astonished our Canadian neighbours by some of his English improvements; such as building

corn-stands, making five-barred gates, English hay-stacks, and sheep-pens.

Our stock has increased considerably since last year. We have a flock of ten young lambs, as white as snow, which feed on the lawn before our door with the old ewes: these are under Andrew's care, and he is very proud of his flock. Flora has a cosset-lamb, which she doats on: it was a very weakly twin when she first took it under her protection. She fed it for a whole fortnight with warm milk out of a teapot, till it grew strong, and learned to drink by itself. It is now so tame, that it runs after her all over the fields. We have also three calves, two of which are weanlings. We have bought another yoke of oxen. We have also fifteen head of swine, which get their living during one half the year in the fields and woods, feeding on the wild nuts and esculent roots, which they find, in vast profusion, under the trees in the forest.

The Canadian farmers live entirely on their own produce. Their chief subsistence consists in pork, mutton, venison, poultry,

game, fish, the best bread, cakes of Indian corn, milk, eggs, and sugar. Besides this, they manufacture their own malt, candles, and soap; for which articles they pay no duties. Thus you see, my dear sister, that if we have not the luxuries and superfluities of life, the real, substantial comforts may be easily obtained by industry and forethought.

Taxes are very low; *viz.* for every acre of cultivated land, the settler pays one penny; waste land, one farthing. Live stock pays a tax of one penny in the pound. Besides this, we have highway-rates to pay, or so many days in the year to labour on the roads, which is very necessary; and it is certainly the interest of every person to improve them as much as possible.

Papa intends making potash this year; likewise building a saw-mill, which can be worked by the little stream of water that flows through our grounds. He will then ship timber for Montreal, which he hopes will answer well.

The settlers who make potash, clear the land by firing the woods, or setting fire to

the timber, after they are piled in heaps. You will see twenty or thirty acres, chopped into lengths and heaped together, all blazing at once. Of a night, the effect is very grand. But it is a dangerous practice; for if the weather is dry and warm, there is a great chance of the flames communicating from the woods to the corn-fields and fences, and from thence to the out-buildings and the homesteads.

Last summer, the woods near us caught fire, owing to the extreme dryness of the season, and occasioned considerable damage to the farmer on whose land it commenced, scorching up one hundred and twenty acres of meadow land. We had one acre of wheat in the ear destroyed; and we were beginning to entertain great fears for the safety of our corn and cattle, when a very heavy shower of rain falling, (which seemed as if by the interposition of the Almighty himself,) extinguished the flames.

When the forests take fire, which not unfrequently happens, they present a most awful and imposing spectacle. The flames

rush to the tops of the trees, roaring, crackling, crashing, and filling the air with glowing sparkles and burning splinters, as the trees sink beneath the wasting effects of the devouring element; wreaths of red and yellow smoke hover and wave above the burning woods, while the surrounding atmosphere becomes tinged with a lurid and angry redness. When the flames are extinguished, the scene presents an appearance of desolation, dreary beyond description. Instead of waving woods of green, once so charming to the eye, you behold only the trunks of black and branchless trees: white ashes (beneath which the fire still lingers) strew the once-verdant and flowery ground: all is dark and dismal, that was lately so fresh and lovely. Such, my dear Ellen, is the appearance of a Canadian forest on fire. But even this (which in many respects might be considered as a calamity) is not without its benefits; the earth being freed, in the course of a few hours, from a superfluity of timber, which would take the settler at least many weeks, or even months, to ac-



comply ; and the wood-ashes which strew his land, render it fruitful to a most astonishing degree. Thus, in nature, we often see that which we at first rashly accounted an evil, become, through the superintending providence of an all-wise and merciful God, a positive blessing and benefit to mankind.

Our kind parents have promised to indulge Richard and me by a view of the falls of the Niagara, (if the winter should prove favourable for travelling,) and also a tour along the coast of the lake Erie; and we anticipate much pleasure from our excursion, especially as our neighbour, Mr. Hamilton, has consented to let his son and daughters accompany us in the journey. But as some months must necessarily intervene, we must not permit ourselves to be too sanguine, lest disappointment should follow; for, as the wise writer of the book of Ecclesiastes says, "There is no new thing under the sun;" so, from our own experience, we may add, "There is no certain thing under the sun."

Were it not for the society of the Hamil-



tons, we should find this place quite a solitude, as our other neighbours consist chiefly of mechanics or labourers, (I mean those in our immediate vicinity,) whose education has unfitted them for the pleasures of intellectual conversation, and we cannot take interest in theirs. But we practise a mutual kindness towards each other, and there is no lack of friendship on either part; each acting on the law of obligation, which forms a great bond of unity between the inhabitants of this country.

Sometimes we are enlivened by an occasional visit from travellers, such as the Canadian merchants, timber-merchants, overseer of the roads, tax-gatherer, or our Indian hunters or fowlers. According to the custom of this country, we entertain all strangers, setting before them the best food the house affords, and taking care of their horses; giving them accommodation for as long a time as our hospitality is required. We then speed them on their journey, wishing them health and prosperity.

Sometimes we chance to meet with an

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agreeable, sensible person among these way-  
faring men; but in general they are very  
talkative, and inquisitive about the concerns  
of their neighbours, and very silent and re-  
served respecting their own.

At this time we are entertaining a very  
amiable lady, with her son, a young man  
about five and twenty. They are travelling  
home, from York (where the lady has a  
daughter, who is married and settled in that  
place) to the city of New York; and she  
has kindly offered to forward any packet we  
might wish to send to England, by the first  
packet that sails for Liverpool.

They arrived yesterday morning, and will  
leave us again this afternoon; so I must has-  
ten to draw this already long letter to a  
speedy conclusion, as it will take me some  
little time to pack the flower-sketches I have  
prepared for you; also, a few Indian toys,  
which were presented to me by one of my  
little scholars; and a specimen of my feather-  
work, which I shall have great pleasure in  
forwarding to my dear Ellen; assured that a

trifle from her Agnes, however insignificant in *real* value, will be prized by her as a remembrance, from her fondly-attached friend and sister,

AGNES CLARENCE.

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The pleasure that Ellen Clarence always experienced, on the receipt of letters from her family, was very great; and, indeed, she required some such comfort to cheer her spirits, which were at times very much depressed, owing to her separation from her family, and the increasing indisposition of her aunt, which caused her the most serious uneasiness. She had, for some months, marked with sorrow the effects of that disease which, with slow but certain steps, was stealing over the frame of her beloved relative; whose kind and affectionate manners, benevolent disposition, resignation, and Christian piety, had rendered her most justly dear to the heart of her niece.

Ellen strove, by the most unremitting attention and increasing tenderness, to render her last days as easy and comfortable as

possible; and though her heart ached, when she thought of the heavy loss she must so soon sustain, she tried to hide her grief, and to fortify her mind against the hour of trial that awaited her.

By the desire of her aunt, Ellen wrote, to acquaint her father with the danger of his beloved sister; beseeching him, if possible, to cross the Atlantic, and receive her final farewell. Many were the tears which were shed by the afflicted Ellen, while writing this necessary but melancholy epistle.

Mr. Clarence lost no time in hastening to New York, (on the receipt of Ellen's letter,) where he took his passage in the first steam-vessel that left that port for England, where he arrived just time enough to close the eyes of his dying sister, and to offer consolation to his sorrowing Ellen; who forgot her grief, for a few minutes, in the joy she felt at once more being folded to the heart of her fond and beloved parent.

It was not the additional property that devolved on Mr. Clarence and his family, that could console them for the loss of so kind

and estimable a relative. It was the hope that she was receiving the reward of a well-spent life, where, we are assured, that all tears shall be wiped from all eyes, and where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. It was this thought that dried the tears of Ellen Clarence and her father; for they sorrowed not as those that had no hope.

As soon as Mr. Clarence had paid the last mournful tribute of duty to the memory of his sister, he once more embarked for his home in Canada, accompanied by his daughter; and after a safe, but somewhat tedious voyage, they were safely landed on the continent of America.

It was a cold and wintry evening, in the latter end of December, when Ellen Clarence and her father entered upon the frozen road that led towards Roselands; and Mr. Clarence, bidding Ellen (who, quite overcome by the severity of the cold, had buried her face in the folds of her warm fur-lined cloak) to look up, pointed out to her notice

the light of the blazing fire, that illumined the windows of the cottage which had become an object of such great interest to her, by being the home of that beloved family, who were so justly dear to her, and from whom she had been so long separated. A few minutes more, and she was folded, alternately, to the heart of an affectionate mother, sister, and brother.

And who is there, among my youthful readers, who would not have witnessed with pleasure, the joy that was felt at that happy meeting by our *Young Emigrants*?

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Possibly the pictures of Canada might be considered, and with justice, as incomplete, were I to pass over in silence that most admirable and astonishing feature in the geography of the upper province, the Falls of Niagara.

The waterfall of Niagara, which is considered by all travellers as the greatest cataract in the known world, is situated about

six leagues distant from the fort of that name. The country round Niagara is exquisitely beautiful, and in a high state of cultivation, with many pretty villas and houses near the cataract.

The fall is formed by the Niagara river, which receives into its bosom the united waters of the Canada lakes, which are then precipitated over a semicircular rock, of amazing height, about three quarters of a mile in extent. This is divided into two distinct cascades, by the intervention of Goat Island, which occupies the middle of the river above the falls, about nine hundred and eighty-seven feet in length. The extremity of this island is perpendicular, just at the verge of the precipice, over which the waters, that flow on each side of the island, pour down with irresistible fury. The cataract on the Canada, or west side, is more rapid, and of greater magnitude than that on the east side, next the United States: it is called the Horse-shoe, or Great Fall. The smaller one is the American Fall.

The main body of water that forms the



Great Fall, is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space, without being ruffled or broken; but the torrent, towards each side, is broken into such a multitude of minute, foamy particles, that it loses all appearance of fluid, and seems more like a volume of smoke, or a cloud of fog, than a flood of water.

“The height of the Great Fall,” says Howison, “is computed to be from about 140 to 150 feet; its curve is supposed to extend 2100 feet, and its arch may measure nearly half that space. The breadth of Goat Island, which divides the two cataracts, is 984 feet; and that of the American Fall, 1140 feet. The whole circumference over which the water falls, is 4224 feet; and the width of the cataract itself, 3240 feet. At one time, the Table-rock extended 50 feet beyond the basis of the cliffs which supported it, forming a considerable vacancy between the sides of the lower rock, and the sheet of water which falls like a curtain before it; but its projection has decreased



much, by the fall of a great part, which was broken off some years since."

The grandest point of view from which the Niagara Falls may be viewed, is from the top of this Table-rock, which forms a part of the precipice over which the waters gush.

The rapid motion of the water, as it flows, or rather *flies* along its rocky bed; the thundering din of the cataract, united with the awful height from whence you look down, occasions a stunning sensation, and inclines you to feel such intense giddiness in the head, that it is rather dangerous to stand too near the edge of the rock, or to contemplate too long the terrific grandeur of the scene before you.

From the Table-rock, there is a broken, irregular path, which winds down the side of a steep descent, clothed with trees and shrubs, which, with the bold, rocky projections that occur, completely conceal from the eye of the traveller, the scene which bursts upon the view as soon you reach the termination of the road. A magnificent amphi-

theatre of cataracts and cascades present themselves to the view of the astonished spectator; forming a raging, foaming gulf, which is sometimes seen, sometimes concealed by the thick clouds of white spray that rises or disappears, as agitated and impelled by the winds, or the force of the current below, displaying, at times, a horrible depth of dark, rushing waters. From the clouds of foam and vapour which rise from the bosom of this tremendous abyss, may be seen (when illumined by the rays of the sun) one or two rainbows of the most lovely hues, which overarch the flood, and exhibit a most splendid and magnificent appearance.

“The road leading to the bottom of the fall,” says Howison, “presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table-rock. After leaving the Table-rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a chasm in the bank, in which there has been erected a wooden building, that encloses a spiral staircase. By descending these stairs, which are seventy feet perpendicular

height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river. On the summit of this, there is a narrow, slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thundering din of the cataract.

“ In some places, the cliffs rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces fossil-shells, and the organic remains of a former world: thus, sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the mighty changes and convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise of the waterfall: clouds of spray envelop him, and check his faltering steps.

“ After scrambling among the huge piles of fallen rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the fall, where

the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, that of uncontrolled terror.

“ The precipice over which the flood rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the current. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the decorations of this wondrous scene.”

The American Fall is higher than the Horse-shoe, being one hundred and sixty-four feet; but the quantity of water that rolls over it, is much less considerable. The sound of the waterfall may be distinguished at the distance of forty-five miles, when the air is clear and there is no wind to break the sound: the columns of spray may be seen at a distance of thirty miles, and some days still further. The basis of the rock, over which the waters of the fall flow, is composed of grey limestone, among which there are a few remains of shells and other petrified bodies to be discovered.

The Niagara river, above the falls, is about three quarters of a mile in breadth. The rapids present a scene of almost equal wonder and magnificence. Between the head of the rapids and the pitch, there is a distance of more than a mile, and a descent of fifty-six feet. Such are the Falls of Niagara, perhaps the most astonishing and magnificent work of the Creator.

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It was first discovered by Sebastian Cabot, who sailed under a commission from Henry the Seventh.

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