

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Lichtenberg Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lenz Hambrecht Doyle Gjellerup
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Hanrieder Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma Verne Hägele Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelntz
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



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Canada for Gentlemen

James Seaton Cockburn

Imprint

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**CANADA FOR GENTLEMEN,
BEING
LETTERS
FROM
JAMES SETON COCKBURN.**

The difficulty of sending my son's letters to the numerous friends who are interested in seeing them, without wearing out the Manuscript, has induced me to have them printed. It is hoped, also, that they may be useful in giving information regarding some of the difficulties of young emigrants, of which so little is said by the Agencies, though the experience they teach is often more valuable than that of uniform success. The only alterations made in these letters (intended only for the home circle) has been in substituting fictitious names for those of friends. It may seem a paradox that a price should be attached to letters intended only for private circulation, but I am not without hope of being able to provide the writer with his winter furs (greatly to his own surprise), in return for the pleasure and information which his letters have undoubtedly given.

S. Cockburn.

LETTERS FROM JAMES SETON COCKBURN.

North Western Hotel,
Liverpool.

August 20th, '84.

Dear Mother,

I write this before turning in, and, as you will observe, with a beast of a pen. We arrived here all safe, and with all our traps. Though I lost the run of my bag at Bristol in the scurry, it turned up here all right.

There were a lot of people waiting on the Warren to wave to us. I recognised Miss Linton, and I think some of the Seymours. Miss Harley met us at Star Cross to say another good-bye, with a button-hole for me and a note, and a flint-and-steel for Henry.

We were collared when we got here by an agent of some sort, who was going to free us from all trouble by seeing our luggage safely on board, but as he kept a low kind of Temperance Hotel, and smelt very strongly of whisky, I declined his services, chiefly I should say, on the instigation of a good-natured cabby. Of course, for aught I know, it may be the proper thing to go in for these sort of chaps, but it's bent to be on the safe side.

Must shut up now, and go to sleep.

Best love to everybody,

Your loving Son,
J. SETON COCKBURN.

S.S. "Montreal,"
En Route For Canada.

August 21st, '84.

My Dearest Mother,

We are not going to touch at any Irish port, so I am hurrying to write a few lines to send off by the Pilot.

The weather is beautiful, and we have got the cabin to ourselves.

I have already made some very nice acquaintances; altogether it bids fair to be very jolly.

We got down to the dock in very good time, though of course with a good deal of bother, but we've not got *rooked* anywhere.

I am afraid you will not hear from us again till the letters bear a foreign post mark.

With best love and wishes to everybody,

Your loving Son,
J. SETON COCKBURN.

My Dearest Mother,

I suppose we are both addressing our letters to you, which might at first appear an unequal distribution of our favours, but as I know they will be read aloud to the assembled breakfast table, it is a small matter who opens the envelope. To begin with, I should explain that I am writing in the saloon of the S.S. "Montreal," Sunday evening, August 30th (I believe), and it is due to the constructural defects thereof that my writing is of a somewhat shaky character, the above saloon being placed almost immediately over the propeller, whose various eccentricities in the way of jumping and shaking are more than distinctly felt. However, I do not want to begin by telling you about the end of our voyage, so I will make a commencement at the time we lost sight of the heads and hats of those who saw us off at Dawlish Station. I feel rather ashamed to say I felt at that time very little depression of spirits, perhaps the pipe to which I immediately had recourse had a comforting influence; perhaps my familiarity with all objects on the road, at least as far as Star Cross, made me feel as though I had not yet left home; or perhaps, it was the secret consciousness that all the Seymours, Lintons, and Harleys had promised to be on the Warren to see us wave our heads out of the window. Whatever the course might have been during the whole of our railway journey, our stay at the hotel, and even *some* hours subsequently, I felt almost jolly, but what a world of misery lies implied in that underlined "some." However, I won't anticipate, but relate from the beginning the history of my ideas and experiences up to the present time. There is little that you do not already know connected with our departure from the docks and our journey as far as the last light ship, that is concerning incidents which would appear to be worth mentioning. We were rather fortunate in seeing nearly all the most celebrated of the Atlantic steamers. The "City of Rome" was lying alongside a wharf within a stone's throw of us, the "Alaska," "Arizona," "America," and "Oregon," were all passing in or out, or lying at the wharves, these being I believe the four fastest ocean steamers afloat. The Allan boat "Peruvian" left the dock just astern

of us, and as we afterwards discovered, arrived twelve hours before us. We very soon found, when dinner time came round that we were going to live like fighting cocks; there was a tremendous spread, soup, fish, entrées, joints, entrees, sweets, cheese, dessert and bills of fare. We looked forward to ten days of systematic fattening, an excellent preparation as we thought for our troubles to come in the way of struggles for bread, in the country to which we were journeying. What a mistake! That meal we fattened, also at the ensuing meal, a kind of high tea at six o'clock we continued the process. At breakfast next morning all operations were suspended, and by the time the sun shone in the zenith for the second time, the *modus operandi* was completely inverted, and we thinned many inches in as many minutes. All the preparations for carrying out our original intentions stared us in the face, but we turned anything but a hungry eye upon them; to tell the prosaic truth we were both seasick. Not a fair knock down exactly, for while on deck I was all right. What started the malady was the sleeping cabin—such an abomination of closeness, stuffiness, and all the odours under the sun I never smelt—it was literally enough to knock one down. Not that the cabins themselves are badly ventilated, but they vent into the gangways outside, which in bad weather are themselves very short of fresh air. Only on two days were we able to have our port-hole open, and then not for the whole day. The first day on board was very pleasant, nice weather, and lots of excitement in watching the different coasts we passed, and studying our fellow passengers. We were never out of sight of land until it got too dark to see it. Before England was hull down, the Isle of Man was hull up, and then before that faded, the coast of Ireland would have been in sight had it not been invisible. When daylight went down a breeze sprang up, blowing steadily from the westward, still it was all very jolly, and we went to bed very comfortably and slept very soundly till we woke up. The day had just broken, and it was a fine breezy morning. At first I was delighted to feel myself dancing about. I sat up and looked out of my port-hole and watched the sea for a bit; suddenly she rose to an extra big one; I could feel her "tilting up," and I had to lean forward a bit to maintain my balance, then the stern tilted up and I leant back a good long way, then the "other end of her" rose again, higher still, but I only leant further back, and by the time it was all over I had resumed an horizontal position, and re-

solved, like the man in "Happy Thoughts," not to move again whatever happened. I soon felt all right again, and was able to reply in a very swagger voice to Henry's rather meek enquiry concerning the state of the weather. By-and-bye a short interchange of experiences occurred between Henry and a boy who had been put into our third berth at the last moment, the latter in the innocence of his youth frankly avowed himself "awful squashy inside," and soon proceeded practically to demonstrate the truth of his assertion. Henry embraced the opportunity of confession, and soon became equally demonstrative. I still felt happy, and gave them some excellent advice, so much in fact, that I began to feel I had been too liberal, and that I wanted some myself; however I dressed quickly, and went on deck, and once there I soon began to feel hungry, though when I went down below to have breakfast I didn't make a very hearty meal. After that the weather began to get bad, and continued getting bad for a long time. Then for some days, as sure as I went down below for a meal I did violence to the sentiment of the old proverb "wilful waste makes woeful want." However, in a few days I recovered sufficiently to withstand the noxious influences of the saloon long enough to satisfy my hunger. We had bad weather, more or less the whole way across to Belle Isle; not a gale exactly, except once on Saturday or Sunday night, I forget which, but it just blew more or less, hard enough to keep the decks always wet, and to preclude the possibility of a smoke, or even of walking up and down. Then as we got over to the Canadian side there was a good deal of fog knocking about—in fact take it all round I did not enjoy myself very much, it was cold and wet and I couldn't smoke. However, when it did come to an end it was A1. The day we sighted Belle Isle was beautiful, and after that we had no more bad weather, it was all clear and bright, which was very fortunate at that part of the voyage, as it is in going down the Straits and through the Gulf that fog is such a source of delay. There was lots to be seen there in the way of coast scenery, Belle Isle, Labrador, Newfoundland, Anticosti, and the Banks of the St. Lawrence. At first all the land was uncultivated and wild looking, but as we got into narrower waters farther up the river it began to get cultivated—lots of white houses with red roofs kicking about, and very often not a hedge or a tree to be seen except just near the river, all cleared and consequently ugly.

Everybody about this part of the world is French, and such French too as they talk. I have'n't caught the meaning of one word since I have been here. I forgot to say that though I began this letter on board the "Montreal" I am now writing at an Hotel in Sherbrooke. It was very funny to see the changes that took place in the attire of some of the passengers when we were nearing Quebec. People (among whom perhaps I ought to class myself) who had remained unshaved and disreputable during the voyage, in old clothes, etc., now come out of their cabins looking Bond Street mashers (bar me); they were all those who had come out for amusement and whose journies mostly finished with the voyage; the others who preserved a travel-stained appearance were all going further on, some long distances, and some short. Among the long-distance people was a doctor Marsh, who was going to Brandon, some distance beyond Winnipeg, with his family, or at least with part of it—the rest are there already. He was a nice man indeed, and gave us some very useful advice and information, including his address. He is strongly of opinion that the North West is the place for both Henry and me, but at the same time he quite agreed with me that it would be foolish to go out there in the face of the near approach of winter without the certainty of work, which would keep us going through it. He has a son on a survey staff somewhere out there, and he says he thinks I should be able to get on too. When at last we got up alongside the wharf he was of great service to us; he has been backwards and forwards several times and knows the ropes well. He took us to an exchange office where he said we should get the most value for our money, which turned out to be \$4 86c., about par I believe. He and everyone else that I asked said that the idea of a premium on English money was a myth, that \$4 86c. was the highest, and that only in gold; for a fiver that Dr. Marsh exchanged he only got \$24 instead of \$24 30c. Well, we shall see when we get to Montreal and deliver the circular notes. The landing and all the Customs business was a great nuisance, though we got through capitally. I waited quietly till the hoorooche was all over, and then went and collared the most benevolent-looking old chap to come and stir up our baggage. I had them all unstrapped and ready, and he just looked into one or two and then asked me if I had anything in them that was not my own wearing apparel, or that had not been worn. I said no (there were lots of

things that hadn't been worn, but then they *were* my own wearing apparel), so he chalked them all up without even desiring that Henry's big box might be opened, which was very lucky, as it would have been a great nuisance to have to knock those plates off the keyholes. I think it is a great mistake to put them on; there is no fear of the things getting wet down in the steerage deck where they are stowed, and they may possibly cause a lot of delay going through the Customs House. Then came our first experience of Canadian Railways, *not* a pleasant one. We were told the train would start at 2.15, accordingly we dispensed with dinner and were on the platform at the stated time, but the train never moved till nearly five o'clock. Then the baggage chequing business turned out a great nuisance, the men went down to cheque it while I was away getting the tickets, and when I came back they had all gone away. In this democratic country they could not be put to the inconvenience of coming back again, so I had to wait about till they came to cart it up to the train. I do not mean to say there would be any of this bother in travelling about from station to station, it was only during the confusion of landing when a lot of people all wanted their things done at the same time, and the baggage all had to be brought up from the wharf, still it was an item in our first railway experiences which, coupled with the delay in starting, put me out of temper with Canadian travelling, though there is not a shadow of doubt but what the chequing system is a great deal superior to our own. However, when we did get fairly under weigh it was not so bad. It is certainly very nice to be able to get up and walk about when one gets tired of sitting still, or go and stand on the platforms outside. Then, their rules are far less strict than ours. If a man likes to jump on or off while a train is going full speed ahead he can, nobody has the least objection to his coming down on his head if he likes; or if he feels inclined to jump off and run alongside he is perfectly at liberty to do so, only the Company will not bind themselves to stop and wait for him if he can't run fast enough. In fact, a man here is entirely his own master, and as such is just as good as anybody else. There is one thing which seems to me a great disadvantage, that is so few of the railway officials are in any uniform at all. They may have a badge, or something of that sort, but I did not see any, consequently one never knows who to ask for information about the trains, etc. When we got to Richmond last night, where we had to

change for Sherbrooke, a chap told us we should start in about twenty-five minutes; the next man told us that we should not start till two or three in the morning; and while we were endeavouring to arrive at the truth somebody shouted out to know if everybody was "on board" for Sherbrooke, Portland, etc., and he told us they were going to start right away, which they did—in about half-an-hour. Next we took two hours to go the twenty-five miles between Richmond and Sherbrooke, though I will forgive them for that as we were really in a goods' train, to which they had attached a passenger car for our convenience. We eventually got in here about twelve last night. We did not go to the Magog House as Horton recommended, as it was a good long way from the station, and, we were told, might not be open. This place, the Sherbrooke Hotel, is just opposite the station, so being very tired and not wanting any bother we came in here. We got into conversation with a man at Richmond who turned out to be an Agricultural Agent of some sort, he had been Horton's foreman on his farm many years ago, and knew them all very well. He turned out a very decent old chap, and a Scotchman, and he was very useful to us in getting us a feed, etc., when we got here, otherwise we should have had to go supperless to bed. This morning (Tuesday), we went first thing to see Allen, he was very cordial and obliging, and withal very encouraging; he did not give vent to any decided opinions, but he thought it very possible that Mr. Hill, of whom Mr. Horton spoke, and to whom we are to be introduced to-morrow, might be able to get me work on the Canada Pacific Railway, with which he is in some way connected. I sincerely hope he may, as I should then get a free pass to the West. *Wednesday.*—We saw Hill this morning, he could do nothing in the way of getting us work, but he gave us a lot of names and addresses which turned out useful, among others a letter to a chap called Ibotson, a sort of emigration agent, asking him to send us round to several farms which he mentioned. We went round to a heap of people with an old chap called Kemp, who is something to do with the something Colonization Society. The worst of it was we had to hire a trap, as the distance to be covered was considerable; that cost \$3, but it was the only thing to be done. Everybody assured us that nothing but a personal interview would be any use, so we cruised about the country in a very nice little buggy for five hours under the escort of old Kemp, and I must say we should have been nowhere

without him. I should never have known how to conduct the business with some of the specimens we came across, not to mention that we should have been sure to have lost ourselves half-a-dozen times over, and so should not have seen half the number of people. Well, the upshot of the day's campaign was that I think Henry stands a good chance of a place. Everyone assures me that he could not do better than go to the farm in question. It belongs to an old man called Crabtree, or something like that, I don't know exactly how he spells himself. He is a very rough-and-tumble old fellow, but, it seems, a capital farmer, and a good honest dealing man. He has one of the best farms in the county, and is very well off, having made all his money on his farm. Henry would get his board and lodging, and most probably somewhere about \$10 a month besides. Of course nothing is fixed yet; the old chap's wife was away, and he could do nothing without consulting her, but he said he would want help during the winter, and he would not engage anyone without letting us know. He cannot, however, do anything for the next fortnight, which is a nuisance. None of the others that, we called on came to very much, so we are going up to Montreal to-night to deliver introductions and stir up the mud generally. Both Ibotson and Kemp are going to make enquiries for us here, and write to us if anything turns up. It's very good of them, they have both taken a lot of trouble, and it's all done for love. In fact everybody is most good-natured, and willing to do everything in their power to help us. They all say they have no doubt we shall be able to get work very soon, but it cannot be done in a day; so it seems to me, having got these two old fellows to look out for us here, we had better go and present ourselves in Montreal, and so be as it were in two places at once. Moreover, I should like to see Roland Stanley if possible before I clinch any bargain. We are perfectly certain of getting disinterested advice from him, though I see no reason whatever to doubt the policy of what I have done or the intentions of our backers. I don't know if I have made all our doings and plans sufficiently clear. I am writing in a very rambling sort of way, but that is a fault inseparable from having to write at odd times. We are living here for about a dollar a day each, not at all bad, with three good big meals included, still it's spending money instead of making it, so I hope it won't last long. It's not such a bad beginning, though, when you come to think of it, we've only had two clear days in the

country, and Henry is in a very fair way to be settled at a really good farm. Apart from business, the drive this afternoon was delightful, the country in places quite equal to any in Devonshire, though always with something wild looking about it. In some parts of the road it looked just exactly like England, so long as we did not look too far away. Upon the hills, etc., there is always a lot of pine-wood and stuff which does not look English, but it's all pretty; I believe you would like it immensely. Sherbrooke itself is a jolly little town, though I believe here it is considered a good big one, and a place of some importance. I think I shall have to bring this to an end now; I don't know exactly when the mail leaves Montreal, and I don't want to miss it through not being ready, so if I have time to add anything more it will take the form of a postscript. I don't know the least what address to give, our movements are so uncertain. Couldn't father write to Roland Stanley and ask him to forward the letters to us? I think, if he seems the right sort of chap, I will ask him about this when I see him, at any rate I can let him know when we leave, where we are going to, and then if any of you should have sent a letter to him he will know where to forward it to. Give my love to the Father, and Old Daddy and Muriel, and everybody else,

And believe me,

Your loving Son.

J. SETON COCKBURN.

P.S. Friday.—Must post this this morning, so must look sharp. Roland Stanley was away on a fishing expedition. We saw his daughter. She said her father would probably be home on Friday or Saturday, so we decided to lie in wait for him in diggings, and to call again on Monday. I had no idea his place was so far away from Montreal—six-and-a-quarter miles by rail including the Victoria Bridge, which puts a lot on to the fare, and a good two miles by road. His name was not in the Directory, so we had to find this place by asking for it when we got to St. Lamberts. Charles Holloway also was out when we called—at his office I believe—so we are going down to the city to look for him this morning. We also called on Mrs. Fenton, but she was out, so we gave in and jacked it up for the day, as by that time it was nearly six o'clock. We had a

fearful bother in finding them, as there were no numbers on the introductions, and there are about 1000 houses in Sherbrooke Street. The diggings we have got into will do very well for the time. We have taken them for a week at \$5 each, board and lodging, which I think is about as cheap as we can get them anywhere in Montreal. Our address is 60, Aylmer Street, but it's not a bit of use writing to us here, as we should be gone long before the letter reached us. I don't suppose we shall be here much more than a week. I will write more fully what we are doing by next mail.

J. S. C.

I am not sure if I have got the leads which I got for my ink pencil. If they are in the right hand top drawer of your writing table, will you send them when you send my goggles?

Have not done anything about money yet for want of advice. It's no use sending letters to Roland Stanley, he's too far away from Montreal. He must wait till we get more settled. Please remember me to everybody, particularly the Miss Bruces.

60, Aylmer Street, Montreal,

September 9th, 1884.

My Dear Mother,

This letter is following pretty close on the heels of the other one. and for this reason: I can't find any letter of introduction to Dr. A. Howel or to Mrs. A. Howel, or any instructions as to calling without an introduction in the epitome of my letters which father gave me. I can't have lost it. You put them all up in a bundle, and I never saw them till I opened my portmanteau at Sherbrooke. Certainly I gave them to Henry to look over while I was writing as he sat beside me, but he was so almost immoderately careful that I do not think he can possibly have mislaid any of them. Anyhow it's not here. If I am obliged to leave Montreal before I hear from you I shall call on him

and make my own explanations. But I don't know how I could do that either, for I don't know if he was father's friend or whether we got the introduction from someone else. Well, I shall hang on as long as I can, and then go and beard him in his den as a last resource. Now that's all the business I have to mention; it's a bad job, but it can't be helped. Perhaps, after all, I never had an introduction, and ought just to have called and mentioned the father. I know he gave me a lot of directions when he read the list over, but I can't remember them all, and only against one has he made a note that no introduction is necessary. Yet there are about half-a-dozen to whom I have not got letters, but whose names occur the same as Roland Stanley. We've been hunting round, kicking up no end of a dust, and called on and badgered scores of people. I have already been twice to see a man called Van Haughton. He is some sort of a boss on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and I am going again to-morrow, though they don't want any men—at least not ordinary men—but I am going to try and convince them that I am something extraordinary. The ten pounds loose cash we brought out will only last us another fortnight, but I have great hopes that Henry will not need to draw more. Roland Stanley very kindly took him to a farm to-day, a few miles from here, to see a man he knew, but the chap wanted £50 per annum, so we declined. I was not able to go as I had an appointment, but I don't think it made any difference, though they didn't do any bargaining, only just asked him if he would take him, and he said he would for the above-named sum. Some of the introductions we brought out have been very useful—that to the Darwins particularly. George, the elder son (I think) is a jewel. I believe he would pop his Sunday coat if he thought it would do us any good. He is strongly of opinion that Henry should advertise for a job. He says he is certain that he would get lots of answers. But I think it will be better to wait till we see what happens at Sherbrooke, as by all accounts he could not do better than go to old Crabtree. I think, with the prospect of his being shortly settled there, you might write and explain (if possible) the matter of the introduction—if we are not here they can forward the letter. 8 p.m.—We have just been down to the station to fetch some of our baggage, having been told that we should have to pay for it if we let it lie there, and as we did not wish to bestow any portion of our capital on cabbies, we carried it up. The consequence is I feel like this [Illus-

tration: Hand bent at wrist.] as Pot would say. The weather has been that hot since we came. By-the-bye, I meant to say when I said that we had just been down to the station, that as I felt so limp from carrying baggage on a hot night, you would have to put up with bad writing, but I see it's just as good as what I started with. It would all be better if Henry was'nt writing too—at the same table I mean—which, being one of the round one-legged arrangements usually met with in boarding-houses, is scarcely equal to the weight of eloquence which he brings to bear upon it. I wonder what he's writing about. You might just let me know what he says next time you write. He's just bought some new pink paper to write upon, and has already started several times with a most careful beginning, so it ought to be something worth hearing. I have suggested that he should give you his ideas concerning the crops of this country, but his innate modesty debars him from giving an opinion on a subject upon which he confesses himself at present profoundly ignorant, notwithstanding that we went yesterday afternoon (there being nothing else which could be done,) to the great Dominion Agricultural Show, as befitted the incipient farmer, and that I there carefully explained to him the points of interest of all the exhibits in relation to which I was convinced that he was as ignorant as myself. I am afraid, however, that he was rather inclined to treat my explanations with levity, owing to a base and misleading practice resorted to by the Committee, of hanging up beside the stalls, though in not very conspicuous places, a statement of the supposed race or species of each animal. These prejudicial placards for a long time escaped my notice, so that I was unable to fortify his perceptions with an account of the pig-headedness of Agricultural Committees in this respect. The only thing that I was entirely unable to explain, and the reason for which I could by no means fathom, was the pertinent enquiry constantly occurring, "why should one cow be given a first prize and another none at all," when the only difference to the mind of a just and impartial observer consisted in the variety of their attitudes or colour. Being thus baffled in my attempts at edification, we adjourned to see some niggers manufacturing tobacco.

Thursday evening.—I have just had a letter from Allen, saying that he had three letters and a parcel waiting for us, so Henry has gone down in great excitement with a post-card to tell him to send

them on as soon as possible. I wonder if they are from any of you people, though I don't know what should make you think of addressing to us there. It was rather a rummy thing his finding out our address, for we didn't leave any; but just the other day, when looking over the things in my despatch-box, I found a letter to Allen in Mr. Horton's handwriting. I had'nt the least recollection of his having given me anything of the sort, but I posted it down to Sherbrooke forthwith, together with a note, making the best excuses I could for not having delivered it before when I was on the spot, and of course I put my address on the top. I should'nt wonder if one of the letters was the lost introduction, which must have been left behind by some mistake. We have been hunting about no end since we came here; calling on everybody, from the man in the moon downwards, but do not at present seem to have derived much benefit from it. I daresay Henry has told you of a wild scheme in which Mr. Barnes wanted us to engage. He is a most excellent old gentleman, the personification of good nature and kindness, but is a good deal of a visionary on the agricultural settlement question. When we called upon him on Saturday, he pressed us most eloquently to up stick and go west with a friend or connection of his, who was starting at nine o'clock on Monday morning. He so far prevailed upon me that, in case there should be anything in what he said, I went down to the bank and drew sufficient money for our fares, and then returned to lunch with him and the gentleman in question, a Mr. Deacon. In conversation with him afterwards, he (Mr. Deacon) strongly advised us to do no such thing. A branch line from the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Regina to a place called Sussex, about thirty miles or so, which was to have been graded this fall, and was to give me almost certain work for the winter, would probably not be begun for some time, and the land which Mr. Barnes had understood was along the railway in a tolerably well-peopled district, turned out to be at the head of Long Lake, eighty-four miles from Sussex, which is thirty miles from Regina, not that those distances are anything great, but it meant, in plain English, going and starting a farm 110 miles from the nearest railway station, without a particle of knowledge or experience. Still, we should have got the land for nothing; that much was promised; and had I seen any chance amounting to five to one that I should not have to spend my own money during the winter, I should have gone, and, once well