Voyages

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A Talk about Emigration

"Rachel, have you forgotten the talk we had about emigration, the morning before our marriage?" was a question rather suddenly put to his young wife, by Lieutenant M——, as he paused in his rapid walk to and fro the room. The fact is, that the Lieutenant had been pondering over that conversation for the last hour. It had long been forgotten by his wife, who was seated upon the sofa with a young infant of three months old upon her lap, whose calm, sleeping face she was watching with inexpressible delight.

"Ah, we have been so happy ever since, that to tell you the truth, dear John, I have never given it a second thought; what put it into your head just now?"

"That child, and thinking how I could provide for her in any other way."

"Dear little pet. She cannot add much to our expenses;" And the mother stooped down and kissed her babe with a zest which mothers alone know.

"Not at present. But the little pet will in time grow into a tall girl; and other little pets may be treading upon her footsteps and they must all be clothed and fed, and educated."

Rachel in her overflowing happiness had dismissed all such cruel realities. "Emigration," she said, "is a terrible
word. I wish that it could be expunged from the dictionary.

"I am afraid, my dear girl, that you are destined to learn the practical illustrations of its meaning. Nay, do not look so despondingly. If you intended to remain in England you should not have married a poor man."

"Don't say that, my beloved. That union made me rich in treasures which gold could not buy. But seriously, I do not see this urgent necessity for emigrating, we are not rich, but we have enough to be comfortable, and are surrounded with many blessings. Our dear little girl, whose presence seems to have conjured before you the gaunt image of poverty, has added greatly to our domestic happiness, — Yes, — little Miss Innocence, you are awake, are you — come crow to papa, and drive these ugly thoughts out of his head." The good father kissed fondly the smiling cherub seductively held up to him, but he did not yield to the temptation, though Rachel kissed him with eyes brimful of tears.

"We are indeed happy, Rachel. But, will it last?"

"Why not?"

"Our income, love, is very, very small."

"It is enough for our present wants; and we have no debts."

"Thanks to your prudent management. Yes, we have no debts. But it has been a hard battle, only gained by great self denial and much pinching. We have kind friends, but I am too proud to be indebted to friends for the common necessaries of life. The narrow income which has barely supplied our wants, this year, without the encumbrance of a family, will not do so next. There remains no alternative but to emigrate."

Rachel felt that this was pressing her hard. "Let us drop this hateful subject," she said, "I cannot bear to think upon it."

"But we must force ourselves to think about it, — calmly and dispassionately. And having determined which is the path of duty we must follow it out without any reference to our own likes or dislikes. Our marriage would have
been a most imprudent one, had it been contracted on any other terms, and we are both to blame that we have loitered away so many months of valuable time in indolent ease, when we should have been earning independence for ourselves and our family."

"You may be right, John. But it is not such an easy matter to leave your country and home, and the dear friends whose society renders life endurable, a certain good, for an uncertain better, to be sought for among untried difficulties. I would rather live in a cottage in England upon a crust of bread a day, than occupy a palace on the other side of the Atlantic."

"This sounds very prettily in poetry, Rachel. But, alas, for us, life is made up of stern realities, which press upon the mind and brain too forcibly to be neglected. I have thought long and painfully upon this subject, and I have come to the determination to emigrate this Spring."

"So soon!"

"The sooner the better. The longer we defer it, the more difficulties we shall have to encounter. The legacy left us by your Aunt will pay our expenses out and enable us to purchase a farm in Canada, a more propitious time could not be chosen, the only obstacle in the way is your reluctance to leave your friends. Am I less dear to you, Rachel, than friends and country?"

"Oh! no, no. You are more to me than all the world. I will try and reconcile myself to the change."

"Shall I go first, and leave you with your mother until I have arranged matters in Canada?"

"Such a separation would be worse than death. Yes, I will go, since it must be." Here followed a heavy sigh, the husband kissed the tears from her eyes, and whispered, that she was his dear good girl, and poor Rachel would have followed him to the deserts of Arabia.

Rachel remained for a long time in deep thought, after the door had closed upon her husband. She could now recall every word of that eventful conversation upon the subject of emigration which they had held together before their marriage, and, in the blessed prospect of becoming
his wife, it had not then appeared to her so terrible. Faithfully had he reminded her of the evils she must encounter in uniting her destiny to a poor man; and he had pointed out emigration as the only remedy to counteract the imprudence of such a step, and Rachel, full of love and faith, was not hard to be persuaded. She considered, that to be his wife, endowed as he was by nature with so many moral and intellectual qualities, would make her the richest woman in the world. That there was in him a mine of mental wealth, which could never decrease, but which time and experience would augment, and come what might, she, in the end, was sure to be the gainer. For, she argued, did I marry a man, whom I could not love, merely for his wealth, and the position he held in society, misfortune might deprive me of these, and nothing but a disagreeable companion for life would remain. We think Rachel, after all, reasoned rightly, though the world would scarcely agree with us. But in matters of the heart, the world is seldom consulted.

After the marriage, our young friends retired to a pretty cottage upon the coast, and for upwards of a year they had been so happy, so much in love with each other and so contented with their humble lot, that all thoughts upon the dreaded subject of emigration had been banished.

Rachel knew her husband too well, to suspect him of changing his resolution. She felt that he was in the right, and painful as the struggle was, to part from all her dear friends, it was already made. Opening her writing desk, she took from its most sacred nook a copy of verses written by her husband a few days before their marriage, which but too faithfully coincided with his remarks that morning.

Oh can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be?
Your mother's home and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me,
Across the wide and stormy sea,
To trace our foaming track:
And know the wave that heaves us on,
Will never bear us back.

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And can you in Canadian woods
With me the harvest bind;
Nor feel one lingering fond regret
For all you leave behind?
Can those dear hands, unused to toil,
The woodman's wants supply;
Nor shrink beneath the chilly blast,
When wintry storms are nigh.

Amid the shade of forests dark,
Thy loved Isle will appear,
An Eden whose delicious bloom,
Will make the wild more drear;
And you in solitude may weep,
O'er scenes beloved in vain;
And pine away your soul to view,—
Once more your native plain.

Then pause, my girl—e're those dear lips
Your wanderer's fate decide;
My spirit spurns the selfish wish—
You must not be my bride!—
But oh, that smile—those tearful eyes,
My former purpose move;
Our hearts are one, and we will dare
All perils, thus to love!—

"Yes, I can and will dare them, dearest husband," said
Rachel, carefully replacing the paper. "I am ready to follow
wherever you lead,—England! my country! the worst trial
will be to part from thee!"

The Old Captain

Rachel's reveries, were abruptly dispelled by a knock
at the door, and her "come in;" was answered by a tall, portly, handsome, old lady, who sailed into the room, in all the conscious dignity of rich black silk, and stiff white lawn. The handsome old lady, was Mrs. Kitson, the wife of the naval officer, whose ready furnished lodgings they had
occupied for the last year. Rachel thrust aside her desk, and rose to meet her visitor. “Pray take the easy chair by the fire; Mrs. Kitson, I am happy to see you, I hope your cough is better?” “No chance of that,” said the healthy old lady who had never known a fit of dangerous sickness in her life, “while I continue so weak, Hu, hu, hu, you see my dear, that it is as bad as ever.” Rachel thought, that she never had seen an old lady, at her advanced stage of life, look so well. But every one has some pet weakness, and Mrs. Kitson’s, was that of always fancying herself ever ill. Now Rachel had no very benignant feeling towards the old lady’s long catalogue of imaginary ailments, so changed the subject by enquiring very affectionately after the health of the old Captain.

“Ah, my dear, he is just as well as ever. Nothing in the world ever ails him, and little he cares for the suffering of another. This is a great day with him. He is all bustle and fuss, just step to the window, and look at his doings. It is enough to drive one mad. Talk of women wearing the smalls, indeed. It is a libel on the sex! Captain Kitson, is not content with putting on my apron, but he appropriates my petticoats also. I cannot give an order to my maid, but he contradicts it, or buy a pound of tea, but he weighs it after the grocer; now my dear what would you do if the Lieutenant was like my husband?”

“Really I don’t know,” and Rachel laughed heartily; “It must be rather a trial of patience to a good housekeeper like you. But what is he about. He and old Kelly seem up to their eyes in business. What an assemblage of pots and kettles and household stuff there is upon the lawn. Are you going to have an auction?”

“You may well think so. But were that the case there might be some excuse for his folly. No. All this dirt and confusion, which once a week drives me out of the house, is what Kitson calls clearing up the ship, when he and his man Friday, (as he calls Kelly) turn every thing topsy turvy, and to make the muddle more complete they always choose my washing day for their frolic. Pantries and cellars are rummaged over, and every thing is dragged out of its place.
for the mere pleasure of making a litter and dragging it in again. The lawn covered with broken dishes, earless jugs, cracked plates and bottomless saucepans, to the great amusement of my neighbors, who enjoy a hearty laugh at my expense when they behold the poverty of the land. But what does Kitson care for my distress. In vain I hide up all the broken crocks in the darkest nooks of the cellar and pantry, nothing escapes his prying eyes. And then, he has such a memory that if he misses an old gallipot, he raises a storm loud enough to shake down the house.

"The last time he was in London, I collected a great quantity of useless trash and had it thrown into the pond in the garden. Well, when he cleared the decks next time, if he did not miss the old broken trumpery. All of which he said, he meant to mend with white lead on rainy days, while the broken bottles, forsooth, he had saved to put on the top of the brick wall, to hinder the little boys from climbing over to steal the apples. Oh, dear, dear, there was no end to his bawling and swearing and calling me hard names, while he had the impudence to tell Kelly, in my hearing, that I was the most extravagant woman in the world. Now, I, that have borne him seventeen children should know something about economy and good management, but he gives me no credit for that.

"He began scolding again to day, but my poor head could not stand it any longer, so I came over to spend a few minutes with you."

The handsome old lady paused to draw breath, and looked so much excited at this recapitulation of her domestic wrongs, that Rachel thought it not improbable that she had performed her part in the scolding.

As to Rachel, she was highly amused by the old Captain's vagaries, "By the by," she said, "Had he any luck in shooting this morning? He was out at sun-rise with his gun."

The old lady fell back in her chair and laughed immoderately.

" Shooting! Yes! yes, that was another frolic of his. But Kitson is an old fool and I have told him so a thousand
times. So you saw him this morning with the gun?"

"Why I was afraid that he would shoot my husband, who was shaving at the window. The Captain pointed his gun sometimes at the window and sometimes at the eaves of the house, but as the gun always missed fire, I began to regain my courage and so did the sparrows, for they only chattered at him in defiance."

"As well they ought, for he had no powder in his gun. Now Mrs. M — you will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. But you know the man. When my poor Betsy died, she left all her little effects to her father, as she was not acquainted with any of her late husband's relations. In her dressing case, he found a box of charcoal for cleaning teeth, and in spite of all I could say or do, he would insist it was gunpowder.

"Gunpowder! says I, what should our Betsy do with gunpowder. It's charcoal, I tell you."

"Then he smelt it and smelt it; "'Tis gunpowder, don't you think I know the smell of gunpowder. I, that was with Nelson at Copenhagen and Trafalgar!"

"'Tis the snuff in your nose, makes everything smell alike, says I, do you think Betsy would clean her beautiful white teeth with gunpowder.

"Why not," says he, 'there's charcoal in gunpowder, and now, madam if you contradict me again, I will shoot you with it, to prove the truth of what I say.'

"Well, I saw that there was no help for it, so I e'en let him have his own way, and he spent an hour last night in cleaning his old rusty gun, and rose this morning by daybreak with the intention of murdering all the sparrows. No wonder that the sparrows laughed at him. I have done nothing but laugh ever since, so out of sheer revenge he proclaimed a cleaning day, and he and Kelly are now hard at it."

Rachel was delighted with this anecdote of their whimsical landlord, but before she could answer his indignant partner, the door was suddenly opened, and the sharp keen face of the little officer was thrust into the room.

"Mrs. M —— my dear, that nurse of yours is going to
hang out your clothes in front of the sea. Now it is hardly
decent of her, to expose your garments to every boat that
may be passing."

The Captain's delicacy threw Rachel almost into con-
vulsions.

"Besides" he continued pettishly, "she knows no more
how to handle a rope than a pig. If you will just tell her to
wait a bit until I have overhauled my vessel, I will put up
the ropes for you myself."

"And hang out the clothes for you, Mrs. M —— if
you will only give him the treat. Besides he will not shock
the sailors by hanging them near the sea," sneered the
handsome old lady.

"I hate to see things done in a lubberly manner."

"Now pray oblige him, Mrs. M —— he is such an old
woman I wonder he does not ask you to let him wash the
clothes."

"Fresh water is not my element, Mrs. Kitson, I never
suffer a woman to touch my ropes. Attend to your business,
and leave me to mine, and put a stopper upon that clapper
of yours, which goes at the rate of ten knots an hour, or
look out for squalls."

In the hope of averting the storm which Rachel saw
was gathering upon the old lady's brow, she assured the
Captain that he might take the command of her nurse,
ropes, clothes, and all.

"You are a sensible woman, my dear, which is more
than I can say of some folks," glancing at his wife, "and I
hope that you mean to submit patiently to the yoke of mat-
rimony, and not pull one way, while your husband pulls
another. To sail well together on the sea of life, you must
hold fast to the right end of the rope and haul in the same
direction." His hand was upon the back of the door, and
the old lady had made herself sure of his exit, when he sud-
denly returned to the sofa, upon which Rachel was seated,
and putting his mouth quite close to her ear, while his little
inquisitive eyes sparkled with intense curiosity, said in a
mysterious whisper: "How is this, my dear, I hear that you
are going to leave us!"
Rachel started. Not a word had transpired of the conversation she had lately held with her husband. Did the old Captain possess the gift of second sight? "Captain Kitson!" she said in rather an excited tone, "who could have told you so?"

"Then it is true!" and the old fox nodded his head at the success of his stratagem; "Who told me — why I cannot exactly say who told me. But, you know where there are servants living in the house, and walls are thin — news travels fast."

"And when people have sharp ears, to listen to what is passing in their neighbors' houses," muttered the old lady in a provoking aside.

Rachel was amazed beyond measure at the impertinent curiosity of the old man. Her husband had only mentioned the subject to her, that morning; and she felt certain that their conversation must have been over-heard. Captain Kitson and his help-mate were notable gossips, and it was mortifying to know that their secret plans, in a few hours, would be made public. She replied coldly: "Captain Kitson you have been misinformed."

"Now my dear, that wont do. Leave an old sailor to find out a rat. I tell you, that it is the common report of the day. Besides, is not the Lieutenant gone this morning with that scapegrace Tom Wilson, to hear some lying land-shark preach about Canada."

"Lecture, Kitson," said the old lady, who was not a whit behind her spouse in wishing to extract the news, though she suffered him to be the active agent in the matter. "Lecture or preach, it's all one. Only the parson takes a text out of the Bible to hold forth upon, and these pickpockets say what they can out of their own heads. The object in both is to make money. I thought the Lieutenant was too sensible to be caught by chaff."

"My husband is of age to judge for himself," said Rachel coloring; "He does not need the advice of a third person."

"To be sure. To be sure," said the crafty old man without taking the least notice of her displeasure; "But what is Canada to you my dear. A fine settler's wife you will
make, nervous, and delicate. Half the time confined to your bed with some complaint or another, and then, when you are well, the whole blessed day is wasted in reading and writing and coddling up the baby. I tell you that this sort of business will not do in a new country like Canada. I was there, often enough, during the American war, and I know that the country will neither suit you, nor you the country.” Finding that Rachel returned no answer to this burst of eloquence, he continued in a coaxing tone; “Now just once in your life be guided by wiser and older heads than your own, and give up this foolish project altogether. Let well alone. You are happy and comfortable where you are. This is a nice house, quite big enough for your small family. Fine view of the sea from these windows, and all ready furnished to your hand. Nothing to find of your own but plate and linen. A pump, wood-house and coal-bin, all under one roof. An oven,” —

“Stop,” said the old lady; “You need say nothing about that, Kitson. The oven is good for nothing. It has no draft, and you cannot put a fire into it without filling the house with smoke.”

“Pshaw!” muttered the old man; “A little contrivance would soon put that to rights.”

“I tried my best,” retorted the wife, “and I could never bake a loaf of bread fit to eat.”

“We all know what bad bread you make, Mrs. Kitson,” said the Captain; “But I know that it can be baked in it — so hold your tongue, madam, and don’t contradict me again. At any rate there is not a smoky chimney in the house, which is complete from the cellar to the garret. And then the rent. Why what is it — a mere trifle — too cheap by one half. Only twenty five pounds per annum, what can you wish for more. And then, the privilege which you enjoy in my beautiful flower garden and lawn, there is not every lodging house which can offer such advantages, and all for the paltry sum of twenty five pounds a year.”

“The cottage is pretty, and the rent moderate,” said Rachel, “we have no fault to find, and you have not found us very difficult to please.”
“Oh, I am quite contented with my tenants, I only want them to know when they are well off. Look twice, before you leap once, that’s my manner; and give up this mad Canadian project, which I am certain will end in disappointment.” And with this piece of disinterested advice, away toddled the gallant naval commander to finish the arrangement of his pots and kettles, and to superintend the hanging out of Rachel’s clothes.

Do not imagine, gentle reader, that the picture is overcharged. Captain Kitson, is no creature of romance; or was, we should rather say, for he has, long since, been gathered to his fathers; but a brave uneducated man, who during the war had risen from before the mast to the rank of Post Captain. He had fought at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and distinguished himself in many a severe contest on the main, and bore the reputation of a dashing naval officer. At the advanced age of eighty, he retained all his original ignorance and vulgarity, and was never admitted into the society which his rank in the service entitled him to claim.

The restless activity which, in the vigor of manhood, had rendered him a useful and enterprising seaman, was now displayed in the most ridiculous interference in his own domestic affairs, and those of his neighbors. With a great deal of low cunning, he mingled the most insatiable curiosity, while his habits were so penurious, that he would stoop to any meanness to gain a trifling pecuniary advantage for his family.

He speculated largely in old ropes, condemned boats, and sea-tackles of all descriptions, while, as consul for the port, he had many opportunities of purchasing the wreck of the sea, and the damaged cargoes of foreign vessels at a cheap rate, and not a stone was left unturned by old Kitson, if, by the turning of it, a copper could be secured.

The meddling disposition of the Captain, rendered him the terror of all the fishermen on the coast, over whom he maintained a despotic sway, superintending and ordering their proceedings with an authority, as absolute as though he were still upon the deck of his own war ship. Not a boat could be put off, or a flag hoisted without he
was consulted. Not a funeral could take place in the town without his calling upon the bereaved and offering his services upon the mournful occasion, securing to himself by this simple manoeuvre, an abundant supply of black silk cravats and kid gloves.

"Never lose any thing, my dear, for the want of asking," he would say; "A refusal breaks no bones and there is always a chance of getting what you ask for."

Acting upon this principle, he had begged favors of all the great men in power, and had solicited the interest of every influential person who had visited the town, during the bathing season, for the last twenty years. His favorite maxim, practically carried out in his instance, had been very successful, for by it, he had obtained commissions for all his sons, and had got all his grandsons comfortably placed in the Greenwich, or Christ Church Schools.

He had a garden too, which was at once his torment and his pride. During the Spring and Summer months, the beds were dug up and remodelled, three or four times during the season to suit the caprice of the owner, while the poor drooping flowers were ranged along the grass plot to wither in the sun during the process. This he called putting his borders into ship shape.

The flower beds that skirted the lawn, a pretty grass plot containing about an acre of ground, and surrounded by poplar trees, were regularly sown with a succession of annuals all for the time of one sort and color.

For several weeks, innumerable quantities of double crimson stocks flaunted before your eyes, so densely packed that scarcely a shade of green relieved the brilliant monotony. These were succeeded by larkspurs of all colors, and lastly by poppies which reared their tall gorgeous heads above the low white paling, and looked defiance on all beholders. Year after year presented the same spectacle, and pounds of stock, larkspur and poppy seed, were saved annually by the old man to renew the floral show. Tom Wilson, who was highly delighted by the Captain's oddities, had nick-named the Marine Cottage, Larkspur Lodge.
The Doctor's Wife

The news of the Lieutenant's projected emigration, soon spread through the village, and for several days formed the theme of conversation among friends and acquaintances. The timid blamed, the harsh criticized, and the wise applauded. The worldly sneered and made it a subject of ridicule, and prophesied his early repentance and quick return. John M —— listened to all their remarks, combatted vigorously their objections, and finally determined to abide by the conclusion that he had formed; — that he was in the right.

Rachel, who, like most women, was more guided by her feeling than her reason, was terribly annoyed by the impertinent interference of others, in what she peculiarly considered her own affairs; but day after day, she was tormented by visitors, who came to condole with her on the shocking prospect before her. Some of these were kind, well-meaning people, who really thought it a dreadful thing to be forced, at the caprice of a husband, to leave home and all its kindred joys. To these, Rachel listened with patience, for she believed that their fears were genuine, and their sympathy sincere.

There was only one person in the whole town, whose comments she dreaded, and whose pretended concern, she looked upon as a real bore. This person was Mrs. Saunders, the wife of the second best surgeon in the town.

The dreaded interview came at last. Mrs. Saunders had been absent in the country, the moment she heard the news, she rushed to the rescue of her friend. And here I must explain what sort of friendship it was, that existed between Henrietta Saunders and Rachel M ——, and why the latter had such a repugnance to the visit.

Mrs. Saunders was a woman of great pretensions, and had acquired a sort of influence in the society of which she formed a part, by assuming a superiority to which, in reality, she had not the slightest claim.

She considered herself a beauty, a wit, a person of great literary taste, and extraordinary genius. She talked of
her person, her paintings, her music, her poetry, for by these names she designated a handsome, but masculine face and figure, a few wretched daubs, some miserable attempts at rhyme, and the performance of a few airs upon the piano. She claimed so much, and her temper was so fierce and vindictive, that her acquaintance, for friends she had none, in order to live in peace with her, yielded to her all, and many good credulous people, really believed that she was the talented person that she pretended to be.

A person of very moderate abilities can be spiteful, and Mrs. Saunders was so censorious, and said such bitter things, that her neighbors tolerated her impertinence, out of a weak fear, lest they should become the victims of her malicious tongue.

Though occupying the same house with her husband, whose third wife she was, they had long been separated, only meeting in public and at their joyless meals. Three children had been the fruits of this ill-starred union — two girls and one strange uncouth looking boy, who, really clever, was hated and ill-treated by his mother, for the great likeness which he bore to the despised and neglected father.

Rachel had no feeling in common with Mrs. Saunders, she neither courted her good opinion, nor wished for her society. To say that she hated her, would be too strong a term; but there had always existed a secret antipathy, a certain antagonism between them, unobserved by careless acquaintances, but well understood by the parties concerned.

Her loud, harsh voice, her ungentle, unfeminine manners, her assumption of learning and superiority without any real pretensions to either, was very offensive to a proud, sensitive mind, that could not brook the patronage of such a woman. Rachel had too much self respect, not to say vanity, to tolerate for a moment the insolence of a Mrs. Saunders. She treated her advances to friendship with a marked coldness, which, instead of repelling, only seemed to provoke a repetition of the vulgar, forcing familiarity from which she intuitively shrunk. The dislike was mutual — but Mrs. Saunders would not be affronted. Rachel
belonged to an old and highly respectable family — Mrs. Saunders was a tin-smith's daughter, and she wished people to forget her acquaintance with pots and kettles, and she constantly boasted of her intimacy with her dear friend, Mrs. M ——.

“She is a young person of some literary note,” she would say, “who deserves to be encouraged. Her verses are really, rather pretty, and with the advice and assistance of some friend, well versed in these matters, (herself, of course,) she may one day make a tolerable writer.”

M —— was highly amused by the league offensive and defensive, which was carried on between his wife and Mrs. Saunders, who was the only real blue stocking in the place, and he was wont to call her, Rachel’s Mrs. Grundy.

Mrs. Saunders was really glad that her dear friends, at the Marine Cottage, were going, but as she always spoke in direct opposition to her real sentiments, she feigned the most intense astonishment and grief.

“Mrs. M ——,” she exclaimed, the moment she sank into a chair, lifting up her hands and eyes: “Is it true? True that you are going to leave us? I cannot believe it! Tell me that I am misinformed! That it is one of old Kitson's idle gossip. For really I have not felt well since I heard it. What a blow to your mother? What a shock to the whole family? What a loss to society — to the world? What a dreadful sacrifice of yourself?”

Mrs. Saunders paused for breath, and applied a snowy cambric handkerchief to the glassy eyes, over whose hard surface no tears had stolen for years.

Rachel remained silent and embarrassed. She knew not what to say. She felt no confidence in Mrs. Saunders. She disbelieved her affectation of woe, until the weeping lady again gasped forth:

“Do not leave me in suspense, I beseech you. Tell me if you are really going to Canada?”

“Is that all, Mrs. Saunders? I could not imagine the cause of your distress.”

“All! Is it not enough to agonize your friend? It is impossible that you can regard such a dreadful event with
such stoical indifference! No, no, I see through it. It is only assumed to hide an aching heart. I pity you, my dear friend. I sympathize with you from my very heart. I know what your feelings are. I can realize it all."

"It is of no use lamenting over what is irremediable. Emigration is a matter of necessity, not choice. Did we consult our own feelings, Mrs. Saunders, we should certainly prefer staying at home."

"Your husband is mad, to draw you away from all your friends at a moment’s warning. I would remonstrate. I would not go. I would exert a proper spirit, and make him abandon this idiotic scheme."

"Mrs. Saunders, you speak too warmly. Why should I endeavor to prevent an undertaking, which Mr. M—considers, would greatly benefit his family?"

"Nonsense! I hate—I repudiate such passive obedience, as beneath the dignity of woman. I am none of your bread and butter wives, who consider it their duty to become the mere echo of their husbands. If I did not wish to go, no tyrannical lord of the creation, falsely so called, should compel me to act against my inclinations."

"No compulsion is necessary, when both parties are agreed."

"Oh, yes, I see how it is," with a contemptuous curl of the lip; "You are determined to bear Mr. M—out, like a good dutiful wife, who aspires to become an example of enduring patience, to all the refractory conjugals in the place. Myself among the rest. I understand it all. How amiable some people can make themselves at the expense of others."

"Indeed Mrs. Saunders, I meant no reflections upon you. I never talk at any one."

"Certainly not. You are not aware I suppose," with a strong sneer, "that differences exist between Mr. Saunders and me, and will continue to exist, as long as mind claims a superiority over matter, that we are only husband and wife in name. But I forgive you."

"You have nothing to forgive," said Rachel, indignantly; "Nor do I ever trouble my head with what does not concern me."

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"Oh, no! You are too selfishly engrossed with your own happiness, to have any sympathy for the sorrows of a friend. Ah! well, it is early days with you yet. Let a few short years of domestic care pass over your head; and all this honey will be changed to gall. Matrimony, is matrimony, husbands are husbands, and wives will strive to have their own way, and will fight to get it, too. You will then find, however, little of the sugar of love remains to sweeten your cup, and in the bitterness of your soul, you will think of me."

"This must be a false picture," said Rachel; "Or who would marry?"

"It is true in my case."

"But there are exceptions to all rules."

"Humph!" responded Mrs. Saunders: "This is another compliment at my expense."

"My dear Madam, I do not wish to quarrel with you; but you seem determined to take all my words amiss."

A long silence ensued. Mrs. Saunders smoothed down her ruffled plumes, and said in a pitying, patronizing tone:

"You will be disgusted with Canada. We shall see you back in twelve months."

"Not very likely. That is, if I know anything of John and myself."

"What will you do for society?"

Rachel thought that solitude would be a luxury, and Mrs. Saunders away.

"You may be twelve miles from the nearest habitation. No church — no schools — no markets — no medical attendant — think on that, Mrs. M — —. And worse, far worse, — no sympathizing friends to condole with you in distress and difficulty."

"These may be evils," said Rachel, losing all patience; "but we shall, at least, be spared the annoyance of disagreeable visitors."

"Oh, Rachel, how could you be so imprudent as to speak your thoughts aloud, and before such a woman as Mrs. Saunders." That lady took the hint and rose indignantly from her chair, and haughtily wishing
Mrs. M — good morning, swept out of the room.

Rachel was astonished at her own want of caution, but she knew that it was useless to apologize, and she felt perfectly indifferent as to the result. Nor did she care if she never saw Mrs. Saunders again.

“Thank God she’s gone!” involuntarily burst from her lips when she found herself once more alone.

It was impossible for Rachel to contemplate leaving England without great pain. The subject was so distressing to her feelings, that she endeavored to forget it as much as possible. When the great struggle came, she hoped to meet it with becoming fortitude, not only for her own, but for her husband’s sake. The manner in which it had been forced upon her by Mrs. Saunders, was like probing a deep wound with a jagged instrument, and after that lady’s departure, she covered her face with her hands, and wept long and bitterly.

The True Friend

Rachel was aroused from the passionate indulgence of grief by two arms passed softly round her neck and someone pulling back her head and gently kissing her brow, while a sweet, low woman’s voice whispered in her ear —

“Rachel, dear Rachel, I am come at last — What, no word of welcome — no kiss for Mary — In tears too. What is the matter? Are you ill? — Is the baby well? Do speak to me.”

This was said so rapidly, that Rachel was in the arms of her friend before she ceased speaking.

“A thousand welcomes, dear girl! You are the very person I wanted to see. The very sight of you is an antidote to grief. When did you come?”

“About an hour ago, by the mail.”

“And your dear sister?”

“Is gone to a happier home,” said Mary Grey, in a subdued voice and glancing at her black dress. “Ah, dear Rachel, I too have need of sympathy, I have suffered much since we parted. The dear creature died happy, so happy, and now, dear Rachel, she is happier still. But we will not
speak of her just now, I cannot bear it. Time, which reconciles us to every change, will teach me resignation to the Divine will! But ah, it is a sore trial to part with the cherished friend and companion of our early years. Our hearts were always one — and now — " There was a pause, both friends wept. Mary first regained her composure.

"How is dear M — — . Has he finished his book? and where is my darling God-child?"

"Both are well. The book is finished and accepted by Bentley."

"Good, but I must scold the author for sending it away before Mary heard the conclusion. But here comes the delinquent to answer for himself."

"Our dear Mary returned?" cried the Lieutenant; "It seems an age since you left us."

"It has been a melancholy separation to me," said Mary; "But this parting I hope will be the last; my father has consented to come and live with my brother, and now that dear Charlotte is gone, I shall have no inducement to leave home. So you will have me all to yourselves, and we shall once more be happy together."

M — — looked at Rachel, but neither spoke. Mary saw in a moment that something was wrong; and she turned anxiously first to the one and then to the other.

"What mischief have you been plotting during my absence?" cried the affectionate girl, taking a hand of each; "Some mystery is here, I read it in your eyes, I come home forgetting my own heavy sorrows in the anticipation of our happy meeting, I find Rachel in tears, and you my dear friend grave and sad."

"Has not Rachel told you?"

"Told me what?"

"That we are about to start for Canada."

"Alas, no. This is sad news to me, worse than I expected."

"Our arrangements are already made."

"Worse and worse."

"Let us draw back," said Rachel, "The trial is too great."
"It is too late now," returned M. "All is for the best."

"If it is the work of Providence, far be it from me to persuade you to stay," said Mary: "Our destinies are in the hand of God, who does all things for our good. The present moment is the prophet of the future. It must decide your fate."

"I have not acted hastily in this matter," said M. "I have pondered over it long and anxiously and I feel that my decision is right. The grief that Rachel feels at parting with her friends is the greatest drawback. I have passed through the ordeal before, when I left Scotland for the Cape, and when we once lose sight of the English shores, I know my dear girl will submit cheerfully to the change."

"This then was the cause of Rachel’s tears?"

"Not exactly," said Rachel laughing, "that odious Mrs. Saunders has been here torturing me with impertinent questions."

"You surely were not annoyed by that stupid woman," said M.

"Worse than that, John, I got into a passion and affronted her."

"And what did Mrs. Grundy say?"

"Ah, it’s fine fun to you, but if you had been baited by her for a couple of hours as I was, you could not have stood it better than I did. Why she had the impudence to tell me to set your authority at defiance, if it were at variance with my wishes."

"A very serious offence, Rachel. Instigating my wife to an act of open rebellion. But I am sure you do not mean to profit by her example."

"She is the last person in the world I should wish to imitate; still I am sorry that I let my temper get the better of prudence."

"What a pity you did not fight it out," continued M—laughing, "I will back you, Rachel, against Mrs. Grundy."

"She would scratch my eyes out, and then scribble a horrid sonnet to celebrate the catastrophe."
"Nobody would read it."

"But she would read it to everybody. It is a good thing she went away as she did."

"Let her go, I am tired of Mrs. Grundy. Let us talk about your Canadian scheme," said Mary, "when do you go?"

"In three weeks," said M——

"So soon. The time is too short to prepare one to part with friends so dear. If it were not for my poor old father, I would go with you."

"What a blessing it would be," said M.

"Oh, do go, dear Mary!" cried Rachel, flinging her arms about her friend. "It would make us so happy."

"It is impossible!" said the dear Mary with a sigh; "my heart goes with you, but duty keeps me here. My father's increasing age and infirmities demand my ceaseless care, and then I have the charge of my brother's orphan children. But I will not waste the time in useless regrets. I can work for you, and cheer you during the last days of your sojourn in your native land. Employment is the best remedy for aching hearts."

His plans once matured, Lieutenant M—— was not long in carrying them into execution. Leaving Rachel and her friend Mary Grey to prepare all the necessaries for their voyage; he hurried to London, to obtain permission from headquarters to settle in Canada as an unattached officer on half-pay, to arrange pecuniary matters and take leave of a few old and tried friends. During his absence Rachel was not idle. The mornings were devoted to making purchases, and the evenings in converting them into articles of domestic use. There were so many towels to hem, sheets to make, handkerchiefs and stockings to mark, that Rachel saw no end to her work, although assisted by kind sisters and the indefatigable Mary. Ignorant of the manners and customs of the colony to which she was about to emigrate, and of which she had formed the most erroneous and laughable notions, many of her purchases were not only useless but ridiculous. Things were overlooked which would have been of the greatest service, while others could
have been procured in the colony for less than the expense of transportation.

Twenty years ago, the idea of anything decent being required in a barbarous desert, such as the woods of Canada, was repudiated as nonsense. Settlers were supposed to live twenty or thirty miles apart, in dense forests, and to subsist upon game and the wild fruits of the country. Common sense and reflection would have pointed this out as impossible. But common sense is very rare, and the majority of persons, seldom take trouble to think. Rachel, who ought to have known better, believed these reports; and fancied that her lot would be cast in one of these remote settlements, where no sounds of human life were to meet her ears, and the ringing of her husband's axe would alone awake the echoes of the forest. She had yet to learn, that the proximity of fellow-laborers in the great work of clearing is indispensable, that man cannot work alone in the wilderness, where his best efforts require the aid of his fellow men.

The oft repeated assertion, that anything would do for Canada, was the cause of more blunders in her choice of an outfit, than the most exaggerated statements in its praise.

Of the fine towns and villages, and the well dressed population of the improved Districts in Upper Canada, she had not formed the slightest conception. To her it was a vast region of cheerless forests, inhabited by unreclaimed savages, and rude settlers doomed to perpetual toil. A climate of stern vicissitudes, alternating between intense heat and freezing cold, which presented at all seasons a gloomy picture. No land of Goshen, no paradise of fruits and flowers, rose in the distance to console her for the sacrifice she was about to make. The ideal was far worse than the reality.

Guided by these false impressions, she made choice of articles of dress too good for domestic occupations, and not fine enough for the rank to which she belonged. In this case extremes would have suited her better than a medium course.

Though fine clothes in the Backwoods are useless lumber; and warm merinos for winter, and washing calicoes
for summer, are more to be prized than silks and satins, which a few days exposure to the rough flooring of a log cabin would effectually destroy; yet it is absolutely necessary to have both rich and handsome dresses, when visiting the large towns, where the wealthier classes not only dress well, but expensively.

In a country destitute of an hereditary aristocracy, the appearance which individuals make, and the style in which they live, determines their claims to superiority with the public. The aristocracy of England may be divided into three distinct classes, that of family, of wealth, and of talent. All powerful in their order. The one that ranks the last, however, should be the first, for it originally produced it; and the second, which is far inferior to the last, is likewise able to buy the first. The heads of old families are more tolerant to the great men of genius, than they are to the accumulators of wealth; and a wide distinction is made by them, between the purse-proud millionaire, and the poor man of genius, whose tastes and feelings are more in unison with their own.

In America, the man of money would have it all his own way. His dollars would be irresistible — and much the same might be said of Canada where the dress makes the man. Fine clothes are understood to express the wealth of the possessor; and a lady’s gown determines her claims to the title. Theirs is the aristocracy of dress which after all, presents the lowest claims to gentility. A run-away thief may wear a fashionably cut coat, and a well paid domestic flaunt in silks and satins.

Rachel committed a great error in choosing neat but respectable clothing — the handsome, and the very ordinary, would have better answered her purpose. If necessity is the mother of invention, experience is the hand-maid of wisdom, and her garments fit well. Rachel was as yet a novice to the world and its ways; she had much to learn from a stern preceptress, in a cold calculating school.

To bid farewell to her mother and sisters, she regarded as her greatest trial. Mr. Wilde had long been dead, and her mother was in the vale of life. Rachel had fondly hoped
to reside near her until the holy ties which united them should be dissolved by death.

Mrs. Wilde was greatly attached to her baby grandchild. The little Kate was the only grandchild she had ever seen, her eldest son who had a young family being separated from her by the Atlantic; and the heart of the old woman clung to her infant relative. To mention the approaching separation threw her into paroxysms of grief.

"Let the dear child stay with me," she said, covering its dimpled hands with kisses: "Let me not lose you both in one day."

"Dearest mother, how can I grant your request. How can I part with my child — my only one. Whatever our fortunes may be, she must share them with us. I could not bear up against the trials that await me, with a divided heart."

"But the advantage it would be to the child?"

"In the loss of both her parents?"

"In her exemption from hardships, and the education she would receive."

"I grant, dear mother, that she would be brought up with care, and would enjoy many advantages that we could not bestow; yet, nature points out that the interests of a child cannot be separated from those of its parents."

"You argue selfishly, Rachel, the child would be much better off with me."

"I speak from my heart, the heart of a mother which cannot, without it belongs to a monster, plead against its child. — I know how you love her, and that she would possess those comforts and luxuries which for her sake we are about to resign; but if we leave her behind, we part with her for ever. She is too young to remember us; and without knowing us, how could she love us?"

"She would be taught to love you."

"Her love would be of a very indefinite character. She would be told that she had a father and a mother in a distant land; and you would teach her to mention us daily in her prayers, but where would be the simple faith, the endearing confidence, the holy love, with which a child, brought up beneath the parental roof, regards the authors
of its being. The love which falls like dew from heaven upon the weary heart, which forms a balm for every sorrow, a solace for every care. Without its refreshing influence, what would the wealth of the world be to us.” Rachel’s heart swelled and her eyes filled with tears; the eloquence of an angel at that moment, would have failed in persuading her to part with her child.

As each day brought nearer the hour of separation, the prospect became more intensely painful and fraught with melancholy anticipations, which haunted her even in sleep; she often awoke sick and faint at heart with the tears she had shed in a dream. Often she exclaimed with fervor: “Oh! that this dreadful parting was over.” And never did these feelings press more heavily than when all was done in the way of preparation, when her trunks were all packed, her little bills in the town all paid, her faithful domestic discharged, and nothing remained of active employment to divert her mind from praying upon the sad prospect before her, and she only awaited the return of her husband to make those final adieus which in anticipation overwhelmed her with grief.

“Come and spend the last week with us, dear Rachel,” said her sister Caroline, as she kissed her anxious brow. “You let this parting weigh too heavily upon your heart. We shall all meet again.”

“I hope in heaven.”

“Yes, and there too — but here on earth.”

“Oh, no. It is useless to let hope deceive us. No, never again on earth.”

“We shall see, Rachel, who is the true prophet, I always hope for the best, and find it true wisdom. But put on your bonnet and come with me to R ——. Mamma expects you to spend this last sad week with her. We will roam together once more through the gardens, the lanes, the meadows and the beautiful wood paths which made you a poet, and which you love so well.”

“I cannot go. I shall never be able to turn myself away. The sight of these dear old haunts would only add a bitterness to grief.”
“It will do you good to weep. These beautiful moonlight nights will refresh your wearied spirit after so many harassing thoughts, and so much toil. Your favorite hawthorn tree is in blossom, and the nightingale sings every evening in the beautiful wood lane. In spite of yourself, Rachel you could not feel miserable among such sights and sounds, in the glorious month of May.”

“It will make my heart ache half over the Atlantic.”

“You deceive yourself. Your greatest happiness will be the recollection of such scenes in a savage land.”

“Well, I will go to please you. But for myself—” the remainder of the sentence was lost in a sigh; and the sisters in silence took the oft trodden path that led them to the home of their infancy.

R—— Hall, was an old fashioned house, large, rambling, picturesque and cold. The rude stone figures which formed a kind of finish to the high pointed gable told it to have been built in the first year of the reign of the good queen Bess. The back part of the mansion appeared to have belonged to a period still more remote. The building was embosomed in fine old trees, and surrounded with lawn-like meadows adorned with groups of noble oak and beech. It was beneath the shadow of these trees, and reposing upon the velvet-like sward at their feet, that Rachel had first indulged in those delicious reveries, those lovely ideal visions of beauty and perfection, which cover with a tissue of morning beams all the rugged highways of life; and the soul, bowing down with intense adoration to the deified reality of the material world, pours forth its lofty aspirations on the altar of nature in a language unknown to common minds, and the voice which it utters is poetry.

For the first three and twenty years of her life, she had known no other home but this beloved spot. Every noble sentiment of her soul, every fault which threw its baneful shadow on the sunlight of her mind, had been fostered, or grown upon her in these pastoral solitudes. The trees around her, had witnessed a thousand bursts of passionate eloquence, a thousand gushes of bitter heart-humbling tears. Silent bosom friends were those dear old trees,
to whom she had revealed all the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears which she could not confide to the sneering and unsympathizing of her own species. The solemn druidical groves were not more holy to their imaginative and mysterious worshippers than were these old oaks to the weeping Rachel.

The summer wind as it swept their lofty branches seemed to utter a voice of thrilling lamentation, a sad, soul-touching farewell. "Home of my childhood must I visit you no more?" sobbed Rachel. "Are ye to become tomorrow, a vision of the past. When my heart has been bursting with the sorrows of the world, ye ever smiled upon me. Your loving arms were ever held out to welcome me, and I found a solace for all my cares upon your tranquil breast. Oh, that the glory of the spring was not upon the earth, that I had to leave you mid winter's chilling gloom, and not in this lovely blushing month of May.

"To hear the birds singing so sweetly, to see the young lambs frisking through the green meadows, and the fields and hedgerows bright with their first glad flush of blossoms, breaks my heart."

And the poor emigrant sank down upon the green grass, and burying her face among the fragrant daisies, imprinted a passionate kiss upon the sod that was never in time or eternity to form a resting place for her again.

But a beam is in the dark cloud, even for thee, poor Rachel, thou heart-sick lover of nature. Time will reconcile thee to a change which now appears so dreadful. The human flowers destined to spring around thy hut in the wilderness, will gladden thy bosom in the strange land to which thy course now tend, and the image of God in his glorious creation, will smile upon thee as graciously in the woods of Canada, as it now does in thy British Paradise. Yea, the hour shall come, when you shall say with fervor; "Thank God, I am the denizen of a free land. A land of beauty and progression. A land unpolluted by the groans of starving millions. A land that opens her fostering arms to receive and restore to his long lost birthright, the trampled and abused child of man. To bid him stand up a free
inheritor of the soil, who so long labored for a scanty pittance of bread, as an ignorant and degraded slave."

When Rachel returned from an extended ramble through all her favorite haunts, she was agreeably surprised to find her husband conversing with her mother in the parlor.

The unexpected sight of the beloved who had returned to cheer her, some days sooner than the one he had named for his arrival, soon dried all regretful tears; and the sorrows of the future were forgotten in the present joy.

M—— had a thousand little incidents and anecdotes to relate of his journey, and his visit to the great metropolis; and Rachel was a delighted and interested listener. He had satisfactorily arranged all his pecuniary matters, and without sacrificing his half pay, was master of about three hundred and fifty pounds sterling, in ready money, which he thought, prudently managed, would enable them to make a tolerably comfortable settlement in Canada, as he would not have to purchase a farm, being entitled to four hundred acres of land.

All things looked well, and promised well and M—— who was naturally of a cheerful, hopeful disposition, was in high spirits. His reliance upon the protecting care of a merciful and superintending Providence was so firm, that he chid his desponding Rachel for her want of faith.

"I must confess that I found it rather a severe trial to part with my good Uncle," said M——. "The dear old gentleman presented me with his favorite fowling piece, a splendid Manton, that cost him fifty guineas, and he has not forgotten you Rachel. Look at this elegant ruby pen. I was with him when he bought it. It cost him three sovereigns."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Rachel examining the fine workmanship of the pretty toy, "I know I should love that kind Uncle of yours. But I question whether I shall have much occasion for his splendid gift. Besides, John, did you ever hear of an author whose works were worth reading, ever sporting such a luxury as a ruby pen?"

"My Uncle at least thought you deserved one. But to business, Madam Rachel. I have taken our passage to
Montreal in a fine vessel, that sails from Leith, the latter end of next week. I found that by going from Scotland we could be as well accommodated for half price, and it would give you the opportunity of seeing Edinburgh, and me, the melancholy satisfaction of taking a last look at the land of my birth.

“One of the London steamers will call for us on Thursday morning on her way to Scotland, and I must hire a boat to meet her in the roadstead and put us and our luggage on board. And now that all is settled, and the day named for our departure, promise me Rachel, to keep up your spirits and make yourself as comfortable as you can for my sake dear girl.”

Rachel promised to do her best, but Rachel, as my readers must long ago have found out, was no heroine of romance, but a veritable human creature, subject to all the faults and weakness of her sex, and this announcement threw her into a fit of deep musing. Now that all things were prepared for their departure, she knew that the sooner they went the better, both for themselves and for the friends from whom they were forced to part. That delay was now as useless as it was dangerous and unwise; that a short notice to a sad, but inevitable necessity, was better than a long anticipation of grief. Now though all this struck her very forcibly, and ought to have produced a cheerful resignation to the Divine will, she felt both sad, and discontented, and drew her head from her husband’s supporting arm and her chair from the family circle, in order to indulge her grief.

Mr.—— roused her from this fit of melancholy, by enquiring, if she had found a woman to accompany her to Canada in the capacity of nurse, during his absence.

“Oh John, you cannot think what numbers applied. But I have not seen one whom I would like to take with me. If you and Mamma will agree to my plan, I would much rather be without.”

“What, in your delicate health, and just recovered from a dangerous illness? The thing is impossible,” said Mr.—— rather impetuously.
"Oh not at all impossible."

"And who is to nurse the baby, and take care of you?"

"Myself will perform the first office, my dear husband the last."

"Nonsense Rachel!" said Mrs. Wilde. "You cannot do without a woman to attend upon you. M—— will never suffer you to go to sea without. You may be very ill, and unable to attend upon the child; or even to help yourself."

"There will be plenty of women in the steerage, who for a few dollars, would gladly give their assistance."

"You must not trust, Rachel, to such contingencies," said her husband. "Your mother is right, I must insist upon your taking a servant."

"But consider the expense?"

"I will pay that."

"I should like to have my own way in this matter," pouted Rachel, "for I feel that I am in the right."

"And those who love you are wrong, in wishing to spare you fatigue and pain. Is it not so Rachel?"

This silenced Rachel, yet, had her advice been acted upon, our emigrants would have been spared great trouble and inconvenience.

Perhaps of all follies, that of persons taking servants out with them to a colony, is the greatest; and is sure to end in loss and disappointment. If we consider the different position in which domestics are placed in the new and in the old world, we shall cease to wonder at this.

In Britain they are dependent upon the caprice of their employers for bread. They are brought up in the most servile dread and admiration of the higher classes; and feel most keenly their hopeless degradation. They know that if they lose their character for honesty or obedience, they must starve, or go to the work-house, a doom more dreaded by some than transportation or the gallows. To this cause we owe their fidelity and laborious services, more than to any moral perception of the fitness of submission in a situation which they are unable to better. The number of unemployed females in the lower classes at home, makes it more difficult for a girl to obtain a good place; and the very
assurance that she will be well lodged and fed, and secure for herself a comfortable home in a respectable family as long as she performs her part well, forms a strong bond of union between her and her employer. For well she knows that if she loses her situation through her own misconduct, it is not an easy matter to get another.

But in Canada, the serving class is a small one. It admits of very little, if of any, competition, for the demand is larger than the means of supply, and the choice as to character and capability very limited indeed. Servants that understand the work of the country, are always hard to be procured, and can at all times command good wages. The dread of starving, or incarceration in the workhouse no longer frightens them into a servile submission. They will only obey your orders as far as they consider them reasonable. Ask a female domestic to blacken your shoes, or clean the knives, or bring in an armful of wood, or a pail of water; and she turns upon you like a lioness, and flatly tells you that she will do no such thing — that it is not woman's work — that you may do it yourself — and that you may get another as soon as you like, for she is sure of twenty good places to-morrow.

And she is right in her assertion. Her insolent rejection of your commands will not stand at all in her way in procuring another situation, and although blacking a lady's shoes is by no means such dirty work as cleaning the pots, or bringing in a pail of water so laborious as scrubbing the floor, she considers it a degradation, and she is now the inhabitant of a free country, and she will not submit to degradation.

When we look upon this as the reaction rising out of their former miserable and slavish state, we cannot so much blame them; but are obliged to own that it is the natural result of a sudden emancipation from their former bondage.

Upon the whole, though less agreeable to the prejudices of old country people, we much prefer the Canadian servants to the English; for if they prove respectful and obedient, it generally springs from a higher moral feeling; that of affection and gratitude.
Servants brought out to the colony in that capacity scarcely put their foot upon the American shore, than they become suddenly possessed by an ultra republican spirit. The chrysalis has burnt its dingy shell, they are no longer caterpillars, but gay butterflies, anxious to bask in the sun-blaze of popular rights. The master before whom they lately bowed in reverence, and whose slightest word was a law, now degenerates into the man; and their mistress, the dear lady, whom they strove by every attention to please, is the woman — while persons in their own rank are addressed as ma’am and sir. How particular they are in enforcing these assumed titles; how persevering in depriving their employers of their title. One would imagine that they not only considered themselves equal to their masters and mistresses, but that ignorance and vulgarity made them vastly their superiors.

It is highly amusing to watch from a distance, these self-made ladies and gentlemen, sporting their borrowed plumes.

True to their human nature, the picture may be humiliating, but it is a faithful representation of the vanity inherent in the heart of man.

It happened unfortunately for Rachel, that her mother had in her employment, a girl whose pretty feminine person and easy pliable manners had rendered her a great favorite in the family. Whenever Rachel visited R—— Hall, Hannah had taken charge of the baby, on whom she lavished the most endearing epithets and caresses. This girl had formed an imprudent intimacy with a young farmer in the neighborhood, and was in a situation which made their marriage a matter of necessity. The man, however, who in all probability knew more of the girl’s worthlessness than her credulous employers, refused to make her his wife; and Hannah, in an agony of rage and grief, had confided her situation to her kind and benevolent mistress, imploring her not to turn her from her doors, or she would end her misery by self-destruction.

She had no home — no parents to receive or shelter her from the world, and she dared not return to the Aunt,
who had previous to her going into service, offered her the shelter of her roof.

Shocked at the girl's melancholy situation, and anxious to save her from utter ruin, Mrs. Wilde proposed to Rachel, taking the forlorn creature with her to Canada. To this proposition the girl joyfully acceded; declaring, that if Mrs. M would take pity upon her, and remove her from the scene of her shame, she would ask no wages of her, but serve her and her child upon her knees. Though really sorry for a fellow creature in distress, Rachel for a long time resisted the earnest request of her mother and sisters. There was something about the girl that she did not like; and though much was said in praise of her gentle amiable temper, Rachel could not convince herself, that the being before her was worthy of the sympathy manifested in her behalf. She was reluctant to entail upon herself the trouble and responsibility which must arise from this woman's situation, and the scandal which it might involve. But all her arguments were borne down by her mother's earnest entreaties to save, if possible, a fellow creature from ruin.

The false notions formed by most persons at home, of Canada, made Mrs. Wilde reject as mere bug-bears all Rachel's fears. In a barbarous country so thinly peopled, that settlers seldom resided within a day's drive of each other, what was to be dreaded in the way of scandal. If the girl kept her own secret, who would take the trouble to find it out — children are a blessing in such a wilderness, and Hannah's child brought up in the family, would be no trouble or additional expense, but prove a grateful, attached servant, forming a lasting tie of union between the mother and her benefactors. The mother was an excellent worker, and, until this misfortune happened, a good faithful girl. She was weak to be sure, but then — (what a fatal mistake) — the more easily managed; they were certain that she would prove a treasure. And so Rachel was persuaded, and a bond was drawn up by the Lieutenant, that Hannah Turner was to serve his family for five years, at the rate of four dollars per month, after her arrival in Canada, and the

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expense of her outfit and passage across had been deducted from the period of her servitude.

The girl signed this document with tears of joy, and Rachel was provided with a servant.

Rachel remained with her mother until the day previous to their embarkation, when she bade a sorrowful farewell to home and all her friends — we will not dwell on such partings, they, as the poet has truly described them — “Wring the blood from out young hearts, making the snows of age descend upon the rose-crowned brow of youth.”

Sorrowfully Rachel returned to her pretty little cottage, which now presented a scene of bustle and confusion that baffles description.

Every thing was out of place and turned up side down. Corded trunks and packages filled up the passages and doorways, and formed stumbling blocks for kind friends and curious neighbors, that crowded the house. Strange dogs forced their way in after their masters, and fought and yelped in undisturbed pugnacity. The baby cried, and no one was at leisure to pacify her, and a cheerless and uncomfortable spirit filled the once peaceful and happy home.

Old Kitson was in his glory, hurrying here and there, ordering, superintending, and assisting in the general confusion, without in the least degree helping on the work. He had taken upon himself the charge of hiring the boat, which was to convey the emigrants on board the steamer, and he stood chaffering for a couple of hours with the sailors to whom she belonged, to induce them to take a shilling less than the price proposed.

Tired with the altercation, and sorry for the honest tars, M —— took the master of the boat to one side, and told him to yield to the old Captain’s terms, and he would make up the difference. The sailor answered with a knowing wink, and appeared reluctantly to consent to old Kitson’s wishes.

“There, Mrs. M —— my dear! I told you that those fellows would come to my terms, rather than lose a customer,” cried the old man, rubbing his hands together in
an ecstasy of delight, “I am the man for making a bargain. The rogues cannot cheat me. The Lieutenant is too soft with those chaps. I’m an old stager, they can’t come over me. I have made them take one pound for the use of their craft, instead of one and twenty shillings. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves, I found that out, long before poor Richard set it down in his log.”

Then sideling close up to Rachel, and putting his long nose into her face, he whispered in her ear — “Now my dear gall, if there are any old coats or hats that Lieutenant M —— does not think worth picking up; I shall be very glad of them for my George. Mrs. K —— is an excellent hand at transmogrifying old things, and in a large family, such articles are always serviceable.

George was the Captain’s youngest son, a poor idiot, who though upwards of thirty, had the appearance of an over-grown boy.

Rachel felt ashamed of the old man’s meanness, but was glad of this opportunity of repaying his trifling services in his own way, and that suggested by himself.

The weather for the last three weeks had been unusually fine, but towards the evening of the 30th of May, large masses of clouds began to rise in the north east, and the sea changed its azure hue to a dull livid grey. Old Kitson shook his head prophetically.

“There is a change of weather at hand. You may look out for squalls before six o’clock to-morrow. The wind shifts every minute, and there is an ugly swell rolling in upon the shore.”

“I hope it will be fine to-morrow,” said Rachel, looking anxiously at the troubled sky. “It may pass off in a thunder shower.”

The old man whistled, shut one eye, and looked at the sea with the eye of a connoisseur. “Women know about as much of the weather, as your nurse does of handling a rope. Whew! but there’s a gale coming — I’ll down to the beach and tell the lads to haul up the boats, and make all snug before it comes.” And away toddled the old man, full of the importance of his mission.
An Open Boat at Sea

It was the last night at home. The last social meeting of kindred friends on this side the grave. Rachel tried to be cheerful, but the forced smile upon the tutored lips rendered doubly painful the tears kept back in the swollen eyes, the vain efforts of the sorrowful in heart, to be gay, or to look hopefully upon a parting, which forced open;

Those flood gates of the soul that sever,
In passions tide, to part for ever.

Alas! for the warm hearts, the generous friendships, the kindly greetings of dear old England, when would they be hers again. Mother — sisters — friends — all took leave and Rachel was left with her husband alone.

It was the dawn of day, when Rachel started from a broken sleep; aroused to consciousness, by the heavy roaring of the sea, as the huge billows burst with the noise of thunder upon the stony beach. To spring from her bed and draw back the curtain of the window that commanded a full view of the bay was but the work of a moment. Her worst fears were confirmed. Far as the eye could reach, the sea was covered with foam. Not a sail was visible, and a dark, leaden sky, was pouring down torrents of rain —

High on the groaning shore,
   Upsprang the wreathed spray;
   Tremendous was the roar,
   Of the angry echoing bay —

“What a morning!” she muttered to herself, as she stole again to bed, “It will be impossible to put to sea today.”

The sleep which had shunned her eyelids during the greater part of the night, gently stole over her, and wrapped her senses in forgetfulness. Old Kitson, two hours later, thrice threw a pebble against the window, before she again awoke.

“Leeftenant M ——! Leeftenant M ——!” shouted old Kitson in a voice like a speaking trumpet — “wind and tide wait for no man. Up, up, and be doing!”

SUSANNA MOODIE
"Aye! Aye!" responded M —— rubbing his eyes, and going to the window.

"See what a storm the night has been breeding for you," continued old Kitson. "It blows great guns, and there's rain enough to float Noah's Ark. Waters is here, and wants to see you. He fears that his small craft won't live in a sea like this. So, I fear you must put off your voyage till the steamer takes her next trip."

"That is bad," said M —— hurrying on his clothes, and joining the old sailor on the lawn. "Is there any chance of this clearing up?"

"None. This is paying us off for three weeks fine weather, and may last for several days, at all events till night. The steamer will be rattling down upon us in an hour, with the wind and tide in her favor. Were you once on board, you might snap your fingers at this capful of wind."

"We must make up our minds to lose our places."

"You have taken your places there?"

"Yes, and made a deposit of half the passage money."

"Humph! Now, Lieutenant, that's a thing I never do. I always take my chance! I would rather lose my place in a boat, or a coach, than lose my money. But young fellows like you, never learn wisdom. Experience is all thrown away upon you. But as you can't remedy the evil, we had better step in and get a morsel of breakfast; this raw air makes one hungry. The wind may lull by that time." Shutting one eye he gazed intently at the sky with his other keen orb. "It rains too hard for it to blow long at this rate, and the season of the year is all in your favor. Go in, go in, and get something to eat; and we will settle over your wife's good coffee, what is best to be done." M —— thought with the Captain, that the storm would abate; and he returned to the anxious Rachel, to report the aspect of things without.

"It is a bad omen," said Rachel, as she poured out the coffee.

"The belief in omens has vanished from the earth, Rachel. It is an exploded superstition. Don't provoke me into impatience by talking in such a childish manner," said her husband.
“Women are so fond of prognosticating evil, that I believe they are disappointed if it does not happen as they say.”

“Reason may find fault with us,” said Rachel, “if she will. But we are all more or less influenced by these mysterious presentiments, and suffer, what to others appears a trifling circumstance, to give a coloring for good or evil to the passing hour.”

Rachel’s defence of her favorite theory was interrupted by the arrival of two friends, who had come from a distance through the storm to bid her good bye.

The elder, Mr. Hawke, an author of considerable celebrity in his native country, and a most kind, and excellent man, brought with him a young son, a fine lad of thirteen years of age, to place under the Lieutenant’s charge.

James Hawke had taken a fancy to settle in Canada, and a friend of the family, who was settled in the Backwoods of that far region had written to his father, that he would take the lad, and teach him the mysteries of the axe, if he could find a person to bring him over. M—— had promised to do this, and the boy who had that day parted with his mother and little brothers and sisters, for the first time, in spite of the elastic spirits of youth, looked sad and dejected.

Allen Ritson, a young quaker gentleman, who had known Rachel for some years, and who felt for her the most sincere esteem, accompanied the Hawkes to see her off. “Friend Rachel,” he said, taking her hand and shaking it affectionately, “This is a sad day for those who have known thee long and loved thee well; and a foul day for the commencement of thy long journey. Bad beginnings, they say, make bright endings, so there is hope for thee yet, in the dark cloud.”

“Rachel, where are your bad omens now?” said M—— rather triumphantly.

“Either you, or friend Allen, must be wrong.”

“Or the proverb I quoted, say rather,” returned Allen, “Proverbs are but the wisdom and experience of past ages condensed. But the ancients might err as well as us poor
moderns, some of their proverbs, even those of Solomon, involve strange contradictions."

"What a day," said the poet, turning from the window, while his eye fell sadly upon his son. "It is enough to chill the heart."

"When I was a boy at school," said Allen, "I used to think that God sent all the rain upon holidays, on purpose to disappoint us of our sport. I found that most things in life happened contrary to our wishes; and I used to pray devoutly, that all the Saturdays might prove wet days; firmly believing that it would be sure to turn out the reverse."

"According to your theory, Allen, Mrs. M—— must have prayed for a very fine day," said Hawke.

"Do you call this a holiday," returned the Quaker, slily. Poor Mr. Hawke suppressed a sigh, and his eyes again turned to his boy, then hurrying to the window, he mechanically drew his hand across his brow.

Here the old Captain again bustled in, full of importance, rubbing his hands and shaking his dripping fear-naught, with an air of great satisfaction.

"You will not be disappointed, my dear," he said, addressing Rachel; "The wind has fallen off a bit; and though the sea is too rough for the small craft, Palmer, the Captain of the pilot boat, has been with me; and for the consideration of two pounds, forty shillings (a large sum of money by the bye, I will try and beat him down to thirty) he says, that he will launch the great boat, and man her with twelve stout young fellows, and will take you, bag and baggage, safely on board the steamer, though the gale were blowing twice as stiff. You have no more to fear in that fine boat, than you have sitting at your ease in that arm-chair. So make up your mind my dear, for you have no time to lose."

Rachel looked anxiously at her husband and child, and then at the black pouring sky and the raging waters.

"There is no danger, Rachel," said the Lieutenant, "These fine boats can live in almost any sea. But, the rain will make it very uncomfortable for you and the child."

"Oh, I don't mind a little discomfort," said Rachel, "It
is better to bear a ducking than to lose our passage in the Chieftain. There cannot be much to apprehend from the violence of the storm, or twelve men would never risk their lives for the value of forty shillings. Our trunks are all in the boat house. Our servants are discharged, our friends have taken leave. We have no longer a home and I am impatient to commence our voyage."

"You are right Rachel, I will engage the boat immediately," and away bounded the Lieutenant to make the final arrangements, and see all the luggage safely stowed away in the boat.

Captain Kitson, seated himself at the table, and began discussing a beef steak with all the earnestness of a hungry man, from time to time, as his appetite began to slacken, addressing a word of comfort or encouragement to Mrs. M——, who was wrapping up the baby for her perilous voyage.

"That's right, my dear, take care of the young un, 'tis the most troublesome piece of lumber you have with you. A child and a cat, are two things which never ought to come on board ship. But, take courage, my dear. Be like our brave Nelson, never look behind you after entering upon difficulties. It only makes bad worse and does no manner of good. You will encounter rougher gales than this before you have crossed the Atlantic."

"I hope we shall not have to wait long for the steamer," said Rachel. "I dread this drenching rain, for the dear child, far more than the stormy sea."

"Wait!" said the old man speaking with his mouth quite full. "The steamer will be rattling down in no time. But, Mrs. M—— my dear," hastily pushing from him his empty plate, "I have one word to say to you in private before you go." Rachel followed her leader into the kitchen, wondering what this private communication might be; when the old man shutting the door carefully behind him, said in his usual mysterious whisper: "The old clothes. Do you remember, what I said to you last night?"

Rachel colored, and looked down hesitatingly, as if fearful of wounding his feelings. Simple Rachel, she might
have spared herself such apprehensions. The man was without delicacy, and had no feelings to wound.

"There is a bundle of things, Captain Kitson," as she at last faultered out, "in that press, for Mr. George. Coats, trousers, and other things, I was ashamed to mention such trifles."

"Never mind, never mind, I am past blushing at my time of life; and really, (he always called it really,) I am much obliged to you, my dear." After a pause in which they both looked supremely foolish, the old man said: "There was a china cup, and two plates (pity to spoil the set,) that your careless maid broke the other day, in the wash-house, did Mrs. Kitson mention them to you, my dear?"

"Yes, Sir, and they are paid for," said Rachel, turning from the avaricious old man in deep disgust, "Have you any thing else to communicate?"

"All right," returned the Captain. "Here is your husband looking for you."

"Rachel, we only wait for you," said M ——.

"I am ready," said Rachel, and placing the precious babe in her husband's arms, she descended to the beach.

Inspite of the inclemency of the weather, a crowd of old and young had assembled upon the beach, to witness their embarkation; and to bid them farewell.

The hearty "God bless you! — God grant you a prosperous voyage, and as good a home as the one you leave now, on the other side of the Atlantic," burst from the lips of many an honest tar, and brought the tears into Rachel's eyes, as the sailors crowded round the emigrants to shake hands with them before they stepped into the noble boat that lay rocking in the surf.

Rachel did not disdain the pressure of those hard, rough, weatherbeaten hands, that never could have come in contact with her own, under other circumstances — they expressed the warm sympathy felt by a true hearted set of poor men in her present situation, and she was grateful for the interest they took in her welfare.

"My good friends," she said; "I thank you sincerely for your good wishes. I have been brought up among you. I leave you all with regret, and I shall long remember with
gratitude and pleasure your affectionate farewell."

"You are not going without one parting word with me!" cried Mary Grey, springing down the steep bank of stones against which thundered the tremendous surf; her hat thrown back upon her shoulders, and her bright auburn curls streaming in the wind.

The agitated, weeping girl, was alternately clasped in the arms of the Lieutenant and his wife.

"We bade you good bye last night, Mary. Why did you expose yourself to weather like this?"

"Don't talk of weather," sobbed Mary; "I only know that we must part. Do you begrudge me the last look. God bless you both!"

Before Rachel could speak another word, she was caught up in the arms of a stout seaman, who carried her through the surf, and safely deposited both the mother and her baby in the boat. M— followed with Mr. Hawke, and Allen Ritson, who were determined to see them safe on board the steamer. Three cheers rose from the sailors on the beach; the gallant boat dashed through the surf, and was soon bounding over the giant billows.

Rachel resolutely turned her back to the shore.

"I will never," she said "take a last look of the dear home where I have been so happy."

The novelty of her situation soon roused her from the indulgence of useless grief. The parting, which, while far off, had weighed so heavily upon her heart was over. The certainty of her present situation rendered it not only tolerable, but invested it with strange interest. The magnificence of the stormy ocean. The consciousness that they were actually upon their way to a distant clime, and the necessity of exertion braced her mind, and stimulated her to bear with becoming fortitude this great epoch in her life.

The effects of the stormy weather, soon became very apparent among the passengers in the pilot boat. Sickness laid its leaden grasp upon all the fresh-water sailors. Even the Lieutenant, a hardy islander, and used to boats and boating all his life, was unable in this instance to contend with the unrelenting fiend — pale as a sheet, he sat with his
head bowed forward upon his clasped hands, and Rachel often lifted the cape of the cloak which partially concealed his rigid features, to convince herself that he was still alive. The anxiety she felt in endeavoring to protect her infant from the pouring rain, perhaps acted as an antidote to this affecting malady; for Rachel, although a weakly creature, and just out of a sick bed, did not suffer from it.

Hannah, the maid, lay stretched at the bottom of the boat, her head supported by the ballast bags, in a state too miserable to describe; while James Hawke, the lad that was to accompany them on their long voyage, had sunk into a state of happy unconsciousness, after having vainly wished for the hundredth time, that he was safe on shore, scampering over the village green with his twelve brothers and sisters; and not tempting the angry main in an open boat, with the windows of heaven discharging waters enough upon his defenceless head to drown him; letting alone the big waves, which every moment burst into the boat, and gave him a salt bath upon a gigantic scale. After an hour's hard pulling, the King William, (for so their boat was called,) cast anchor in the roads, distant about eight miles from the town, and lay to, waiting for the coming up of the steamer.

Hours passed away — the day wore onward, but still the vessel they expected did not appear. The storm which had lulled at noon, toward evening increased to a gale, and signs of uneasiness began to be manifested by the crew of the pilot boat.

"Some accident must have happened to the steamer," remarked Palmer, the Captain of the King William, to Craigie, a fine, handsome young seaman, as he handed him the bucket to bail the water from the boat. "I don't like this. If the wind increases and remains in the present quarter, we may be thankful if we escape with our lives."

"Is there any danger?" demanded Rachel, eagerly, as she clasped her poor cold baby closer to her own wet bosom. The child had been crying piteously for the last hour.

"Yes, Madam," he returned, respectfully; "we have been in considerable danger all day. But do you see, if night
comes on, and we do not fall in with the Soho, we shall have to haul up the anchor, and run before the gale; and with all our knowledge of the coast, we may be driven ashore, and the boat swamped in the surf."

Rachel sighed, and wished herself safe at home in her dear snug little parlor, the baby asleep in the cradle, and M—— reading aloud to her, or playing on his flute.

The rain again burst down in torrents; and the dull leaden sky looked as if it contained a second deluge. Rachel shivered with the cold, and bent over the now sleeping child to protect her as much as possible by the exposure of her own person to the drenching rain and spray.

"Ah! this is sad work for woman and children," said the honest tar, drawing a large tarpaulin over the mother and her infant, who, blinded and drenched by the pelting of the pitiless shower, crouched down in the bottom of the boat, in patient endurance of what might befall. The wind blew piercingly cold, and the spray of the huge billows enveloped the small craft in a feathery cloud, effectually concealing from her weary passengers, the black waste of raging waters that thundered around, above and beneath her. The baby again awoke, starving with hunger; and all its mother’s efforts to keep it quiet proved unavailing. The gentlemen were as sick and helpless as the infant, and nothing could increase their wretchedness. They had been now ten hours at sea, and not expecting the least detention, or anticipating the non-arrival of the steamer, nothing in the way of provisions or drink had formed any part of their luggage. Those who had escaped the evils of sea-sickness, of which, Rachel was one, were dying with thirst, while the keen air had sharpened their appetites to a ravenous degree of hunger. Inspite of her forlorn situation, Rachel could not help being amused by the lively conversation of the crew, and the gay, careless manner in which they contended with these difficulties.

"Well, I'll be blow’d if I an’t hungry!" cried Craigie as he stood up in the boat, with his arms folded, and his norwester pulled over his eyes, to ward off the down pouring of the rain. "Nothing would come amiss to me now, in the
way of prog. I could digest a bit of the shark that swallowed Jonah, or pick a rib of the old prophet himself without making wry faces."

"I wonder which would prove the tougher morsel of the two?" said Mr. Hawke, raising his languid head from the bench before him, and whose love of fun overcame the deadly pangs of sea sickness.

"If the flesh of the prophet was as hard as his heart," said Craigie, "the fish would prove the tenderer bit of the two."

"A dish of good beef steaks from the Crown Inn, would be worth them both, friend," said Allen Ritson, who, getting the better of the sea-sickness, like Craigie, began to feel the pangs of hunger.

"Keep you the plate, Mister; but give me the grub."

"Ah! how bitter!" groaned James Hawke, raising himself up from the furled sail which had formed his bed, and yielding to the horrible nausea that oppressed him.

"Aye, Aye, my lad," said old Howe, an ancient mariner, on whose tanned face, time and exposure to sun and storm, had traced a thousand hieroglyphics, "Nothing's sweet that's so contrary to nature. Among the bitter things of life, there's scarcely a worse than the one that now troubles you. Sick at sea — well on shore. So, there's comfort for you."

"Cold comfort," sighed the boy, as he again fell prostrate upon the wet sail. A huge billow broke over the side of the boat, and deluged him with brine, he did not heed it, having again relapsed into his former insensible state.

Night was fast closing over the storm tossed voyagers. The boat was half full of water which flowed over Rachel's lap as she sat, and she began to feel very apprehensive for the safety of her child. At this critical moment, a large retriever dog that belonged to Captain Palmer, crept into her lap, and she joyfully placed the poor wet baby upon his shaggy back, and the warmth of the animal seemed to revive the cold shivering babe.

Palmer now roused the Lieutenant from his stupor, and suggested the propriety of their return to S ——.
“You see, Sir,” he said; “I am willing to wait the arrival of the ‘Soho;’ but something must have happened her, or she would have been down before this. Under existing circumstances I think it advisable to return.”

“By all means,” said M——, and the next minute to the inexpressible joy of Rachel, the anchor was pulled up, and the gallant boat was once more careering over the mighty billows,

Those things of life, and light, and motion,
     Spirits of the unfathomed ocean.

Yes, her head was once more turned towards that dear home to which she had bid adieu, in the morning, as she imagined for ever. “England! dear England!” she cried, stretching her arms towards the dusky shore. “The winds and waves forbid our leaving thee! Welcome! welcome once more!”

As they neared the beach, the stormy clouds parted in rifted masses; and the deep blue heavens studded here and there with a paly star, gleamed lovingly down upon them. The rain ceased its pitiless pelting, and the very elements seemed to smile upon their return.

The pilot boat had been reported lost, and the beach was crowded with anxious men and women, to hail its return. The wives and children of her crew pressed forward to greet them with joyful acclamations, and Rachel’s depressed spirits rose with the excitement of the scene. “Hold fast the baby, Mrs. M——, while the boat clears the surf,” cried Palmer. “I warrant you, that you’ll get a fresh ducking!”

As he spoke, the noble boat cut like an arrow through the line of formidable breakers that thundered on the beach; the foam flew in feathery volumes high above their heads, drenching them with a misty shower, the keel grated upon the shingles, and a strong arm lifted Rachel once more upon her native land. Benumbed and cramped with their long immersion in the salt water, her limbs had lost the power of motion, and Mr. Grey and Captain Kitson, carried her between them up the steps that led from the
beach, to the top of the cliffs, and deposited her safely on
the sofa in the little parlor of her deserted home. A cheerful
fire was blazing in the grate, the fragrant tea was smoking
upon the well covered table, and dear and familiar voices,
rang in her ears, as sisters and friends, crowded about her
to congratulate her upon her safe return and proffer their
assistance.

And did not this repay the poor wanderers for all
their past sufferings?

"The baby! where is the baby!" cried Rachel, after the
first rapturous salutations were over.

The baby was laughing and crowing in the arms of
her old nurse; looking as fresh and as rosy, as if nothing had
happened to disturb her repose.

"Welcome once more to old England, dear Rachel," said
Mary Grey, kissing the cold cheek of her friend. "I
said, that we should meet again. I did not, however, think
that it would be so soon. Thank God! you are all safe. For
many hours it was reported at the look-out house, that the
boat was swamped in the gale. You may imagine our dis-
tress, the anguish endured by your mother and sisters, and
how we all rejoiced at the blessed news that the boat was
returning, and that her crew was safe. But come up stairs
my Rachel, and change these dripping clothes. There is a
fire in your bed-room, and I have dry things all ready for
you."

"Don't talk of changing her clothes, Miss Grey," said
old Kitson, bursting in. "Undress and put her to bed imme-
diately between hot blankets; and I will make her a good
stiff glass of hot brandy and water, to drive the cold out of
her; or she may fall into a sickness which no doctor could
cure."

"The Captain is right," said M —— who just then
entered, accompanied by a group of friends all anxious to
congratulate Rachel on her safe return to S ——. "My dear
girl go instantly to bed."

"It will be so dull," said Rachel, glancing round the
happy group of friendly faces. "I should enjoy myself here
so much. Now, John, do not poke me away to bed, and
The Lieutenant looked grave, and whispered something in her ear about the baby, and the madness of risking a bad cold, and his wishes were instantly obeyed.

"Ah Mary!" she said, as Miss Grey safely deposited her and the precious baby, between the hot blankets; "It was worth braving a thousand storms to receive such a welcome back. I never knew how much our dear kind friends loved us before."

Whilst sipping the potion prescribed by the old Captain, Nurse came running up stairs, to say that Captain Kitson thought that the Steamer was just rounding the point; and wanted to know, that if it really proved to be her, whether Mrs. M—— would get up and once more trust herself upon the waves to meet her?

"Not if a fortune depended upon it, Nurse. Tell the good Captain, that I had enough of the sea for one day, and mean to spend the night on shore."

But, Rachel, was not put to the trial. The Captain had mistaken the craft, and she was permitted to enjoy the warmth and comfort of a sound sleep, unbroken by the peals of laughter, that from time to time, ascended from the room beneath, where the gentlemen seemed determined to make the night recompense them for the dangers and privations of the day.

A Game at Hide and Seek

The morning brought its own train of troubles; and when do they ever come singly? Upon examination, the Lieutenant found that the salt water had penetrated into all their trunks and cases; and every thing had to be unpacked and hung out to dry. This was dull work, the disappointment and loss attending upon it, rendering it doubly irksome. M—— lost no time in writing to the Steamboat Company informing them of his disastrous attempt to meet the "Soho," and the loss he had incurred by missing the vessel. They stated in reply, that the boat had been wrecked.
at the mouth of the Thames in the gale, and another vessel
would supply her place on the Sunday following. That she
would pass the town at noon, and hoist a signal in time for
them to get on board.

The intervening days passed heavily along. A restless
fever of expectation preyed upon Rachel. She could settle
to no regular occupation. She knew that they must go, and
she longed to be off. The efforts made by her friends to
amuse and divert her mind, only increased her melancholy.
But time, however slowly it passes to the expectant, swiftly
and surely ushers in the appointed day. The twenty-ninth
of May dawnd at last and proved one of the loveliest
mornings of that delightful season. The lark carolled high
in air, the swallows darted on light wings to and fro, and
the sea vast and beautiful, gently heaved and undulated
against the shore, with scarcely a ripple to break the long
line of golden sun-beams, that danced and sparkled on its
breast.

The church bells were chiming for morning prayer;
and the cliffs were covered with happy groups in their holi-
day attire. Rachel, surrounded by her friends, strove to look
cheerful. All eyes were turned towards the old ruined city
of D. in which direction the steamer was first expected to
appear. A small boat, which had been engaged to put their
baggage on board, lay rocking on the surf, and all was
ready for a start.

In the midst of an animated discussion upon their
future prospects, the signal was given, that the Steamer was
in sight, and had already rounded the point. How audibly
to herself did Rachel’s heart beat, as a small black speck
upon the horizon, gradually increased to a dark cloud of
trailing smoke, and not a doubt remained that this was the
expected vessel.

Then came the blinding tears, the re-enactment of
the last passionate adieu and they were once more afloat
upon the water.

But the bitterness of parting was already past. The
human heart can scarcely experience for the same event an
equal intensity of grief. Repetition had softened the
anguish of this second parting, and hope was calmly rising above the clouds of sorrow that had hung for the last weary days so loweringly above our poor emigrants. Mr. Hawke and James, alone accompanied them in their second expedition. Allen Ritson, had had enough of the sea, during their late adventure, and thought it most prudent to make his adieus upon the shore.

James Hawke was in high spirits, anticipating with boyish enthusiasm, the adventures which he thought would befall him, during a long voyage and his sojourn in that distant land, which was to prove to him a very land of Goshen. Thus many gay hopes smiled upon him, which like that bright day, were doomed to have a gloomy ending although at the beginning it promised so fair.

The owner of the boat, a morose old seaman, grumbled out his commands to the two sailors who rowed, in such a dogged sulky tone, that it attracted the attention of Mr. Hawke, and being naturally fond of fun, he endeavored to draw the old man out — but an abrupt monosyllable was all the reply he could obtain to his many questions.

The Lieutenant, who was highly amused by his surly humor, thought that he might prove more successful than his friend, by startling him into conversation.

"Friend," he cried, "I have forgotten your name?"

"Sam Rogers," — was the brief reply, uttered in a sort of short growl.

The ice once broken, Hawke chimed in. "Have you a wife?"

"She's in the church yard," with another growl.

"So much the better for Mrs. Rogers," whispered Hawke to Mrs. M ——.

"You had better let the sea bear alone," returned Rachel in the same key. "The animal is sworn to silence."

In a few minutes, the little boat came along side the huge Leviathan of the deep; a rope was thrown from her deck, which having been secured, the following brief dialogue ensued:

"The City of Edinburgh for Edinburgh?"

"The Queen of Scotland for Aberdeen, Captain Fraser."
This announcement was followed by a look of blank astonishment and disappointment from the party in the boat. "Where is the City of Edinburgh?"

"We left her in the river. You had better take a passage to Aberdeen?" said Captain Fraser advancing to the side of the boat.

"Two hundred miles out of my way," said M ——, "fall off." The tow rope was cut loose, and the floating castle resumed her thundering course, leaving the party in the boat not a little disconcerted by the misadventure.

"The city of Edinburgh must soon be here," said M —— addressing himself once more to the surly owner of the boat. That sociable individual continued smoking a short pipe, without deigning to notice the speaker. "Had we not better lay to and wait for her coming up."

"No, we should be run down by her. Do you see that," and he pointed with the short pipe to a grey cloud that was rolling over the surface of the sea towards them. "It is them sea rake; in three minutes, in less than three minutes, you will not be able to see three yards beyond the boat."

Even while the old man was speaking, the dense fog was rapidly spreading over the water, blotting the sun from the heavens, and enfolding every object in its chillily embrace. The shores faded from their view, the very waters upon which they floated were heard, but no longer seen. Rachel strove in vain to penetrate the thick, white curtain, which covered them like a shroud; her whole world was now confined to the little boat, and the figures it contained; the rest was a blank. The mist wetted like rain, and was more penetrating, and the constant efforts she made to see through it, made her eyes and head ache, and threw a damp upon her spirits, which almost amounted to despondency.

"What's to be done," asked M ——

"Nothing that I know of," responded Sam Rogers, "but to return."

As he spoke, a dark shadow loomed through the mist which proved a small trading vessel, bound from London to Yarmouth. The sailors hailed her, and with some
difficulty, ran the boat alongside. “Have you passed the ‘City of Edinburgh.’” “We spoke her in the river. She ran foul of the Courier Steamer, and unshipped her rudder. She put back for repairs, and won’t be down till tomorrow morning.”

“Pleasant news for us,” sighed Rachel. “This is worse than the storm, and it is so unexpected. I should be quite disheartened if I did not believe that Providence directed these untoward events.”

“I am inclined to be of your opinion,” said M ——, “in spite of my disbelief in signs and omens, to think that there is something beyond mere accident in this second disappointment.”

The sailors, now turned the boat homewards, and took to their oars; the dead calm, precluding the use of the sail. The fog was so dense and bewildering, that they made little way, and the long day was spent in wandering to and fro, without being able to ascertain where they were.

“Hark!” cried one of the men laying his ear to the water. “I hear the flippers of the steamer.”

“It is the roar of the accursed Barnet,” cried the other; “I know its voice of old, having twice been wrecked upon the reef, we must change our course, we are on a wrong tack altogether.”

It was near midnight before a breeze sprang up, and dispelled the ominous fog, the moon showed her wan face through the driving rack, the sail was at last hoisted, and cold, and hungry, and sick at heart, the wanderers once more returned to their old post.

This time, however, the beach was silent and deserted, and no friendly voice welcomed them back. Old Captain Kitson looked cross at being routed out of his bed at one o’clock in the morning, to admit them into their old house, and muttered as he did so, something about unlucky folks, and the deal of trouble they gave. That they had better give up going altogether, and hire their old lodgings again. That it was no joke, having his rest broken at his time of life. That he could not afford to keep open house at all hours for people who were no ways related to him. With
such consoling expressions of sympathy in their forlorn condition, did the worldly, hard old man proceed to unlock the door of their former domicile; but food, lights and firing he would not produce until M — had promised an exorbitant remuneration for the same.

Exhausted in mind and body, for she had not broken her fast since eight o’clock that morning, Rachel for a long time refused to partake of the warm cup of tea, her loving partner provided, while her tears continued to fall involuntarily over the sleeping babe that lay upon her lap. Mr. Hawke, who saw that her nerves were quite unstrung with the fatigue and disappointment of the day, ran across the green, and roused up Rachel’s nurse, who hurried to take charge of the babe, and assist her once dear mistress. Little Kate was soon well warmed and fed by the good old woman, and Rachel smiled through her tears when the husband made his appearance with a plate of ham which he had extorted from their stingy landlord.

“Come, Rachel,” he cried, “you are ill for the want of food, I am going to make some sandwiches for you, and you must be a good girl and eat them, or I will never turn cook for you again.”

The sandwiches proved excellent. Mr. Hawke exerted all his powers of drollery to enliven their miscellaneous meal. Rachel got over the hysterical affection, and retired to bed, fully determined to bear the crosses of life with more fortitude for the future.

The sun was not above the horizon when she was roused from a deep sleep, by the stentorian voice of old Kitson, who, anxious to get rid of his troublesome visitors, cried out with great glee: “Hollo! I say, here is the right steamer at last. Better late than never. The red flag is hoisted fore and aft, and she is standing in for the bay. Tell Mrs. M — to dress as fast as she can. These big dons wait for no one. I have got all your trunks stowed away into the boat, and the lads are waiting. Quick! Quick, Lieutenant M — or you’ll be too late.”

With all possible despatch, Rachel dressed herself, though baffled by anxiety from exerting unusual celerity,
every button insinuating itself into a wrong hole; and every string tying into a knot. The business of the toilet was at last completed, and she hurried down to the beach. In a few minutes she was seated by her husband's side in the boat, uncheered by any parting blessing, but the cold farewell, and for ever, of old Captain Kitson, who could scarcely conceal the joy he felt at their departure.

The morning was wet and misty, and altogether comfortless, and Rachel was glad when the bustle of getting on board the steamer was over; and they were safe upon her deck.

The Steamer

A variety of groups occupied the deck of the steamer, and early as the hour was, all who were able to leave the close confinement of the cabins were enjoying the fresh air. Some walking to and fro, others leaning over the bulwarks, regarding the aspect of the country they were rapidly passing; or talking in small knots in a loud declamatory tone, intended more for the by-standers than to edify their own immediate listeners. Here, a pretty, insipid looking girl, sauntered the deck with a book in her hand, from which she never read, and another, more vivacious, but equally intent on attracting her share of admiration, raved to an elderly gentleman of the beauty and magnificence of the ocean. The young and good looking of either sex were flirting. The more wily and experienced, coquetting at a distance, while the ugly and the middle-aged were gossiping to some congenial spirit on the supposed merits or demerits of their neighbors. Not a few prostrate forms might be seen reclining upon cloaks and supported by pillows, whose languid, pale faces, and disarranged tresses, showed that the demon of the waters had remorselessly stricken them down.

Rachel's eye ranged from group to group of those strange faces, with a mechanical, uninterested gaze. Among several hundreds who sauntered the spacious deck of the City of Edinburgh, she did not recognize a single friendly face.
Standing near the seat she occupied, a lively fashionably dressed woman, apparently about five and twenty, was laughing and chatting in the most familiar manner with a tall, handsome man of forty, in a military surtout.

The person of the lady was agreeable, but her manners were so singular, that she attracted Rachel's attention.

When she first took her seat upon deck, Mrs. Dalton had left off her flirtations with Major F——, and regarded the new arrival, with a long, cool, determined stare, then smiling meaningly to her companion, let slip with a slight elevation of the shoulders, the word "nobody!"

"He is a gentleman — a fine intelligent looking man," remarked her companion, in an aside, "and I like the appearance of his wife."

"My, dear sir, she has on a stuff gown! What lady would come on board these fine vessels, where they meet with so many fashionable people in a stuff gown?"

"A very suitable dress, I think, for a sea voyage," responded the Major.

"Pshaw!" muttered Mrs. Dalton, "I tell you, Major, that they are nobody!"

"You shall have it your own way. You know how easy it is for you to bring me to the same opinion."

This dialogue drew Rachel's attention to her dress, and she found that in her hurry she had put on a dark merino dress, which in the place of a silk one, had stamped her with the epithet of nobody.

Now, Rachel, it must be confessed, was rather annoyed at these remarks; and felt very much the reverse of benevolently, towards the person by whom they were made.

"Do you think that a pretty woman?" she said, directing her husband's eyes to the lady in question.

"Tolerable," said he coldly, "but very sophisticated," and Rachel responded like a true woman — "I am glad to hear you say so. Is that gentleman her husband?"

"No — do husbands and wives seek to attract each other's attention in public, as that man and woman are doing. I have no doubt, that they are strangers who never met before."
“Impossible!”

“Nothing more probable. — People who meet on short journeys, and voyages like this, often throw aside the restraints imposed by society; and act and talk in a manner, which would be severely censured in circles where they were known. Did you never hear persons relate their history in a stage coach?”

“Yes, often — and thought it very odd.”

“It is a common occurrence, which I believe originates in vanity, and that love of display, that leads people at all hazards to make themselves the subject of conversation. Trusting to the ignorance of the parties they address, they communicate their most private affairs, without any regard to prudence or decorum. I have been greatly amused by some of these autobiographies.”

“Ah, I remember getting into a sad scrape,” said Rachel, “while travelling to London from R — in a mail coach. One of those uncomfortable occurrences, which one hates to think of for the rest of a life. There were three gentlemen in the coach, two of them perfect strangers to me, the other a lawyer of some note, who had me under his charge during the journey; and was an old friend of the family. One of the strange gentlemen talked much upon literary matters; and from his conversation, led you to understand that he was well acquainted, and on intimate terms with all the celebrated authors of the day. After giving us a very frank critique upon the works of Scott and Byron whom he called, my friend, sir Walter; my companion, Lord Byron; — he suddenly turned to me and asked me, what I thought of the Rev. Mr. B —’s poems.

“This reverend gentleman was a young man of considerable fortune, whose contributions to the county papers were never read but to be laughed at, and I answered very innocently: ‘Oh, he is a stupid fellow. It is a pity that he has not some friend to tell him what a fool he makes of himself, whenever he appears in print.’ Mr. C — was stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to avoid laughing out; while the poor man, for it was the author himself, drew back with an air of offended dignity, alternately red and pale, and
regarded me as an ogre prepared to devour, at one mouthful, him and his literary fame. He spoke no more during his journey, and I sat upon thorns, until a handsome plain carriage met us upon the road and delivered us from his presence. This circumstance, made me feel so miserable, that I never ventured upon giving an opinion of the works of another, to a person unknown."

"He deserved what he got," said the Lieutenant. "For my part I do not pity him at all. It afforded you both a good lesson for the future."

At this moment, a young negro lad, fantastically dressed, and evidently very much in love with himself, strutted past. As he swaggered along, rolling his jet black eyes from side to side, and shewing his white teeth to the spectators, by humming some nigger ditty, an indolent looking young man, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, called lazily after him:

"Hollo, Blackey. What color's the Devil?"
"White," responded the imp of darkness, "and wears red whiskers like you."

Everyone laughed. The dandy shrunk back confounded, while the negro snapped his fingers and crowed with delight.

"Ceasar! go down into the lady's cabin, and wait there until I call for you," said Mrs. Dalton in an angry voice. "I did not bring you here to insult gentlemen."

"De buckra! affront me first," returned the sable page, as he sullenly withdrew.

"That boy is very pert," continued his mistress, addressing Major F — "this is the effect of the stir made by the English people against slavery. The fellow knows that he is free the moment he touches the British shores — I hope that he will not leave me, for he saves me all the trouble of taking care of the children."

The Major laughed, while Rachel pitied the poor children, and wondered how any mother could confide them to the care of such a nurse.

The clouds that had been rising for some time gave very unequivocal notice of an approaching storm. The rain
began to fall, and the decks were quickly cleared of their motley groups.

In the lady's cabin, all was helplessness and confusion. The larger portion of the berths were already occupied by invalids in every stage of sea-sickness. The floor and sofas were strewn with bonnets and shawls, and articles of dress were scattered about in all directions. Some of the ladies were stretched upon the carpet — others in a sitting posture were supporting their aching heads upon their knees, and appeared perfectly indifferent to all that was passing around them, and only alive to their own misery. Others there were, who beginning to recover from the effects of the prevailing malady, were employing their returning faculties in quizzing and making remarks half aloud on their prostrate companions particularly, if their dress and manners, were not exactly in accordance with their pre-conceived notions of gentility.

The centre of such a group, was a little, sharp faced, dark eyed, sallow, old maid of forty, whose skinny figure was arrayed in black silk, cut very low in the bust, and exposing a portion of her person, which in all ladies of her age, is better hid. She was travelling companion to a large showily dressed matron of fifty, who occupied the best sofa in the cabin, and who although evidently convalescent, commanded the principal attendance of the stewardess, while she graciously received the gratuitous services of all who were well enough to render her their homage. She was evidently the great lady of the cabin; and round her couch a knot of gossips had collected, when Rachel and her maid entered upon the scene.

The character of Mrs. Dalton formed the topic of conversation. The little old maid, was remorselessly tearing it to tatters. "No woman who valued her reputation," she said, "would flirt in the disgraceful manner, that Mrs. D. was doing."

"There is some excuse for her conduct," remarked an interesting looking woman, not herself in the early spring of youth. "Mrs. Dalton is a West Indian, and has not been brought up with our ideas of refinement and delicacy."
“I consider it none,” exclaimed the other, vehemently glancing up as the door opened, at Rachel, to be sure that the object of her censure was absent. “Don’t tell me, she knows very well, that she is doing wrong. My dear Mrs. F——” turning to the great lady, “I wonder that you can bear so calmly her flirtations with the Major. If it was me, now, I should be ready to tear her eyes out. Do speak to Mrs. Dalton, and remonstrate with her, on her scandalous conduct.”

“Oh, my dear! I am used to these things. No conduct of Major F’s can give me the least uneasiness. Nor do I think, that Mrs. Dalton is aware that she is trying to seduce the affections of a married man.”

“That she is, though!” exclaimed the old maid, “I took good care to interrupt one of their lively conversations, by telling Major F. that his wife was very ill. The creature colored and moved away, but the moment my back was turned, she recommenced her attack. If she were a widow, one might make some allowance for her. But a young married woman, with two small children. I have no doubt that she has left her husband for no good.”

“I know Mrs. Dalton well,” said a third lady. “She is not a native of the West Indies, as you supposed, Miss Leigh, she was born in Edinburgh, but married very young, to a man, nearly double her own age. A match made for her by her friends; especially by her grandmother, who is a person of considerable property. She was always a gay, flighty girl, and her lot I consider peculiarly hard, in being bound while quite a child, to a man she did not love.”

“Her conduct is very creditable for a clergyman’s wife,” chimed in the old maid, “I wonder the rain don’t bring her down into the cabin; but the society of ladies would prove very insipid to a person of her taste. I should like to know what brings her from Jamaica?”

“To place her two children with her grandmother, in order that they may receive a European education. She is a thoughtless being, but hardly deserves, Miss Man, your severe censure,” said Miss Leigh.

The amiable manner, in which the last speaker tried
to defend the absent, without wholly excusing her levity, interested Rachel greatly in her favor; although Mrs. Dalton's conduct upon deck, had awakened in her own bosom, feelings of disgust and aversion.

"It is not in my power, to do justice to her vanity and frivolity," cried the indignant spinster. "No one ever before accused me of being censorious. But that woman is the vainest woman I ever saw. How she values herself upon her fine clothes. Did you notice Mrs. F. that she changed her dress four times yesterday and twice to day. She knelt a whole hour before the cheval glass arranging her hair; and trying on a variety of different head dresses, before she could fix upon one for the saloon. I should be ashamed to be the only lady among so many men — but she has a face of brass."

"She has, and so plain too" — murmured Mrs. Major F.

"Bless me!" cried the old maid; "if there is not her black imp sitting under the table. He will be sure to tell her all that we have said about her! What a nuisance he is!" she continued in a whisper. "I do not think that it is proper for him, a great boy of sixteen, to be admitted into the ladies' cabin."

"Pshaw! nobody cares for him — A black — "

"But, my dear Mrs. F ——, though he is black, the boy has eyes and ears, like the rest of his sex, and my sense of female propriety is shocked by his presence. But who are these people?" glancing at Rachel and her maid — "and why is that woman admitted into the ladies' cabin — servants have no business here."

"She is the nurse; that alters the case. The plea of being the children's attendant, brought master Cesar, into the cabin," said Miss Leigh. "The boy is a black, and has on that score neither rank nor sex," continued the waspish Miss Man, contradicting the assertion, she had made only a few minutes before. "I will not submit to this insult, nor occupy the same apartment with a servant."

"My dear Madam, you strangely forget yourself," said the benevolent Miss Leigh. "This lady has a young infant, and cannot do without the aid of her nurse. A decent, tidy
young woman, is not quite such a nuisance, as the noisy black boy that Mrs. Dalton has entailed upon us."

“But then — she is a woman of fashion,” whispered Miss Man; “and we know nothing about these people — and if I were to judge by the young person’s dress.”

“A very poor criterion,” said Miss Leigh; “I draw my inferences from a higher source.” Rachel glanced once more at her dress, and a sarcastic smile passed over her face. It did not escape the observation of Miss Leigh, who in a friendly, kind manner enquired, “if she were going to Edinburgh — the age of the baby, and how she was affected by the sea?”

Before Rachel could well answer these questions, Miss Man addressed her, and said in a haughty, supercilious manner: “Perhaps, madam, you are not aware, that it is against the regulations of these vessels, to admit servants into the state cabins?”

“I am sorry, ladies, that the presence of mine, should incommode you,” said Rachel; “but I have only just recovered from a dangerous illness and I am unable to attend upon the child myself. I have paid for my servant’s attendance upon me here; and I am certain, that she will conduct herself with the greatest propriety.”

“How unpleasant,” grumbled forth the old maid; “but, what can we expect from underbred people.”

“In stuff gowns,” said Rachel, maliciously. Miss Leigh, smiled approvingly; and the little woman in black retreated behind the couch of the big lady.

“Send away your servant girl,” said Miss Leigh, “and I will help you take care of the baby. If I may judge by her pale looks, she will be of little service to you; while her presence gives great offence to certain little people.”

Rachel immediately complied, and Hannah was dismissed; in a short time, she became so ill, that she was unable to assist herself or attend to the child. Miss Leigh, like a good Samaritan, sat with her during the greater part of the night; but towards morning, Rachel grew so alarmingly worse that she earnestly requested that her husband might be allowed to speak with her.
Her petition was seconded by Miss Leigh.

A decided refusal on the part of the other ladies, was the result of poor Rachel's request.

Mrs. Dalton who had taken a very decided part in the matter, now sprang from her berth, and putting her back against the cabin door, declared that no man, save the surgeon, should gain, with her consent, an entrance there.

"Then pray, madam," said Miss Leigh, who was supporting Rachel in her arms, "adhere to your own regulations, and dismiss your black boy."

"I shall do no such thing. My objections are to men, not to boys. Ceasar, remain where you are."

"How consistent," sneered the old maid.

"The poor lady may die," said Miss Leigh; "how cruel it is of you, to deny her the consolation of speaking to her husband."

"Who is her husband?" said the old maid pettishly.

"A very handsome, gentlemanly man, I assure you," said Mrs. Dalton, "an officer in the army, with whom, I had a long chat upon deck, this evening."

"Very consoling to his sick wife," whispered Miss Man, to Mrs. Major F——; loud enough to be overheard by Mrs. Dalton, "it must have made the Major jealous."

"What a noise, that squalling child makes," cried a fat woman, popping her head out of an upper berth; "Can't it be removed. It hinders me from getting a wink of sleep."

"Children are a great nuisance," said the old maid, glancing at Mrs. Dalton, "and the older they are the worse they behave."

"Stewardess! where are you! Stewardess! send that noisy child to the nurse," again called the fat woman from her berth. "The nurse is as ill, as the mistress."

"Oh dear, oh dear, my poor head. Cannot you take charge of it, stewardess?"

"Oh, la, ladies, I've too much upon my hands already; what with Mrs. Dalton's children; and all this sickness."

"I will take care of the babe," said Miss Leigh.

"That will not stop its cries."

"I will do my best," said the benevolent lady, "we are
all strange to it, and it wants its mother."

"Oh, do not let them send away my baby!" cried Rachel recovering from the stupor into which she had fallen. "If it must be expelled, let us go together. If I could but get upon the deck to my husband, we should not meet with the treatment there, that we have received here."

"Don't fatigue yourself. They have no power to send either you or the dear little baby away," said Miss Leigh, "I will nurse you both. See, the pretty darling is already asleep."

She carried the infant to her own berth in an inner cabin, then undressed Rachel and put her to bed.

What a difference there is in women. Some, like ministering angels, strew flowers, and scatter blessings along the rugged paths of life; while others, by their malevolence and pride, increase its sorrows an hundred fold.

The next day continued stormy, and the violence of the gale and the unsteady motion of the vessel, did not tend to improve the health of the occupants of the ladies' cabin. Those who had been well the day before, were now as helpless and miserable as their companions. Miss Leigh alone seemed to retain her usual composure. Mrs. Dalton could scarcely be named in this catalogue, as she only slept and dressed in the cabin; the rest of her time was devoted to her friends upon the deck; and in spite of the boisterous wind and heavy sea, she was as gay and airy as ever.

Her children, the most noisy of their species, were confined to the cabin, where they amused themselves by running races round the table and shouting at the top of their shrill voices; greatly to the annoyance of the sick women. In all their pranks they were encouraged and abetted by Ceasar, who regardless of the entreaties of the invalids, did his best to increase the uproar. Ceasar cared for nobody but his mistress; and his mistress was in the saloon playing billiards with Major F."
the sleeping child, with the leg of a broken chair, which he had found beneath the sofa. The blows had been warded off by Rachel, but not before she had received a severe bruise on her arm. While the ladies slept, Ceasar stole from berth to berth, robbing them of all their stores of oranges and lemons, cayenne lozenges, sharing the spoils with the troublesome, spoilt monkeys left by their careful mamma in his keeping.

Towards evening, Rachel assisted by Miss Leigh, contrived to dress herself and go upon deck. The rain was still falling in large heavy drops; but the sun was struggling to take a farewell glance of the world before he sunk beneath the dense masses of black clouds piled in the west; and cast an uncertain gleam upon the wild scenery, over which Bamborough castle frowns in savage sublimity. That was the last look Rachel gave to the shores of dear old England. The angry storm vexed ocean, the lowering sky and falling rain, were they not emblems of her own sad destiny. Her head sunk upon her husband’s shoulder; and as he silently clasped her to his breast, her tears fell fast, and she returned his affectionate greeting with heavy sobs. For his sake, for the sake of his child, whose little form was pressed convulsively to her throbbing heart — she had consented to leave those shores for ever — why did she repine — why did that last look of her native land fill her with such unutterable woe. Visions of the dim future floated before her, prophetic of all the trials and sorrows that awaited her on that unknown region to which they were journeying. She had obeyed the call of duty, but had not yet tasted the reward of well doing. All was still and dark in her bewildered mind.

The kind voice of the beloved, roused her from her gloomy foreboding; the night was raw and cold, the decks wet and slippery from the increasing rain; and with an affectionate pressure of the hand, that almost reconciled her to her lot; he whispered — “This is no place for you, Rachel, return to the Cabin.”

With what reluctance Rachel re-entered that splendid apartment. Miss Leigh was the only person among the
number by which it was occupied, who possessed a spirit at all in unison with her own. Short as her acquaintance with this lady had been, she regarded her with affection and esteem. It was not till after Miss Leigh had left the vessel, that Rachel discovered, that she was a connexion of her husband's, which would greatly have enhanced the pleasure of this accidental meeting. Had Miss Leigh, or Rachel, been in the habit of recounting their histories to strangers, they would not have met, and parted for ever as such.

The ladies early retired to their berths, and Rachel enjoyed, for several hours, a tranquil and refreshing sleep. About midnight she awoke. A profound stillness reigned in the cabin; but seated on the ground in front of her berth, she discovered Mrs. Dalton wrapped in a loose dressing gown and engaged in reading a letter. She sighed deeply, as she folded and slipped it into her bosom; and, for some minutes, appeared in deep thought! All her accustomed gaiety had fled, and her face looked more interesting from the sad expression which had stolen over it. Her eye caught the earnest glance with which Rachel regarded her.

"I thought no one was awake but myself," she said, "I am a bad sleeper. If you are the same, get up, and let us have a little chat."

Surprised at this invitation from a woman towards whom she felt none of that mysterious attraction which marked her brief intercourse with Miss Leigh; she rather coldly replied,—

"I fear our conversation would not suit each other."

"That is as much as to say, that you don't like me, and that you conclude from that circumstance that I don't like you."

"You are right."

"Well, that is candid; when I first saw you, I thought you a very common looking person, and judged by your dress, that you held an inferior rank in society. I was wrong."

"I fancy that you overheard my observations to the Major."

"I did."

"Then I forgive you for disliking me. You think me a
vain, foolish woman."

Rachel nodded her head.

"Oh, you may speak out, I don't like you the worse for speaking the truth. But I am a strange creature, subject, at times, to the most dreadful depression of spirits, and it is only by excessive gaiety that I hinder myself from falling into a state of hopeless despondency."

"This state of mind is not natural. There must be some cause for these fits of depression."

"Yes, many, I am not quite the heartless coquette I seem. I was an only child and greatly indulged by both my parents. This circumstance made me irritable and volatile; I expected that every body would yield to me and let me have my own way as my parents had done; hence I was exposed to constant mortification and disappointment. I left school at sixteen, and was introduced to my husband, a worthy kind man, but old enough to be my father. I was easily persuaded to marry him, for it was a good match, and I, who had never been in love, thought it was such a fine thing to be married at sixteen. Our union has been one of esteem, and I have never swerved from the path of rectitude, but, oh Madam, I have been severely tried. My own sex speak slightly of me; but I do not deserve their ill-natured censures. These women, I learn from Ceasar, have made a thousand malicious remarks about me, and you and Miss Leigh alone spared me."

"My conduct was perfectly negative. I said nothing either in praise or blame, I may have injured you by thinking hardly of you."

"I thank you for your forbearance in keeping your thoughts to yourself. The conversation that Ceasar repeated to me, greatly annoyed me. It has brought on one of my fits of gloom. If I did flirt with Major F ——, it was more to provoke that ill-natured old maid, and his proud, pompous wife, than from any wish to attract his attention."

"It is better," said Rachel, her heart softening towards her companion, "to avoid all appearance of evil; superficial observers only judge by what they see, and your conduct must have appeared strange to a jealous woman."
“She was jealous of me, then?” said the volatile woman, clapping her hands. “Oh, I am glad I annoyed her.”

Rachel could hardly help laughing at the vivacity with which Mrs. Dalton spoke. She turned the conversation into a different channel; and they began to talk of the state of the slaves in the West Indies.

“Ah, I perceive that you know nothing about it,” said Mrs. Dalton, “you are infected with the bigotry and prejudices of the anti-slavery advocates. Negroes are an inferior race, they were made to work for civilized men, in climates where labour would be death to those of a different nature and complexion.”

“This is reducing the African to a mere beast of burden — a machine in the form of man. The just God never made a race of beings purposely to drag out a painful existence in perpetual slavery!”

“They are better off than your peasants at home — better fed, and taken care of. As to the idle tales they tell you about flogging, starving, and killing slaves, they are fearful exaggerations, not worthy of credit. Do you think a farmer would kill a horse that he knew was worth a hundred pounds? A planter would not disable a slave, if by so doing he injured himself. I have had many slaves, but I never ill-used one of them in my life.”

“Ceasar is an example,” said Rachel, “of over-indulgence. But, still, he is only a pet animal in your estimation. Do you believe that a negro has a soul?”

“I think it doubtful.”

“And you the wife of a christian minister — ” and Rachel drew back with a look of horror.

“If they had immortal souls and reasoning minds, we should not be permitted to hold them as slaves. Their degradation proves their inferiority.”

“It only proves the brutalizing effect of your immoral system,” said Rachel, waxing warm. “I taught a black man from the island of St. Vincent to read the Bible fluently in ten weeks; was that a proof of mental incapacity? I never met with an uneducated white man, who learned to read so rapidly, or pursued his studies with the ardour that this
poor, despised, soulless negro did. His motive for this exertion was a noble one (and I believe that it cost him his life), the hope of carrying the glad tidings of salvation to his benighted and unfortunate countrymen, which he considered the best means of improving their condition, and rendering less burdensome their oppressive yoke."

"This is all very well in theory, but it will never do in practice. If the British Government, urged on by a set of fanatics, madly insist upon freeing the slaves, it will involve the West India Islands in ruin."

"May He hasten their emancipation in his own good time. It were better that the whole group of islands were sunk in the depths of the sea than continue to present to the world a system of injustice and cruelty, that is a disgrace to a christian community — a spectacle of infamy to the civilized world. Nor think that the wise and good men, who are engaged heart and hand in this holy cause, will cease their exertions until their great object is accomplished, and slavery is banished from the earth."

Mrs. Dalton stared at Rachel in amazement. She could not comprehend her enthusiasm — "Who cared for a slave?" "One would think," she said, "that you belonged to the Anti-Slavery Society. By the by, have you read a canting tract published by that pious fraternity called "The History of Mary P ——.' It is set forth to be an authentic narrative, while I know it to be a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end."

"Did you know Mary P ——?"

"Pshaw! — who does? It is an imaginary tale, got up for party purposes."

"But I do know Mary P ——, and I know that narrative to be strictly true, for I took it down myself from the woman's own lips."

"You?" — and Mrs. Dalton started from the ground, as though she had been bitten by a serpent.

"Yes, me."

"You belong to that odious society."

"I have many dear friends who are among its staunch supporters, whose motives are purely benevolent, who have
nothing to gain by the freedom of the slave, beyond the
restoration of a large portion of the human family to their
rights as men."

"Mere cant — the vanity of making a noise in the
world. One of the refined hypocracies of life. Good night,
Mrs. M. — I don't want to know any more of the writer of
Mary P——."

Mrs. Dalton retired to the inner cabin; and Rachel
retired to her berth, where she lay pondering over her con-
versation with Mrs. Dalton, until the morning broke, and
the steamer cast anchor off Newhaven.

**Edinburgh**

The storm had passed away during the night; and at
daybreak Rachel hurried upon deck to catch the first glance
of

"The glorious land of flood and fell,
The noble north countrie, lassie."

The sun was still below the horizon, and a thick mist hung
over the waters, and hid the city from her view.

Oh, for the rising of that white curtain! How Rachel
tried to peer through its vapoury folds, to "Hail Old
Scotia's darling seat," the abode of brave, intelligent, true-
hearted men, and fair good women.

Beautiful Edinburgh! Who ever beheld thee for the
first time with indifference, and felt not his eyes brighten,
and his heart thrill with a proud ecstasy, the mingling of his
spirit with a scene which, in romantic sublimity, has not its
equal in the wide world.

"Who would not dare," exclaims the patriotic wizard
of the north, "to fight for such a land!"

Aye, and die for it, if need be, as every true-hearted
Scot would die rather than see one stain cast upon the
national glory of his noble country.

It cannot be doubted that the character of a people is
greatly influenced by the local features of the country to
which it belongs. The inhabitants of mountainous districts
have ever evaded, most effectually the encroachments of a
foreign power, and the Scot may derive from his romantic
land much of that poetic temperament and stern uncom-
promising love of independence, which has placed him in
the first rank as a man.

The sun at length rose, the fog rolled its grey masses
upwards, and the glorious castle emerged from the clouds,
like some fabled palace of the Gods, its antique towers glit-
ttering like gold in the sun burst.

“Beautiful! most beautiful!” — and Rachel’s cheek
crimsoned with delight.

“The situation of Quebec is almost as fine,” said the
Captain, addressing her. “It will lose little by comparison.”

“Indeed!” said Rachel eagerly. “You have been there?”

“Yes, many times; and always with increased pleasure.
It combines every object that is requisite to make a magnif-
icent scene — woods, mountains, rivers, cataracts, and all
on the most stupendous scale. A lover of nature, like you,
cannot fail to be delighted with the rock-defended fortress
of British North America.”

“You have made me quite happy,” said Rachel. “I can
never hate a country which abounds in natural beauty,” —
and she felt quite reconciled to Canada from this saying of
the Captain’s.

Boats were now constantly plying to and from the
shore, conveying passengers and their luggage from the
ship to the pier. The Captain, who had recognised a coun-
tryman in M ——, insisted on the voyagers taking breakfast
with him, before they left the vessel. Rachel had suffered so
much from sickness, that she had not tasted food since she
came on board; early rising and the keen invigorating air
had sharpened her appetite; and the refreshing smell of the
rasher of ham and fried eggs made the offer too tempting
to be refused. A small table was placed under an awning
upon the deck, at which the honest Scotch tar presided;
and never was a meal more heartily enjoyed. James Hawke,
who had been confined, during the whole voyage, to his
berth, now joined his friends, and ate of the savoury things
before him with such downright goodwill, that the Captain
declared that it was a pleasure to watch him handle his knife and fork.

"When a fellow has been starving for eight and forty hours, it is not a trifle that can satisfy his hunger," said Jim, making a vigorous onslaught into a leg of Scotch mutton. "Oh, but I never was so hungry in my life."

"Why, James, you make a worse sailor than I thought you would," said Rachel. "How shall we get you safe to Canada?"

"Never fear; I mean to leave all these qualms behind me, when once we lose sight of the British shores. I have been very ill, but 'tis all over now, and I feel as light as a feather."

On returning to the ladies' cabin to point out her luggage, Rachel found the stewardess walking about in high disdain. That important personage had bestowed very little attention upon Rachel, for which, in all probability, the merino gown had to answer. She had waited with most obsequious fawning politeness on Mrs. Major F. and Mrs. Dalton, because she fancied that they were rich people, who would amply reward her services; and they had given her all the trouble they possibly could. She had received few commands from Rachel, and those few she had neglected to perform. Still, as Rachel well knew that the salary of these people mainly depends upon the trifles bestowed upon them by the passengers, she slipped half a crown into her hand, and begged her to see that her trunks were carried upon deck.

The woman dropped a low curtsey. "Madam, you are one of the very few of our passengers, who has been kind enough to remember the stewardess. And all the trouble that that Mrs. Dalton gave, with her spoilt children, and her nasty black vagabond. I was out of my bed all last night with those noisy brats; and thinks I to myself, she cannot do less than give me a half sovereign for my services. But would you believe me, she went off without bestowing on me a single penny. And worse than that; I heard her tell the big, fat woman, that never rose up in her berth, but to drink brandy and water: 'That it was a bad fashion the Hinglish had of paying servants, and the sooner it was got
rid of the better.'

"I perfectly agree with you," said the fat woman; and so she gave me nothing, not even thanks. Mrs. Major F. pretended not to see me, though I am sure I'm no midge; and I stood in the door-way on purpose to give her a hint; but the hideous, little old maid, told me to get out of the way, as she wanted to go upon deck. Oh the meanness of these would be fine ladies. But if ever they come in this boat again, won't I pay them hoff."

Now, it must be confessed, that Rachel rather enjoyed the discomfort of the disappointed stewardess; and she was forced to turn away her head for fear of betraying her inclination to laugh.

A fine boat landed the party of emigrants on the chain pier, at New Haven, from thence they proceeded to Leith in a hackney coach; as M— wished to procure lodgings as near the place of embarkation as possible. Leaving Rachel and her maid at the inn, he set off with James Hawke in search of lodgings. In about an hour he returned, and conducted his wife to the house of a respectable woman, the widow of a surgeon, who resided near the bank, and only a few minutes walk from the wharf.

Great was the surprise of Rachel, when, instead of entering the house by a front door, they walked up an interminable flight of stone stairs; every landing comprising a distinct dwelling, with the names of the proprietors marked on the doors. At last they reached the flat that was occupied by good Mistress Waddell, who showed them into a comfortable sitting room, in which a bright fire was blazing, and welcomed her new lodgers with a torrent of kindly words, which were only half understood by the English portion of her audience.

A large, portly personage, was Mistress Waddell. Ugly, amiable, and by no means over particular in her dress. She was eloquent in the praise of her apartments; which she said, had been occupied by my Leddy Weymes, when his majesty, George the Fourth, God bless his sonsy face, landed at Leith, on his visit to Scotland. Her lodgings, it seems, had acquired quite an aristocratic character since
the above named circumstance; and not a day passed but the good woman enumerated all the particulars of that visit. But her own autobiography was the stock theme with our good hostess. The most minute particulars of her private history, she daily divulged, to the unspeakable delight of the mischievous, laughter loving James; who, because he saw that it annoyed Rachel, was sure to lead slyly to some circumstance that never failed to place the lady upon her high horse. And then she would talk — Ye gods! how she would talk and splutter away in her broad Scotch, until the wicked boy was in convulsions of laughter.

"Aye, Mister Jeames," she would say: "Ye will a' be m'akeng yer fun of a pure auld bodie, but 'tis na' cannie o' ye."

"Making fun of you, Mrs. Waddell," with a sly look at Rachel; "How can you take such a fancy into your head. It is so good of you to tell me all about your courtship; it's giving me a hint of how I am to go about it, when I am a man. I am sure you were a very pretty smart girl (with another sly look) in your young day?"

The old lady drew herself up and smiled approvingly at her black eyed tormenter: "Na' na', Mister Jeames, my gude man, who's dead and gane', said to me on the day that he made me his ain: Katie, ye are no bonnie, but ye a' gude, which is a hande better."

"No doubt he was right, but, really, I think he was very ungallant, and did not do you half justice."

"Weel, weel," said the good dame, "every ain to his taste. He was not owr gifted that way himsel', but we are nane sensible of our ain defects."

The great attraction in the small windowless closet, in which James slept, was an enormous calabash, which her son, the idol of the poor woman's heart, had brought from the South Seas. Over this calabash, she daily rehearsed all the adventures which she had gathered from that individual, during his short visits home. But as she possessed a wonderfully retentive memory, she could have filled volumes with these maternal reminiscences. To which James listened with the most earnest attention; not on account of the adventures, for they were common place enough, but
for the mere pleasure of hearing her talk Scotch, from which he seemed to derive the most ludicrous enjoyment.

Mrs. Waddell, had, in common with most of her sex, a great predilection for going to auctions; and scarcely a day passed without her making some wonderful bargains. For a mere trifle, she had bought a gude pot; only upon inspection, it turned out to be incurably leaky. A nice palliasse, which, on more intimate acquaintance, proved alive with gentry, with whom the most republican body could not endure to be on familiar terms. Jim was always joking the old lady upon her bargains, greatly to the edification of Betty Fraser, her black eyed prime minister in the culinary department.

"Weel, Mister Jeames, just ha' yer laugh out; but when ye get a glint o' the bonnie table, I bought this morning, for three-an-sixpence, ye'Il no be making game o' me any mair. Betty, ye maun just step o'ur the curb stane to the broker's an bring the table hame."

Away sped the nimble-footed damsel, and we soon heard the clattering of the table, as the leaves flapped to and fro, as she hugged it up the public stairs.

"Now for the great bargain!" exclaimed the saucy lad, "I think, Mother Waddell, I'll buy it of you as my venture to Canada."

"Did ye ever," said the old lady, her eyes brightening, as Betty dragged in the last purchase, and placed it triumphantly before her mistress. Like the Marquis of Anglesea, it had been in the wars; and with a terrible clatter fell prostrate to the floor. Betty opened wide her great black eyes with a glance of blank astonishment; and raising her hands with a tragic air, that was perfectly irresistible, exclaimed:

"Marcy me! but it wants a fut!"

"A what!" screamed Jim, as he sank beside the fallen table in convulsions of laughter. "Do, for heaven's sake, tell me the English for a fut? Oh, dear, I shall die. Why do you make such funny purchases, Mrs. Waddell, you will be the death of me, and then, what will my mammie say?"

To add to this ridiculous scene, Mrs. Waddell's parrot, who was not the least important person in the establishment,
fraternized with the prostrate lad, and echoed his laughter in
the most outrageous manner.

"Whist Poll, hauld yer clatter, it's no laughing matter
to lose three and sixpence in buying the like o' that." Mrs.
Waddell did not attend another auction during the month
that M. remained at her lodgings.

Unfortunately, on their arrival at Leith, they found
that the Chieftain had sailed two days before, and Mrs.
Waddell averred, that it was the last vessel that would leave
that port for Canada.

This was bad news enough, but M., who never yield-
ed to despondency, took it very philosophically, and lost no
time in making enquiries among the ship-owners as to
what vessels were still to sail; and, after several days of
almost hopeless search, he was informed that the Rachel,
Captain Irving, was to leave for Canada in a fortnight. The
name seemed propitious; and that very afternoon they
walked down to the wharf to inspect the vessel. She was a
small brig, very old, very dirty, and with wretched accom-
modations. The Captain was a brutal looking person, blind
of one eye, and very lame. Every third word he uttered was
an oath; and, instead of answering their enquiries, he was
engaged in a blasphemous dialogue with his two sons, who
were his first and second mates; their whole conversation
being interlarded with frightful imprecations on the limbs
and souls of each other. They had a large number of steer-
age passengers, for the very small size of the vessel, and
those of the lowest description.

"Don't go in this horrible vessel," whispered Rachel;
"what a captain, what a crew; we shall be miserable, if we
form any part of her live cargo."

"I fear, my dear girl, there is no alternative. We may,
perhaps, hear of another before she sails. I won't engage
places in her until the last moment."

The dread of going in the Rachel, took a prophetic
hold of the mind of her namesake; and she begged Jim to
be on the constant look out for another vessel.

During their stay at Leith, M. — was busily
engaged in writing the concluding chapters of his book,
and James and Rachel amused themselves by exploring the beauties of Edinburgh. The lad, who was very clever, possessed a wonderful faculty for remembering places, and before a week had passed away, he knew every street in Edinburgh and Leith, had twice or thrice climbed the heights of Arthur's Seat, and explored every nook of the old castle.

With James for a guide and Hannah following with the baby, one fine June afternoon, Rachel set forth to climb the mountain, the view of which, from her chamber window, she was never tired of contemplating. Her husband told her that she had better wait until he was able to accompany her, but, in spite of a perfect knowledge of the tale of the "dog Ball," Rachel, unable to control her impatience, gave him the slip, and set off on her mountain-climbing expedition.

Now be it known unto our readers, that Rachel was a native of a low pastoral country, very beautiful in running brooks, smooth meadows, and majestic parks, where the fat sleek cattle, so celebrated in the London markets, grazed knee deep in luxuriant grass, and the fallow deer browsed and gambolled through the long summer; but she had never seen a mountain before in her life, had never climbed a very high hill; and when she arrived at the foot of this grand upheaval of nature, she began to think the task more formidable than she had imagined at a distance, and made haste to dismiss Hannah and the baby while she commenced the ascent of the mountain, following the steps of her young conductor who, agile as a kid, bounded up the steep activity as if it were a bowling green.

"Not so fast, James, I cannot climb like you!"

But Jim was already beyond hearing, and was leaning over a projecting crag far over her head, laughing at the slow progress she made; meanwhile the narrow path that led round the mountain to the summit, became narrower and narrower, and the ascent more steep. Rachel had paused at the ruins of the chapel, to admire the magnificent prospect and to take breath, when a lovely boy of four years of age in a kilt and hose, his golden curls flying in the wind,
ran at full speed up the steep side of the hill, a panting 
woman without bonnet or shawl, following hard upon his 
track shaking her fist at him and vociferating her commands 
doubtless for him to retrace his steps) in gaelic. On fled the 
laughing child, the mother after him; but, as well might a 
giant pursue a fairy. Rachel followed the path they had 
taken, and was beginning to enjoy the keen bracing air of 
the hills, when she happened to cast her eyes below to the 
far off meadows beneath. Her head grew suddenly dizzy, 
and she could not divest herself of the idea that one false 
step would send her down to the plains below. Here was a 
most ridiculous and unromantic position; she neither dared 
to advance or retreat, and she stood grasping a ledge of the 
rocky wall in an agony of cowardice, irresolution, and 
despair. At this critical moment, the mother of the run-away 
child returned panting from a higher ledge of the hill, and, 
perceiving Rachel pale and trembling, very kindly speered 
what ailed her? Rachel could not refrain from laughing 
while he confessed her fear, lest she should fall from the 
narrow footpath on which she stood. The woman seemed 
highly amused at her distress, but her native kindliness of 
heart, which is the mother of genuine politeness, restrained 
the outburst of merriment that hovered about her lips.

"Ye are na’ accustomed to the hills, if ye dread a 
hillock like this. Ye suld ha’ been born where I was born to 
know a mountain fra’ a mole-hill. There is my bairn, no, I 
canna keep him fra’ the mountain. He will gang awa’ to the 
tap, and only laughs at me when I speer him to come doon. 
But it is because he was sae weel gotten, an’ all his forbears 
were reared amang the hills."

The good woman sat down upon a piece of loose rock 
and commenced a long history of herself, of her husband, 
and of the great clan of Macdonald, to which they 
belonged, that at last ended in the ignoble discovery that 
her aristocratic spouse was a common soldier in the high-
land regiment then stationed in Edinburgh; and that Flora, 
his wife, washed for the officers of the regiment; that the 
little Donald, with his wild goat propensities, was their 
only child, and so attached to the hills that she could not

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keep him confined to the meadows below, and the moment
her eye was off him his great delight was to lead her a
dance up the mountain, which as she, by her own account,
ever succeeded in catching him, was quite labour in vain.
All this, and more, the good-natured woman communicat-
ed as she lead the fear-stricken Rachel down the narrow
path to the meadow below; and her kindness did not end
here, for she walked some way up the road to put her in the
right track to regain her lodgings, for Rachel, trusting to
the pilotage of Jim, was perfectly ignorant of the locality.

This highland Samaritan indignantly refused the
piece of silver Rachel proffered in return for her services.

"Hout, leddy, keep the siller, I would not take ought
fra' ye on the sabbath day for a trifling act o' courtesy. Na'
na', I come of too guid bluid for that."

There was a noble simplicity about the honest-heart-
ed woman that delighted Rachel. What a fine country, what
a fine people! No smooth-tongued flatterers are these
Scotch; with them an act of kindness is an act of duty, and
they scorn payment for what they give gratuitously, without
display and without ostentation. If I were not English, I
should like to be a Scot. So thought Rachel, as she present-
ed herself before her Scotch husband, who laughed heartily
over her misadventure, and did not cease to tease her about
her expedition to the mountain, as long as they remained in
Edinburgh.

This did not deter her from taking a long stroll on
the sands the next afternoon with James, and delighted
with collecting shells and specimens of sea-weed, they wan-
dered on until Rachel remarked that her footprints were
filled with water at each step, and the roaring of the sea
gave notice of the return of the tide. What a race they had
to gain the pier of Leith before they were overtaken by the
waves, and how thankful they were that they were safe as
the billows chased madly past, over the very ground which
a few minutes before they had carelessly and fearlessly trod.

"This is rather worse than the mountain, and might
have been more fatal to us both," whispered James, "I think
Mr. M—— would scold this time if he knew of our danger."
"Thank God! the baby is safe at home," said Rachel, "I forgot all about the tide; what a mercy we were not both drowned."

"Yes, and no one would have known what had become of us."

"How miserable M —— would have been."

"And the poor baby — but what is this?" — "To sail on the 1st of July, for Quebec and Montreal, the fast sailing brig, the Ann, Captain Rogers; for particulars, inquire at the office of P. Glover, Bank Street, Leith. Hurra, a fig for Captain Irwine and the Rachel."

"Let us go James and look at the vessel. If it had not been for our fright on the sands we should not have seen this."

Before half an hour had elapsed, Rachel and her young friend had explored the Ann and held a long conversation with her Captain, who, though a rough sailor, seemed a hearty honest man. He had no cabin passengers, though a great many in the steerage, and he assured Rachel that she could have his state-cabin for herself and child, while her husband could occupy a berth with him in the cabin.

The state cabin was just big enough to hold the captain's chest of drawers, the top of which formed the berth which Rachel was to occupy. Small as the place was, it was neat and clean; and possessed to Rachel one great advantage, the charm of privacy, and she hastened home to report matters to her husband. But he had taken a fancy to go in the Rachel, because she was to sail a fortnight earlier, and it took a great deal of coaxing to induce him to change his determination, but he did change it, at the earnest solicitations of his wife, and took their passage in the Ann. For those who doubt the agency of an overruling providence in the ordinary affairs of life, these trifling reminiscences have been chiefly penned. From trifling circumstances the greatest events often spring. Musa, King of Grenada, owed his elevation to the throne to a delay of five minutes, when he requested the executioner whom his brother had sent to the prison to take his head, to wait for five minutes until he had checkmated the gaoler, with whom he was playing a game at chess. The grim official reluctantly consented.
Before the brief term expired, a tumult in the city dethroned his brother and placed Musa on the throne. How much he owed to one move at chess. Could that be accidental on which the fate of a nation, and the lives of thousands were staked?

So with our emigrants' disastrous trips to sea. The delay saved them from taking their passage in the "Chieftain." That ill-fated ship lost all her crew and most of her numerous passengers with cholera, on the voyage out. The "Rachel" put to sea a fortnight before the "Ann;" she was wrecked upon the banks of Newfoundland, and was sixteen weeks at sea, her captain was made a prisoner in his cabin, by his own brutal sons; and most of her passengers died of smallpox and the hardships they endured on the voyage. How kind was the providence that watched over our poor emigrants; although, like the rest of the world, they murmured at their provoking delay, and could not see the beam in the dark cloud, until the danger was over-past; and they had leisure to reflect on the great mercies they had received at the hands of the Almighty.

It was with deep regret, that Rachel bade farewell to the beautiful capital of Scotland. How happy would she have been, if her pilgrimage could have terminated in that land of poetry and romance, and she could have spent the residue of her days, among its truthful, highminded and hospitable people. But vain are regrets, the inexorable spirit of progress, points onward, and the beings she chooses to be the parents of a new people in a new land, must fulfil their august destiny.

On the 1st of July, they embarked on board the "Ann," and bade adieu to their country for ever, while the glory of summer was upon the earth, to seek a new home beyond the Atlantic, and friends in a land of strangers.

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