

and the old lady prescribed several remedies, some of which were in our medicine chest ; but I could not give anything without asking mama, and I did not know her cabin. I was glad to arise in the morning from my unrefreshing sleep ; hoping that I might pass the next night in a comfortable bed.”

What think you, reader, of a night so passed in a steamboat on Lake Erie by the delicate, slim, young girl whom you may have known in far other scenes ? While she was chatting or was dancing with you last winter, amid the gay and the highborn of those who thronged her mother’s drawing-rooms in the handsomest palace in Rome, I warrant me she often thought with pleasure of her night on Lake Erie ; as I trust my wife and my other children often think of the still harder and more menial offices to which we shall see them all hereafter so lovingly and so gallantly bow themselves. Thus do I testify my gratitude to them ; hereafter, I may tell the cause of our so “roughing it.”

“ Why it is evident that they were travelling without any servants !”

Gentle reader! it was even so. While we lived at Talence, in France, only two of our servants, a lady's maid and a nurse, were English; and these had returned home, as they were unwilling to venture across the Atlantic. The others, women and men, were all French; and, of course, unsuited to such a journey. We had the less regretted losing our English servants because we knew that, in all probability, they would be sea sick and useless on the voyage, where stewardesses and stewards would supply their place; and would leave us to marry and settle in the United States soon after our arrival. At New York, we had been much put out by the treacherous desertion of the maid whom we had hired there; for although one attendant would have been little amongst our party, still she might have sufficed while in the two steamers and two railway cars that alone, as we thought, interposed between us and a more settled domicile. She, however, had failed us; and I had yet to learn the impossibility of finding servants in the western states. There were, also, other reasons which induced us to risk the journey without our

usual travelling establishment. The time is not yet come when I may declare them. . . But declared they shall hereafter be. . .

Next morning, our steamer was steadily proceeding westward through its quiet inland sea. The steamboats on these lakes recommend themselves as being “low pressure”—perhaps the people are more nervous than elsewhere, owing to their nearness to Canada; and we were only advancing at the rate of ten miles an hour. On our right hand, was a waste of waters; on our left, at no great distance, were the shores of New York State, now fading behind us, of Pennsylvania and of Ohio. There was nothing marked in the scenery of either. Hills, covered with forests amongst which were occasional clearings and farms, occasional villages, occasional towns, rose gently from the water edge—almost a regular bank. We passed the headland on which stands the little town of Erie, and in the harbour of which, in 1813, according to American boast, they built, in seventy days from the time when they were waving in their native forests, a fleet which contended success-

fully with the British on these waters. We stopped at Cleveland, where most of our passengers left us to proceed by railway to the interior of Ohio or to Pittsburgh. And here, in fact, we ourselves ought to have landed; but I had, in a great degree, taken my route from the maps and descriptive works on board the *Kate Hunter* and from Appleton's guide-book; and all these, having been printed during the preceding year, were already out of date; a railroad had been since made from Cleveland, of which they gave no notice. Guide books in the United States should be published every month, like Bradshaw's railway time tables!

But a fresh breeze came down from the great lakes and hills of North Canada, and tempered the noon-day heat; and pleasantly we walked or sat about the decks, as we advanced farther and farther to the west. Some strawberries which I had purchased as we stepped on board at Buffalo, were gratefully eaten in the "Bride's room". The basket that held them is painted, and bright-varnished in England,—a memorial of other lands. Then our children came to us

in a body for instructions how they should meet the questioning and cross-questioning to which they had been subjected ever since they landed at New York. Young and old, parents and children, poor and rich,—all thought themselves entitled to ask “Where do you come from?” “Where are you going?” “How long have you been in the country?” “How long are you going to stop?” “I calculate your father will be for buying a location?” “Is not it an everlasting great country?” “How many brothers and sisters are you?” “Are you all one family?”—this doubt seemed to weigh upon the mind of all we met; large families are not common in the United States. Our children complained that a civil answer only brought on a more impertinent question; and besought us to tell them how they should meet their inquisitors. I considered a moment, and then desired them to answer very politely, but very innocently, either “I do not know,” or else “You had better ask papa and mamma.”

The plan succeeded. Cuddie Headrig in “Old Mortality,” said that it was very useful