

was made in the month of September, and we were anxious to plough for fall wheat, it was necessary to be upon the spot. No house was to be found in the immediate neighbourhood, but a small dilapidated log tenement, on the next farm, which had been some months without an owner. The merchant assured us that this could be made tolerably comfortable, until such time as Harris could remove, and the owner was willing to let us have it for the moderate sum of four dollars a month. Trusting to his word, and being strangers in the land, we never took the precaution to examine the place before entering upon it, but gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of obtaining a temporary home so near our new property. The agreement was drawn up, and we were told that we could take possession whenever it suited us.

The few weeks which I had sojourned in the country had by no means prepossessed me in its favor. The home sickness was sore upon me, and all my solitary hours were spent in tears. My whole soul yielded itself up to a strong and overpowering grief. One simple word dwelt forever in my heart, and swelled it to bursting—Home! home! I repeated it waking, a thousand times a day; and my last prayer, before I sank to sleep, was still home. "Oh! that I could return, if only to die at home!"—and nightly I did return. My feet again trod the daisied meadows of England, and the song of her birds was in my ears. I wept with delight to find myself once more wandering beneath the fragrant shade of her green hedgerows—and I awoke to weep in earnest, when I found it but a dream. But this is all digression, and has nothing to do with our unseen dwelling. The reader will think I am borrowing from imagination, while I mean to confine myself to sober realities.

It was the 22nd of September, 1832, that we set off from the Steamboat Hotel, Cobourg, to take possession of our new abode. During the three weeks I had been in Canada, I had not seen a drop of rain, and I began to think that the fine weather would last for ever. But this eventful day to us, arose in clouds—and my husband hired a covered carriage, to convey me and the maid, and our only child, a baby of seven months old, to the farm, as our driver prognosticated a wet day; while he followed with the teams, which conveyed our luggage.

The scenery through which we passed was so new to me, so unlike anything that I had ever beheld before, that in spite of its monotonous character, it won me from my melancholy, and I began to look about me with considerable interest. Not so my English maid, who declared

that "it was frightful to look upon—a country only fit for wild beasts—that she hated it with all her heart and soul, and would go back as soon as she was able."

About a mile from our new home, the rain, which had been bottled up the whole summer, began to fall in torrents, and we turned into a narrow steep path, overhung with lofty woods, which after laboring up with considerable difficulty, at the risk of breaking our necks, brought us at length to a rocky upland clearing, which was partially covered with a second growth of trees, and surrounded on both sides by the dark forest.

"I guess," quoth our Yankee driver, "that at the bottom of this swell you'll find the house," and plunging into a short broad path, cut through the trees, he pointed to a miserable hut at the bottom of a steep descent, and cracking his whip, exclaimed—"Tis a smart location—I wish you Englishers may enjoy it."

"You must be mistaken," I cried; for I had never seen a log hut before, "that is no house—it is some cattle shed, or pig-stye."

The man turned a knowing, keen eye upon me, and smiled, half-humourously, half-maliciously, as he said:

"You were raised in the old country—you have much to learn, and more perhaps than you'll like to know, before the winter is past."

I was perfectly bewildered. I could only stare at the place, with my eyes swimming in tears. But as the horses plunged down the steep hollow, my attention was drawn from my new abode, to the perils which endangered life and limb at every step they took. The driver, however, was used to such roads, and, steering us dexterously between the black stumps, at length drove up—not to the door, for there was none to the house, but to the open space, from whence that absent, but very necessary appendage, had departed. Three young steers, and two heifers, were quietly reposing upon the floor, and when the driver asked me to alight, I told him I was afraid to do so, until he had driven out the cattle.

A few strokes of the whip, and a loud burst of gratuitous curses, soon effected an ejection; and Hannah and I dismounted with the baby, who was still sleeping, and took possession of this untenable tenement. My husband was not yet in sight, and I begged the man to stay until he arrived, as I felt terrified at being left alone in this wild, strange place. He laughed at our fears, and said he had a long way to go, and must be off. Then cracking his whip, and nodding to the girl, who was crying aloud, he went his way