

them down, about two feet or more from the ground, he then drags them off the ground and burns them, or, makes a *snake-fence* with them; snake-fencing is a very simple process—the logs which have been cut down being simply laid on the top of each other in a zigzag manner, their weight being too much for cattle to knock down; when the trees have been thus got off, the land is said to be clear, and the farmer in his pride at what his own hands have done, calls it a clearing. The frost strikes very deeply into the ground, and when the thaw comes in spring the frost leaves the land so loose that the seed only requires to be harrowed in. When a new settler comes out, all the neighbours round about come and help him to put up his log hut, which they generally do in a day, he doing the like for the next comer; meetings of this sort are called “Bees.” A log hut is a very rude building; the trees are roughly squared, and laid on the top of each other, the interstices between the logs being filled up with clay; they do not build the walls above 8 feet in height; a few rafters are then put up, and boarded over with shingles; a couple of small windows are put in, and his house is ready to live in; if he has brought no furniture, as few settlers do, they will knock a few boards together and form seats, which answer the purpose as well as mahogany would do. A settler coming into a new country must make up his mind to rough it a good deal; after a year or two he will be able to build a proper wood house, and in a few more will be, to all intents, an independent man, only he must work hard at first; during the winter months they have little to do beyond cutting firewood, and attending to their cattle. It snowed during part of our journey to-day, but was very warm; we stopped at an Inn about 11 a.m. to feed the horses and refresh ourselves; we pulled out our meat and bread, got some beer from the Inn, and made a good lunch, besides replenishing the bottle; in about an hour we started again, all as lively as crickets; we commenced singing songs, to the great delight of our drivers, who evidently had not been accustomed to much singing. The roads were very uneven; we were generally either toiling up a hill in slow time, or going at a gallop down the other side; the sleigh once set in motion would have slid over the smooth snow by its own impetus; nor was their wanting a little danger to enliven our journey; something would happen to the sleigh in front, when the one behind coming down like the wind, and unable to stop would run into it, endangering those who were in it; sometimes our road lay along the edge of a precipice, with only a bank of loose snow to prevent us going over; in jolting over the ruts, some one who was not on the *qui vive* might get pitched out of the sleigh into a wreath of snow, amid the laughter of his comrades, which was greatly increased if some other one who had laughed so much at the others got pitched out himself; of course no one could get hurt amongst the soft snow. The inhabitants along the road side generally turned out to have a look at us, and give us a kind word as we passed; at a hamlet called Welshford, they had got up a little bit of display; a flag was hung across the road, and others were put up over gateways; they all bore inscriptions; on the one across the road was “Welcome Victoria’s Heroes,” and on the reverse side was seen, on looking back, the word “Farewell;” one old gentleman, who had a fine house and comfortable looking farm, stood with his servants, cheering the men as the different sleighs came up; when the last sleigh had passed, he got into his own sleigh bringing up the rear of the procession, and accompanied us to our halting place for the night; this was the only place during our journey, where the inhabitants attempted a display, or gave us a cheer; we will remember the gentleman at Welshford for a long time. We arrived at a place called Petersville about 3 p.m.; our quarters was a large log hut, which accommodated 120 of us, the remainder going to a house half a mile farther on; we had been led to expect a hot dinner when we got in, but we were disappointed; it had to be cooked after our arrival; we got dinner at 8 p.m. and tea at 10 p.m. but most of the men were by that time asleep; there were no beds to sleep on; the floor was covered with branches of the pine tree; each man had only the two blankets which we had brought with us; the best plan of sleeping was to undress and go into the blanket which was sewed up, roll the other around, great coat on the top, the rest of the clothing under forming a mattress, and the knapsack made a capital pillow; this was the way I slept during the whole of the journey; once I got into my bag no air could get at me, and when you can exclude the air, you are sure to be warm. The officers had a small hut to themselves, but otherwise they fared no better than we did; one of the sergeants had occasion to see