

voice to the utmost to alarm the crew, who he hoped might be within hail; he was heard, and in a short time several of the crew reached the place, but not in time to save him from the fearful encounter. His garments were not only rent from him, but the flesh literally torn from his legs, exposing even the bone and sinews. It was with the greatest difficulty he made the descent of the tree; exhausted through loss of blood, and overcome by fright and exertion, he sank upon the ground, and immediately fainted, but the application of rum restored him to consciousness. Preparing a litter from poles and boughs, they conveyed him to the camp, washed and dressed his wounds as well as circumstances would allow, and, as soon as possible, removed him to the nearest settlement, where medical aid was secured. After a protracted period of confinement he gradually recovered from his wounds, though still carrying terrible scars, and sustaining irreparable injury. Such desperate encounters are, however, of rare occurrence, though collisions less sanguinary are not unfrequent."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

NO. VI.

"A few leaves gathered by the way-side."

RAMBLINGS BY THE RIVER.

I REMEMBER being particularly struck during my first journey through the bush, by the deep, and to me, solemn silence that reigned unbroken, save by the tapping of a wood-pecker, the sharp scolding note of the squirrel, or the falling of some little branch when stirred by the breeze which was heard moaning or sighing in the tops of the lofty pines above us, but was scarcely felt in these dense woods through which our road lay. For miles and miles, not a clearing was seen to break the lonely way, and let in a glimpse of light and air. Once my eye was gladdened by the bright and gorgeous flash of the summer red-bird, the tanager, as it darted across the path and disappeared among the shining beech trees. Accustomed only to the sober plumage of our British songsters, I marvelled at the glorious color of this lovely gem of the forest, and watched till my eyes were weary for another such beautiful vision, but watched in vain, for shy and solitary, these lovely birds seek the deep recesses of the forest and even there are not often seen. All day long we journeyed on through that deep, still, forest gloom, and night found us on the shore of the lake,* just where it narrows between two rounding shores and sweeps past the little headland with eddying

swiftness, till it again for a brief space expands into a mimic lake, then hurrying on, passes two pretty wooded islands and dashes down steep, broken ledges of rocks, coiling and foaming in white crested breakers.

The hoarse, never-ceasing murmur, which for ages and ages has broken the silence of these solitudes unheard and unheeded, save by the Indian hunter, first met my ears at the termination of my first journey through the wilderness, at nightfall, as I sat watching the little bark canoe, with its pine torch dancing on the surface of the rapids, that my good brother was paddling across the lake to ferry us over to his forest home.

He had but just broken the bush in that location, and all was wild, and rough, and rude; but unbounded kindness went far to make the rough places smooth to the home-sick uninitiated emigrants.

How many things that then seemed new and strange, and incomprehensible in the economy of a Canadian settler's household; have since become familiar and expedient. How many a time in after years did I recall to mind my dear good sister-in-law's oft repeated words—"Wait till you have been in Canada a few years, and then you will better understand the difficulties of a bush settler's life."

Perhaps, among the trials of the farmer there is none more trying to his patience, and often to his pocket, than receiving relations and friends from the Old Country into their houses. On the one side there is a great amount of disappointment, regret, and disgust to be overcome; and generally, this ill-humour is unjustly and ungraciously vented in the presence of the friends whose hospitality they are sharing. On the other hand, the mortified host and hostess are inclined to tax their guests with a selfish disregard of their feelings and convenience, and think while they eat of their hardly earned bread, and fill the limited space of their little dwelling, it is not grateful to repay them only with discontent and useless repining. Such things ought not so to be.

In a former number I pointed out the evil of such selfish conduct. Let no one take undue advantage of generous hospitality, but during an unavoidable sojourn with friends, let each strive to render every assistance in their power to lighten the burden. There is always needle-work that females can assist in teaching the young children, and many light household matters that may spare the weary wife or mother an extra hour of fatigue, while the men can help in the work that is going on in the clearing: it is not well to eat the bread of idleness.

* Katchawabook, one of the expansions of the Otonabee river.