

erly bank of the Lake, as he recounted them, gave a vivid picture of the difficulties with which the early pioneers of these townships had to struggle. People now-a-days grumble at the hardships of a new country, with roads, mills, schools, churches, medical advice, &c.; yet we can form but a faint idea of what opening up a new country is, or the embarrassments and perplexities the first inhabitants had to encounter. Compare the circumstances of a party settling a few miles back in the woods at the present time, with those of the people first coming into this country, say seventy years ago. We will give a few facts gleaned from the old gentleman referred to. His father, named Austin, emigrated from New England nearly seventy years since, and brought his family, among whom was the narrator, then eleven years of age. They left their home in Somersworth, N. H., when the snow was two and a half feet deep, with three yokes of oxen, one sled being loaded with hay and grain for the teams, the two others with the family, household goods, and provisions. They had to camp out in the woods for nine nights after leaving the settlements in Vermont, before reaching their new home. Where are now the rich and flourishing farms on both sides of Lake Memphremagog, with good society and every convenience that one need ask for, at that time for many miles, not a single settler could be found, not a tree cut, the land not even surveyed, and a "waste, howling wilderness" lay around for several day's journey; continuing so a