

tion of the small end of a notion of what it was ! A hundred brawny arms, accustomed to wield the broad axe, had lent their aid to rear the mighty pile and feed the ravening flame.

It was kindled on a wide level plot in the outskirts of the settlement, around which the trees spread their sheltering arms. On a plank raised on two casks sat the blacksmith with his fiddle. The carpenter sat beside him with a kettle-drum—more literally a kettle-drum even than the real thing, for that drum *was* a kettle ! On a little mound that rose in the centre of the plot sat, in state, Dick and Mary, March and the Vision in leather, their respective thrones being empty flour-casks. Around them danced the youth and beauty of the settlement. These were enclosed by a dense circle, composed of patriarchal, middle-aged, and extremely juvenile admirers. The background of the picture was filled up with the monstrous fire which saturated that spot in the forest with light—bright as the broadest day. The extreme foreground was composed of the trunk of a fallen tree, on which sat our friend the artist, delineating the whole with the eagerness of an enthusiast who had *at last* fallen upon a scene truly worthy of his genius.

How Bounce did dance, to be sure ! How the young trappers and the blooming backwoods maidens did whirl and bound, on heel and toe, and, to a large extent, on the whole sole of the