

The bush is an interesting scene. There is, as Byron says—

“ A pleasure in the pathless woods.”

When a man loses his way, he follows down the first running brook he comes to, and this never fails to conduct him to the banks of some river, where he generally may obtain information of his situation. The Indian writes his letters on the bark of a tree, and places them in some post-office well known to his tribe; which post-office is, generally, an old hollow cedar. Thus they conduct their business in the bush, and breathe sighs to their squaws from Lake Simcoe, perchance, to beyond the Rocky Mountains.—Think what ye will, ye denizens of gay luxuriant cities; ye who boast of your wealth, your wines, your comforts, your society—give an honest Canadian a bit of pig, his wife, and his pipe, and he is as happy in the bush as you are; and treads his brushwood-way as pleasantly as you do a Turkey carpet.