

heaped in primitive fashion." The walls of the living room were formed of naked logs. In front of a capacious chimney stood a long wooden table, flanked with two wooden chairs cut from the forest close by. No fauteuil, spring-cushioned, extended its comfortable arms, for the owner held all such luxuries in contempt. The interior of the house contained "several comfortable lodging rooms and one really handsome, the dining room." There was a large kitchen with a tremendously hospitable chimney, and underground were the cellars for storing wine, milk, and provisions. "Around the house stood a vast variety of out-buildings, of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and disposed without the least regard to order or symmetry." Behind the house lay "an open tract of land, prettily broken and varied, where large flocks of sheep and cattle were feeding—the whole inclosed by a beautiful and luxuriant woods, through which ran a little river." Near the chateau was an orchard ground of the common European fruits in abundance, and a garden abounding in roses of different kinds. This owner of a lovely estate had neither wife nor children to cheer him in this picturesque home of the West, but he was not without abundant company. Mrs. Jameson was used "to find groups of strange figures around the door, ragged, black-bearded, gaunt, travel-worn, and toil-worn emigrants, Irish, Scotch and American who had come to offer themselves as settlers. . . . Curious and characteristic, and dramatic beyond description were the scenes which used to take place between the grand bashaw of the wilderness and his hungry, importunate clients and petitioners. Such homes as Colonel Talbot's were common enough in the country. Some of the higher class of immigrants, however, made efforts to surround themselves with some of the luxuries of the old world. Mrs. Jameson tells us of an old admiral, who had settled in the London district—now the most prosperous agricultural part of Ontario—and had the best of society in his neighbourhood; "several gentlemen of family, superior education, and large capital (among them the brother of an English and the son of an Irish peer, a colonel and major in the army) whose estates were in a flourishing state." The Admiral's residence resembled an "African village, a sort of Timbuctoo," from the outside, and "a man-of-war's cabin" in the inside. He had begun by erecting a log house, while the woods were clearing, and added from time to time a number of others of all shapes and sizes, full of a seaman's contrivances—odd galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins, and cupboards." The drawing-room, which occupied an entire building, was "really a noble room with a chimney in which they piled twenty oak logs at once." The Admiral's sister, an accomplished woman, had "recently brought from