

now upon the earth, and the once gay meadow looked like a small forest lake, covered with snow.

The first step we made into it, plunged us up to the knees in snow, and we toiled on without saying a word, following hard upon Mr. T—— and his young friend, who were breaking with their feet a sort of track for us. We soon reached the Cold Creek, but here a new difficulty presented itself. It was too wide to jump across, and we could see no other way of passing to the other side.

"There must be some sort of a bridge hereabouts," said young C——, or how can the people from Dummer pass constantly to and fro? "I will go along the bank and hollo, if I find one."

In a few minutes he raised his hand, and on reaching the spot, we found a round slippery log flung across the stream by way of a bridge. With some trouble, and after various slips, we got safely to the other side.

To wet our feet would have ensured their being frozen, and, as it was, we were not without serious apprehensions on that score.

After crossing the bleak snow plain, we scrambled over another brook and entered the great swamp, which occupied two miles of our dreary road.

It would be vain to attempt giving any description of this tangled maze of closely interwoven cedars, fallen trees, and loose scattered masses of rock. It seemed the fitting abode of wolves and bears, and every other unclean beast. The fire had run through it during the summer, making the confusion doubly confused. Now we stooped, half doubled, to crawl under fallen branches which hung over our path, which to lose would have been certain destruction; then again we had to clamber over fallen trees of great bulk, descending from which, we plumped down into holes in the snow—sinking mid-leg into the rotten trunk of some treacherous decayed pine tree. Before we were half through the great swamp we all began to think ourselves sad fools, and to wish ourselves safe again by our own fire-sides. But a great object was in view, the relief of a distressed fellow creature, and like the "full of hope, unshamed, forlorn," we determined to overcome every difficulty, and toil on.

It took us an hour at least to clear the swamp, from which we emerged into a fine wood, composed chiefly of maple trees. The sun had, during our immersion in the dark shades of the swamp, burst through his leaden shroud, and cast a cheery gleam along the rugged boles of the lofty trees. The squirrel and chipmunk occasionally bounded across our path; the dazzling

snow which covered it reflected the branches above us in an endless variety of dancing shadows. Our spirits rose in proportion. Young C—— burst out singing, and Emilia and I laughed and chatted as we bounded along our narrow road. On, on for hours, the same interminable forest stretched away to the right and left, before and behind us.

"It is past twelve," said my brother T—— thoughtfully; "if we do not soon come to a clearing we may chance to spend the night in the forest."

"Oh! I am dying with hunger," said Emilia. "Do C——, give us one or two of the cakes your mother put into the bag for us, to eat upon the road."

The ginger cakes were instantly produced. But where were the teeth to be found that could bite them? They were frozen as hard as stones. This was a great disappointment to us tired and hungry wights; but it only produced a hearty laugh. Over the logs we went again, for it was like a perpetual stepping up and down, crossing the fallen trees which strewn the path. At last we came to a spot, from which two distinct roads diverged.

"What are we to do now?" said Mr. T——.

We stopped, and a general consultation was held, and without one dissenting voice we took the branch to the right—which, after pursuing for about half a mile, led us to a log hut of the rudest description.

"Is this the road to Dummer?" asked I of a man who was chopping wood outside the fence.

"I guess you are in Dummer," was the answer.

My heart leaped for joy, for I felt dreadfully fatigued.

"Does this road lead through the English Line?"

"That's another thing," returned the woodsman. "No; you turned off from the right path when you came up here." We all looked very blank at each other. "You will have to go back, and keep the other road, and that will lead you straight to the English Line."

"How many miles is it to Mrs. ——'s."

"Some four, or thereabouts," was the cheering rejoinder; "why, 'tis one of the very last clearings on the line. If you are going back to Douro to night, you must look sharp."

Sadly and dejectedly, we retraced our steps; and the other road soon led us to the dwellings of man. Neat, comfortable log-houses, well fenced, and surrounded with small patches of clearing, now arose on either side of the road. Dogs flew out and barked at us; and children ran shouting in doors to tell their respective owners that