

and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the western country. Trappers are two kinds—the hired and the free; the former being merely hired for the hunt by the fur companies, while the latter is supplied with animals and traps by the company and receives a certain price for his furs and poltries.—*Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.*

**PERILS OF THE TRAPPERS.**—A little before sunset I descended the mountain to the springs; and being very tired, after taking a refreshing draught of the cold water, I lay down on a rock by the side of the water and fell asleep. When I awoke the sun had already set; but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flames shot up into the sky, and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which roaring along the bottom with the utmost speed, seized upon the roots of the trees, and their trunks, and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could run. The prairie itself was yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules, with stretched ropes, were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat, which I had not time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long dry grass was soon a sheet of flame; but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito's sides I dashed him at the burning brush, and though his mane and tail were singed in the attempt, he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules saddled together on the other side, and evidently fearing to pass the blazing barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on, but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old hunting mule singed and smoking, was at my side, and the others close beside her. On all sides I was surrounded by fire. The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noonday. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar bushes, the fire was less fierce, and presented the only way to escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the banks were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick ice, which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded in pushing Panchito into the stream, but in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffed into his face, which caused him to roar on and, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backwards into the middle of the stream, and rolled over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs, and stood trembling with affright in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and of course sunk to the bottom. After a search of some minutes I found it, and again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little further down, in which I succeeded, and followed by the mules, dashed through the fire and got safely through the line of blazing brush.

**NOTTINGHAM HOUSES NEVER BURNT.**—At Nottingham, where gypsum abounds, the floors of all houses were, till late years, universally formed by an almost exactly similar process to that employed at Paris—stout reeds, however, being strowed over the joists as a basis, instead of split battens. The practice of Nottingham, adds small coal and cinders to the plaster of paris (gypsum) in making the mortar, and the surface is at

once trowelled over to finish. In this manner is produced an almost indestructible floor, capable of any surface, and so secure a protection against fire, through its imperviousness to air, that notwithstanding its unceasing and exposed joints below, houses in Nottingham are said never to be burnt, whilst the floors are said to be free alike from damp and from vermin.

**CHAPPED HANDS.**—To keep your hands from chapping during the winter, wash them as often as you please, but rub them "bright dry" each time; don't leave a particle of moisture for the cold to act upon.

#### I'LL FARM LIKE MY FATHERS BEFORE ME.

When my landlord says, "John,  
You must really get on,  
Just see how your neighbours are striving;  
We must be improving,  
And onward keep moving;  
Depend that's the right road to thriving."  
"Sir, I pry when I can;  
I'm a hard-working man;  
At elections you know you get o'er me;  
Let them do as they may,  
I prefer the old way,—  
I'll farm like my fathers before me.

"There's Berwickshire Dick—  
Of the fellow I'm sick—  
They say that his crops are so charming;  
And there's East Lothian Will,  
He is worse and worse still;  
They boast,—how they boast of his farming;  
Everything is so good,  
And so well understood;  
It's all just to chafe and to bore me;  
But I care not a jot,  
For I value them not,—  
I'll farm like my fathers before me.

"There's nothing but toiling  
At draining, subsoiling,  
And grubbing old hedgerows and fences;  
It is all very neat,  
When the thing is complete,  
But dreadful to think what expences;  
Should I spend on the land,  
I cannot understand  
How cash it again would restore me;  
I shall therefore take care  
Aught that I get to spare,  
I'll keep like my fathers before me.

"To the markets they ride,  
In the flush of their pride,  
As if they were princes of creation;  
On the best they will dine,  
And sit over their wine,  
And talk about crops and rotation;  
But how they contrive  
To get rich—man alive!  
That certainly *KATYON* gets o'er me!  
But I care not a jot,  
For I envy them not,—  
I'll farm like my fathers before me.

"There's such new-fangled ways  
About dung now-a-days,  
Whole islands have gone to destruction;  
It's absurd to suppose  
That so tiny a dose  
Can greatly increase the production.  
About liquid manure  
I am not quite so sure;  
But *trouble* and *tanks*, I abhor ye!  
'Twas my father's old song—  
'Jack, thou'lt never do wrong  
To farm like thy fathers before thee.'

"Improvements in breeding;  
And new modes of feeding;  
'Bout science they'll preach you a sermon;  
They may boast of Liebig,  
But I care not a fig,  
He's nought but some cunning old German.  
They talk about gases  
Like thundering seas,  
Such nonsense shall never get o'er me;  
I have just this to say—  
I prefer the old way,  
I'll farm like my fathers before me."