

suppose had once done service as a soup plate, was brought in full of water, and a towel of so extraordinary a character that I will not endeavor to describe it. There was no looking glass, nor any substitution for one in the house, but notwithstanding all these difficulties and B——'s tomfooleries, I managed both to wash, shave and dress in a rather tolerable manner, always excepting that unfortunate boot, whose want no ingenuity of mine could supply. Had I been going on direct to Charlottetown I should not have cared so much, but the farmer's cottage—and the light and beauty of that cottage, often came unbidden into my mind, and I could not help thinking upon the foolish and ridiculous appearance I should make with one foot minus a boot. By nine o'clock we bade the poor squatter farewell—and as I shook his huge hard hand, it occurred to me that after all some people *were* born with silver spoons in their mouths. We had to travel over this "rough and tumble" road of six miles once more, but as it was daylight we got on rather better than we had done the night previous, and long before midday were again at the hospitable door of our friend the farmer. Once more were we welcomed by this good old soul, but never did I step from a waggon with a more painful sense of short-coming than when my uncovered foot most reluctantly exhibited itself. B—— laughed—the farmer smiled and looked curious—but I can't say that my thoughts were occupied particularly about them. Another party now came to the door, who by woman's instinct, or B——'s activity, had become acquainted with my loss, and held out her hand with a gentle, sympathetic titter. Our story was soon told: the farmer laughed heartily—and not to be wanting in friendliness, offered me a clog,—heavy enough almost to fetter a convict. The young lady, however, put an end to the difficulty by bringing me a carpet slipper, which did duty so well, that I soon ceased to think of my misfortune.

As both our horse and ourselves were pretty much jaded—it was no difficult matter to persuade us to stay the rest of the day, and not to leave for town till the following morning. Indeed the proposal wrought a change almost miraculous in my feelings—and I was in as pretty a state of excitement as any one could imagine. My country beauty seemed more gentle, more graceful, more lovely—less shy, less cold, less reserved than before—she did not laugh, but the smile which constantly played upon her features so sweetly—so naturally—gave an almost angelic expression to her countenance. This being, so good, so noble by nature,—this lovely flower, I could make my own, and train, nurture and adapt to those higher and more refined enjoyments, which circumstances had hitherto placed beyond her reach. I proposed a walk. It was assented to, and accompanied by no one but a huge Newfoundland dog, we strolled away through the adjoining fields. Her book-knowledge of nature was indeed limited, but her powers of observation, quick and accurate. My knowledge was more extensive—but it was merely knowledge at second hand