

It was while intent and determined to follow this pursuit in life, that I took to myself a partner, and although unaccustomed to life in the backwoods, she cordially and cheerfully aided me in my every effort—but man proposes and God disposes—alas, in nine months on a tempestuous and stormy night in February she passed away, leaving a still born infant as a pledge of our love.

My hearth and home became too desolate, and I left it to allow the current of time to allay the troubled stream, and after a four years' respite again took another partner, and lo, the avenger cleft from my side another flower of Eve. Many would suppose that this was enough to discourage me, but no, such are the attractions of "Home, sweet Home," that it is difficult to part with the shade trees that you have planted to screen the rays of the meridian sun from the cottage door, the thrifty fruit trees that have contributed their luscious fruits to appease the thirsty palate, and the creeping rose and honeysuckle perfuming the air that invites you to repose. Again did the third partner link her fate to mine. Nurtured and accustomed