

CANADIAN ROMANCE.

But after reckoning damage all
A benefit was each windfall ;
Though good fortune now he sees
Might have been got from Walnut trees ;
But trees were foes in his hurry,
All were slain, both oak and cherry,
And to this day he doth incline
To mourn o'er slaughter of the pine,
And reflects how he did o'erwhelm
Many a maple, beech and elm ;
And each summer day did toil
With his steers drawing logs in pile ;
These giants of the forest dead,
Fire did reduce to an ash bed,
And soon potatoes, wheat and corn,
They did the rugged stumps adorn,
And Jane did help him with the hoe,
And well she did keep her row ;
No organs then they had to play,
But she could work and sing all day ;
In spring he did live maples tap
To draw from them the luscious sap,
He gathered it in big log trough,
Then boiled it down and sugared off,
Enough the household for to cheer,
With all its sweets for the whole year,
And no such thing those times were seen
As the swift raising stump machine,
And where main road was low and damp
With logs he built a road through swamp,
But a smooth ride could not enjoy
While it was naught but cordurby,
Each year added earth and gravel,
Now smoothly o'er they can travel,