

thing as privacy in this country. In the bush all things are in common ; you cannot even get a bed without having to share it with a companion. A bed on the floor in a public sleeping room ! Think of that, M—— ! A public sleeping room ! men, women and children, only divided by a paltry curtain. Oh ! ye gods ! think of the snoring, squalling, grumbling, fussing. Think of the kicking, elbowing and crowding ; the heat, the mosquitoes with their infernal buzzing, and you will form some idea of the misery I endured. And then to appease the cravings of hunger, imagine fat pork served to you three times a day. No wonder the Jews eschewed the vile animal ; they were people of taste. Pork morning, noon and night, as salt as brine, and swimming in its own grease. The bishop who complained of partridges once a day should have been condemned to three months of pork in the bush, and he would have become an anchorite, to escape from the horrid sight of swine's flesh forever spread before him. No wonder I am thin. I have been starved—starved upon *pork and fritters*—and that disgusting specimen of unleavened bread, *yclept cakes in the pan*."

"But these," said M——, "after all are but minor evils, and easy to be borne."

"Easy to be borne ! Do go and try them, and then tell me that. But I did try to bear them with a good grace. But it would not do. I offended every body with my grumbling. I was constantly reminded by the ladies that gentlemen should not come to this country without they were able to put up with a little inconvenience ; that I should make as good a settler as a butterfly in a beehive ; that it was impossible to be so nice about food and dress in the bush ; that people must eat what they could get, and be content to be shabby and dirty like their neighbors in the bush, until that horrid word bush became synonymous with all that was hateful and revolting in my mind.

"It was impossible to keep anything to myself. The children pulled my books to pieces to look at the pictures ; and an impudent bare-legged servant girl, took my towels to wipe the dishes with, and my clothes brush to black my shoes, an operation which she performed with a mixture of grease and soot. I thought I should be better off in a place of my own, so I bought a farm that was recommended to me, and paid for it double what it was worth. When I came to examine my estate, I found there was no house upon it, and I should have to wait until the fall to get hands to clear a few acres for cultivation. I was glad to return to my old quarters. Finding nothing to shoot in the woods, I determined to

amuse myself by fishing, but there was no canoe to be had. To pass away the time I set about making one. I bought an axe and went to the forest to select a tree ; about a mile from the lake I found the largest pine I ever saw. I did not much like to try my maiden hand upon it, for it was the first and the last tree I ever cut down. But to it I went, and I blessed God that it reached the ground without killing me in its way thither. When I was about it I thought I might as well make it big enough ; but the bulk of the tree deceived me in the length of my vessel, for when it was finished, and it took me six weeks hollowing it out, it was as long as a sloop of war, and too unwieldy for all the oxen in the neighbourhood to draw to the water. Yes ! after all my labor, my combats with those wood-demons, known commonly as black flies, sand flies, and mosquitoes, my boat remains a useless monument of my industry and folly ; and worse than this, the fatigue I had endured working at it late and early, brought on the ague, which so disgusted me with the country that I sold my farm and all my traps for an old song, purchased Bruin to bear me company on my voyage home ; and the moment I am able to get rid of this tormenting fever I am off."

Argument and remonstrance were vain, Tom was as obstinate as his bear.

The next morning he conducted us to the stable to see Bruin. The young denizen of the forest was tied to the manger, quietly masticating some Indian corn, the cob of which he held in his paw, and looked half human as he sat upon his haunches, regarding us with a peculiarly solemn and melancholy air. There was an extraordinary likeness, quite ludicrous, between Tom and the bear. M—— and I looked at each other. Tom understood our thoughts.

"Yes," said he, "there is a strong resemblance. I saw it when I bought him. Perhaps we are brothers," and taking the chain which held the bear in his hand, he bestowed upon him the most extravagant caresses, which Bruin returned with low, and to my mind very savage growls.

"He can't flatter. He is all truth and simplicity," said Tom. "A child of nature and worthy to be my friend. The only Canadian I ever mean to acknowledge as such."

About an hour after this poor Tom was shaking with the ague, which in a few days reduced him so low that I began to think that he never would see his native shores again. He bore the affliction very philosophically, and all his well days he spent with us.

One day my husband was absent to inspect a farm (which he afterwards purchased) in the