

storm by a *team of twenty horses* at the rate of a mile an hour."

What will Canadians think of this picture of Canada experience, drawn in this enlightened day in the great city of London, only ten days distant from the land so misrepresented? Who among us ever saw such snow-drifts, such a team—unless drawing masts—or such an accomodating lull?

This descriptive piece partakes of the character of one on the Falls of Niagara, to be seen in a "Reader" once extensively used in common schools, wherein it is stated that Indians in their canoes have been known to descend in safety the mighty cataract, and which is as truly true as the legend of Chaudiere at Ottawa.

In a Gazetteer of no mean pretensions, it is stated that the great Chaudiere is the mouth of a subterraneous channel whose extent and direction is unknown; that a cow which had fallen into its boiling waters disappeared, but came up all right at Foxe's Point, ten miles below. It happens For the Point is more than twice ten miles down the river; but a few miles makes no difference in a big story.—*From "Rustic Jottings from the the Bush," in New Dominion Monthly for November.*

TRIALS OF NEW SETTLERS IN CANADA.

Another trial claiming notice is that of wild beasts. Bears have carried off children, indulged in fresh pork, and hugged the huntsman to death; but such occurrences are rare, and generally Bruin prefers running to fighting. He prefers vegetable diet to animal, and loves such dainties as nuts and berries. Green corn and green oats are especial favorites, and the back settler has oftentimes had to mourn the destruction of much of his crops by bands of these marauders. The racoon, too, is an efficient hand in this kind of work, being at once with the bear in the opinion that green corn is good eating. These freebooters occasionally pay dear for their good cheer, and in turn supply the owner of the crops with excellent meals from their flesh, while their skins can be sold, or manufactured into sleigh robes.

In securing such gentry, the dead-fall, the trap and set gun, are common means employed. On one occasion the writer had the good luck to kill two bears at one shot with a gun—the accomodating animals pulling the trigger themselves, thus committing suicide. Another method of dealing with these robbers is, erecting stages in the invaded fields and shooting them therefrom, without the intervention of judge or jury. An old veteran settler, who had fought under Sir John Moore and in nearly

every battle in the Peninsular War, tried the stage plan to compass the enemy; but always did so with fixed bayonet, in case, as he observed, of coming to close quarters. One night as he stood sentry, a formidable fellow in dark dress entered an appearance, and began, as usual, to feast on our hero's corn. A well-aimed shot stretched Bruin on the ground; but to make all sure, the gallant warrior charged and gave the foe the full benefit of his trusty steel.

Wolves are more dangerous and more destructive customers. Many a flock of sheep has been thinned, and sometimes all destroyed by their incursions— Sometimes they will attack a man. An instance within the writer's knowledge occurred several years ago. One cold winter night, as the school-master of a back settlement was passing through a strip of woods between two clearings, a numerous pack of these ravenous animals fell on his track, and set up a most unearthly howl that well nigh frightened the poor pedagogue out of his wits. He concluded it was all up with him as they came bounding towards him. Fortunately he was young and nimble, and having no desire to be made a supper of by such fellows, he managed to climb a tree just in time to save his skin. His cap and mittens, in the hurry, were left behind,—these the disappointed scamps tore to shreds, and evinced their rage by gnawing the bark of the tree and scratching the snow at a furious rate. The unfortunate school-master was serenaded for some two hours by the most unmusical sounds that ever saluted human ears. Each hour seemed a day, and, as he shivered aloft, he began to think seriously of the likelihood of freezing to death or falling down to be eaten up after all. However, longer days were in store for him. The pack left for other game, and he escaped, and yet lives a useful member of society. More than thirty winters have passed over the head of our friend since he was "treed" by wolves, and his hairs are whitening by the frost of age; but he retains a vivid remembrance of the event, and gratefully acknowledged the good hand of the Almighty in sparing his life.

Other animals are troublesome and thievish, particularly in invading the hen-roost. The porcupine and skunk are occasionally unpleasant neighbors—the former by lodging its quills in your dog's body, and the latter by the horrid stench by which you recognize its presence. Both these, however, act on the principle of letting alone if left alone; but Master Fox, whose morality is much more lax, is a thief of the first water. Many times does he disgust the good wife by large drafts on her poultry yard, thereby disappointing her of an intended roast or choice fowls for market.—*From "Rustic Jottings from the Bush," in New Dominion Monthly for Nov.*