

Englishman may suppose him overdrawn, but we know better, out here "four thousand miles off." The Leather-stocking's greatest eye-sore was the blessed light of the sun peering through the smoke of the distant fallows. The quick, sharp crack of the settler's axe, in the firm gripe of the long armed, slounging Yankee, disturbed his equanimity more than an incursion of the Hurons was wont to do. He hated noise, and cheater, and money getting; and surely every Canadian has known numbers of such men. If the Swiss can die in a distant land of home-sickness, singing the songs of the mountain children; and if the Highlandman, from the farthest confines of India, or the prairies of Western America, can hurry home to "puir auld Scotland," to spend the fortune acquired by long years of toil, to depart from Lochaber no more, and all this from mere pensive love of country, there must be something approaching to the romantic implanted in the minds of many men, for which philosophers cannot account, and the existence of which the Cockneys of cities will not believe, but which is nevertheless *there*—yes, there, and the ruling passion, or madness, too, stronger in death, than in life. Now the backwoodsman has *his* home feelings. Nurtured roughly and healthfully in the sublimity of the pathless and melancholy forest, he acquires from his infancy that strange, awe-struck, undefinable feeling which gradually grows to be the luxury of his existence, and which can never leave him, let him be transplanted to what other part of the world he may. He has imbibed the spirit of solitude, and indulged in that placid, equable self-communion, which has been the charm of his existence while his character was being formed, and his spirit bears the impress unfaded and uppermost to the longest day he lives. This is universally true of the men of *mind* among the backwoodsmen. Many half-formed creatures are but too ready to desert their old forest homes, to gaze upon the splendor of our Towns, made up principally of two saw-mills, a distillery, and forty-one taverns, the flashy sign-boards of which last have a mighty attraction on them, in some way. The Leather-stocking is then a character drawn from life, and the dignity of the order having been thus asserted, we may be permitted to proceed with our discourse upon the poetic texts at the head of this chapter, clearly set forth and enunciated.

If the truth must be spoken, we ourselves are of the Leather-stocking school, in a small way, and agreeable to yearly custom, on the first day of December last, we gave the cry to our dogs, and away with us into into the backwoods, further by many leagues from the St. Lawrence, than eye can see on a clear day, or ear can hear, on a cold one. We were accompanied by Glenlyon, a stalwart Borderer, of the true pepper-and-salt breed, and fourteenth cousin to Sandy Armstrong, the Dandie Dinmont of the great and good Sir Walter. All honor to